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&c. &c.

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## PREFACE



IT has frequently been observed by those who have endeavoured to refine the manners of mankind, that to discharge the petty offices of life is often more difficult, than to perform actions of higher importance. To excel in trifles indeed is a praise which few can arrogate to themselves; and yet, he that cannot descend as well as soar, may be proud of stupendous excellence which astonishes by its elevation; but he will be without that union of opposite qualities which delights while it astonishes. He whose credulity is vast enough to believe all that is fabled of the *Admirable Crichton*, as he is called by pre-eminence, may see in him the value of such varied acquirements.

By this time our readers have, probably, asked themselves what they are reading. A Preface? Yes: for what is a preface, but an anticipation of the future; and what does the above mean—but to tell how little is to be expected? If we must turn commentators upon our own words, we explain our meaning to be, that the uniformity of yearly prefaces to a periodical miscellany sets invention at defiance: that it is trifling; and yet, as a trifle, is capable of more embellishment than we perhaps can give it: that it is looked for, and therefore cannot be omitted.

Yet, what can we say that has not been said before? To promise for the future, and to boast of the past, seem to be the legitimate objects of such compositions: and we all know with what strictness the legality is enforced. As a parliamentary candidate bids his constituents look back upon the purity, the energy, and the patriotism of his conduct, and assures them that the past is only a faint type of what is to come, when his purity shall be

immaculate, his energy resistless, and his patriotism sublime, so we entreat the public, who are *our* constituents, to regard our labours that are done, as preparatory to greater that are to ensue; and to feel confident, that deeper learning, brighter wit, and more profound philosophy are in store for them. To promise, with no intention to delude, is beyond the reach of censure: to fail, in promises that are gratuitous, after every exertion has been made, is human.

To institute a comparison with our contemporaries would be invidious, if not indecorous. If they surpass us, we ought to be silent: if we surpass them, let us not triumph. Without seeking any false elevation, we shall proceed with steady caution, well assured that success can be obtained only by diligence; and, we shall adhere to former practice, as long as we know of nothing better: but, we shall constantly regard the possibility of improvement.

Consistently with this maxim, we have commenced a new department in the present number: viz. *The Republication of Scarce Tracts*. Every one who is at all acquainted with the literature of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, knows, that much valuable and important matter is to be found in pamphlets and slight tracts that are now to be met with only in the cabinets of the curious. They are not, perhaps, of that nature which would justify a separate publication, but they are well deserving of notice: and as we are in possession of some that are either curious or valuable, we have thought that our readers would gladly participate them with us. We mean therefore to give a portion, monthly, till each is concluded: and we shall esteem ourselves obliged to any of our correspondents who may have it in their power to communicate any thing in this department to us. They may rely upon their volumes or pamphlets being carefully preserved and restored to them.

*London, January 14th, 1810.*

# THE UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.

N<sup>o</sup> LXXIV.—VOL. XIII.] For JANUARY, 1810. [NEW SERIES.

“We shall never envy the honours which wit and learning obtain in any other cause, if we can be numbered among the writers who have given ardour to virtue, and confidence to truth.”—DR. JOHNSON.

## ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

A BRIEF ANALYSIS of FENELON'S  
“TREATISE on the EDUCATION of  
DAUGHTERS.”

SIR,

ANY thing connected with education, must possess a certain degree of interest; but, when the subject itself is connected with the name of Fenelon, who is there that does not feel his curiosity roused? I have reason to believe, that the valuable little treatise of Fenelon, upon the education of daughters, is less known than it ought to be. It has been the unacknowledged groundwork of many bulky systems, which have been given to the world, with all the pomp of novelty, and have been received by the world, without any inquiry into their claims.

Excellent as this work confessedly is, yet it was not originally composed for public inspection; it was written in compliance with the tender request of friendship; it was written to answer the wishes of the Dutchess de Beauvilliers, who, besides several sons, had a numerous family of daughters, whom she wished to rear with every possible perfection. For this purpose, she consulted Fenelon, who wrote, for her, his *Traite sur l'Education des Filles*.

He commences his work by considering a child in its earliest stage of existence: he commences with that period when the word *infant* applies equally to both sexes. In reading this first part of his work, we cannot help being surprised at that modesty with which he unfolds many of his sentiments, which are peculiarly profound and ingenious; and this surprise will be the greater, when we compare the simplicity of Fenelon, with the pom-

pous importance of more modern authors, who have detailed these same sentiments as their own.

“I do not mention these petty circumstances as any thing of importance,” says Fenelon: but Fenelon becomes important, notwithstanding, when he delivers as *petty*, those fine and delicate observations, which evince such accurate, such various, and such profound reflection.

In the first part of his work, Fenelon addresses himself to parents and to instructors, whether male or female; and, indeed, he rather educates them, than the children whom they are to educate.

But, afterwards, he considers children themselves. After having attended to the preservation of all the moral and natural faculties, after having endeavoured to prevent those defects and those errors, which may corrupt their use, he directs his attention to the soul and mind: he endeavours to form their heart and their understanding; and he establishes his whole system of education upon that which, alone, can secure the welfare of families, and the order of society,—religion.

He contrives to make a child derive instruction, even from their most frivolous inclinations; he avails himself of the prevalent desire which all children have for narrative, to instruct them in religion.

He then proceeds to display the simplest and easiest methods of rendering the most intellectual truths apprehensible by children, and of making them comprehend as much of those metaphysical obscurities as is possible for the human mind to penetrate, and in which, a well-informed child knows, pretty nearly,



as much as the best instructed man, and the best instructed man little more than a child.

He avails himself, even of the doll of a child, to give it the first idea of the distinction between matter and spirit, of the difference of moral qualities, of the immortality of the soul, and of the rewards and punishments of a future life. He addresses himself to their opening reason, always through the medium of their senses.

Fenelon directs that\* to girls, as well as to boys, the most solid information should be given, especially with regard to religion. "We must never," says he, "suffer any thing to be mingled, either with faith, or the practices of piety which is not derived from the gospel, or authorized by the constant approbation of the church. Do not accustom them, therefore, to admit, lightly, certain histories which are not well founded, nor to addict themselves to certain devotions which an indiscreet zeal has introduced, but which are unapproved by the church."

He then, successively, illustrates all the doctrinal points of the Catholic church, and every thing which concerns the sacraments, and the ceremonies of public worship, with so considerable a precision, that it is impossible for children who are well versed in his maxims and lessons, to be without instruction in the essential truths of religion; it might, indeed, be almost said, that this instruction would be sufficient for many men.

Fenelon was far from interdicting to woman, that instruction which is necessary to enable them to discharge, with success, all the duties which are imposed upon them by nature and society: he does not seek to rob them of all the advantages which the cultivation of the mind can add to their natural fascination: he knew that they are destined to make domestic life amiable by the charms of mildness; to maintain in it the spirit of order and economy, which is the richest patrimony a family can desire; to instil

\* By generalising *all* his maxims, the author has rendered them equally applicable to *all* families, whatever may be their station in society.

into the hearts of their children the first elements of that moral and religious education, the want of which nothing can supply; to bring peace to those days which are troubled by the inevitable accidents of human life; and to give to society that character of politeness, grace, and accuracy, which is so necessary to ameliorate the unbending and often imperious humours of men. "These duties," says Fenelon, "are the foundations of human life. The world is not a phantom; it is the assemblage of many families. Ah! who can regulate them so well as women?"

He wishes that females should be equally remote from that excess of presumption which leads them to aspire to knowledge which is neither necessary nor useful to them, and from that excess of indifference for all instruction.

He had, perhaps, noticed, with grief, that many women of his time had departed from that wise reserve. "Some," says he, "do not fail to avail themselves of the circumstance of many women rendering themselves ridiculous by an affectation of science, to condemn them to absolute ignorance." and, with that delicacy of expression and sentiment, which belonged so peculiarly to Fenelon, he intreats even those females, whom a brilliancy of imagination, assiduous labour, and extraordinary success, may distinguish, to remember "that they ought to have, as women, a delicate modesty with regard to knowledge, scarcely inferior to that which inspires a horror of vice."

From this motive it is that he advises, "that young persons possessing a lively wit, should not be stimulated to the cultivation or the exercise of it; they are often liable to mistake a facility of talking, and a vivacity of imagination for wit; they speak upon all subjects; they decide upon works that are wholly beyond their capacity to comprehend; they affect to be weary from delicacy; they are vain, and vanity is talkative; they are light, and levity forbids those reflections which create silence. There is nothing estimable but good sense and virtue."

Fenelon forbids, entirely, the perusal of Romances to young people.



" Their wandering imaginations," he observes, " turn their curiosity, with ardour, towards dangerous objects; they are eager after romances, plays, and accounts of fabulous adventures; they give a visionary character to their minds, by accustoming themselves to the magnificent language of the heroes of these chimerical adventures; and they are thus spoiled for the world. A poor girl, full of the tender and the marvellous which have charmed her in reading, is astonished not to find, in the world, true characters resembling these heroes.

It is evident that Fenelon means to speak of those kind of romances, the taste for which was prevalent at the time in which he lived; of those romances which, in general, represented too often, the characters as being endowed with all the imaginary perfections of beauty, grace, courage, honor, delicacy, and virtue, and of which it was, indeed, difficult to find the models in the world, and in the intercourse of life. It is probable that he would have been still more severe towards the romances of the present age, which are too faithful a picture of existing manners, and which thus familiarize young and pliant minds with ideas and sentiments which are unfortunately an accurate history of the disorders of society.

Fenelon makes only one observation upon the dissimulation that is attributed to women, but this observation says a great deal. " Dissimulation is the more useless" says he, " because, if the world is sometimes deceived in single action, it is never deceived with regard to a whole life."

He does not even omit to speak of the grace and good taste of ornaments in this interesting work. He does not deny " that vanity is natural to young persons, because they are born with a strong desire to please; hence, that eagerness for every thing which may distinguish them, and favour the empire of their charms, and of external grace; hence that shew which ruins many families."

He then shews how erroneous they sometimes are in the combinations of their vanity, by adopting, inconsiderately, those fashions which destroy the greater part of their advantages.

He bids them " remark the noble simplicity which appears in the statues and other figures which have come down to us, of the Grecian and Roman women. They might see, in them, how agreeable and majestic are the hair fastened negligently behind and full and floating drapery."

But, with a sort of prophetic anticipation of the excesses which a frivolous and unstable people may carry their fashions, he adds, " it is not to be wished, that they should assume the ancient exterior; it would be extravagance so to do; it is only necessary that they should imbibe the taste of that simplicity of clothing, so noble, so peaceful, and besides, so suitable to christian manners:—true grace follows nature, it never constrains it."

After pointing out the defects that are to be avoided, he intimates the duties that women have to fulfil. Nothing which belongs to the interior of a family, nor to the part in society which women are destined to perform, escapes him. He finishes his work with that beautiful eulogy on a domestic woman which is to be found in the book of Proverbs.

*VOYAGE from PORT JACKSON to PRINCE OF WALES'S ISLAND.—Extracted from the Letters of a Lady.*

[*Concluded from Vol. XII. p. 391.*]

Coopang, Timor,  
Sept. 11, 1803.

WE arrived at this place on the 6th instant, a day fraught with much happiness to me, being the anniversary of my Eliza's birth-day. We came to an anchor in an extensive bay off the town of Coopang, which at present is in a miserable state, having been reduced nearly to a mass of ruins, by the guns of the Assistance, in the late war, in consequence of the inhabitants of Coopang having, in the most treacherous and dishonourable manner, beheaded the surgeon of the Assistance, who had been sent on shore with a flag of truce, accompanied by the purser. The latter made his escape, and related the horrid transaction, in revenge for which the Assistance fired on the town, landed some men, who, (the inhabitants hav-

ing fled with precipitation into the country), blew up the new fort and the old castle, and demolished the principal buildings. The ruins of these have since been nearly swallowed up by earthquakes, so that there is scarcely a vestige remaining of the former respectability of Coopang. The governor's house consists of one large room, with a viranda in front of it. He is a German by birth, of a polite address, and of mild and gentlemanly manners: but appears to be on the very verge of the grave, being reduced to a shadow by the bursting of a blood-vessel. He requested our surgeon's advice, and appeared to hope much from his prescriptions. There seems, however, too much reason to fear that the relief they can afford will be only temporary, if any. Our surgeon's opinion is that he cannot survive many days. Though a stranger to me, I am deeply affected by his situation. No tender relative to sooth the pangs of disease, destitute of any society that could in any degree compensate for their want, and inhabiting a wretched and forlorn spot, presenting a general memento of the instability of human life, who would not commiserate a man of superior education so situated. As he bowed over my hand when I bade him adieu, with a tremulous voice he invoked heaven to protect me, give me my health, and restore me to my friends in my native country, laying a sad and peculiar emphasis on the last words. On taking leave of my little fellow, he gave him a handsome box made of sandalwood. To our surgeon he presented a rajah's crown of pure gold, for his medical assistance.

The garden in the front of the governor's house has been a very good one, but, together with the handsome wall which surrounds it, it presented marks of the general devastation. It produces fine shaddocks (a delicious fruit, shaped like an orange, but much larger, with a pale yellow rind), and mandarine oranges; a basket of each sort was sent to me every day by the governor. There is a pretty romantic walk along the banks of a river that runs through the town, and comes from a considerable distance inland.

Though the Dutch call it a river, I

think it might, with greater propriety, be termed a rivulet, for, at low water, it leaves any boats that may be in it, aground; and this circumstance, with which we were not at first acquainted, occasioned me a dreadful alarm; it being the determination of the commander not to stay an hour longer than the stock we wanted could be procured and got on board, which it was thought might be accomplished in two days. I was desirous of availing myself of the first opportunity that offered for the child to go ashore, and have a walk there. I therefore allowed him to go under the care of Nanny, and a man servant, in the pinnace. The first lieutenant, purser, surgeon, and a midshipman (the last my brother), went in her on duty. They left the ship at four o'clock, and were desired to return by sun-set. My mind was tolerably easy for some time after sun-set; but 10 o'clock came, and there was no appearance of the boat. There was no moon, and the stars shone dimly. Every minute I stood listening for the distant sound of oars, but nothing was heard but the dashing of the surf against the ruins of the castle. Eleven o'clock arrived, and I was little short of distraction. A gun was fired as a signal for their return. Half an hour more elapsed and another gun was fired. The commander's apprehensions were now as painful as mine. Before the guns were fired, he endeavoured to soothe my mind, by impressing a belief that the boat was a-ground, but he now concluded that, had that been the case, some of them would certainly have procured a shore-boat and come off. The general opinion was, that the boat had swamped in the surf, and every soul had perished. My tortured imagination suggested every thing calamitous. I was even weak enough to think it probable that a circumstance had happened similar to what had befallen the Assistance, and I even fancied I heard shrieks. The jolly-boat was now hoisted out, and four men, with an officer, were sent in her. Poor Mrs. S. the purser's wife, was nearly as bad as myself, but she was relieved by tears; I could not shed one. The ship's bells were now rung twelve. The sound of the jolly-boat's oars died away, and an awful stillness suc-



ceeded. At length it was interrupted by the joyful sound of boats approaching; they were hailed from the ship; two answered; but when the moment arrived that restored my child to my arms in perfect safety, my sensations became too exquisite to bear. I sank under them, and insensibility succeeded to violent hysterics. On recovering from this a shower of tears came seasonably to my relief; but for some succeeding days I felt an universal languor through my frame.

The occasion of their detention was this: before they were aware the boat was left dry half a mile up the river, nor could any effort remove her till they were assisted by the tide. The inhabitants of Coopang behaved in the most hospitable manner towards them. My boy was attended like a young prince, and happily escaped taking any cold from the night air.

I have made a purchase here of a small white cockatoo with a yellow crest. It is perfectly tame, talks Malay, dances, whistles, barks, crows, and is altogether the most entertaining bird I ever met with.

Anjer Roads, Isle of Java,  
Friday, Sept. 23.

Having got the stock on board, consisting of buffaloes and sheep, we left Timor on Monday, the 11th, and two days after reached Sandalwood Island; we sailed the whole length of the island very near the shore.

On this day, the 23d, we anchored in Anjer Roads, off the island of Java. A few bamboo huts, intermixed with cocoa-nut trees form the whole of the Dutch settlement in this part, which is commanded by a serjeant. Notwithstanding the meanness of the establishment, the place looked inviting; no country can be more fertile, but having a bad account of the landing, and that the Java fever prevailed at Anjer, I was induced to relinquish the idea of going on shore, and every means were used to expedite our departure. Poultry we procured in abundance at a very low price, and an hundred pine-apples for a Spanish dollar. Peacocks' tails, and figured mats, were likewise cheap. This place afforded me an opportunity of making a valuable addition to my aviary. I have no less than twenty

pair of birds affording a beautiful variety. I do not recollect having mentioned my New Guinea pigeons; they are nearly as large as turkies, of a slate-colour, with a crest of gauze feathers, shaped like a fan, some inches high, the iris of the eyes of a bright vermillion. According to my ideas of beauty in the feathered race, however, two pair of small parroquets from Java, which I got at this place, bear away the palm. On the top of the head is a spot of the finest purple, on the breast another of crimson, on the back of the neck one of a deep yellow, and the tail is red; the rest of their plumage is of a lively green.

Sunday, Sept 25.

Yesterday we weighed anchor from Anjer Roads; and to-day we have entered the straits of Bama. A melancholy accident happened this day. One of the seamen, Thomas Hayes, fell overboard from the fore-yard. Ropes were instantly thrown over, a boat hoisted out, and every exertion made to save him, but without effect; he sunk after a very short struggle, and appeared no more.

October 3.

Since we left Java, many of the ship's company have been affected with intermittent fevers, and dysenteries. The heat in all these straits, several of which we have to encounter before we reach Pulo Penang (or Prince of Wales's Island), is exceedingly oppressive and would relax the strongest constitution. The picturesque appearance of some of the straits we have passed through, and of the beautiful islands with which the sea in these parts is studded, beggars all description.

13th.—If you know any persons that have an over-abundant stock of patience, it would be an act of charity to prevail on them to convey it to us poor mariners, who are exposed to a scorching sun, off the coast of Malacca, without being able to proceed but in a very slow degree. Our progress towards Prince of Wales's Island, has been retarded by a succession of calms. Methinks we all look as discontented and ugly as sin and death. What complexion, indeed, could retain any brilliancy after being, (if you will allow the expression), parboiled for six months.

B

Off Prince of Wales's Island,  
October 20

We expect to reach the harbour in a very few hours. God grant I may find cause to be in better spirits when I next resume my pen. At present I can not add any more, than that I am, &c.

*For the Universal Magazine.*

MR. EDITOR,

I WILL thank any of your numerous correspondents to inform me where the following book is to be procured, and the price; viz. *Beschouwing der Wonderen Gods in de minst geachtste Schepseln of Nederlandsche Insecten.* By J. C. Sepp. Published at Amsterdam, in 1785.

AN ETIMOLOGIST.

London, Jan. 2, 1810.

*The CRIMINAL from LOST HONOUR.*

By SCHILLER.

[Concluded from Vol. XII. p. 416.]

I WHOLLY omit that part of the history which treats of Wolf's action during his residence with the robbers. There is no instruction for the reader in those actions which are only marked by the highest degree of abominable vice. An unfortunate, sunk to the depth in which Wolf found himself, thinks himself privileged to perform every action, from which there is the most distant prospect of any benefit accruing. He, however, confessed on the rack, that his soul was not burthene' with the weight of a second murder. His renown spread itself over the whole province; the roads were no longer safe; burglaries of the most daring nature were committed; the name of the Host of the Sun became the terror of the country people; the eye of the law searched for him everywhere, and a premium was set upon his head. He was so fortunate as to escape every snare which was laid for him, and he was rash enough to take advantage of the superstition of the wonder-stricken peasants. To maintain his freedom, his comrades spread the report that he had formed an alliance with the devil, who had

given him the power of witchcraft. The district in which he played his part, was at that time not one of the most enlightened of Germany; the report was believed, and his person was thereby secured, for no one shewed any disposition to attack the terrible fellow, who could command the services of the devil. He had maintained the profession of a robber for a year, when the occupation began to be insupportable to him. The gang, at the head of which he had placed himself, did not fulfil his glowing expectations. A seductive exterior had dazzled him in the moment of intoxication, and he now beheld with horror, the gross manner in which he had been deceived. Hunger and want usurped the place of the superfluity which was at first presented to him; and he was often obliged to ventrle his life for a meal, which scarcely sufficed to keep him from starving. The phantom of brotherly unanimity disappeared; envy, suspicion, and jealousy raced throughout the whole gang. Justice had offered those who would deliver Wolf alive, not only an ample reward, but pardon for all their crimes—a mighty temptation for the outcast of the earth. He knew his danger. The honour of those, who were traitors to God and Man, was a sorry pledge for his life. Sleep now forsook him; a dreadful anxiety disturbed his peace. The hideous spectre of suspicion dogged him whithersoever he went; it tormented him when he was awake, slept by his side, and racked him with the most horrible dreams. His conscience, which had been laid to sleep by art again awoke, and in this general tempest in his bosom, the voice of repentance was again distinctly heard. His hatred now was averted from mankind and turned upon himself. He now forgave all animated nature, and found no one but himself to curse. Vice had finished her instruction with the wretch, and his natural good understanding, conquered at last over the melancholy illusion. He now felt the depth to which he was fallen, and a more placid melancholy now reigned, where gnawing despair formerly raged. With tears he wished the past recalled; he now



perceived how differently he then would act: he began to hope that he might become an honest man, because he felt that he would be so. On the summit of his turpitude he was nearer to virtue, than he perhaps was before his first crime.

At this time the seven years' war had broken out; and the recruiting service was carried on with great spirit. Wolf acquired hope from this circumstance; and he wrote the following letter to the governor of the country:—"If you feel not a secret horror at the mention of my name; if criminals of my kind do not lie beyond the compass of your compassion, listen to my request. I am a murderer and a thief; the laws condemn me to death; the sword of justice hangs over me; and I here offer to deliver myself up voluntarily, but at the same time I have an extraordinary request to make. My life is a burthen to me; death in my view has no terrors; but it is terrible for me to die without having lived; I wish to live to repair a part of the past; I wish to live to reconcile the state, which I have offended. My execution would be an example for the world, but no amends for my deeds. Vice is odious to me, and I long to tread again the paths of honesty and virtue. I have shewn abilities to make myself feared by my country. I hope I have some still remaining by which I can be useful to it. I know that my request is presumptuous. My life is forfeited, and it becomes me not to treat with justice for a favor. But I do not appear before you in chains and bonds. I am still free, and fear has no share in my request. It is grace for which I sue; even had I a claim to justice I could not venture now to support it: but I may presume to remind my judge of one circumstance. The period of my crime begins with the sentence, which for ever deprived me of my honor. Had greater lenity then been shewn to me, I should not now, perhaps, have to ask grace of you. Let justice be tempered with mercy. If it be in your power to pacify the laws, then grant me my life; it shall henceforth be devoted to your service. Insert my pardon in the public papers, and on your word of honor, I

will then present myself before you; but if your resolve be otherwise, then let justice perform her part, I will perform mine."

No answer was returned to this letter: a second and a third were written, but still no answer was received. All hopes of pardon were extinguished, and he formed the resolution to fly from the country, and die as a brave soldier in the service of the king of Prussia. He escaped fortunately from the gang, and began his journey. The road led to a small town, in which he determined to pass the night. A short time before a strict order was issued to examine most minutely every traveller, and as Wolf presented himself at the gate, the order was rigidly performed. The appearance of Wolf had something ridiculous in it, and at the same time something terrible and wild. The half-starved animal which he bestrode, and the burlesque choice of his clothes in which probably his taste was less consulted, than the chronology of his thefts formed a striking contrast with his face, on which so many violent passions were impressed. The gate-keeper started at the view of this extraordinary traveller. He was grown grey in his profession; and having executed it for forty years, he was conversant with the physiognomies of all thieves and vagrants: his eagle eye did not here miss its man: he seized the reins of Wolf's horse, and demanded his passport. Wolf, was, however, fully prepared, and delivered his passport, which he had a short time before stolen from a merchant. But this single circumstance was not sufficient to overthrow an experience of forty years acquirement; he attached more credit to his eyes than to the passport, and Wolf was obliged to follow him to the house of the superintendant of the police. The superintendant examined the passport, and declared it to be correct. He was, however, unfortunately for Wolf, a great newsmonger, and was particularly partial to comment on the news of the day over a bottle of wine. Wolf's passport told him, that the bearer had just left the enemy's country which was at that time the theatre of war. He hoped to extract some private intelligence from the

traveller, and sent his secretary with the pass, accompanied with an invitation to drink a glass of wine. Meantime, Wolf was sitting on his horse, before the house: his grotesque appearance had attracted the canaille of the town, who assembled in crowds around him. One pointed to the horse, another to the rider, and the mob, at last, broke into a loud laugh. Unfortunately, the horse which Wolf rode was a stolen one; he imagined the horse had been advertised, and was now recognised. The unexpected hospitality of the superintendant completed his suspicion. He now considered it as certain, that the deceit of his passport was discovered, and that the invitation was only a net to take him alive, and without opposition. A guilty conscience made a blockhead of him; he put spurs to his horse, and galloped away. The sudden flight was the signal for pursuit. "A rogue, a rogue," issued from every mouth, and the pursuit was general. Life, or an ignominious death, was now the inevitable fate of Wolf. He had gained considerably upon his pursuers; the major part had relinquished the pursuit, and he was near his deliverance, when the invisible hand which guides the destinies of man interfered—the inevitable hour was arrived—the fate of Wolf was sealed.—Ignorant of the town, he struck into a street, which he thought would lead him to the gates; but alas! the street had no outlet, and he was obliged to face his pursuers. He drew a pistol from his pocket; the crowd retired.

The first man who attempts to stop me will receive the contents," Wolf cried, and rode on; one, however, more courageous than the rest, seized him backwards, by the arm; the pistol fell from his hand, and he was carried in triumph before the magistrate.

"Who are you?" the magistrate asked in a commanding tone? "A man," Wolf answered, "who is determined to give no answer, unless he be treated with politeness."

"Who are you?" the magistrate asked.

"That for which I have declared myself. I have travelled over all Germany, and never met with insolence till I arrived in this town."

"Your flight renders you suspicious—Why did you fly?"

"I was weary of being the laughing-stock of the people."

"You threatened to fire on them."

"My pistol was not loaded." The pistol was examined, and no ball was found in it.

"Why do you carry firearms about you?"

"Because I have things of value about me, and because I have been warned of a certain Host of the Sun, who makes it dangerous to travel unarmed."

"Your answers speak well for your courage, but they do not assist your cause. I give you until to-morrow to disclose the truth to me."

I shall say no more than I have already done."

"Conduct him to the jail."

"To the jail?—I hope there is justice in this country. I shall demand satisfaction."

"And I will give it you as soon as you have justified yourself."

On the following morning the magistrate considered that the stranger might be innocent, and he therefore determined to desist from the authoritative tone, and to treat him with civility and respect; he therefore summoned the jury of the place, and Wolf was brought before them.

Forgive me, Sir, if, yesterday, I treated you rather harshly; our laws are strict; and the occurrence was soon spread over the whole city. I cannot liberate you without infringing my duty. Appearances are against you. I wish you would give us that information by which they might be cleared."

But if I have no information to give you, what then?"

"Then I must report the circumstance to government, and you must remain meantime in close confinement."

"Well; and what then?"

"Then you run the risk of being whipped over the frontiers as a vagrant; or, if particular favour be shewn to you, you will be sent as a recruit, to the first recruiting station. Wolf was silent for a few minutes; he appeared to maintain a violent struggle with himself: at last, he boldly addressed the magistrate."



"May I request a quarter of an hour's conversation with you alone?"

The attendants regarded each other with a curious eye, but retired on the order of the magistrate.

"Now what is your desire?"

"Your behaviour, sir, yesterday, ~~would never have extorted a confession from me, for to me force is most revolting~~; but the civility with which you have this day treated me, has inspired me with confidence and esteem: I believe you are a man of a noble mind."

"What have you to say to me?"

"I have long wished myself in the presence of a man like you: give me your hand."

"What does all this mean?"

"Your head is grey and reverend: you have been long in the world, and have had your share of suffering, have you not? it has therefore, perhaps, taught you humanity"

"To the point, I pray you, sir."

"You are but one step from eternity; soon—soon will you need compassion from God; you will not therefore refuse it to man; do you suspect nothing? with whom do you think you are speaking?"

"Speak, you alarm me."

"Still do you suspect nothing? Write to your prince, tell him how you found me; tell him, that I was voluntarily my own betrayer; and may God be as gracious to him, as he will now be to me; pray for me, old man, and then drop a tear on the sentence you must pronounce.—I the Host of the Sun."

R. H.

*On the EXPENSIVE DRESS of the STUDENTS in our UNIVERSITIES.*

SIR,

**T**HOUGH I am far from wishing to foment any disputes as to the superiority of either of our Universities, I think it a duty I owe to the cause of "learning and good letters," to say that there appeared, in a late number of a respectable publication, a letter from some correspondent, no doubt an Oxonian, drawing a comparison between Oxford and Cambridge, and giving a decided preference to the former. As I know

that you are not a party man, and as I think you would rather preserve a neutrality, than enlist on either side of the question, I shall not trouble you with any reply, pro or con, on the subject, and you will thus escape the imputation of intermeddling with the points contested in a contemporary publication: but as I likewise know that you would readily be the channel of conveying any useful hint to *either* University; I trouble you with a few observations, which I shall confine to one point, wholly unconnected with the point at issue in the above-named miscellany.

It has been observed, that whatever advantage, in point of frugality, may be derived from sending a young man to Cambridge, that advantage is nearly counterbalanced, if he be a fellow commoner, by the expense of the dress; in this remark there is indisputably much truth. A dress so costly and magnificent, ill becomes the unaffected devotee of philosophy and literature, and it is surely better adapted to a glittering court than to a sombre cloister. There are many parents who object to this *toga*, not only on account of the expense which it incurs, but from the consequences liable to result from it, inasmuch as it may tend to encourage, in the wearers of it, a vanity at once contemptible and absurd.

If, therefore, the heads of Colleges have any desire to promote the general good of their *alma mater*; if they wish to preserve the superiority of members, which she now possesses over her sister seat of learning; if they wish to maintain the cause of morality; and to suppress invidious distinctions, they surely will reduce the unnecessary splendor of the fellow commoners' dress.

My intercourse among the heads of Colleges has not been so confined as to prevent my discovering the honourable and worthy traits of their character, neither am I ignorant of their wish that the university over which they preside, may outshine that of Oxford, not only in literary attainments, but in internal regulations. I cannot think they will neglect a matter which has so long been, and still continues to be, the cause of serious objection, and which diminishes

the number of students, who would otherwise flock to the standard of Cambridge. I must hope that they will take the subject into serious consideration, and remove the superficialities alluded to. The black silk gown might still retain a portion of its ornamental gold, which (while it appeared as the *veteris vestigia decoris*,) would still give it a superiority over the Oxonian garb.

STEPHENUS.

*An ANALYSIS of a DIALOGUE of ÆSCHINES, entitled "AXIOCHUS, on the FEAR of DEATH." By Dr. TOULMIN.*

[Concluded from Vol. XII. p. 108.]

THESE wise remarks, Socrates, flow only from the rhetorical flourish that is now in fashion; mere talk, played off to catch young minds. Though you should address me with more specious arguments, to be deprived of the enjoyments of existence would grieve me. The understanding does not listen to the delusive strokes of oratory. These superficial speeches do not come home to me; their utmost perfection consists only in a glare and pomp of language. They are destitute of solid truth. Diseases are not to be cured by sophisms. Conviction only satisfieth the mind.

You injudiciously, Axiochus, confound together two distinct things; and, forgetting that we are speaking of a state of death, you talk of a privation of good as consisting in a sensation of evil. It is the sense of opposite evil that afflicts in the privation of good: but when a man no longer exists, he is no more sensible of having sustained any loss. How can grief affect him who has no knowledge of what creates it? For if you were to grant that there can be no feeling in what is destitute of all perception, you would not be inconsiderately terrified with the thought of death. You mislead yourself, on the one hand, by the dread of being deprived of life, and on the other, by imagining that you shall be conscious of the privation. You fear losing all sensation, and yet think that you shall be sensible of your want of it.

To this may be added many good

arguments for the immortality of the soul. For a mortal nature could not rise to such sublime exertions as to despise the strength in which the brutes surpass it, traverse seas, build cities, found states, contemplate the heavens, observe the revolutions of the stars, the courses of the sun and moon, their rising and setting, their eclipses, their regular progress through the signs of the ecliptic, the equinoctial and tropical changes, the prognostications of summer and winter afforded by the Pleiades, the winds, the fall of rain, the irregular tracts of the lightning, and even so as to reduce to certain rules the revolutions of the heavens; if there were not a divine principle in man, by which he attains to this skill and knowledge. So that, Axiochus, you do not exchange life for death, but for immortality. You will not be deprived of happiness, but have a more pure enjoyment of it. Your pleasures will not be the mixed ones of a mortal body, but unalloyed by any pain. You will be released from this imprisoned state of labour, groans, and old age. A life, tranquil and unproductive of evil, awaits you; serene and undisturbed in the contemplation of nature and in philosophical researches, not to please the multitude, and to exhibit on a stage, but to discover truth, presenting itself with force from every quarter.

Axiochus. Your discourse has led me into entirely different views. I no longer fear death, but desire it; so that in imitation of the rhetoricians I could amplify on the subject. Now I entertain sublime views, and enter on my divine and eternal course: rise above my weakness, and am a new man.

Socrates. If it be agreeable to you, I will relate what I was told by Gobryas, one of the eastern magi. His namesake and grandfather was sent, when Xerxes passed over into Europe, to Delos, to guard the island, in which two gods were born; where he met with two brazen tablets, brought there from the north, by Opis and Ecaergus. From these he learnt that the soul, on his dismissal from the body, went to an invisible and subterraneous region, where Plu-



to had established his kingdom as extensively as were the domains of Jupiter. For, as this earth is fixed in the middle of the universe, and bears the form of a sphere, the upper hemisphere is occupied by the celestial deities, and the lower by the inferior gods, who are brothers or the sons of brothers. The entrance into the palace of Pluto is guarded by iron doors and bars. He who opens these meets first with the river Acheron, and afterwards the Cocytus, both of which must be crossed to reach the plain, called "the field of truth," where are Minos and Rhadamanthus.

Here sit the two judges, scrutinizing the characters of each one who comes before them: enquiring what life he has lived, and by what principles he was governed, while he dwelt in the body? It is not possible to answer falsely to these interrogations. As many as were inspired by a good genius, in this life, are sent to the seats of the pious. There, plentiful seasons enrich the fruitful earth, clear streams of water flow, and all the meadows are covered with the various flowers of spring. There, the conversations of philosophers, the recitations of poets, music and dancing, elegant entertainments, feasts on the spontaneous productions of the earth, and an immortal exemption from grief create a happy and delightful existence. There, will be no sharp cold, or burning heat; but a temperate air blows, warmed by the mild rays of the sun. There, the initiated rise to the first ranks and finish their holy purifications. Dost not thou aspire to partake of this honour, who art akin to the Gods? Hercules and Bacchus, Fame says, were initiated before they descended below, and that the fortitude with which they entered the lower regions was inspired by the Eleusinian goddess.

They, who have spent their life in evil courses, are driven by the furies through Tartarus, to Erebus and Chaos: there is the residence of the impious; there are the unfilled urns of the Danaides, the thirst of Tantalus, the bowels of Tityus always gnawed, and the stone of Sisyphus never reaching the top of the hill; whose labours, on the point of being finished, begin again. There dwell those

whose whole bodies are licked by serpents; who are unceasingly burnt by the torches of furies; and who, tormented with every species of torture, are afflicted with eternal punishments.

I heard these things from Gobrias. You, Axiochus, will determine on them. As to myself, reasoning on the point, I am come to this conclusion only, that the soul is immortal: and when it leaves this state, it is released from all sorrow and trouble. You, Axiochus, having lived virtuously, whether you go to the upper or the lower regions, must be happy.

Axiochus. I am ashamed, Socrates, of what I have said: for now I am so far from fearing death, that I feel an ardent desire of it: so much has this discourse, like a heavenly oracle, impressed me. I even despise life as one who is going to a much better abode. I will silently revolve these things in my own mind; you will be with me, Socrates, at noon.

Socrates. I will do as you desire: in the mean time I must walk back to Cynosarges, from whence I was called away.

*THE LITERARY LIFE and TRAVELS of BARON HOLBERG. Written by Himself. Extracted from the Latin Edition of Leipzig, in 1743. By W. HAMILTON REID.*

[Continued from Vol. XII. p. 463.]

SOON after my first publication, I produced a smaller work under the title of a Supplement to the History of the European States, which contained an account of the present state of the principal kingdoms and republics in five parts. Soon after the first of these parts appeared, as his Majesty the King of Denmark had the goodness to appoint me teacher extraordinary in the High School of Copenhagen, I was hindered from the prosecution of my first intentions, and apply more to the duties of my office than would have been consistent with any further concern in modern affairs. Instead of consulting modern authors, my duty called me to confine myself to the ancients, particularly the historians; I became more and more enamoured

with the ancients, and laid the moderns, so pleasing before, upon the shelf.

I should have told you that a work of mine in folio, which I had humbly dedicated to his Majesty, paved the way for this honour. I had access to very few of the great at court, and therefore I placed all my hopes upon his Majesty alone, determining within myself to wait with patience for the fruits of my labours. My expectations were not thwarted, for I was not long before I felt some of the rays which that royal sun deigned to throw upon me. The work I allude to, contained a history of the heroic actions of Christian IV. and Fred. III. every part of which was confirmed by the testimony of the most authentic writers. On the other hand, what I borrowed from the general run of writers, such as Aikema, Victorio, Siri, and the first part of the theatre of Europe, (the latter commonly supposed the best authority) did not, upon the whole, occupy more than a few pages. My own work, however, as I know it to be very defective; I have not ventured to call an history; but only an introduction to the early History of Denmark: this I have divided into two parts, the second of which containing the heroic actions of Christian V. I have not yet completed.

All these works I brought to perfection while I was only a member of the College of Medicine, and was reckoned nothing less than an idler, because, according to the laws of the college, I neither disputed nor made any public orations. Some persons on this account, imagined that I was not sufficiently conversant in the Latin language, though I knew, that excepting M. Nicholas Agard, the master of the college, there were scarcely any of them of five years standing, complete masters of this noble language. But whatever may have been the opinions of my colleagues, it is certain that those to whom I was indebted for my appointment, thought me both worthy and capable of my office; which, notwithstanding, with its new dignities brought with it new difficulties. I was now also constrained, in a very great measure, to alter and improve my former

mode of living, to render it more consistent with the character I now bore. Sometime before I received this last preferment, I obtained the yearly stipend of a hundred rix dollars, through the interest of M. Rosen cranz: a seasonable help indeed to one who had been ~~accustomed~~ <sup>accustomed</sup> to live upon ~~hopes~~ <sup>hopes</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>realities</sup>: however, as this stipend was granted on condition that I should visit some of the Lutheran Universities on the continent, I was well contented. And, as I still knew it to be necessary to use economy in my way of living, I thought it could be put in practice with less inconvenience abroad than at home. Setting out upon this journey, I took the direct road to Amsterdam, where I remained some days, and then proceeded to Gouda, from thence to Rotterdam by land, where I staid but one day merely to rest myself; so much the more necessary, as passengers in the Dutch treckschuyts cannot promise themselves rest neither day nor night. Among a number of travellers, however, there are always some droll geniuses who contrive to keep their companions in spirits by their eccentricities. On our passage to Gouda, a young Swede prevented any of us from sleeping. He was such an excellent mimic that nothing came amiss to him. Sometimes he would pretend to be in a profound sleep so as to snore aloud, and then before any one could be well aware of him, he would start up and scream in the ears of one or another, as if he had been terrified by some uncommonly frightful dream.

In Rotterdam I observed that when the boys came out of school in the afternoon, a number of them amused themselves by throwing stones at the statue of Erasmus! At this mischievous disposition of the boys, I was not so much surprised as at the conduct of those who should have had the care of this statue. To disfigure a monument of such honour was scandalous. The memory of such a man as Erasmus should not only be held sacred by the inhabitants of Rotterdam, but by the world at large, and by posterity in general; as his merits can never be forgotten. From Rotterdam I went to Antwerp, where I



lodged with a native of Hamburgh, with whom I had been acquainted at Amsterdam, and who had also lived some years at Drontheim in Norway. From Antwerp I went by water to Brussels. My journey from Amsterdam to Brussels did not cost much, but I began to think my return would be much more expensive, because I could not go by water. I therefore staid some days at Brussels before I could make my mind up on this business. In the interim I observed that several respectable persons made no scruple of going that way on foot; and I drew these conclusions from what I observed; viz. we imitate the French in their follies, why then should not we imitate them likewise in their laudable customs of being sparing when we want the means of indulgence. Why scruple to walk when our finances will not conveniently suffer us to ride? I therefore resolved on walking; but my luggage I sent forward in a carriage.

Being war time, nothing gave me so much uneasiness as the thoughts of being stopped by sentinels, &c. especially as I was unprovided with a pass.

This obstacle, however, occurred to me but once, and that when I was at Mons; being challenged there by a sentinel, I thought proper to say that I had a French pass, and was going to Paris. I was suffered to proceed. The custom-house officers gave me much greater trouble; they even search the pockets of the passengers, for tobacco, and other prohibited articles. In other respects I escaped all the difficulties to which travellers are subjected in Germany and the north in general, where they are obliged to wait without the gates of walled towns, till the commandant or his deputies are informed of the strangers arrival; of their names, professions, the object of their journey, &c. In fact, travellers are obligated to answer any question that may be put, which to them is extremely troublesome; though the whole of this conduct is the result of that prudent mistrust of foreigners peculiar to the people of the north. But without a pass it would have been morally impossible for me to have performed the journey through Germany which I had pro-

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posed, where it is probable that a man would be ten times a day subject to the *who goes there?* of some rude soldier. In Denmark, I remember, while I was a member of the Bofris-hocher college and was going on foot to Helsingor, not far from that place I met a lieutenant to whom I mentioned the circumstance of having walked not less than five miles on foot. At first the man seemed as much surprised as if he had never heard of such a thing before, and immediately figured to his imagination that I must certainly be a Swedish spy. Appearing to congratulate himself on his good fortune, in my having as it were fallen into his hands without any trouble, he immediately ordered me, in an imperious tone, to follow him. It was to no purpose that I assured him that I was his countryman. I told him my name, my birth-place, my situation, and the cause of my journey; as a prisoner he insisted I must go. Thus, like another Jugurtha in the hands of his Marius, I was led in triumph, or rather led back again to an inn about half way between Helsingor and Copenhagen. Here I was examined in the most minute manner imaginable, after having been deprived of my sword; but I was at length acquitted and set at liberty with a handsome apology. My captor, however, I understood did not partake either of the greater or lesser ovation.

I must now return to my journey: the French innkeepers, &c. I observe always endeavour to make the most of a passenger; but when travellers are aware of these kind of Frenchmen, they generally bargain with their host on their first arrival for every thing they may want. When they neglect this, the former generally charge them double; but however disagreeable they may be in these charges, in almost every other respect they contrive to render themselves so agreeable, and particularly in their conversation, that the rest passes off better than one would otherwise expect. It was this kind of behaviour that made my journey through French Flanders much more pleasant than otherwise, though my feet were galled to the utmost degree by the

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length of the journey. Still I certainly thought that the nearer I came to Paris, the greedier the people were after money: yet their mode of living was more polished; and though the charges to travellers were higher, the conveniences of life were increased as well as the wit and good humour of the people. In France I went through fortified towns without a pass; and through forests and lonely places without a companion, and without fear, for, being without money, I imagined I might set robbers of every description at defiance.

At length, weary enough, I reached the metropolis of France, where I walked about a whole hour enquiring for a lodging; for not pronouncing the French word *logis* with any thing like propriety, of course I was not understood; and I had the additional mortification to hear a French girl observe "that I spoke French like a German Horse." This sarcasm stung me so much the deeper, as, till then, I had flattered myself with the idea that I was a master of the French language. For some time forsooth, I had absolutely been a teacher of that tongue, and now I must hear myself corrected by a servant girl. My hard pronunciation of the syllable *gi* was the cause of this misunderstanding; and besides, in Paris, such a lodging as I wished to engage is not called *un logis*, but *une chambre garnie*; and sometimes it appeared to the French people at Paris that I was not enquiring for a room but for a mistress, some lady of the name of *Lucie*, Lucy. Some persons therefore of whom I enquired laughed outright; others answered me by saying, on my word Monsieur *Je ne la connois point*. I do not know the lady. At length I obtained an apartment in the Fauxbourg of St. Germain; here I lived like a true philosopher for some months; in fact, in the midst of an immense population I lived like an hermit. I held no conversation but with myself and my books, and, excepting mine host, I knew no one, and no one knew me. Almost every day I visited the public gardens; but these gardens with respect to me were as deserts, and the innumerable crouds

that frequented them as so many trees; though for want of conversation I was somewhat like Tantalus dying for thirst in the midst of plenty. Two of the public libraries and particularly that of St. Victor, I was also in the frequent habit of visiting, notwithstanding the latter was at a considerable distance from my lodging; but what afforded me much surprise was, that in a place so well filled with the learned, still so very few of them were to be found in the libraries. In the whole course of the winter I saw but one solitary German at St. Victor's, who as he confined himself merely to the inspection of the charts which that library afforded, I could not help nicknaming *Cartesius*.

At the Cardinal of Mazarine's library I was not altogether so solitary. The college of the Four Nations, not far from St. Germain's, supplied the greatest number of new books; and here it was also customary for students to assemble before the gates at an early hour, and wait their opening; and when they were opened they seemed to strive like so many runners for a prize who should get in first. The reason of this was, that Monsieur Bayle's Dictionary, which they all wished to become acquainted with, was always for the time, the reward of those who could first get possession of it. So that in fact it generally fell to the nimblest or the strongest of these competitors. In this solitary manner I lived some months at Paris. I had always an aversion to mingling with common people, at the same time I did not judge amiss in supposing that of the bettermost sort of people as too expensive. Mine host was my only friend, and as he was fond of history, though not really well informed, I took a pleasure at times to recount to him some of the deeds of the ancients; he in return supplied me with modern anecdotes, but not with the strictest regard to names and dates. He once asked me the name of the emperor that destroyed Jerusalem, I answered *Titus*. He then wished to know whether he was a Greek or a Roman; an *Avocat* of parliament who was present, an-



swered for me, saying, "he was a Roman, and that his name was Titus Livius."

By way of recreation, I went very frequently to the places where the courts of justice were held, to satisfy myself with the Forensic abilities of the ~~best~~ <sup>advocates</sup>. The volubility of the advocates did not ~~surprize~~ <sup>surprise</sup> me a little. Their eloquence was so impressive, and they seemed to be such masters of the passions that one might have supposed them to have been so many Ciceros speaking French, so much to me, did their manners seem to resemble that of the ancients. And whenever the judgment of the court was made known, what with the confusion among the parties concerned, and the acclamations of the audience no more was to be heard, and the court frequently left their seats abruptly. The voices of the judges were often collected in a disorderly manner. Sometimes the members would stand up before the process was at an end, and form themselves into a circle, while some of them would whisper to the president, which sometimes procured the pronouncement of judgment without any further discussion. However, in the interim between that and the termination of the process, a confused murmur might always be heard even among the advocates disputing with each other; to this the poet's observation might apply:—

Tunc immensa cavi spirant mendacia  
folles

Conspiciturque sinus.

But it was not only among the lawyers, but with the audience also, that this noise and murmur was kept up. In reality, instead of being in a court of justice, you would rather have supposed yourself in a public market-place! An hundred times during a trial, perhaps the officers would have the trouble of commanding silence; but to no manner of purpose: they might call out for silence and even beat the offenders till they were weary; it seemed morally impossible for people, so disposed as the French are to be talkative, ever to keep a long silence.

[To be continued.]

CATALOGUE RAISONNÉE; or a CONCISE and CORRECT ACCOUNT of the STATUES, BAS-RELIEFS, and BUSTS, in the GALLERY of ANTIQUES, MUSEUM of NAPOLEON, at PARIS.

[Resumed from Vol. XII. p. 458.]

21. *Nero, as a Victor at the Grecian Games.*—The proportions of this pedestrian statue are colossean: the figure is quite naked, except about the legs and thighs, which are enveloped in ample drapery; a species of heroic costume copied from the statues of Jupiter, and assigned by the Roman sculptors to those of their emperors and Cæsars. The head of this statue is well worthy of observation, for this reason, that it exhibits the peculiar character of Nero's countenance, though somewhat dignified by the artist. The hair is fastened by a fillet or circlet, (*taenia*), properly denominated a diadem, which formerly served to ornament the heads of kings, and was likewise considered the distinctive badge of such as bore away the prizes at the sacred games of the Greeks. Nero, who had obtained the palm of victory repeatedly, not only as a charioteer, but as a performer in the concerts of the Cithæredes, entirely forgot his exalted rank as master of the world, and had the vanity and frivolity to prize his theatrical honours above all others. The statue is made of Pentelic marble. The antique head of Nero, executed in Parian marble, was restored to the body by the sculptor, who bestowed this precious remain upon Rome. The proportions, as well as the costume of the head, are perfectly analogous to those of the other parts of the statue.

22. *Otho.*—An entirely naked figure of a Roman personage, after the manner of heroic statues. The head-dress is exactly similar to what we see in the portraits of Otho, and hence has arisen the designation which this statue now bears. The family of the Emperor Otho lived at Rome during the period immediately succeeding his reign; and their circumstances were such as readily to have enabled them to erect a statue to his memory. We are not inclined to think that it was executed within the short term of his sovereignty. This statue of

pentelic marble was found near Terracina, during the operation of draining the Pontine marches.

23. *The Colossean Melpomene*.—This figure, twelve feet in height, and one of the boldest among those that past ages have thought fit to respect, represents the tragic Muse clad in a tunic with long sleeves, and encircled with an appropriate girdle. A small mantle falls gracefully from the shoulders, and is attached to the girdle in a truly picturesque style. This mantle bore the name of *chlamydes*, and constituted an article of theatrical attire. On examining the statue, the beholder must doubtless be at a loss to conceive how the ingenious artist who executed it contrived to impart such an infinity of grace to the noble and sentimental physiognomy of the head. This Muse was probably one of the nine which adorned the theatre of Pompey. It remained in the court of Cardinal Riario's palace, which was built, from designs by Bramante, on the site of the theatre just mentioned, and was afterwards converted into the apostolic chancery. Pius VI caused it to undergo repair, and to be conveyed to the Vatican: it was on this occasion that the mask of Hercules, which the statue now holds in one hand, was restored.

24. *Domitian*, a statue. The statues to which we are indebted for the portrait of the last of the Flavius-family, are very rare at the present day; the hatred of the public and the decree of the senate having contributed to the rapid and almost total destruction of those monuments. It is not unlikely that this statue of Domitian escaped the fate of others, by having obtained a place in the villa of some private individual, perhaps a freedman of the monarch. The figure is perfectly naked; the only appendages being a cross-belt, designed to support that sort of sword called *parrasionium*, and a small scarf, which is wrapped round the left arm. This statue, which was dug up in 1758, in the territory of Colonna (the ancient *Laticum*), distant six leagues from Rome, was brought from Villa Albani.

25. *Antinus*.—The favourite of Adrian is here represented as Hercules. He rests upon his club, and

is enveloped in the lion's skin. This statue of nearly colossean dimensions, is executed in marble of Luni, and was dug up near Tivoli.

26. *Augustus*.—A woven crown of oak leaves ornaments the forehead of Octavius. This which is usually designated the civic crown, was conferred upon the victor when he terminated the civil wars. He is armed with a cuirass, and habited in the imperial cloak, called *paludamentum*.

27. *Tiberius*.—A bronze head. The civic crown likewise shadows the forehead of Tiberius in this fine head, of almost colossean size.

28. *Claudius*.—A bronze head. The successor of Caligula is crowned with laurel. In other respects, this head differs but little from the subject of the preceding article. The two heads, (27 and 28), executed in good taste, though not cast with due care, were perhaps placed in the basilica of some Roman deputy resident in Gaul. The hind parts of both heads were restored in the 18th century, and it would seem that the crowns were retouched about the same period.

29. *Claudius*.—A bronze bust. The emperor is here also crowned with laurel, but, in point of style and execution, this is far superior to the last-mentioned head. This antique, as well as the subject of the succeeding article, was brought from the Château de Richelieu.

30. *Titus*.—A bronze bust. This rare bust is the companion of that of Claudius, which has just been described. They probably ornamented some part of the residence of the Roman deputy.

No 30, like No. 29, was brought from the Château de Richelieu, and it is highly probable that both busts were originally found in the same place.

31. *Ælius Cæsar*.—It was from the circumstance of this bust bearing some resemblance to the authenticated portraits of Ælius Cæsar, that it was recognised at Villa Albani as a representation of the adopted son of Adrian.

32. *Lucius Verus*.—This is a most elegant and a well authenticated bust of the Emperor Lucius Verus: it was brought from Villa Albani.



33. *Commodus*.—The emperor is here depicted with a beard, as he is represented on the generality of medals stricken in his honour. The portraits of Commodus are exceedingly scarce; for when he was massacred, the people destroyed them. This bust is also brought from Villa Albani.

34. *Septimus Severus*.—The sculptural portraits of Severus are more numerous than those of any other emperor in the imperial catalogue. The present piece is executed in a very good style, and is in a high state of preservation. It is clad with the *paludamentum* over the cuirass. This bust, which is an entire antique, comes from Villa Albani.

35. *Caracalla*.—The ferocious look, and the inclination of the head to the left side, give this bust of Caracalla (wrought in Pentelic marble) a very strong resemblance to the celebrated Farnesian bust of this cruel emperor, who entertained the ridiculous ambition of appearing formidable, and aimed at imitating Alexander the Great in the mode of bearing his head. He is clad in the imperial *chlamydes*, thrown over the cuirass.

36. *Gordianus Africanus the Elder*.—This head, which is tolerably well executed, bears some resemblance to those portraits of the emperor which have been handed down to posterity through the medium of ancient medals.

37. *Papian*.—The beauty of the sculpture contributes not a little to the general merits of this figure, which is extremely rare, or, more properly speaking, unique. The resemblance which this head bears to the medallion-portraits of Papian, affords incontestable proof of its identity. It may justly be styled the last excellent portrait that we meet with in the list of emperors. This piece long remained in the gallery of the Château de Richelieu.

38. *The Nereides*.—A sarcophagus. The marine nymphs, seated upon tritons and other monsters of imagination, and grouped with infinite felicity of taste, appear to form a sort of choir, and to be in the act of conducting the manes or souls of the elect to the seat of eternal bliss. This sarcophagus, wrought in Parian mar-

ble, is extremely well executed, and is in excellent preservation. It remained for some time in the museum of the capital at Rome. As the lid was wanting, an antique cover, which had belonged to some other monument, was substituted for it. The bas-relief of the frieze represents twelve figures of the attendants of Bacchus, who are busied in educating or entertaining the youthful God. The two large heads of fauns which terminate the sarcophagus, were brought from Fontainebleau.

39. *The Muses*.—A sarcophagus. This sarcophagus, which is in perfect preservation, is decorated with bas-reliefs on three of its sides, and on the border of the lid. The principal of these bas-reliefs, situated on the front of the work, represents the nine Muses, each of whom is characterised by her distinctive attributes. Calliope, the Muse of epic poetry, accompanied by Homer; and Erato, the Muse of philosophy, conversing with Socrates, are the subjects of the two bas-reliefs which adorn the lateral faces. Bacchantes, Sileni, and Fauns, revelling amid the bustle of a drunken scene, are engraven upon the front of the lid, which is terminated at the corners by two large heads. This tomb, wrought in Pentelic marble, was discovered about the commencement of the last century, at the distance of a league of Rome, in a monument erected upon the great Ostian way, and appertaining to the family of Aëtius. It was placed in the museum of the capitol.

#### THE HALL OF THE SEASONS.

The paintings of this apartment consist of some subjects of the history of Apollo and Diana, and others, analogous to the seasons.

Apollo crowning the Muses.

Apollo and the satyr Marsyas.

Diana and Actæon.

Diana and Endymion.

At the four angles the seasons are represented; and the ceiling is ornamented with the story of Apollo and Diana.

On one side of the entrance are two pillars of grey granite of the Isle of Elba, known under the name of *granitello*. They are surmounted by two little Egyptian statues of hard

stone, well preserved, and extremely rare. One of the deities is seated, and the other is in a kneeling posture, holding a small tabernacle in his hands.

#### STATUES, &c.

40. *Esculapius*.—In this statue, the son of Apollo and Coronis appears with his serpent, the emblem of life and death. A large mantle envelopes him as far as the middle of the body, and his majestic head is encircled with a turban, similar to that described under No. 14. This statue, formed of Pentelic marble, comes from Villa Albani.

41. *Apollo with the Griffin*.—A group. The God of poetry is described in this group in the attitude of the Lycian Apollo, which we shall notice hereafter: but here he seems to repose after having accompanied his song by the soft tones of his lyre. This instrument rests upon the trunk of a laurel-tree, covered with the cloak of the god. The griffin reposing at his feet is peculiarly characteristic of the Delphic Apollo. It was believed, that this oracle, the most celebrated of antiquity, had been founded by the Hyperboreans, a people, whose climate was, according to the fable, infested by those monsters. This group, composed of Pentelic marble, was dug out of the earth in the territory of Tivoli, near a pool of sulphureous water, called la Zolfatara. It formerly adorned the Museum of the capitol.

42. *Panathenes*.—A bas-relief. This superb fragment formerly constituted a part of the external frieze which was carried quite round the dome of the temple of Minerva at Athens, called *Parthenon*. It exhibits eight figures; namely, two men, and six young women, represented at the moment when the pomp or solemn procession attendant on the feast of the Panathenes, is about to be arranged. The young Athenian females are receiving from the hands of the directors of the ceremony, the vases and sacred utensils, proper to be employed in the progress of the procession, and subsequent sacrifice. This bas-relief once graced the oriental front of the temple, towards the northern angle. It is highly valuable by reason of the inflexible beauty of

its style; and equally so as a monument of the history of the arts. It was, doubtless, Phidias himself, who furnished the design and superintended the execution of the piece, about the year, 440, prior to the common era. (*Plutarch: in Pericl*). Before this statue was cleaned, it preserved some traces of the *encaustic* hue, with which the custom of the Greeks, to bedaub their sculptural productions; the holes, which are apparent on some parts of the piece, served to sustain certain gilt bronze appendages. This bas-relief affords fresh evidence respecting the discovery of Pentelic marble.

[To be resumed in our next.]

THE LITERARY ADVENTURES OF PETER POSITIVE, of GOTHAM, in NOTTINGHAMSHIRE. Addressed to the EDITOR of the UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.

[Concluded from Vol. XII. p. 374.]

THING presented itself, Mr. Editor, but it was not the knight himself, but a thing externally of his own creation. I at first imagined that there was a masquerade in the house, and that the object before me was one of those nondescripts which distinguish those motley assemblies; for in my ignorance, arising from my country education, I could not conceive a rational creature, so overstepping the bounds of reason, as to dress up one of his own race in such fantastic ornaments, for the mere purpose of standing behind a carriage, or of opening the door to a vender of matches, whenever one chooses to knock; but my cousin has since informed me, that were not these menials dressed out in all the ridiculous foppery of dress, they would not think themselves entitled to treat, with all the insolence of office, every applicant at their master's door, if he happen not to be attended with a creature bedizened in the same gaudy apparel. I stared at the thing, as at one of the wild beasts in the tower, but my sensations were very different; the latter I regarded with admiration as the work of nature, the former I looked upon with emotions of pity and contempt; the latter made me proud of



my exalted state in the scale of beings, the former degraded me in my own opinion, for the dignity of man was lost, and sense and reason abused. The blame, however, is not to be attached so much to the object itself, as to its keeper, who, to gratify an empty vanity, can so metamorphose a human being into a laughing stock \*. I inquired of this harlequin object if the knight were at home : your business ? he asked, in a commanding voice ; I knew I had but a servant before me, and who, but for his tinsel-dress, his floured head, his silk stockings, and bag-wig, would have been glad to brush my shoes for a penny, that, forgetting the humility of an author in search of a publisher, I boldly exclaimed, my business is not with you, but with your master, and therefore I asked for him, and not for you. Do you come from Newgate, he asked. Now, really, Mr. Editor, this was the very acmé of official insolence ; for notwithstanding my uncouth appearance, and countrified air, I am certain no one but a sheriff's servant, could perceive any thing Newgate-like about me ; but on a sudden, I recollected, that in the *Picture of London*, published by the same knight, it is asserted, and, perhaps, he speaks from his own particular knowledge, that the major part of the reviews and magazines, published in the metropolis, are written in the various prisons, and it therefore occurred to me, that the knight might, on that morning, be in expectation of receiving from these emporiums of Genius some articles for the *Oxford Review*, or the *Monthly Magazine*, and had given the necessary instructions to his servant, to put that most offensive question, to whomever presented himself with a package. It was most fortunate for the servant, that this circumstance occurred to me, or I might, perhaps, have knocked my M.S. at his head, but I now construed his question in a more favourable sense, for without a doubt it was founded on the supposition of my being a man of genius. The rage which the question had

\* Let it not be supposed that this is meant to apply individually to the knight ; it is the custom in general which is intended to be censured.

excited, soon subsided, and an unaccountable change took place on a sudden in my opinions, for the sheriff's livery appeared to me all at once to be very handsome, and I answered the offensive question very mildly in the negative, but added, that I had something of great importance in a literary way to transact with the sheriff, and, therefore, requested to be shewn to him. The mildness, however, of my answer, appeared to make no impression on the servant, for he very rudely shut the door in my face, and bade me go into the counting house. Thither I went, and, to my great joy, was informed that the knight would be disengaged in a few minutes, and would then give me an audience. Meantime I looked around me. I saw the shelves loaded with the works of the geniuses of the age. I saw Mavor's Lilliputian works, nobly supported by Godwin's Political Justice, and which I could not but consider as rather unfair, knowing that that work cannot support itself. I saw the *Oxford Review* piled on Murray's Grammar, and I could not help smiling at the circumstance, for the *Oxford Review* and Grammar have certainly no alliance with each other. Soon, I thought, will the work of Peter Positive, shine conspicuously amongst you ; soon will the knight introduce it in triumph to the Surrey Institution ; and soon will it be read with avidity by all the members of that enlightened assembly. O ! who would exchange the transports of authorship for all the joys which riches can afford ; who would exchange the crust of the poet, for the turtle fare of the alderman ; who is there that envies not the respect, the honor, and emoluments which ever await the man of genius ? His threadbare coat, does it not betray a proper contempt of exterior shew ? His hollow cheeks, and haggard look, are they not vouchers that he disdains to touch the luxuries of life ? Do they not shew that he despises the gross deception of appearing in the world with a painted face ? Is not his dirty linen a sufficient proof that he is not addicted to change ? Are not his worn-out shoes a substantial evidence, that he has been indefatigable in his search of a publisher ? O ! who would not be a poet, and an author. I was

disturbed in the midst of this most delightful reverie, by a person, who informed me that the knight was then disengaged.

'Now the moment was arrived to which I had looked forward with inexpressible rapture. I was now to be ushered into the presence of the person who was to have the honour of introducing Peter Positive to the literary world. Nothing but my native modesty withheld me from rushing into his presence, and embracing him in a truly genius-like manner. O! there is something inexpressibly sweet in that sympathy of soul, in that magnetic affection which attracts genius to genius, and which, though he be unable to define the cause, impels a Nottinghamshire ploughboy to rush into the arms of a London sberiff. But, Mr. Editor, the door opens. I see the knight sitting on his stool—manuscripts on manuscripts piled before him, and, in dignified solemnity, weighing the fate of authors. On entering, as the Scotchman says, I boo'd—and boo'd, and made many low boos, and, as the knight had been at court, where booing is practised to perfection, and often so very low as to display certain things offensive to the eyes of majesty\*, I expected he would have risen from his stool, and returned my boo, but I concluded that he makes it a practice only to boo on certain occasions, and that the introduction of an author was not one of those occasions. I therefore entered immediately on the object of my visit. He took my MS. turned it over (judge, Mr. Editor, of the tribulation which pervaded my whole frame), appeared to read several parts of it, looked at the title page (I felt the pride of an author rising within me). Hem! Written by Peter Positive, of Gotham! Never heard of such an author. The name—the name, *Sir*, is a great deal—a very stale subject—nothing elementary in it, it may, perhaps, do however—will give it to a gentleman to read—call again in a week or ten days and you shall have

\* Vide Colbecks at court, dressed in the garb of old Gaul, who boo'd so very low, that a certain exalted personage was obliged to order the ladies to be kept in front.

my answer. Thus saying, he locked my MS. in his desk, and, by an significant nod, gave me to understand that I might depart. And I did depart, Mr. Editor, but not very well satisfied with my visit. I had heard a great deal in the country of the various tricks practised in London on unsuspecting confidence, and I immediately hastened to my cousin to inquire if one of these vile-tricks had not been practised upon me to obtain possession of my MS. He, however, reprobated the idea, and informed me that it was only in conformity to the universal custom of the publishers. Every one, he said, has what is called his wise man, to whom all MSS. intended for publication, are sent for perusal, and, by his verdict, the publisher is guided. If it has a noted name attached to it, he examines no further than the title page, for if it be a gallimaufry of absurdity and stupidity, it is of no consequence, the name is established, it is a *selling* name, and that is all that is required by a publisher. Thus, if the authoress of Cœlebs were to write the history of Cock-a-doodle-doo, and her name were to be affixed to it, all Paternoster Row would be in an uproar, and the blood of Warwick Lane would, perhaps, be mingled with the precious blood from the noses of the publishers in their contest respecting the purchase of her MS. The wise man would glance at the title page. What! written by the authoress of Cœlebs. I'll look no further—it must sell—an excellent name. But is it not possible, I asked, that a MS. may be sent which is superior to the intellectual capacity of the wise man, and he, being unable to comprehend it, condemns it as unworthy of publication? Is every one of these wise men a universal genius? A man may be a good poet, and his opinion of the merits or demerits of a poem may be considered decisive; but does it therefore follow that he is equally capable to judge of a work on astronomy? A man may be well versed in the niceties of construction, he may be an Addison in correctness of language, and he may vie with Murray as a philologist; but, is he therefore competent to decide on the merits of the several translations from



the ancient and modern languages? Certainly not, my cousin replied; and as a proof in the last number but one of a certain review, a translator is attacked for a false comprehension of his original, and the reviewer gives a translation of his own, but unfortunately his miscomprehension of the original MS. is still greater than that of the first translator. Thus, in the *Monthly Mirror*, Thompson's plays are extolled as specimens of faithful translation, whereas he misconceives his original in the most important points. Kotzebue's *Tales* in the *Oxford Review*, are commended for their superiority over every other translation, for fidelity and elegance. Alas! had the reviewers of the above-mentioned works been versant with the German language, they would not have been so profuse in their encomiums on the translations. We will suppose then, I continued, that a translation from the German is sent to either of these persons for his opinion, should you consider him competent to the undertaking? Assuredly not, my cousin replied; but his vanity will not allow him to acknowledge his incompetency, and he is not so wise as to follow the example of the Editor of a certain foolish *Museum*, who, when a translation from the German is sent to him to criticise, of which language he is wholly ignorant, returns the copy to the publishers, and eases his own shoulders of the burthen of incapacity, by throwing it on the translator's, and declines criticising it, because it is not worthy of it. How few books, said I, would then be criticised, if the reviewers were to be silent only on those which they consider worthy of commendation. The interests of literature are served, by the faults of any author being properly exposed, in the same manner that the moral world is benefited by a judicious play of vice and error. The author may profit by the remarks of a superior mind, and he should be rather thankful for than offended at the exposure of his faults; but to decline the criticism of a work, because it possesses faults, argues intellectual imbecility, and is a strong argument for the belief that the reviewer has some other reason for declining the task, than the mere

existence of errors. It is a misfortune that the interests of the literary world should be in the hands of such men. The rising genius is thus stabbed by a secret hand, and who can say that the genius of Peter Positive will not meet with a similar fate,

I well remember, Mr. Editor, for who can forget the days of his love; that near to my father's house lived a hale, buxom lass, with whom I have often walked by moonlight in a neighbouring wood, conversing on my rising genius—on no other topic I do assure you, and I recollect with what anxious longings, with what eager expectations, with what a fluttering heart I awaited the hour appointed for our meeting, in the wood—each second was a minute—each minute was an hour—each hour an eternity; but, Mr. Editor, the intense anxiety with which that hour was awaited was trifling in comparison to that with which I looked forward to the expiration of the time appointed by the knight. The week at length elapsed, and, with a trembling heart, I hastened to ascertain the fate of the first production of the towering genius of Peter Positive. But, alas! how great was my disappointment, when, on entering the shop, my MS: with the following note, were put into my hands.

[*To be continued.*]

#### ARCHDEACON PALEY *against* MODERN MILLENARIANS, POLITICAL SERMONS, &c.

Thus saith the Lord God, Woe unto the foolish prophets that follow their own spirit and have seen nothing

EZEKIEL xlii 3

Sir,

BEING referred, in consequence of some of these recent publications, to the sentiments of this truly great divine, on the millenium, as they appear under this head, in *BEAUTIES SELECTED FROM HIS WRITINGS, &c.* I was led to compare his thoughts upon this momentous epoch of the christian religion, with those of former writers, and to contrast them with others of a later date, for reasons which, to the candid and judicious, may now appear of more importance

than at any former period. The Millenium, I presume, when properly understood, will likewise be found to have interested the attention of sound politicians and moralists, equally with divines.

It is true that an air of *great* mystery has been attached, though without *much* reason, to the circumstances of the *great* event here intended; but, upon a little consideration, this period, as an era of christianity, may not be found improbable, or objectionable even to persons who may form their supposed superior understandings, plume themselves as *not* being believers in the doctrines of Christianity. I believe I might venture to say, that some of the earliest divines of the church of England, and the celebrated Sir Isaac Newton, who coincided with them in opinion, treated upon the Millennium in such a manner as to render it suitable to the conception of well disposed persons, even of common capacities.

Though much may have been said to satisfy persons conversant in these studies, as to the doctrine of the Millenium, in some essays inserted in your Magazine in the course of the years 1807 and 1808, on the *Prophetic Indications of the Present Times; the Abuse of Predictions*, &c. &c. it may be necessary to repeat here, that by this term, nothing more is meant than a happy period of time, generally, though not necessarily, understood literally, of a thousand years.

But why this period must inevitably intervene before the consummation of all things, will appear perfectly reasonable, when we recollect that a grand apostacy, not only in the Christian church, but among Christian nations in general, has been foreseen and foretold in various parts of the New Testament, consequently, an end to the evils and calamities to be suffered in the mean time, were to be expected on a double account; first, from the solemn declaration, and the veracity of sacred writ, and secondly from the known course of that benevolent providence, which has so ordered the issues and results of human actions, that vices, and extremes of every kind have a natural tendency to destroy themselves.

Among the rational divines who have treated of the millenium, Dr. Whitby, and the Reverend Moses Lowman, may be reckoned principals. Too many, who to the present time continue to publish their reveries upon this great event, have run into the wild fancies indulged by fifth monarchy men, and other enthusiasts, concerning "an absolute reign of saints, or religious persons upon the earth, or they deceive themselves and others, with their fancies in taking the *figurative* language of scripture in a *literal* sense,—for, if to describe a comparative harmony and reconciliation among men of opposite dispositions, *the wolf and the lamb* are said to *dwell together*, the ignorant perplexers of sacred writ suppose this actually to have been spoken of beasts and not of men of ferocious characters. See these figures more fully extended in Isaiah XI. and LXV. However, these symbols, and others of a similar kind in the Revelations, are always understood by the best expositors to refer to the introduction of better times. All institutions and establishments have had their golden age, and what is called the millenium or the reign of Christ upon the earth, has been termed that of pure christianity. The Reverend Moses Lowman on the Revelations, has therefore denominated these as "happy days of righteousness, of joy, and triumph—of external prosperity, when virtue and innocency shall be in the throne; *vice* and *vicious men* out of *power* and *credit*." And again, he says "Christ and his church reign on earth, when the truth and purity of the christian religion prevail against the opposition and corruptions of the world."

Dr. Whitby's ideas of this period he expresses as those of "Universal peace and plenty; a great increase of knowledge, &c." Now a period of *universal peace* and plenty can never be so appropriate as when it succeeds to a period of *universal war* and scarcity, such as has been the recent state of Europe or Christendom, and an increase of knowledge also must certainly be admitted when the cultivation of peace evinces a *knowledge* of men's best interests.

Of such a millenium as this,



Bishop Clogher observed, "It is enough to say that it will be a period of great bliss, &c." and "that it was not necessary to confine the expression of one thousand years to that precise number." "It may," he says, "be taken in general only to signify a large and indefinite period."

I have made these preliminary observations, and quoted these rational divines for the satisfaction of unbelievers, who are mostly in the habit of preferring argument to authority.

It must be owned that the oppression suffered by the Israelites under the Babylonish captivity, and the deliverance predicted by the Jewish prophets, with the rebuilding of Jerusalem in a more glorious state, &c. gave birth to a similar language in the new testament respecting the restoration and recovery of the church from papal or Babylonian despotism and darkness. Both the power of Christ and Antichrist are figured out under the idea of cities, one called Babylon the Great, the mother of harlots; the other the New Jerusalem, the faithful bride; which at length, after a long night of separation, should be joined to her spouse, who redeems her by his victories over the arch-enemy, and produces a new era; a happy change of which, in scripture language, the following is a specimen from Revelations corresponding with Isaiah lxxv. &c. &c.

And I saw a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away, and there was no more sea (viz. no more trouble or agitation).

And I, John, saw the holy city New Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven. And I heard a great voice, saying, Behold the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former state of things are passed away.

And he that sat upon the throne, said, Behold, I make all things new.

Of this new state, called the new city of Jerusalem, it is also said, "The nations of them that are saved shall walk in the light of it; and the

kings of the earth do bring their glory and honour into it: and they shall bring the glory and honour of the nations into it.

And the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day; for there shall be no night there.

But neither the millenium, nor the belief of the Book of the Revelations, are essential articles of the christian faith, or, it would be most lamentable that they cannot be understood sufficiently without the assistance of the learned or the studious. Hence the superficial and illiterate, particularly those of the low methodistical classes, are continually distorting or obscuring the figurative language of scripture. According to no rule of interpretation whatever can the latter chapters of the Revelations, and their corresponding passages in Isaiah, Ezekiel, and Daniel, be made to apply to any state but an earthly one, renewed and improved; and still the ignorant and unskilful continue to mislead themselves in supposing the scenes, and events these passages refer to as yet afar off, and only dimly seen through dark futurity; or they more presumptuously confine them to that refined state of bliss to which no description whatever can be adequate. Every attempt of this nature is most effectually precluded by the express determination of the letter and spirit of scripture, which has frequently intimated, and positively declared, in reference to the nature and circumstances of the heavenly state, that eye has not seen, nor has the ear heard, neither has it entered into the heart of man to conceive the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.

Of course, the local detail, the minut, description, and the puerilities in which low and illiterate preachers indulge, seem more adapted to the laxity of a legendary tale than to the dignity and awful reserve of the christian revelation.

In opposition to the abuse of the symbolical parts of scripture, Mr. J. Smith, in his select discourses, republished by the learned Bishop of Llandaff, remarks that "no piece of prophecy is to be understood of the *mundus animarum*, (the world of spirits, the separate state) for indeed,

is impossible to describe that, or to comprehend it in this life, therefore all divine revelation must concern *some state in this world*. And so we must understand all those places that treat of a *new heaven* and a *new earth*.

But, perhaps, some of the most wanton deviations from the sacred canons of scripture and just criticism, may be found, among others, in some of the dissenters' sermons published on account of the late jubilee: for instance, could we suppose that one of these in which, though the preacher insinuates a parallel between the reign of his present majesty and that of the Messiah, in its dignity, purity, and duration, he, notwithstanding, applies the very same language and figures by which the former is described in the scriptures, to another state at the end of time, after the destruction of the world; *out of the ashes of which*, he says, "*the new heaven and the new earth are to arise, phoenix like.*"

Now if evidence of uncommon inconsistency did not appear manifest, could it be credited, that in a discourse of this nature the preacher himself, after frequently, though ignorantly alluding to a *temporal* period under various names, such as the latter days, (not when days shall be no more), to a period of "general and universal peace" (surely on earth and not in heaven) to a period when the nations, the gentiles, (and not the blessed), shall learn war no more; and to a period, when, to use the preacher's own words, "the animal creation are to drop their savage instincts." I say, after this, could it be thought he would repeat the assertion that this grand period would be *subsequent* to the resurrection of the dead, and to the last judgment? and yet at that period, as if *brutes* were to partake with men, he says, "the animal creation feeling a kind of sympathetic *transformation*, will drop their savage instincts, and assume the conciliating attractions of peace." If this is not spoiling christianity with the vain philosophy of the Pythagoreans it can have no meaning; or the preacher's ideas of a future state of bliss, must either be frivolous and fanciful in the extreme; or otherwise so

gross as to resemble the sensuality of a Turk, rather than the seriousness of a Christian, whether Trinitarian, Arian, or Socinian. It is a very trivial excuse for a Christian preacher thus meddling with speculative points, to plead any example for his puerile attempts to illustrate the state of the blessed *in heaven* by any petty comparisons of the transformation of beasts, or others from Ovid or Virgil, (even supposing the preacher so quoting Virgil *could read them*) or even from Cowper. Such applications to illustrate the happiness of the blessed, are not in unison with any christian doctrines, which give the most fanciful speculator no authority for the association of *brutes with the spirits of just men made perfect*; but if holy writ, as it cannot be denied, does prohibit such unwarrantable speculations, by the express declaration "that neither the eye, the ear, nor the heart of man, can have any conception of the place or the joys prepared for the righteous;" then it undeniably follows, that no description of *heaven* can be admitted from similitudes drawn from the *earth*, of course, portions of scripture so wrested, obscured and misapplied, having quite a different meaning, are lost to the hearer whose understanding is at the same time abused. Beyond all doubt, speculations of every kind should as far as possible be banished from the pulpit, particularly *political* sermons under cover of *religious* titles; and the doctrine delivered should be adapted to the few plain persons and the *females* who make up the bulk of the congregations here alluded to. Party or political transactions or disputes, Dr. Paley observes, in his sermon on the use and propriety of local and occasional preaching, "are at all times unfit subjects, not only of discussion, but even of hints and surmises in the pulpit."

In fine, that babel of presumption and confusion, of which I have given some outlines, cannot be more strongly contrasted than by referring to the words of this truly pious and judicious divine upon that important period of the christian dispensation now approaching.

"That our Lord's dominion," he says, "will not only remain unto the



end of the world, but that its effects *in the world* will be greatly enlarged and increased, is signified very expressly in the second chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews. The Apostle in this passage applies to our Lord a quotation from the Psalms: "Thou hast put all things in subjection under his feet:"—and then draws from it a strict inference: "for in that he put all things in subjection under him, he left nothing that he did not put under him." And then he remarks as a fact, "but now we see *not yet* all things put under him:" that complete entire subjection which is here promised, hath not yet taken place. The promise must, therefore, refer to a *still future order of things*. This doctrine of a progressive increase and final completeness of our Lord's kingdom, is also virtually laid down in the passage from the Corinthians already cited. "He must reign till he hath put all things under his feet." For that this subjugation of his several enemies will be successive, one after another, is strongly intimated by the expression, "the *last* enemy that shall be destroyed, is death."

Now to apprehend the probability of these things coming to pass, or rather to remove any opinion of their improbability, we ought constantly to bear in our mind, this momentous truth, that in the hands of the Deity time is nothing; that he has eternity to act in. *The Christian dispensation, nay, the world itself, may be in its infancy.* A more perfect display of the power of Christ and his religion may be in reserve, and the ages, which it may endure, after the obstacles and impediments to its reception are removed, may be, beyond comparison longer than those which we have seen, in which it has been struggling with great difficulties, most especially with ignorance and prejudice. We ought not to be moved any more than the Apostles were moved with the reflection which was cast upon their mission, "that since the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were." We ought to return the answer which one of them returned: that what we call tardiness in the Deity is not so; that with him "a thousand years are as one

day," words which confound and astonish human understanding, yet strictly and metaphysically true.

"Now the economy which appears to be destined for *the human creation*, I mean for that part of it which shall be reserved to future happiness, is, that they shall live in a state of local society with one another, and under Jesus Christ as their head; experiencing a sensible connection amongst themselves, as well as the operation of his authority, as their Lord and governor. I think it likely that our Saviour had this state of things in view, when in his final discourse with his Apostles, he tells them, "I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself: that where I am, there ye may be also."—John xiv. 2, 3. And again, in the same discourse, and referring to the same *economy*—"Father," says he, "I will that they also whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory which thou hast given me:" for that this was spoken, not merely of the twelve who were then sitting with Jesus, and to whom his discourse was addressed, *but of his disciples in future ages of the world*, is fairly collected from his words (xvii. 20.)—"Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on me through their word."

The Doctor after referring again to this "future dispensation," and the various allusions to it in the New Testament, concludes thus:—"We may be assured that these expressions mean *something real*; refer to *something real*; though it be something which is to take place in the *future dispensation* of which we have been speaking."

Here leaving Dr. Paley and the *illiterate* pretenders who differ with him, I may, with your permission, in future, notice other branches of *fabulous theology*, maintained by some *erudite* writers upon these subjects.

ANTI MERCATOR.

SIX ORIGINAL LETTERS from Mr.  
GENTLEMAN to WILLIAM JULIUS  
MICKLE, translator of the LUSIAD.

WHAT my good friend Mr. Mickle, alive! in London! and kind enough to remember me! to remember one who has been for three years endeavouring to forget himself! but a truce with admiration. Dear Sir, let me congratulate you and myself, that a large field of practical speculation, as I may call it, has opened upon such faculties as you are happily possessed of; why did I not know of your being in London sooner? I sent several fruitless enquiries to Edinburgh, and can hardly think, rusticated as I have been, how you traced me out. If ever I doubt of your favourite principle, and let me call it mine, it is when I consider myself in a state of separation from a sensible, sincere, and therefore, valuable acquaintance; however, I hope that next winter will convey me to the much desired society of one, than whom no man living more commands my esteem—Politics! the very word must be sickening to a feeling mind after the intolerable load of nonsense, ribaldry, and, what is worst of all, national reflections, with which the injured press has groaned. I thank God and reflection for placing me in a moderate medium of opinion, equally distant from the uncharitable extremes, to call them no worse, of either side.—Your encounter with the military gentlemen, comes upon me with double force, as many instances of such forward ignorance in that sphere of life have come within my own particular knowledge. The infectious breath of party reached us here, but without any other effect than occasioning some bets of six to four, two to one, &c. that being the logic of this county, in support of the different opinions. To avoid such irrational jargon I have employed most of my time in gratifying the *Cacoethes Scribendi*, which nature has planted in me; disposition; in consequence of which I have let slip a volume, of which I shall earnestly request your opinion; it is called “a *Trip to the Moon*,” published by Crowder in Paternoster-Row, and several others; but I believe from what I have heard much neglected as to advertising and other necessary

points of care in publication; I shall be obliged if you can collect any opinions that may either encourage me to carry on the design or drop it as useless to the world and unprofitable to myself. I know you have impartiality enough not to be biassed by particular or even general judgment; therefore I may venture to let you know that though some have made slight objections, I have had letters from three clergymen of allowed abilities, and as many more from persons of much reputed taste, paying me, what I think, too extensive compliments. Sensible I am that real merit is not the shortest road to popularity; but pray let me have *your* sentiment, not as an acquaintance but a *critic*. Pray is Mr. Boswell in London, and what part of it? will you be kind enough to enquire either at the Bedford Coffee-House, Covent-Garden, or, the Smyrna, in Pall Mall, if one Mr. Derrick be in town; and you will much oblige me.

I have for some time had a strong bent of inclination towards London; which by the knowledge of your being there, I may say without compliment, is much increased. I only wait for the settlement of some family affairs, and then I hope in person to assure you, with what very unfeigned regard, I am,

Dear Sir, most faithfully

And entirely, your very

Humble servant,

FRANCIS GENTLEMAN.

Malton, Yorkshire,

May 8, 1764.

This will reach you on Friday; and if you can favour me with an answer to the points of enquiry I have taken the liberty to make, by the Tuesday's or Thursday's post following, I shall esteem it a pleasure and obligation.

DEAR SIR,

August 4, 1764.

YOUR most agreeable favour from the banks of the Isis now lies before me; which I imagine has been so long delayed, by Mr. Beckett's not exactly knowing my address, as our correspondence has been carried on through the medium of a gentleman who has the privilege of franking, and indulges me with receiving and forwarding all my little transactions in



the epistolary way; however, I am in hopes, that this may still go time enough to find you at the seat of the Muses. You say you are not versed in ceremony, no more am I: and as I am myself not a little eccentric, I can more easily forgive the retrograde motions of a friend; though at the same time his silence occasions regret. As the miller of Mansfield, says, "Do courtiers think their dependants can eat promises?" Well, you are not the only one that has been promise crammed; may all such rascally patrons feel at one time or other, just punishment in public contempt or domestic disquiet. How aptly, how feelingly, have you introduced Phædrus's stag. The nine figures are, in this money-loving age, worth nine hundred muses, and you are happy in being acquainted with them; as for my part, I have wished a thousand times that my too tender father had bred me a mechanic of any sort, and kept my ideas down to such a sphere; however, there were views which justified him in giving me a gentle, though not a very learned, education, which threw me in the bewitching way of Dryden and Pope; who, with some others, joined forces and converted me from prudence to poetry. Yet I must do myself the justice to say, that, had reason presented herself at any time in a profitable shape, rhyme should have been immediately sacrificed to her; but, acquainted with no sphere of business, disappointed in several favourable views, cajoled by hope, and imposed on by knaves; I have often had recourse to my Pen, as a relief from more laborious thought. You mention my Fables; they have indeed been *honourably* received at court and very favourably by all the critics who have yet taken notice of them; several have been transcribed into the papers, magazines, &c. and several eminent judges have sent me most flattering approbation; Lady Charlotte Finch, also, the Prince's governess, honoured me with a letter of thanks from her own hand; for the mention made of her, and the great entertainment, as she was pleased to phrase it, the Fables in general had given her:—thus far *honour*. As to *profit*, that may be known *hereafter*. I published about a month before them a

poetical epistle called "*Characters*," addressed to Lord Carlisle; I shall beg, when in London, that you will convey your candid opinion of these two last productions, and, as you regard me, be severely kind. Rather than miss a post, I must leave great part of your's unanswered, and refer myself, as parsons frequently do part of their sermons, to a future opportunity. Excuse then an abrupt conclusion, and believe me to be, with every sentiment of warm esteem,

Dear Sir, affectionately

And sincerely your's,

FRANCIS GENTLEMAN.

Please to let me know your London address. If you don't write in about ten days, as I shall be from hence, after that a week, you need not write before the latter end of current month. To me, at Malton, Yorkshire, is sufficient.

DEAR SIR,

EXCLUSIVE of that friendly regard which makes me wish to hear often from you; the diffidence, not vanity of an author, has created desire of a letter for some posts, by post, to inform me whether the southern climate affords as favourable influence to the general as our northern one; I give you the pleasure to hear that many persons of competent and independent taste have been liberal of praise; as to advantage, that is not likely to be so considerable as might have been expected, from the unlucky absence of two persons, whose influence at Scarbro' would have been highly serviceable, but disappointment sits easy upon me; besides, I wrote the piece from real feelings, and so far am gratified; I have it whispered, in a letter from London, that Churchill will infallibly retort, has he done it in his *Times* just published? And pray what do the miraculous reviewers say? Am I not triflingly troublesome? Certainly, yes, but I should be curiously glad to make similar enquiries about any production of your's, and therefore flatter myself you won't consider me as an absolute intruder; pray has the copy passed through your hands to Mr. Derrick at Tunbridge? Winter comes forward apace: may your patron be to you returning spring, or rather hope's

ripened harvest; I have myself been so perplexed by expectation, though not in regard of great men, that by sympathy, as well as friendship, I am strongly impelled to feel for your suspensive situation: but the optimist maxim, my constant recourse, and a thorough confidence of providential protection spreads a calm that mere philosophy could never bestow; not a stoical apathy, but a lively acquiescence with the events of life, nay, even an approbation of them, however cross. Encouraged by your kind and sincere approbation more than by that of many others, I have prepared a second volume, though frequently interrupted by matters of different concern, which indeed have thrown some damp both upon this and the preceding one; if they can fight their way, I am in hopes that the remainder of the plan will be much more general, and therefore more entertaining. I fear I shall not get to London any thing like so soon as I expected, a most sensible disappointment, as I proposed to myself great satisfaction from personal intercourse with my friend. Well, as Shakspeare says, "Patience and time run through the roughest day." Nothing can give me more singular pleasure than to hear, per return of post, that you are well and in spirits. Prythee, why dont you commit some of your ingenious and useful speculations to print? You are certainly too modest or too idle: were I at hand, I would, *pro bono publico*, rouse you up. What rhapsodical stuff do I tax both your pocket and patience with; but you'll forgive, and believe I am never any thing more than,

Dear Sir,

Your very affectionate friend

And servant,

FRANCIS GENTLEMAN.

Malton, Tuesday,

Sept. 4, 1764.

DEAR SIR,

ABSENCE from this place for above a fortnight, after your last most obliging favour reached it, has occasioned my delay in acknowledging the pleasure I received therefrom; a pleasure you cannot be more willing to communicate than I am to receive and enjoy.

To be methodical, I shall trace

your's line by line, and endeavour to say something upon each. As to that charge of deferring my opinion to another time, in regard of somewhat you particularly wish to know, be as indulgent as to assist my treacherous memory; treacherous I call it, because it has scarce any degree of retention except my unalterable regard for those persons whom I have met in life, who, according to my poor opinion, deserve esteem: a light, my good friend, Mr. Mickle must always stand in, while, as Shakspeare has it, memory holds any seat in this distracted frame. Do remind me of what my opinion is wanted on: your humane mention of a certain LITTLE great man argues a most philosophical disposition; nay, savours strongly even of scepticism. I would not, with all my warmth and resentment about me, wish any man very severe temporal, much less spiritual, chastisement; yet, such fellows as your voluntary sneaking patron, I would have them feel the stings of self-conviction. I am heartily glad, however, to hear that he is not the person on whose patronage you depended for an establishment in some public office; and am highly pleased that you have proof of his rascally evasion under his own hand;\* as sense teaches us to despise, so I think does humanity allow us to detest such animals; for I am perfectly of that opinion, which says, He who feels not a wrong, will not feel a favour. So far with regard to a literary transaction of yours; now for some very, very kind remarks you have made upon my Fables. By the by, I wish you had seen the whole collection, and then your criticisms having more latitude, would have been more acceptable and more useful to me.

Fable, both as to invention and execution, is certainly difficult; to be obvious and entertaining, fanciful and familiar, are circumstances not easily hit off; nor do I think that climax you seek for, which indeed every reader must allow desirable, can be always maintained; in the same subjects incidents of the most striking

\* See a letter from Lord L—— to Mr. Mickle, in Sim's Life of Mickle, p. xxx.



nature will rise first. This I myself discovered to be particularly the case of my fable of the Fine Lady, &c. yet ~~most~~ <sup>own</sup> I had not the address to avoid it, nor the penetration to discover a method of avoiding it. You would be amazed how many different opinions, most of them truly sensible, have reached me; the only fable marked by any two as the best, is the *Philosopher and Rattle*; all others chose differently, and my favourite, the Angel and Hermit, has hitherto been undistinguished. To pass from this production to some others: you must know I have been urged to publish a play of mine, and several other poetical pieces, by subscription. Proposals have got abroad, and above one hundred names are already in the list, above fifty of them people of consequence; the prospect of powerful support is *rational* fair. You remember I proposed a subscription at Glasgow; cross incidents prevented that from taking place: as some few paid towards that, I shall advertise in Edinburgh and Glasgow, that former subscribers shall have books of this delivered to their order. Your name I have put down, and shall order you a copy when ready.

How much am I pleased with your account of Oxford, which, like a strict likeness in painting, proves its veracity by the strong lines, the striking symmetry, and irresistible colouring. To a man of your speculation there must be an odd tragi-comic mixture of sensations, occasioned by the motley contrasts of collegiate importance and urbanic servility; your censure and commiseration must, I know, operate alternately in a powerful manner, though, to say truth, I think they are both feelings of too serious a nature for any man to encourage in the general farce of life; once I thought otherwise; experience now has taught me, that to take honest care of our own interests, to do what good and as little harm as we can, is all the care we should feel or admit; to grieve at vices and follies is as unprofitable as to languish for enjoyments beyond all possible expectation. You blame me for sermonizing in fable: why should I do it in letter? By the bye, dont think the word blame is here captiously mentioned. I rejoice in your

friendly remarks, and insist upon a continuation of them, as your friendship wishes me to improve. You desire a long letter. I don't know how to consider this: as to the matter, that you must determine; as to the writing, it is small enough, close enough, and bad enough to tire a very resolute forbearance: yet I make no apology, being assured that, were it nothing but trifle from beginning to end, your brow would distend from contraction into smiles at coming to the name of, dear Sir,

Your most assured friend

And faithful servant,

FRANCIS GENTLEMAN.

Malton, Oct. 12, 1766. •

I beg to hear with your first convenience. When do you expect to reach the capital?

DEAR SIR,

NOTWITHSTANDING apologies are in my mind excrescences, both of conversation and correspondence, yet it unfortunately happens that I am obliged to lean that way as your last favour has been near a month unanswered; three weeks of the time I was at York, and some indispensable attention to my subscription volume has totally engrossed every moment since. As to the chief point of your's, which kindly requires my advice in regard of an intended publication, I shall say every thing I can suggest. It was but two posts before your's reached Malton; I sent a letter to my friend, Mr. Cowper, for Mr. Beckett, wherein I expatiated warmly and largely on the defects in publication with regard to country booksellers; most of whom are such dolts, that they never venture to send for a book unless ordered; now, as not one-half of the readers ever see a London paper, and new pieces are seldom advertised in the country ones, how should an author have fair play. As an instance, I gave Mr. Beckett notice, that by mere accident I had heard from three such capital places, as Newcastle, Chester, and Manchester, where not one copy of my Fables had been seen four months after they were published, and a master of a large grammar school at the last place was obliged to order some before he could see them.

From hence, and some other observations, I have reason to think a more effectual method might be pursued, though I can't immediately point it out; as almost every bookseller's shop is now a circulating library, and one knows not, if copies were lent upon hazard, whether they would even buy one for themselves; however, I would venture it in your case, and will the first thing I publish on my own account. Please to let me know the title and general plan of the piece, and I'll mention it, either personally or by letter, to every reader of taste in this part. I will also, in the *York Courant*, give, when published, an account; such as I know it will deserve. Had not my subscription been on foot, which has been very much countenanced round York, I could have made interest to push off several copies. However, though I am something limited, I'll take every step that friendship and my best judgment can suggest. Shall I confess an impatience to see this youngest child of your brain. May it happily enter and prosperously pass through life.

Believe me to

Dear Sir, with affection,

Faithfully your friend and servant,

FRANCIS GENTLEMAN.

Malton, Dec. 7, 1766.

Shall I, according to English custom, wish you the compliments of the approaching season and many happy years? Do you propose seeing London this winter? Can you inform me where Mr. Boswell is, Lord Auchinleck's son?

There are about seventy copies on royal paper at half-a-guinea each, and one hundred common paper at 5s. each, subscribed for without any assistance from London, which I expect, through the influence of two or three leading friends, will do a great deal; even York does not furnish above ten or a dozen of the number yet, no regular publication of the scheme being made. Indeed, the expense will be considerable, as I shall have four copper-plates elegantly engraved, and every other article adequately executed. Sixty pounds will be the least for 100 royal and 300 common copies, besides advertising, proposals, &c.

DEAR SIR,

YOUR favour of February the 16th has remained thus long unanswered by a mere accident, my being out of the way when it arrived, and being mislaid for a fortnight or better after I came home. I am very glad that the piece which has cost you so much pains in preparation is now on the eve of publication. May the success I prognosticate it deserves attend your merit. Your explanation of the subject, and the style of poetry in which it is wrote, is a particular favour. As to the first, it is extremely well adapted to useful and entertaining satire: in respect of the versification, Spenser's manner is certainly a bold attempt, yet, in my opinion, extremely well adapted to your design, and, happily executed, must reflect great credit upon you as an author.

D. Hume, as you observe, has struck out many peculiar, partial, and consequently ridiculous opinions; perhaps no man of equal abilities and reading ever struck out more; nor did he ever mark oddly for his character as a critic more strongly than in his observation upon Spenser, whose manner, so far from being easy, is the direct contrary, and what I believe his unparalleled relation, *Douglas Hume*, would find himself very unequal to.

The conduct of your piece seems to have a striking propriety, and the conclusion must be nobly edifying. Dissipation and discontent certainly afford latitude for the strongest allegorical genius to exercise itself in; and I indulge myself in the opinion that I shall attend and sympathize with my friend through a large field of harmonious and picturesque speculation.

Your enquiry concerning my subscription conveys a fresh mark of esteem. I believe it will be a good and reputable one. In a week or two some proposals on an improved plan will be published, and some of these shall be transmitted to Mr. Prince's kind care, under your favourable influence. As to the booksellers of York, there are four all pretty much upon a footing; so that whoever your London publisher deals with will be the properest. If he has no fixed correspondent, Todd and Sootheran, as two diligent young fellows, may be eligi-



ble, and a letter from you, as *author*, may make them push. My attention as to the York Paper and one of the London ones shall not be wanting, ~~or anything else that I can do,~~ being sensible that I need not fear any imputation of partiality from approbation.

Believe me to be, with affectionate remembrance, Dear Sir, your very sincere friend,

FRANCIS GENTLEMAN.

Malton, March 14, 1767.

TO "A QUERIST."

Dear Sir,

WHEN I meet with a gentleman, whose sentiments are congenial with my own, I overstep the barriers ceremony would erect, and tender him at once the hand of cordiality.

I have perused your epistle in the last Universal Magazine, p. 458, with admiration!! I know not how it happens, that the world refuses to consider literary theft in the light of enormity it deserves. Had I my wish, a regular court of criticism should be established; within the jurisdiction of which all extracts, quotations, imitations, paraphrases, transmogrifications, adaptations, and transplantations, should be cognizable, and the culprits strictly subject to the verdict of the court.

In consequence of your letter, I have abstained from sleep during the last two nights, in order to compare "Peregrine Pickle" with "John Gilpin." The result of my enquiry is a discovery that your suspicion of unfair imitation is, alas! but too, too warrantable: in the novel, a horse runs away with his rider; and in the poem, a horse runs away with his rider!!! What can be more palpable than this?

Whether Cowper copied from Smollet, or whether they both borrowed from an anterior author, I know no more than yourself: I think, however, that the latter conjecture is most probable, for it strikes me that the two authors had their eye upon Swift's Nation of Horses. It is true, indeed, that none of these animals actually run away with their masters, and that for the best of all possible

reasons, because they *had* no masters. Nevertheless, my hypothesis is not altogether destitute of plausibility; since those brutes evince such contempt for mankind, that *had* any one mounted them, they certainly *would* have run off with him.

This reasoning, methinks, is conclusive, but if you should still conceive that Cowper borrowed from the Novelist then I submit that he took the idea, not from "Peregrine Pickle," but from "Sir Launcelot Greaves," in which you will doubtless recollect how Captain Crow's horse scampers across the meadows with the honest veteran.

Your criticism is rigid, but it is just: it is severe, yet we should remember, that severity to one is kindness to hundreds. As, however, the world is apt to cavil at any originality of design, I am happy to find that you have avoided the consequence of such illiberality, by judiciously treading in the footsteps of Shakspeare.

I have too high an opinion of your ingenuousness to imagine you have any wish to conceal that, in your ideas of similitude and manner of comparison, you have imitated that author's noble parallel between the kingdom of Macedon and the county of Monmouth.

"I tell you, captain," says the learned Fluellen, "if you look into the maps of the *orld*, I warrant that you *shall* find, in the comparisons between Macedon and Monmouth, that the situations, look you, is both alike; *there is a river in Macedon; there is also, moreover, a river in Monmouth.* It is called Wye, at Monmouth; but it is out of my *prains* what is the name of the other river; but it is all one; it is as like as my fingers to my fingers, and *there is salmons in both.*"

I most heartily condole with you, my dear Sir, on the frequency of plagiarisms. It is a lamentable truth, that one cannot take an author in hand without discovering that he has plundered others, or has himself been plundered.

I possess but a few odd volumes, one of Milton, one of Cowper, one of Pope, one of Goldsmith, and an old Latin grammar; I will open them as casualty shall direct, and let us mark the result.

Grace was in all her steps, Heaven in her eye.  
Milton.

The beauties of Europe at last appeared.  
Grace in their steps, and sensibility smiling  
in every eye.  
Goldsmith.

Love quarrels oft in pleasing concord end.  
Samson Agonistes.

Amantium Iraz amoris integratio est.  
Terence.

In them is plainest taught and easiest learnt  
What makes a nation happy and keeps it  
so,  
Milton.

Not to admire is all the art I know,  
To make men happy and to keep them so.  
Pope.

— I heard the wrack,  
As earth and sky would mingle.  
Milton.

Methinks yon gentleman, quoth she,  
Opposite in the apple tree,  
By his good will, would keep us single,  
Till yonder Heaven and Earth shall mingle.  
Couper.

Are not these examples of bare-  
faced imitation, sufficient to render  
the best humoured critic hypochon-  
driac?

But what avail comparisons. Will  
you believe me, I, the other day, saw  
a man's horse, running away with  
him down the Edmonton Road, in  
the most impudent imitation of  
John Gilpin!!!

I am, my dear Querist,  
Your melancholy friend,  
MOMUS.

#### QUERIES respecting BENEFIT and ANNUITY SOCIETIES.

Mr. Editor,

**Y**OUR readiness to admit what-  
ever is calculated for public uti-  
lity, must be obvious to the nume-  
rous readers of your very valuable  
Miscellany.

The importance of benefit and an-  
nuity societies is generally acknow-  
ledged, and your insertion of the fol-  
lowing inquiries may probably lead to  
discussions, which will not only  
oblige the institution immediately re-  
ferred to, but be highly interesting  
and useful to other institutions of a  
similar description.

Assume then, as a datum, that a

society consists of 301 members, ad-  
mitted between the ages of 21 and  
40, and barred from dangerous and  
hurtful occupations:—the object, to  
secure annuities to the widows of the  
deceased members; of 10l. per an-  
num, if the husband, previous to his  
decease, had belonged to the society  
12 months; or 20l. per annum, if he  
had been two years a member. The  
annuity to cease, should the widow  
marry again, on her being paid one  
year's annuity in advance.

On these premises, I wish to have  
discussed,—1st. At what period, af-  
ter establishment, the Society may be  
supposed to have risen to its climax  
of mortality, and what number of  
annuities may probably attach to the  
society, in periods of five years, pre-  
vious to that time?

2d. What quarterly, or annual sub-  
scription, is necessary to support such  
a society, supposing each member  
pays for admission and certificates  
2l. 12s. 6d.; that the expences for se-  
cretary and accommodation are 40l.  
per annum; and that occasional fines  
amount to 80l. each year?

3d. On the supposition that the so-  
ciety possessed 3,500l. 3 per cent.  
consols. which would be the best me-  
thod to render it permanent? By  
enlarging its number, by adding to  
the former annual subscription, which  
is supposed to be inadequate, or by  
additions to the admission and sub-  
scription of future members, as va-  
cancies may occur?

It might be desirable to ascertain,  
in addition to these, whether it is ele-  
gible for such a society to permit  
members to enlarge the annuity first  
proposed, and, if the principle be ad-  
mitted, then in what ratio the ad-  
vance should be founded, whether on  
the age and apparent health of the  
party, by paying a proportionate ad-  
vance on his subscription, from the  
time that he commenced a member;  
or by forming an additional class on  
the principle of an increased sum for  
admission and subscription?

PROVIDENT

To JUSTUS.

**I**NDEED, Justus, you are an ex-  
cellent fencer, but, like many  
persons skilled in the science of de-



fence, you have laid yourself open to attack in those particular parts which you intended principally to guard. My aversion from abusive controversy is ~~as strong~~ as yours, and I always consider that person to be nearly defeated, and unworthy of any further notice, who descends to scurrilous invectives, and reproachful personalities. In a periodical work, intended for the dissemination of knowledge and science, a war of odious personality is peculiarly disgusting, and those persons who can have recourse to it, must have a very inflated opinion of their own consequence, if they suppose that a literary miscellany is benefited, or the minds of its readers improved by their senseless squabbles. I trust that our controversy will close without having injured the respectable work in which it is inserted, by acrimonious epithets, or unjustifiable personalities. With this exordium I return to the contest. In the very outset of your reply, you lay yourself open to my attack, and, in fact, you turn your own weapons against yourself. I asserted, in defence of my review, that an adjective can only give a new quality to, but that it cannot change the absolute meaning of, the substantive, and I was rather surprised to read, that in your attempt to controvert my position, you have tacitly admitted it. The circumstance of the essential difference between a black and a white face bear no analogy to the question in dispute; but even this very principle argues in favour of my position. A black and a white face are *essentially* different, but they are both faces. The adjective alters not the sense of the substantive, but the substantive word is here the same; were we however to say a white face, and a white visage, would it not be gross tautology? Wherein consists the difference in recollecting, with a solemn recollection, or recollecting with a solemn reminiscence; if the adjective has the power of altering the substantive reminiscence, it has also the power of altering the substantive recollection; but the substantive in itself is not changed, it has only a quality given to it, for it will still remain a recollection, in spite of a whole host of adjectives which may be attached

to it. There is, to be sure, a difference in walking slow and walking fast, but it is walking nevertheless. My recollection of a spoiled pudding, and my recollection of the death of a child, are certainly different, but you cannot alter either from being a recollection, by the use of any adjective, though diametrically opposite in its sense. But it is not with the substantive that I am at war. I declared the phrase, "To recollect, with solemn reminiscence," to be gross tautology, and whip me the man, says Sterne, who can censure for the sake of censure. In the disputed passage we have a verb active, the signification of which is, "To recover to memory;" and we have a substantive, the signification of which is, "A recovery of ideas." To recollect with reminiscence, is therefore saying no more than to recollect, with recollection; to recollect, with joy or with sorrow, would be intelligible, but to recollect with reminiscence, would baffle profounder heads than either mine or yours, Justus, to understand. Suppose we were to say, to recollect with solemn recollection, what is it but saying, that you have a solemn recollection; and does not this shew that the verb is superfluous. To have a solemn recollection, and to recollect with a solemn recollection have the same meaning, and therefore, as recollection and reminiscence bear the same sense, I am authorised in my opinion that the disputed passage is tautology.

In regard to tautology of language you quote Johnson as your shield against my attack. I own it is a mighty one, but, in this case, it will not defend you. Johnson says, that tautology consists in a repetition of the same words, or of the same sense in different words; and here, Justus, I must own the penetration of the author of *Nubilia* (I only mean thereby to say that the author of *Nubilia* is possessed of penetration) appears to have deserted you; Johnson does not say, that there *must* be a repetition of the same words to constitute tautology; no, he says, that tautology, although it consist in a repetition of the same words, *also* consists in a difference of words bearing the same sense; now as recollection and reminiscence are different words, bear-



ing the same sense, am I not justified even by the authority of Johnson in denouncing the passage to be tautology of language? You suppose I will not allow that recollection and reminiscence are the same in orthography; surely, Justus, you must have a very mean opinion of the abilities of your opponent, even to hazard such a supposition. A supposition implies a degree of doubt: and can you possibly doubt of my knowledge in a point, the ignorance of which would disgrace a schoolboy? But what has orthography to do with the question? Tautology of language exists without any reference to orthography; for I consider *language* in the sense in which it is used above, to mean, *manner of expression*, and therefore to divide tautology of language by the rules of orthography, is like attempting to ascertain the dimensions of a circle by trigonometry.

In regard to the third question, I am still so obstinately rivetted to my former opinion, that all your endeavours fail in impressing conviction on my mind. You have quoted Shakespeare, Milton, Pope, Young, Addison, and South. To question such authorities would be deemed presumptuous; nor do I mean to question them. I acknowledge the construction of the sentences to be just, nay even beautiful. I could not dare even to whisper an expression of censure on any one of them. Further, I acknowledge your grammatical strictures to be just, and which convince me that you are no Tyro in philology. You will therefore, perhaps, be surprised, after these acknowledgments, to read, that I still hold the passage in Nubilia to be erroneous. Impossible, Sir, I think I hear you exclaim. You must be arguing now like an opposition member, who, although the propriety of a political step be set before his eyes in the most convincing point of light, must still speak against it, merely because he sits on a particular side of the house. Stop, Sir; I have, perhaps, very good reasons to give for my opposition to your remarks, and I think you will allow that they are worthy of your consideration.

The rule of grammar which you mention may be very simple, but it is

subject to certain conditions, the principal one of which is, that it requires the adjective to be *definitive*. Now, in all the quotations which you have advanced, the adjective ~~is definitive~~, and can only apply ~~to one circumstance or thing~~; so that there is nothing left for the imagination to supply, nor is there any possibility of the imagination of the reader supplying any other idea than that which actually existed in the mind of the author. I will take them separately. "Let each man do his *best*." Shakespeare. Is not here the sentence complete? A man having done his best, can do no more. Besides, it is an idiom of the language, and is universally understood; but, supposing we were to say, "let each man do his *greatest*," would there not be something for the imagination to supply? He may do his *greatest good* or his *greatest harm*; but when we say that a man has done his *best*, we leave the mind satisfied, for the idea is complete. Secondly, "What reward awaits the good." Milton. To what can *good* apply but to *man*? You cannot possibly attach any other meaning to the sentence, for it is *man only* who is subject to a state of reward and punishment. Thirdly,

Grant the *bad* what happiness they would,  
One thing they must want, which is to pass for *good*.

POPE.

In the first line to what does *bad* refer? I anticipate your answer: *to man*. The meaning is absolute, it admits of no other construction whatever. In the second line, "to pass for *good*." I deny that the adjective passes for a substantive; its sense is definitive, and the adjective being in the positive determines the precise idea; but if we were to say, to pass for *the greatest*, the question would be, whether to pass for the greatest fool, the greatest knave, or the greatest philosopher? The mind may fix on either, and therefore the sentence would be incomplete. It were extending this letter to an unnecessary length to copy the quotations from Young, Addison, and South, for the same rule will hold good in them, as in the quotations from Milton and Pope. The adjectives *all* apply to men, and can

apply to no other object, therefore they are definitive; the wisest of all ages can only mean the wisest men of all ages. In the passage of Nublia I object to the superlative, as it leaves the sentence incomplete, and the imagination may supply many states to which the sciences might arrive, and which might not accord with the idea of the author.

Having now entered fully into the question, and defended my original opinion, I submit my present remarks to your consideration. I disclaim the mere idea of a literary conquest; for I will thank that person, at any time, who will convince me, by sound argument, of an error; but at the same time I am resolved, that having once censured the errors of another, I will always step boldly forward and avow the reasons for my censure; but, as soon as I am convinced that these reasons are false, I will step as boldly forward and acknowledge that the error was in me, and not in him whom I censured.

R. H.

## REPUBLICATION OF SCARCE TRACTS.

No. I.

*A new DISCOVERY of a LITTLE SORT of PEOPLE, anciently discoursed of, called PYGMIES: with a particular description of their Religion and Government, Language, Habit, Stature, Food, &c. Their remarkable Affability and Generosity to Strangers; the Age they commonly arrive at; their Abhorrence of Riches and Deceit; their wonderful Skill in the Sciences; the Grandeur and Magnificence of the Court; and the Elegance of their Temples, Castles, and other publick Buildings. By the Rev. JOSHUA BARNES, late Regius Professor of the Greek Language in the University of Cambridge; Editor of Homer, Euripides, &c. &c.*

*Ingentes animos augustis in Corpore versant.*

VIRG.

*Ἰσμεν ψαλδία πολλὰ λίαν ἐνύμοισιν ὀμῆα.*

HERIOD.

*Printed for R. Griffiths, at the Duciad, in St. Paul's Church-yard. 1750.\**

## THE PREFACE.

**T**HERE is such an innate principle in the hearts of most men that they are able to admit nothing for current, but what is obvious, nor reckon any thing credible, unless it be visible. But seeing almost every climate doth peculiarly afford something rare and unusual, it stands with reason that some climate should, in an especial manner, produce some more extraordinary novelty, if not to others incredible, yet, at least, wonderful, and not easily digested for truth.

That there is a nation of men, called *Pygmies*, hath been averred by authors of pregnant ingenuity, solid judgment, and authentick esteem: and though many have omitted a due enquiry into this matter, yet such, and so many, have given their suffrages for the certainty of it, that, we may, without the imputation of credulity, account it no fable.

And why should it be thought improbable, that nature, who continually delights to embroider this frame of being, with variety of creatures, should, somewhere produce men of a smaller character than ourselves, considering those capital letters, giants, I mean, have been known so far to exceed us on the other side?

That it is not unbefitting the way of natural productions, we may quickly ascertain to our minds, if we do but reflect on those many *Pumilio's* and *Tom-Thumbs*, which, even among people of the largest size, are frequently exhibited as examples of the other copies.

But, having only given an occasion here for others to exercise their ratiocination, I shall content myself with this concise preamble, as satisfactory enough to the judicious, who, indeed, may better persuade themselves, by more important reasons, which their own due consideration may suggest to them; and so begin my intended

\* This work was first published in 1675, under the title of *Gerania*, or a new Discovery of the little sort of People called *Pygmies*.—Joshua Barnes was born in London, on the 10th January 1654, and died August 3, 1712.



discourse, if not altogether true, yet not wholly vain, nor, perhaps, deficient, in what may exhilarate a witty fancy, or inform a bad moralist.

### GERANIA.

ON the seventh of November, sailing as pleasantly on the Ganges as the natural impetuosity of that stream would permit, the weather changing on a sudden, our ship veer'd about to the larboard, and we were driven by a violent cold and dry north wind, into a narrow arm of a great lake on the utmost borders of India, that takes its rise from one common head with that famous river; there having escaped that direful embrace, which the inhospitable waves had seemed to proffer us, we proceeded so slowly, as if a Remora had held our keel, or rather as if we had cast anchor in the Mare Mortuum: But having at last, with much labour, conquered three leagues towards the nearest land, in about eight and twenty hours, we began to ease ourselves, by desisting from our toil, and by a general participation of the residue of our victuals, which, as yet, held out as we desired. After this refreshment, the golden rays of Phaeton began to make the eastern mountains blush, that all their costly stones and glittering sands, were not sufficiently rich and august, to welcome so illustrious a monarch: and the gentle breezes of the lake, having on the shore saluted the delicious fannings of Aurora, returned to us in soft whisperings, and assured us of the arrival of that rosy fingered queen. At this, I, and two of my friends, advanced ourselves on the deck, and at the same time, the glorious prince of day seemed to add speed to his fiery horses and return our compliment in a nearer approach to us. But how soon were our thoughts divided betwixt fear and admiration, while the mountains, which but now appeared to us as flaming, began to confess themselves of that more innocent and amiable lustre which attends the brightest of metals, when it is burnished most surprisingly? We gazed something earnestly at this amazing spectacle, and proposing to our hopes no less

than golden mountains, we still fixing our eyes on that desirable object, till a sudden noise of the rustling of leaves alarmed our ears which kept centinel at the side portals of our brain, and they recalling our eyes from their studious curiosity, sent them towards the shore, as heralds, to enquire the reason of that so easy disturbance; where we beheld a few persons, whom we thought men, inhabitants of that place, though they sent no voices to frighten or invite us, but only certain mimical and ridiculous gestures; from whence, notwithstanding, we might soon collect, that they professed us no ill-will: with which, encouraged, we redoubled our endeavours to reach the land, and a steadfast blast or two backing our design, that, in less than an hour, we touched the shore, were we might easily discern that our invitants forbore to welcome us with acclamations, or with obliging words, to compliment us to a nearer access; not because they wanted civility, but those channels of expression, which we call mouths. Their posture, though something uncouth, was not so rude, but that it declared them to be so far different from brutes, that nothing seemed absent which might make them compleat men, but the gentleman-usher of all-knowledge, Sermocination. On their heads they proudly wore green boughs, the wanton leaves whereof, seemed desirous to show themselves by their soft whispering, more vocal than their bearers. Their habit was of the woolly moss of trees, most artificially cemented with gum, and interspersed with delectable posies; about their necks they wore pleasant chains of odoriferous flowers, the smell whereof is their chiefest aliment, except that of a certain luscious and nourishing juice, which they suck through a small tube or pipe, into that little orifice, which nature hath granted them in the place and stead of mouths. Their legs are destitute of any other covering, but what their natural hair supplies them with; but the nails of both hands and feet are augmented to such a length, by their sylvan diet, and ignorance of more human ways, that they served them instead of weapons, against the strongest wild beasts, who



were always too weak for them: and with those they dug up flowers and plants as they pleased. They received us with no vulgar civility, expressing, by their nods and the loquacious motions of their active limbs, no small pride at our presence. But, poor creatures! alas, our stock of victuals was but low, and we were not so good camæleons as they, to live upon the air, neither could their fragrant chaplets prevent our famishment, if we staid longer there. Wherefore, being soon weary of their dumb conversation, we resolved, in time, to seek some other people, whose liberality might store us with provision for another voyage, and whose community of living, being not so abhorrent from ours, might make them more sensible of our necessities, and so more prone to relieve them. To which end, having left twenty men in the ship, and all the remaining victuals (which was enough to last them five or six days) and solemnly promising not to go far, but to find out some place, and return again within six or seven days; after breakfast, on monday morning, and prayers for the divine protection and direction, all the rest of our company, which were thirty-five, being directed by the signs of the Astomi, for so these people are called, went straight up towards the mountains. It was now spring-time of the year, yet, notwithstanding the warmth of the season, the mountains were cloathed with a double garment, the embroidered vest of Flora, and the eye-dazzling mantle of Phœbus; and while they glittered in their eminence and apparel, the emulous vallies raised their swelling breasts of corn to such an exuberance of height, as if they intended to make the mountains acknowledge themselves inferior to them; which lovely contention was such an incentive to the poetical genius of one of our company, that he could not forbear exonerating his fancy in this gratulatory manner.

## I.

Where are we, Muses? only you  
Can tell this lovely place;  
Where Flora doth her youth renew,  
And adds each day new lustre to  
her face.

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## II.

Is this fair Tempe? Or the clime  
Where you with graces dwell;  
For Ceres here is in her prime,  
And Bacchus' joy doth in each cluster swell?

## III.

Is it Elizium? No, oh! no!  
For here Sol shows his rays:  
And fruits and flowers for men do  
grow;  
Souls in Elizium live not by such  
ways.

## IV.

Whatever place 'tis call'd, thrice  
bless'd  
Are those that here do live:  
But nature sure spares in the rest,  
When she these blessings doth so  
freely give.

And truly the last distich was prophetic enough, for though these blessings are so superabundantly great, yet those who have the fruition of them, are microcosmically little to such a degree, that I verily believe, excepting some other parts of their own nation they are the smallest people in the whole world. The first we met with were some children, driving an herd of kids; we presently began to admire with ourselves at the ingenuity of the inhabitants, thinking they had invented these little engines, so as by clock-work to make them walk: but we were soon put out of that fondness, when the little imps beholding our gigantic size, run away shrieking, and the nimble kids run scattered back in no less confusion than their drivers; truly a small matter should have made us run away too, we were so amazed at such an intricate accident. Some thought it was the land of the Fairies, and implored me to lead them back; others, supposing them devils, exhorted me to recal my footsteps, and haste back again, while there was opportunity. But hunger was a more prevalent orator at that time; for we had now travelled hard two days and a half, having only broke our fast the morning we set out, and since not met with any thing to allay our appetites, except some few strange fruits we found in the way; so that if we went back, we were sure to faint and famish among fruitless flowers, and unprofitable

dainties; therefore I encouraged them to proceed chearfully, and rather to venture any death than kill themselves by fear, and die by famine. But they had little stomach to follow my advice, if the poet Eucompsus had not assisted me with his oration; and indeed he was our only support and solace in travel, being a very merry fellow, eminently ingenious, of a large and noble soul, and my singular good friend: but, because you may better conjecture at his person by his speech, and that I may do him right, I'll give you his very words, as near as I can remember, which, for the future, as often as occasion serves, I will promise you to do, whether they be verse or prose; because I ever took good heed of his discourses and other fancies: and thus he began; "Friends and companions, let me desire you, for two or three minutes only, to compose yourselves, for I have something to say that will please and secure you." At this they all came about him; and stood quaking to hear what he would deliver, like a timorous herd of deer, when they are first terrified with the approaching noise of huntsmen and dogs; and though I could not devise what his intent might be, I doubted not but it would be very convenient for the occasion. But thus he went on: "It is not the manner of gracious heaven, to place unbecoming inhabitants in so happy a soil; nor can any man of reason, or judgment, believe these creatures to be Fairies, i. e. nothing, or any spiritual beings. In short, they are men (here they stared at him monstrously); ay, men, I say, rational as we are, and, I doubt, far more courageous; for did you not observe them sometimes to make a stand, and, looking at us, seemed almost prepared to come to us? and, certainly, though the unusual largeness of our bulk might justly amaze them, had we their hearts, we should not have trembled so easily at the sight of such minute animals. I have often heard of Pygmies, that they ride on goats, and these kids we saw are colts, proportionable enough to such coursers. The darkness of their complexion being a consequence of this climate, why should we suspect any diabolical apparition? seeing devils,

as spirits, can have no colour at all, because such qualities are only proper to bodies; and, if no colour, why may they not in the assumption of bodies to them, invest that body they assume with any other colour as well as black? for thus, as we paint devils of that colour, which is most different from ours, so the Æthiopians are accustomed to paint them white, and perhaps with no less absurdity. Having therefore shown them to be no immaterial substances, it remains, they must be material, that is, as may be gathered from their self-motion and voice, animal creatures; and their shrieking being much after the manner of our children, though more sharp and squeaking, as well as their shape and habit, persuades us they must be men. Then let us view them, their manner of government, their buildings, customs and labours, which will prove, no doubt, the most delectable adventure that all our travels did ever yet present us with." You would not think of what wondrous efficacy these few words were, being confidently uttered by one whom they all knew to be well learned in geography, and of great eloquence, which was attended with a secret energy, called Peitho, which made him persuade the most obstinate, and lead his hearers by their ears, as bears are led by the noses. But yet there was one obstacle more, by reason of one unreasonable fellow, called Pandemon, a Romanist, who began to exclaim after this foolish manner, "Oh! ye mad-men! to follow a whimsical poet to this land of misery; though such kind of men are not only believed to go to hell themselves, but are known to lead others thither. This place is the Gate of Hell, those are devils, which he would fain persuade us to be men; and the kids and goats, that he confesses abound there, we are told by scripture, are the damned, which those devils are driving to some place of torment; nor is it strange, that the place seems so pleasant and delectable, for, they say, the way to hell is strewed with roses; and, I fear, if you proceed, for I am resolved not to follow, that these mountains will, indeed, prove flaming ones, as they seemed at first, a just punishment for your temeri-



ty; and, saying this, he hasted backward, tumbling with his head, and crossing himself all over, continually flinging *Ora pro nobis*'s to the Virgin Mary; which, when Eucompsus perceived, he helped to cross him too, and fell into such a violent laughter, that while none of us could refrain, the noise being at least trebly increased by the reverberation of that mountainous and hilly country, put Pandemon into such a fright, that he hastened down the mountains, like one possessed, till his precipitant fear gave him such a fall, that we thought he had broke his neck; yet, for all this, our laughter was rather augmented than diminished, till a charitable thought for our companion forced us to a restraint. And this mirth did us so much good, as to make us forget our hunger, which we could, hardly else, have tolerated longer. So we sent four of our servants to bring him back to us, who made a very speedy

return again with poor Pandemon in a swoon, his cloaths and face all torn, and his left-arm broke? all which seemed, to us, a very cheap ransom for his neck. But, as soon as ever he recovered, he winked very slyly, and, of a sudden, cried out on us, as if we were devils too, which occasioned us to laugh once more. But, at last, finding how still and harmless we bore ourselves, he took the confidence to open his eyes a little wider; and, having come to the knowledge of us, he entreated our pardon, and desired we would not leave him behind us, but carry him to the next house we should see, and rest there till he was recovered. We then cut up some grass and flowers, and, having spread them on a bed, which we had composed of twigs and boughs, committed him to our four servants, to be laid thereon, and so to be brought after us. Thus all was right again. \*

[To be continued.]

## CRITICISM.

"Nulli negabimus, nulli differemus justitiam"

OBSERVATIONS on the MOVEMENTS of the BRITISH ARMY IN SPAIN, in Reply to the Statement lately published by Brigadier-General Henry Clinton. By a BRITISH OFFICER.

THIS is a temperate and well written reply to the statement of General Clinton: but it is not, perhaps, wholly impartial. The author discredits the general opinion of the insincerity of the Spanish nation; but we believe there can be no doubt, that, though the Spaniards may not have acted from insincerity, yet they were certainly less prompt and cordial in their co-operation than we had reason to expect.

Many strong assertions are made in the course of this pamphlet, which shew that the author does not write without understanding his subject. Sir John Moore is aspersed without much ceremony, though the author professes the strong admiration he once felt for his military character.

The following passage will exhibit the author's manner:

"Unfortunately there was never any fixed plan of operations: we were the creatures of accident: we were led by circumstances from one corner of the country to the other: instead of endeavouring to command events, we hesitated—we delayed—we had no confidence in the Spaniards, and, I believe, very little confidence in ourselves: our movements were generally the result of intercepted dispatches: what we should have done, if these dispatches had not been intercepted, I am at a loss to conjecture.

"On the 23d of December, the whole army was collected at Sahagun and Villada; and every disposition made for the march of the different columns during the night, with the view to attack Marshal Soult's corps at Carrion and Saldanha on the following morning; the troops were in motion about eight in the evening; at ten o'clock an order arrived for the advanced guard to halt; and that the army should return to their former cantonments. The cause of this unexpected change in the resolu-



tion of the Commander in Chief must doubtless be attributed to the information communicated to our head-quarters, by the Marquese de la Romana, that the enemy, under the immediate orders of Bonaparte, were in full march from Madrid, with a view to cut off our retreat upon Portugal or Galicia; so that, had we not accidentally received this intelligence from the Spaniards, it appears that the safety of the army would have been committed; because there was not sufficient time for engaging the French corps at Carrion, without exposing ourselves to be surrounded, and that consequently we were placed in a dilemma, from which we were only extricated by a most sudden and precipitate movement.

"On the 24th of December the army began to retire towards the frontier of Galicia. Sir David Baird's column moved upon Astorga, crossing the river Esla at Valencia de Don Juan. General Hope's and General Frazer's corps, with the head-quarters, marched upon Benevente, and there fell into the high road between Madrid and Corunna. General Hope was first directed to proceed by way of Villalon, which place he had before passed through, on his march from Toro: the route was afterwards changed, and he marched by Mayorga and Valderas to Benevente. At first it was, I really believe, the intention of our Commander in Chief to occupy the mountains, and defend the passes of Galicia: with this view, the country in the neighbourhood of Monbuey, which is on the road from Benevente to Orense, was reconnoitred; and it confidently asserted, in the higher ranks of the army, that Sir John Moore intended only to withdraw his troops from the plains of Castile and Leon; and then make a decided stand in the almost impenetrable country of Galicia.

"After reaching Astorga, the face of the country assumes a very different appearance from that, to which we had hitherto been accustomed: the grand communication leading to Corunna, crosses the summits of mountains, which were at that time covered with snow: then perhaps suddenly descends into a deep and narrow valley, watered by a shallow

torrent, and confined on either side by lofty precipices; the road is often formed along the slope of a mountain, and generally from forty to fifty feet in width, and is, in almost every part from Astorga to Corunna, an extent of 180 miles, worthy of the most improved ages of society; though at this season of the year, on account of the snow or rain, and continual communication, it was in many parts very indifferent. The descent from the \*Puerto de Manzana, a difficult pass, over the summits of a lofty mountain, about four leagues from Astorga, is a surprising instance of the labour and ingenuity of the people. In some instances, in the elevated plain on the right bank of the Minio between Lugo and Betanzos, and in the neighbourhood of the former, the ground is rather favourable for the operations of cavalry; but in general, from the continued enclosures, the woods, the mountainous nature of the country, and its rocky soil, the movements of cavalry were impracticable; and their operations were confined on most occasions during the retreat, to the breadth of the road, upon which the enemy advanced, and our army retired. It should be also observed, that the mountains of Galicia were intersected by numerous torrents and deep ravines, over which solid bridges of masonry have been constructed.

From this description of the country, and of the road upon which the British army retreated, it will not, I think,—it cannot, be denied, that we made our retrograde movement under the most favourable circumstances; though I am yet to learn the necessity of such a movement; when almost every part of the road offered a strong and difficult pass, and every inch of ground might have been successfully disputed. By a judicious arrangement, it would indeed have been almost impossible, at that season of the year, for the enemy to have gained our rear by turning either of our flanks; in such a country we had ample means in the numbers and gallantry of our troops for a stout and effectual resistance against any army

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\* A pass in a mountainous district is always termed by the Spaniards *Puerto*.

far more numerous than ourselves; but as we did decide to abandon Galicia, why so much precipitation? We were never compelled to shew a large front to the enemy, unless we ourselves were desirous to engage them; and the French cavalry, which in point of numbers so far exceeded our own, was, from the nature of the country, rendered almost entirely useless; we had also the opportunity of "checking" the pursuit of our adversary, by a well-timed destruction of the bridges and artificial causeways, which so frequently occur in the road between Astorga and Corunna. Before, however, leaving the former, all stores, which were deemed unnecessary, were destroyed, and every preparation was made for a rapid retreat, on account of the near approach of the enemy; ammunition waggons were burned; an entire depôt of intrenching tools was abandoned; and thus were we deprived of the most effectual means of seriously impeding his progress."

Upon the whole, we approve of the manner in which this author has stepped forward, to state what he knew, and to counteract the impression which may have been left upon the public mind by the statement of General Clinton.

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THE VILLAGE CURATE, and other POEMS, including some Pieces now first published. By the Rev. JAMES HURDIS, D.D. late Fellow of Magdalen College, and Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford. 1810.

[Continued from Vol. xii. p. 486.]

THE greater part of the poems contained in this volume have been already before the public, and it may be thought, in some degree, superfluous to criticise them now. But it is to be remembered that they have never passed under our notice, and therefore we have an ample field for criticism: and, perhaps, many of our readers may be yet unacquainted with them. It is true, indeed, that emendatory criticism must lose all its efficacy with regard to the author, for the hand that wrote, cannot now rectify its errors: but it may be beneficial to others.

We decidedly condemn the opening of the *Village Curate*. It was certainly a bad taste which could induce its author to commence his poem with the first four lines of *Paradise Lost*. It produces surprise indeed: but it is that sort of surprise which we should feel at unexpectedly finding a monarch in a kitchen.

"The thing, we know, is neither strange nor rare,  
But wonder how the devil he got there."

Mr. Hurdis has, evidently, made Cowper his model, both in the plan and execution of his poem. It has many of the defects of his master, and is not without some of his beauties: it has, also, some defects which belong to the author alone.

The object of the *Village Curate* is, to pourtray the amusements, occupations, and thoughts of a rustic clergyman during the four seasons of the year. Such a poem necessarily discards the idea of a plan: yet, even in the wide range of subjects which it admits of, there may be a greater coherency of parts than is, sometimes, to be found in Mr. Hurdis. Cowper, whose muse is sufficiently excursive, yet generally preserves a degree of connection in the subjects which he treats: one paragraph is not violently dissimilar from a succeeding one: and a sort of unity of topic prevails through each division of his work. We wish Mr. Hurdis had accomplished this, for his transitions are occasionally so violent, that they impress upon the mind the idea of reading a common place book, in which opposite circumstances are confusedly huddled together.

This defect forms, of course, a principal one, and it is scarcely possible that any other should be found, in a poem of this kind, except what may attach itself to the language, sentiments, or imagery. Of these, however, there are but few, and if the reader succeeds in reconciling himself to this, he will find little else to displease him.

Mr. Hurdis possessed many of the qualities of a poet; not indeed those which belong to the higher branches of poesy, but such as constitute a pleasing writer. He had sensibility and a vigorous imagination: a power



of original combination, an active fancy, a felicity of expression, and harmony of versification. With such qualities, it is impossible he should be read without interest.

In our extracts from the *Village Curate*, we shall, probably, be more copious than we usually are, from a certainty that the passages which we shall produce will be perused with pleasure by our readers. As a preliminary, it cannot be unacceptable to read the author's description of the curate's house.

In yonder mansion, rear'd by rustic hands,  
And deck'd with no superfluous ornament,  
Where use was all the architect propos'd,  
And all the master wish'd, which, scarce a  
mile

From village tumult, to the morning sun  
Turns its warm aspect, yet with blossom-  
hung

Of cherry and of peach, lives happy still  
The reverend ALCANOR. On a hill,  
Half way between the summit and a brook  
Which idly wanders at its foot, it stands,  
And looks into a valley wood-besprent,  
That winds along below. Beyond the  
brook

Where the high coppice intercepts it not,  
Or social elms, or with his ample waist  
The venerable oak; up the steep side  
Of yon aspiring hill full opposite,  
Luxuriant pasture spreads before his eye  
Eternal verdure; save that here and there  
A spot of deeper green shows where the  
swain

Expects a nobler harvest, or high poles  
Mark the retreat of the scarce-budded hop,  
Hereafter to be eminently fair,  
And hide the naked staff that train'd him up  
With golden flow'rs. On the hill-top  
behold

The village steeple, rising from the midst  
Of many a rustic edifice; 'tis all  
The Pastor's care. For he, ye whipping  
clerks,

Who with a jockey's speed from morn till  
night

Gallop amain through sermons, services,  
And dirty roads, and barely find the day  
Sufficient for your toil—he still disdains  
For lucre-sake to do his work amiss,  
And starve the flock he undertakes to  
feed.

Nor does he envy your ignoble ease,  
Ye pamper'd Priests, who only eat and  
sleep,  
And sleep and eat, and quaff the tawny  
juice  
Of vet'ran port: sleep on, and take your  
rest,

Nor quit the downy couch preferment  
strews.

To aid your master. While Alcanor lives,  
Though Providence no greater meed design  
To crown his labour, than the scanty sum  
One cure affords, yet shall he not regret  
That he renounc'd a life so little worth  
To God and to his country. For he too  
Might still have slumber'd in an easy chair,  
Or idly lolled upon a sofa, held

A willing captive in the magic chain  
Of Alma mater; but in happy time  
Serious occasion cut the golden link,  
And set him free, to taste the nobler sweets  
Of life domestic. There th' apostate lives,  
In habitation neat, but plain and small:

Look in and see; for there no treason lurks,  
And he who lives, as in the face of Heav'n  
Shuns not the eye of man. On either side  
The door, that opens with a touch, a room;  
The kitchen one, and what you will the  
other.

There now he sits in meditation lost,  
And to the growing page commits with  
speed

To-morrow's text. Look round, not fear  
to rouse

The busy soul, which, on her work intent,  
Holds sense a prisoner, and with cautious  
bolt

Has barr'd full fast the portals of the mind,  
To shut out interruption. Bare the walls—  
For here no painter's happy art has taught  
The great progenitor to live anew  
Upon the smiling canvass. Sculpture here  
No ornament has hung of fruit or flow'r;  
Nor specimen is here, to show how well  
The imitative style can steal the grace  
Which Nature lent the painter. One  
poor sheet,

Half almanack, half print, without a frame,  
Above the grate hangs unaccompanied:  
A kind remembrance of time to come,  
Or fast and festival, expiring terms,  
New moon and full. A regal table here  
Arrests the eye, and here the brave account  
Of Chancellor, High Steward, and their  
train,

Vice-Chancellor, and Proctors; awful sound,  
And still more awful sight to him, that  
treads

The public street with hat and stick, or  
wants

That grave appendage of the chin, a band.  
Above behold the venerable pile  
Some pious Founder rais'd; but stay we not  
To call him from his grave, where he  
perhaps

Would gladly rest unknown, and have an ear  
Not to be rous'd by the Archangel's trump.

Yet half-a-dozen shelves support, vast  
weight!

The Curate's Library. There marshall'd  
stand

Sages and heroes, modern and antique,



He, their commander, like the vanquish'd  
fiend

Out-cast of Heav'n oft through their armed  
files

Darts an experienc'd eye, and feels his  
heart

Distend with pride to be their only chief.

Yet needs not he the tedious muster-roll;

The title page of each well-known, his  
name,

And character. Nor scorns he to converse

With raw recruit or musty veteran,

And oft prefers the mutilated garb

To macaroni suit, bedaub'd with gold,

Which often hides the man of little worth,

And tinsel properties. What need of dress

So fine and gorgeous, if the soul within

Be chaste and pure? the fairest mask put on

Hides not the wrinkle of deformity.

A soul of worth will gild a beggar's frieze,

And on his tatter'd suit a lustre shed

No time can change. Give to the harlot's  
check

The glowing rouge, true virtue needs it not.

Shed perfumes in the chambers of the sick,

The lip of health has odours of its own

Now mark ye, what the master most  
esteems,

Yon antiquated thing, whose shapeless bulk

Fills half his room, the name a harpsichord.

In days remote the artist liv'd, whose hand

First smooth'd the burr'd surface, haply  
sprung

From line of Jubal, whose ingenious race

Taught erst the harp and organ. Thence  
it came,

Like great Atrides' sceptre, handed down

From Vulcan's smithy: to his chatterbox,

The port and nimble-finger'd Argicide,

Jove gave it, he to Pelops, and so on.

So when his Grace a thread bare coat  
discards,

He gives it to his valet, he to Tom,

And Tom to Dick; then swings it for a  
while

Under a penthouse-shade      Monmouth-  
street.

It travels once again from back to back

Of prentice, poet, pedlar, till at length,

Quite out at elbows, and buttons stript,

Powder'd and greasy, to some beggar's brat

It falls, a golden prize. Such the descent

Alcanor's instrument may boast; but he

More for its present use the thing esteems,

Than could its ancient pedigree be trac'd

Even to the days of old Cadwallader.

What boots it, O ye titled great, to show

The noble ancestor of regal line,

Whose valour bound an enemy in chains,

Or patriotic wisdom say'd a state,

To be allied to men of worth and wit

The glory of the world, if in yourselves

No spark of virtue live? Who can esteem

The man, who all his dignity derives

From honours not his own? Give me the  
steed

Whose noble efforts bore the prize away;

I care not for his grandsire or his dam:

Be thine the nag of admirable port,

Which, spare and sinewless, still lags  
behind;

I ask him not, though sprung of Galathy,

Bucephalus, or Pegase. Yet I grant,

Where goodness is to greatness near allied,

And blood and virtue for one empire strive,

The man who has them is a man indeed.

Nor, trust me, is the world so worthless  
grown,

But such there are, and such my soul  
esteems.

That ample case, which underneath the  
frame

Of harpsichord so smooth, in shape uncouth

Reposes, from the morning broom defends

A viol-bass, else long ago destroy'd

By the rude blows of slattern Lalage.

For she, a subtle wit, can plainly see

No worth in that whose worth is far remov'd

Beyond her sight and reach: so, critic-like,

She sweeps away her cobweb with a frisk,

And crushes many a pearl.

If Homer has been praised for the skill with which he marshalled his ships, and Falconer for the superior skill, perhaps, of giving dignity to the detail of naval tactics; if Pope has been celebrated for the dexterity with which he avoided the use of the ignoble word *scissars*, in his *Rape of the Lock*, and Phillips for having gracefully sung even a *Shilling*, let some praise be given to Hurdis, for no unskilful delineation of a curate's cottage.

There is much poetry in the following description of the author's three sisters; and the reader will sympathise with the poet as he contemplates the picture of the "gentle Isabel."

In chambers yet unsung three fairies dwell;  
Each to Ak'ror bound, and near in blood,  
But nearer in affection Julia she,  
Who holds the reign of household manage-  
ment,

And moderates with skill the lavish hand  
Of hasty Lalage. Eliza next,

Of aspect mild, and ever-blooming cheek;

Good humour there, and innocence, and  
health,

Perennial roses shed. It is a May

Which never drops its blush, but still the  
same

Appears in Summer, Autumn, Winter,  
Spring;

Save when it glows with a superior tinge,

Kiss'd by the morning breeze, or lighted up

At sound of commendation well-bestow'd,  
Under the down-cast eye of modest worth,  
Which shrinks at its own praise. Unwary  
Belles,

Who day by day the fashionable round  
Of dissipation tread, stealing from art  
The blush Eliza owns, to hide a cheek  
Pale and deserted, come, and learn of me  
How to be ever-blooming, young, and fair.  
Give to the mind improvement. Let the  
tongue

Be subject to the heart and head. With-  
draw

From city smoke, and trip with agile foot,  
Oft as the day begins, the steepy down  
Or velvet lawn, earning the bread you eat.  
Rise with the lark, and with the lark to  
bed;

The breath of night's destructive to the hue.  
Of ev'ry flow'r that blows. Go to the field,  
And ask the humble daisy why it sleeps  
Soon as the sun departs? Why close the  
eyes

Of blossoms infinite, long ere the moon  
Her oriental veil puts off? Think why,  
Nor let the sweetest blossom nature boasts  
Be thus expos'd to night's unkindly damp.  
Well may it droop, and all its freshness  
lose,

Compell'd to taste the rank and pois'nous  
steam

Of midnight theatre, and morning ball.  
Give to repose the solemn hour she claims,  
And from the forehead of the morning steal  
The sweet occasion. O there is a charm  
Which morning has, that gives the brow  
of age

A smack of youth, and makes the lip of  
youth

Shed perfumes exquisite. Expect it not,  
Ye who till noon upon a down-bed lie,

Indulging sev'rous sleep, or wakeful dream  
Of happiness no mortal heart has felt

But in the regions of romance. Ye fair,  
Like you it must be woo'd or never won

And, being lost, it is in vain ye ask  
For milk of roses and Olympian dew.

Cosmetic art no tincture can afford  
The faded feature to restore: no chain,

Be it of gold, and strong as adamant,  
Can fetter beauty to the fair one's will.

But leave we not the gentle Isabel  
Unsung, though nature on her cheek no  
rose

Has planted, and the lily blossom there  
Without a rival. Look within; and learn,

That on the mind internal she bestows  
What she denies the face. Yes, she is  
kind,

And gives to ev'ry man his proper gift,  
To make him needful to his native soil.

There is not inequality so strange  
Twixt man and man, as haughty wit  
suppose

The beggar treads upon the monarch's heel

For excellence, and often wears a heart  
Of noble temper, under filth and rags:  
While he that reigns, in spite of outward  
pomp,

Is mean and beggarly within, and far out-  
weigh'd

By the offensive lazar at his gate.  
'Th' unletter'd fool, who daily steers the  
plough

With vacant head, and heart as unimprov'd  
As the dull brute he drives, gives to the  
world

A necessary good, which all thy pains,  
Ingenuous Critic, or thy deep research,  
Profound Philosopher, thy preaching,  
Clerk,

Thy prattle, Lawyer, or thy grave demurs,  
Costly Physician, hardly shall exceed

The kingly tulip captivates the eye,  
But smelt we loathe; while the sweet  
violet,

Which little beauty boasts, hid from the  
sight,

With such a fragrant perfume hits the  
sense,

As makes us love ere we behold. And thus  
The gaudy peacock of the feather'd race

The noblest seems; till the sweet note be  
heard

Which nightly cheers the musing poet's ear  
Under the thorny brake; and then we  
grant,

That little Philomel, though unadorn'd,  
Needs not the aid of plumes. So, Isabel,

Internal worth upon thy cheek bestows.  
A rose's beauty, though no rose be there.

A heart which almost breaks to be rebuk'd,  
A mind inform'd, yet tearful to be seen,

Kept by a tongue which never but at home,  
And cautious then, its golden trust betrays,

These are thy charms, and they are charms  
for me,

And in my eye as sweet a grace bestow,  
As matchless Beauty, trick'd in airy smiles

And suit of fantasy, what time she trips  
With foot inaudible the sprightly round

Of fairy dance, outshining ev'ry star  
And planet of the night. And these shall  
last,

As morning fair and fresh as amaranth,  
When all thy triumphs, Beauty, are no  
more

[To be continued.]

NOT AT HOME: a dramatic entertain-  
ment, as performed, with general ap-  
probation, by the Drury-Lane Com-  
pany, at the Lyceum Theatre. Writ-  
ten by R. C. DALLAS, Esq. Author  
of *Elements of Self-Knowledge*, *Per-  
cival Aubrey*, &c. pp. 40. 1809.

MR. DALLAS is already known to  
the public as a writer of novels:

this, we believe, is his first dramatic



attempt, and, as a first attempt, it should be judged with lenity. He will not be offended with us, if we hint that he is capable of improvement. Perhaps, however, he may triumphantly appeal from our opinion, to the public approbation which has attended his piece. He may learn, however, that popular applause is a very fallacious and indiscriminate test of merit. But, we suspect it will not be easy to convince Mr. Dallas of this, if we may judge from the self-congratulatory preface which he has written to his play. Really, however, we do not condemn that preface: it is innocently and venially written: and Mr. Dallas has only ventured to *disclose*, what every man must have *felt* under similar circumstances.

The unspoken prologue has very considerable merit, and we will venture to transcribe it here.

Our Author, anxious for your approbation,  
Has sent me here by way of preparation;  
But undetermined still what means to use,  
To recommend this bantling of his Muse:  
From thought to thought with double haste he rovd,  
As fancy led or judgment disapproved:  
I could not bear to see him thus perplex'd,  
So cried, "I'll take your title for my text"  
*At home, or not at home*—Oh! 'tis a theme  
As vast as Folly's never failing stream.  
Why, *Not at home*'s the voice of modern days,  
Which every age, and sex, and rank displays:  
And Coxcombs, from the Prentice to the Peer,  
Disdain the limits of their proper sphere—  
Observe my Lord—the copy of his groom—  
In all the scenes of vulgar life *at home*;  
*At home* to all the Pugilistic train,  
Lord of the ring and hero of the rein:  
But *not at home* when tradesmen would be paid,  
Or worth and genius supplicate his aid;  
And least *at home* Oh! mean and grovelling mind!  
In that high station which his birth assigned.  
In those dull moments when ennui prevails,  
And beaux forget to call, and scandal fails,  
What dame of fashion e'er can condescend  
*At home* the solitary hours to spend?  
*At home*! Oh monstrous! is there then  
no way

To kill the languor of the irksome day?  
Call my barouche! I'll drive to lady Bloom:  
Our mutual watchword still is—*Not at home*:  
And Mrs. Shuttle, odious, rustic creature!  
Whose suppers we endure from mere good nature.  
Brisk at his post, and practised in reply,  
The powdered footman tells the ready lie:  
Not so the simple lad just come to town,  
Scarce half a coxcomb, more than half a clown,  
With awkward shame he turns his head away,  
And blushing stammer,—*Not at home* to-day.  
To Bond Street next, to cheapen fans and laces,  
Or buy at Overton's the Loves and Graces.  
These follies drive away the morning spleen;  
Rout, Opera, Concert close the evening scene.  
Thus having trod the giddy circle o'er,  
Till fashion palls, and folly charms no more,  
Listless and tir'd, at length she condescends  
To pass one night *at home*—but *sees her friends*.  
Forth fly a thousand cards, and each conveys  
Her summons, couched in true Laconic phrase:  
Her Ladyship *at home*—Well! view her there:  
Order your coach at ten to Berkeley square;  
Along the crowded staircase force your way,  
Where costly flowers their mingled sweets display:  
Approach the long saloon where, blazing bright,  
Rich chandeliers refract the varied light.  
Her sofa deck'd with oriental pride,  
All Egypt's monsters grinning at her side,  
Midst shapeless mockeries of Greece and Rome,  
In tawdry pomp—my lady is *at home*.  
While these gay scenes her restless thoughts employ,  
She scarcely feels a transient gleam of joy;  
With vacant eye reviews the splendid dome,  
And sighs that—*Happiness—is not at home*.  
Not such *their* Homs whom Love has taught to know  
From that blest source what real transports flow.  
Home! 'tis the name of all that sweetens life;  
It speaks the warm affection of a wife,  
The lisping babe that prattles on the knee  
In all the playful grace of infancy,  
The spot where fond parental love may trace



The growing virtues of a blooming race :  
 Oh ! 'tis a word of more than magic spell,  
 Whose sacred power the wanderer best  
     can tell ;  
 He who, long distant from his native land,  
 Feels at her name his eager soul expand :  
 Whether as Patriot, Husband, Father,  
     Friend,  
 To that dear point his thoughts, his wishes  
     bend ;  
 And still he owns, where'er his footsteps  
     roam,  
 Life's choicest blessings centre all—at home.

INTOLERANCE *the* DISGRACE of  
 CHRISTIANS, *not* the FAULT of  
 their RELIGION. By the Rev.  
 CHRISTOPHER WYVILL. pp. 112.  
 8vo. 1808.

THE name of Mr. Wyvill, wherever it is known, wherever the rank he sustains in society, his patriotic virtues and excellence of character have been heard of, must command attention to the productions of his pen. The object to which this tract is intended to be subservient, gives it additional importance and weight. The respectable author pleads, through its pages, the cause of religious liberty, with a view to support the introduction of a petition to parliament, formed on principles of toleration unlimited as the benevolence of the Gospel. It was meant to bring forward this petition in the last session of parliament: we are not qualified to say why it was not then presented, but we know that matters are in a train for its being submitted to the consideration of the legislature soon after the approaching meeting of parliament.

It cannot, therefore, be doubted, that the worthy author adheres to those sentiments concerning the nature and the seasonableness of the intended application which he expressed about sixteen months since. "We are aware," says he, "that at an advanced age we have engaged in a laborious and invidious task. But we rejoice that time has at last brought forward this fit opportunity, as we conceive it to be, to press on parliament, with the utmost force of our feeble powers, principles which we have long since embraced, with a full conviction of their rectitude. To destroy intolerance, and to amend the

forms of our national religion, are objects, for the attainment of which hardly any personal sacrifice could be too great. Each would bring to this country a truly important benefit: the amendment of our forms of worship would satisfy rational men of all descriptions, and attach them more strongly to the church; the destruction of intolerance would be a still more momentous advantage to the political interests of this country, and to the cause of Christianity here, and in every part of the world. Considered together, these are objects to which none are superior in value; none better deserve the conscientious support of good men and good Christians, under every possible discouragement." p. 106, 107.

This tract is solely devoted to the first of these two objects, the destruction of intolerance. Before we trace the chain of the author's arguments in support of his design, a general observation on the nature of Christianity, as most friendly to toleration, deserves our notice.

"It is the *honourable distinction* of the Christian religion," says Mr. Wyvill, "that it appeals to the reason of mankind, courts free examination, and would not be embraced on any motive of compulsion or corruption, but simply on the conviction that it is true. It is the *only religion* which has ever made any considerable progress, by *means thus pure and rational*, towards becoming the general belief of mankind. The Gospel in every page breathes the spirit of mildness, candour, and magnanimity. These are its most conspicuous characteristics; and the intolerance of its professors must be condemned and regretted as the fault of the men; but we are bound in justice to absolve their religion."—p. 62.

It is highly illustrative of the genius of Christianity, that "the efficacy of it to spread its beneficial influence through the world was more conspicuously displayed in the first three centuries after Christ, than in the fifteen which have followed that period." The first part of the tract, under our review, to p. 49, affords us a clear, comprehensive, yet concise, statement of the proofs of the divine origin of the Gospel, apparent in the

doctrines and precepts of Jesus, in his own conduct, and in that of his early disciples; and in the external evidence of miracles and prophecies which attest his authority."

Our author, on a survey of the evidence by which the truth of the Gospel was attested, and of its suitability to its great end, viz. the conversion and reformation of the world, asks, "Has this proposed end been accomplished in any age of Christianity? If not, has there been a conversion of a great portion of Jews and Pagans to the Gospel, effected by its promulgation in the three first centuries? And, in subsequent ages, has there been a continual extension and a still greater, though less rapid, prevalence of the Gospel over ignorance, vice, and infidelity, to authorise the expectation, that Christianity will, ultimately, become the religion of the world?"

In answer to the first question, it is candidly acknowledged, that the professed design of the mission of Christ has not yet been completely fulfilled.

But it is observed, that this non-fulfilment of what was never promised by Christ, affords not the slightest ground of mistrust or suspicion that his religion is not true, or that the hope of Christians will be ultimately disappointed: that it will be satisfactory, if the Gospel made, at its first promulgation, an impression correspondent to the miraculous means employed by Christ and his Apostles; and, if since that period, its success has been constant and progressive, and, though gradual, yet great, producing an improvement in the faith and morals of mankind of inestimable value; a prelude and pledge of a more extensive enjoyment of the blessings derived from it.

A summary account of the rapid propagation of our Saviour's religion, as stated by Bishop Porteus, affords an answer to the second question.

To the third question, it is replied, that the progress of the Gospel, subsequent to the age of Constantine, has been constant though less rapid than in the ages before that emperor. This disparity, it is admitted, is dis-modern Christians, but conclusion injurious to christianity justly drawn from it, because

the disparity was produced by other causes than the inefficacy or deficiency of our religion. Our judicious author is thus led to assign the causes of it. "It may be justly imputed," he says, "partly to the wretched unsettled government of the empire after Constantine; partly to the successful, but destructive, inroads of the barbarians; but, above all, to that endowment of the church by Constantine, which is generally applauded as the triumph of our religion."—p. 29. The consequences of the imperial establishment of religion were the secularity and hypocrisy of the clergy, and the "vice of intolerance; more injurious to christianity than either, and it may be found also more difficult to be eradicated: but that it should be eradicated is still more important, than it is difficult to be effected. For till intolerance be suppressed, the blessings of the Gospel will continue to be very imperfectly enjoyed in christian countries, and their communication to countries not yet illuminated with the light of our religion, if not absolutely precluded, will be slowly and reluctantly admitted." p. 35.

While Mr. Wyvill waves entering into the long and atrocious details of persecution practised by professed christians against unbelievers, and even against their brethren, he remarks, with too much truth, "that the barbarities which they have committed, under the name of 'wholesome severities,' exceed in horror whatever acts of sanguinary cruelty have been perpetrated by tyrants of every other species." p. 38. Men, sincerely attached to the Gospel, men of rare abilities and virtues are implicated in the charge of committing such deeds of cruelty and injustice. "Sir Thomas More was unhappily stained with this guilt. He tortured and destroyed the reformers. Even the greater Milton, with all his zeal for the Protestant religion, and the right of private judgment, shared in speculation with More in the guilt of intolerance. With a virtuous indignation he protested against the infallibility and despotic authority assumed by the Pope; but he was too much alarmed by the supposed progress of popery, and too hastily deem-



ed intolerance its inseparable companion." The grounds of his intolerance to the Roman Catholics (for he was tolerant to every other sect) were, "that popery extirpates all religious and civil supremacies; and that, supposing their state activities not to be dangerous, yet the exercise of their religion, *as far as it is idolatrous*, cannot be tolerated, either publicly, without grievous and unsufferable scandal given to all conscientious beholders, or privately without great offence to God."

The design of Mr. Wyvill's liberal tract, comprehending the case of the Roman Catholics, and the weight of Milton's name, induce us to copy, at length, our author's strictures on the pleas of intolerance opposed to popery by the great prose, as well as poetic, writer.

"His," i. e. Milton's, "zeal to oppose a church which has so boldly contravened the second commandment, and by vain glosses attempted to excuse the contravention, what protestant can condemn? But let the Roman Catholic plead his cause as he may be able, before the judgment of God; let him state there the direction of his mind in the veneration he pays to images: human tribunals cannot judge the thoughts of the Roman Catholic, and protestant tribunals ought to leave him to the tribunal which can. Milton's zeal against the persecuting spirit, too often manifested by Roman Catholics, and their frequent attempts to extirpate *all religion and civil supremacies*, for some ages in Europe, what pious man, what good subject does not approve? But their treasonable attempts, the general laws of treason are here sufficient to punish and repress, and alone ought to be appealed to. And their persecuting spirit, even in Milton's days, called for no vindictive return, even if religion had not forbidden it. When Milton wished to persecute them, he forgot, like ~~More~~, the rules of Gospel charity and social justice; and he contradicted that principle of the Protestant religion, for which he so strenuously contended, viz. that to judge freely of religion is the inherent right of all men. Roman Catholics are entitled to enjoy that right as well as other men; and he, as a Protestant, was

more especially bound not to interrupt their enjoyment of it. That they would hereafter abuse the concession, and in their turn persecute those who had tolerated them, was too precarious a presumption to justify the denial of a right; and the crimes of their ancestors could, with less appearance of justice, be imputed to the Catholics of Milton's age. For nearly a century, power had been shifted to other hands than theirs: it was impossible they could practice intolerance; and it was unjust, as well as uncharitable, to impute that criminality to them, in speculation, of which no practical proof could be adduced. The doctrine of Milton is inconsistent with the Gospel, with justice, and with itself; and a mode of retaliation so whimsically oppressive, so disgraceful to christianity, though recommended by his great authority, must be peremptorily rejected." p. 43, 44, 45, 46.

The above reasoning, strong as applied to the times of Milton, may be urged with greater propriety and force in the present age, when almost a hundred and fifty years have given permanence to the possession of the power which had then shifted from the hands of the Catholics. In our times, down to which the principles of religious liberty have, by repeated discussions and new illustrations, been receiving confirmation: in our times, when "intolerance has been suppressed in three great monarchies of Europe, in the Prussian and Austrian, and in the French empire," to advocate the cause of intolerance even towards the Roman Catholics cannot admit the palliations and excuses which the days of Milton suggested.

Mr. Wyvill then shews, by a brief historical review, that, since the time of Milton, important advances towards the extinction of intolerance have been gradually made in the British empire. But, from the unsuccessful display of great energy and wisdom, of reason and eloquence, on the Catholic question, in the session of parliament previously to the publication of his tract, it appears, that the enemies of toleration, after having repealed some of their oppressive statutes, and suffered others equally harsh to sink into a state of dormancy, think



that nothing more can be justly required; and ask of what have sectaries reason to complain? Mr. W. replies, "The dissidents have complained; and will never cease to complain, till a species of intolerance, less violent than either the dormant or the repealed statutes, but not less contrary to justice and religion, shall have been discontinued." The test-laws," he says, "form that species of intolerance. By those laws, dissidents are doomed to infamy, and to infamous punishments; to disability to serve their country; to privations of their rights as freemen; and to the penalties annexed by the laws to crimes of a felonious guilt." p. 55. In the next pages our candid author adverts to the states of America, "once the colonies of this country, who have advanced before her, in rejecting the faults and prejudices of former ages; the honour belongs to them, peculiarly, that they have been just and religious; that they have endowed their churches and left conscience free. Though to other nations their religious institutions, probably, would

be unapplicable. But the principle of religious liberty is every where, and always, wise and good; and capable of being adapted, with perfect propriety and with perfect safety, to every church establishment and to every form of civil government."

Some subsequent pages are employed to enforce the general principles and the generous design of this essay by arguments drawn from the state of the nation and the uncommon danger that menaces the empire. A continued opposition to the claims of justice will aggravate this danger: the grant of these claims will restore general union and carry the defensive energies of the empire to the highest point of security. "In a political view, equal blame, equal contempt would be incurred by bishops and the cabinet, by adhering to the vexatious system; but, in a religious view, a peculiar and much greater guilt, on account of that adherence, would be imputed to the ministers of religion." p. 59—60.

• [To be continued.]

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

STANZAS, written with a Pencil on Folkstone Hill, on the Day of the Jubilee. By CLIO RICKMAN.

HERE secluded from folly and noise far away,

As at ease I delighted recline;

The beauties of nature in splendid array,  
Around me innumerable shine.

The glittering Channel broad spreading below,

With shipping thick scatter'd is seen,  
Scarcely gliding along majestic and slow,  
Like the sky and the landscape serene.

The landscape, where every charm meets the eye,

The woodlands, the meads, and the grove,  
Which quiet and glowing, and mild as the sky,

Beam magnificence, silence, and love.

All hail to the scene, which on every side,

Rich bursting entrances the soul;

While, far from cabal, and folly, and pride,  
The moments in ecstasy roll.

Here seated, while images, woodlands, and spires,

Fields and cottages, speckle the scene;

The mind, like the eminence, also aspires,  
Feels ennobled, enlarged, and serene.

From hence too, the white cliffs of Gallia appear,

As they range wide extending and high;

While the sheep bells around scarcely strike on the ear,

And the lark's warblings echo the sky.

O ye nations, so blest with science and lore,  
Abounding in every grace;

Where talent and fancy exhibit their store,  
And beauty and health bloom the face.

Where the means of delight and of blessedness reign,

Where the muses and virtues reside;

Ah! why all these goods do your rulers disdain,

And subject you to fiends, war, and pride.

O when will the people, with reason, not force,

Cry aloud, and with one heart and hand,

Arrest of your idiot-fury the course,

And their edicts extend thro' each land.

When in majesty rise, and their fiat pronounce,

That they were not for tyranny made;

But firmly each miscreant despot denounce,

Who would Peace and its blessings invade.

Heaven hasten the day ! then the landscape  
 so wide,  
 The eye more enchanted shall see ;  
 With ecstasy dwell on the Channel's rich  
 tide,  
 Uniting two lands, great and free.

Heaven hasten the day !—a Jubilee then,  
 The countries would honour indeed ;  
 And exulting, ennobled, and dignified men,  
 Be from falsehood and ignorance freed.

Thus seated—enamour'd I gaze me around,  
 While beauties on beauties arise,  
 And lovely and exquisite prospects abound,  
 Till at distance they mix in the skies.

May it oft be my lot while the sun sinks  
 afar,

Here delighted my footsteps to bend ;  
 And secluded from party, oppression, and  
 war,

The heart soften, soothe, and amend.

While hope, blessed hope ! shall my spirits  
 upbear,

That the day is approaching with speed ;  
 When mankind the bounties of nature shall  
 share,

And be heirs of Creation indeed.

*LINES occasioned by the Author being in the  
 Company of a LADY, to whom he was  
 once attached, and walking Home with her  
 at Night.*

O SARAH, the scene of to night  
 Has open'd the wounds of my heart,  
 It has shewn me how great the delight  
 Which thy charms and thy converse im-  
 part.

We have known what it is to be gay,  
 We have revell'd in joy's fleeting hour,  
 We have wish'd for the close of the day,  
 To meet in a thick woven bower.

Q where are the days that are past ?  
 O where is the bliss we have known ?

'Twas sweet—O too sweet long to last,  
 We have now but to mourn it alone.

Our joy has the Pilgrim\* oft seen,  
 When night threw its mantle around,  
 When the moon sweetly silver'd each scene,  
 And silence encompass'd us round.

'Twas then that the soft stolen kiss,  
 'Twas then that the throb of our hearts,  
 Declar'd that we wish'd for the bliss  
 Which love and love only imparts.

But fate will two hearts oft dis sever,  
 By Nature design'd for each other ;  
 But why should they part, and for ever,  
 And forc'd their affections to smother.

Full oft in the silence of night,  
 When sleep from my pillow is flown,  
 I think, with a mournful delight,  
 On the joys which with thee I have  
 known.

\* The accustomed place of assignation.

For all that the world chose to say,  
 We laugh'd, and we romp'd, and we  
 toy'd ;

In joy flew each quick passing day,  
 And night in fond dreams was employ'd.

How short and how blissful the hour,  
 When round the lone hamlet we stray'd,  
 When passion each heart overpower'd,  
 And a sigh the sweet feelings betray'd.

O whence is that glance of the mind,  
 Which scenes that are past oft renews,  
 Which paints them in colours refin'd,  
 With fancy's bright glittering hues ?

Now sweet be thy slumbers, my friend,  
 And sweet be the dreams of thy soul,  
 Round thy couch may the angels attend,  
 And visions of happiness roll.

Whilst I with despair overcome,  
 To the rocks and the deserts will fly,  
 Tho' Sarah, in life, I must shun,  
 I'll meet her again in the sky.

LOVE LETTERS to my WIFE. By  
 JAMES WOODHOUSE.

[Continued from Vol. XII, p. 487.]

#### LETTER XI.

WAS fleshly food on Adam's table found  
 Before offended Heav'n had curs'd the  
 ground ?

Were then the hungry birds, or famish'd  
 beasts,

Permitted to partake such filthy feasts ;  
 Or when his faithless lust produc'd the fall,  
 Was bloody banquet warranted at all ?  
 Tho' then become like his abandon'd brood,  
 He victual'd all on vegetable food ;  
 Nor did his progeny, before the flood,  
 Devour foul flesh, or vilely feast on blood ;  
 Nor did the Deity, thro' all that space,  
 Allow such license to the human race ;  
 But only as a sacrificial type,  
 Till his most gracious, glorious plan was  
 ripe.

Before the deluge none declar'd a right  
 To pamper so their selfish appetite.  
 None dar'd indulge in such improper prey,  
 Nor take one single hallow'd life away.  
 All bow'd obedient to their God's decree,  
 And fed on fruits, and herbs, and milk,  
 like me.

Three centuries then man's ruddy youth  
 appear'd—

Attain'd to five e'er full to ripeness rear'd ;  
 Reach'd nearly ten before his frame decay'd,  
 And sunk in death's inevitable shade.  
 Each patriarch then enjoy'd a separate  
 throne.

Plots—sieges—battles—armed hosts—un-  
 known !

Physicians—surgeons—sickness—wounds  
 and scars ;

Fell fruits of luxury, wantonness, and war !

No miseries then made woman weak, and  
 wan;  
 Or mad indulgence warp'd and wither'd  
 man,  
 Till beastly lust, begot by health and ease,  
 Strove passion strong and appetite to please.  
 No more content with love and harmless  
 mirth,  
 But vice and violence fill'd the frantic earth;  
 Whose impious daughters sons of Heav'n  
 espous'd,  
 And thus their heavenly Father's fury  
 rous'd;  
 Who swore such miscreants love no more  
 should save,  
 But vengeance whelm them in one watery  
 grave!

The wicked world, tho' thus baptiz'd and  
 clean,  
 Presented still the same polluted scene;  
 For man's degraded nature growing worse,  
 Involv'd each living creature in his curse—  
 By mad excess and Satan's malice wrought,  
 His heart still teem'd with every evil  
 thought;  
 Produc'd from warm imagination's dregs,  
 Hatch'd in the nest like cockatrice's eggs,  
 Spreading ten thousand mischiefs more  
 around,  
 As conscience harden'd with her hourly  
 wound.

God, viewing still his vicious minion,  
 man,  
 Revers'd in anger what in grace began.  
 His covenant, tho' now confirm'd afresh,  
 Allow'd his low desires to feed on flesh.  
 On human altars, for man's gust to groan,  
 Before all bloody sacrifice his own;  
 But while their souls indulge such sensual  
 lust,  
 Their bodies prematurely drop to dust.  
 What good can man derive from such  
 decree,  
 Tho' every living thing's an offering free?  
 Innumerable novel wants and recent woes,  
 Destroy the spirit's strength, and spoil re-  
 pose;  
 While endless pains and sicknesses invade,  
 Which body's charms with all its pow'rs  
 degrade  
 And tho' it feels some fits of transient  
 strength,  
 Life's term's curtail'd tenfold its former  
 length;  
 Still feeling, hourly, Heav'n's avenging  
 frown,  
 To single century clipp'd and sweated  
 down;  
 And while gross lust devours such sanguine  
 fruit,  
 His brutish heart becomes much more a  
 brute!

• [To be continued.]

## TRANSACTIONS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES.

### ROYAL SOCIETY.

THE Right Hon. Sir Joseph Banks has presented, in the name of the society, the gold medal, called Sir Godfrey Copley's, to Mr. Edward Troughton, for the account of his method of dividing astronomical instruments, printed in the last volume of the Philosophical Transactions.—The president then took occasion to observe, that, since the last anniversary, a new society had been formed for the purpose of “improving animal chemistry;” that this society considered itself as a child of the Royal Society, and looked up to it as a patron and protector; that all the papers, communicated by its members or others, were to be submitted to the council of the Royal Society, and if approved of, to be read and published in the Philosophical Transactions; and finally, that whilst the Royal Society continued to be the channel for circulating such papers, the advantage of forming select bodies for investigating particular subjects, must

contribute to extend our knowledge in all the various branches of science, and carry them rapidly to a state of perfection, to which, the isolated labours of individuals could not hope to attain.

In the third section of the Bakerian Lecture, delivered by Mr. Davy, he detailed a number of laborious and minute experiments on the circumstances under which nitrous acid and ammonia are produced. He shewed that nitrogen is not formed by the electrization of pure water, and that in most of those cases in which it appears, it pre-exists in some compound employed in the process. Mr. Davy brought forward various new facts and reasonings in support of the opinion that ammonia is an oxide.

In the fourth section several experiments are detailed. Mr. Davy has succeeded in decomposing silica, alumina, and glucine, by means of potassium and iron, and has obtained amalgams of the metals of magnesia and lime by mere chemical means. Potassium is sent in vapour



the earths ignited to whiteness, and mercury is passed into the tube, which unites to the new metals.

Mr. Davy also compared the anti-phlogistic hypothesis of the nature of metallic bodies, with a modified phlogistic hypothesis, and supposes that they may be compounds of unknown bases with hydrogen, and he states that the decision upon these important points of doctrine cannot be made till perfectly correct notions upon the nature of ammonia, nitrogen, and hydrogen are obtained.

Among other combinations before unknown, which Mr. Davy describes in this lecture, is a new inflammable gas, composed of the boracic basis and hydrogen.

#### ROYAL ACADEMY.

**A**T the late general meeting of the Academy in the Council-Room, M. Fuseli in the chair, in the absence of Mr. West, who was indisposed, the chairman proceeded to the distribution of the prize medals, as follows:—Gold medals in painting, (one candidate) none, in sculpture, (one candidate) none, in architecture, one to Mr. J. Adams, (for which there were seven candidates). Silver medals, to Messrs. C. F. Porden, T. Alanson, and H. Wyatt, for the best drawings of the Screen of the Admiralty; to Messrs. E. H. Bailey, and J. Kendrick, for models of Academy figures; to A. Perigal, W. Collins, and J. J. Lecompte, for drawings of Academy figures.

In Mr. Carlisle's lectures on anatomy, which lately commenced, he professed his intention of describing certain geometrical proportions of the parts of the human body; this he doubted not, had been the practice of the Greeks, and he defined the different admeasurements of ancient authors and people, in order to facilitate the knowledge of the stature and proportions of men in those days, as described by their writers. That artists might represent the natural stature of ancient heroes more correctly, the professor observed, that men living by the sea-coast, and in level countries, were larger in their stature, than inhabitants of mountainous regions; that the ancients often chose their kings and leaders from the height of their stature, and

beauty of form. He instanced Saul, who was chosen king, because he was higher by the head and shoulders, than all the children of Israel; and gave other illustrations of ideal personifications. This lecture (which was completely introductory,) was illustrated by some excellent diagrams of a novel, and most excellent kind. The first was, a geometrical figure of the straight lines of the human hand, with the fingers extended, that could be positively drawn by rules, when upon applying a liquid chemical menstruum over those lines, it made the outlines to appear, (which had been previously drawn with sympathetic colours,) containing in themselves the geometrical definitions. The next was geometrical figures, bounding the grand proportion of the whole body, which, by the same process, exhibited the entire human skeleton.

In his second anatomical lecture, he gave a general view of the human mechanism; he observed, that the human body is constructed upon the same general plan with the other parts of the human creation. That the skeleton consisted of a series of bones connected by various kinds of joints serving the purposes of locomotion in the limbs, and for the protection of the more important organs, such as the brain; the instruments of sensation, as the eye and the ear; the heart, the lungs, and the main trunks of the blood vessels. With respect to the means by which the ~~ending~~ objects of growth and self-preservation are effected, he observed, they were admirably adapted to their ends, the powers directed to continue life, not only being guarded with infinite precaution, but that even the lesser appointments for accommodation, convenience, and accidental defects were equally provided by superior wisdom and design.

"The bones," he said, "are clothed by soft and flexible substances, which protect their brittle texture from mechanical injuries:" cartilages defend the joints: and the junctions of the bones are bound together by strong ligaments.

The materials prepared from the food, he observed, are constantly distributed to every part to supply decayed particles.

The solids are contained in the circulating blood in a fluid form, and are deposited when, and where required.

The secretions and exertions serve to carry off the worn out and decayed parts.

The mind, seated at the junction of all the nerves which bring intelligence, receives impressions of distant objects through the eye, the ear, and the nostrils; while the tongue and the whole surface of the skin, indicate the properties of things in contact with them. The remainder of this lecture consisted of a demonstration on the skeleton under the general divisions of head, trunk, limbs, or extremities. In his concluding lecture, the Professor described the origin, insertion, and use of the superficial muscles; and after pointing out the circumstances which disguise and soften their appearance, demonstrated them on the living subject, in the various and opposite actions of pulling, pushing, &c. by a machine constructed for the purpose. Mr. Carlisle had intended to exhibit a Chinese, and other subjects from different eastern nations; but from some accident, was disappointed. He advised artists to take advantage of the opportunities afforded by the commercial relations of this metropolis for making such studies; and concluded with some general, but pertinent observations, for directing the anatomical studies of the students.

#### WERNERIAN NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY.

At the first meeting in the College Museum at Edinburgh, was read a learned botanical paper, by Mr. R. Brown, of London, proposing a subdivision of the Apocineæ of Jussieu, to be called Asclepiadææ; the first part of a paper on meteoric stones, by Mr. G. S. Hamilton was also read;

and a concluding part of the account of the fishes, found in the Frith of Forth, by Mr. Neil.

On the 9th of December, Professor Jameson read an account of a considerable number of animals of the class of Vermes, which he observed on the shores of the Frith of Forth, the coasts of Orkney, and the Shetland Islands; and also a series of observations of interesting specimens from Aberdeenshire: among them a chrysalis, weighing nearly eight ounces, probably the largest hitherto discovered in any country. The Rev. Mr. Fleming, of Brissay, also communicated a paper, describing several rare vermes, lately discovered by him in Shetland: and a catalogue of rare plants to be found within a day's excursion from Edinburgh, was sent in by M. R. Maughan, sen. At this meeting, Professor Jameson, president, Dr. Macknight, Wright, Barclay, and T. Thomson, vice-presidents; P. Walker, Esq. treasurer; P. Neil Esq. secretary, and P. Sime, painter, are chosen office bearers for 1810.

#### CALEDONIAN HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

THIS is a new institution lately established at Edinburgh, nearly on the plan of the Horticultural Society of London. It is to consist of limited numbers of honorary, ordinary, and corresponding members, and is at the same time to be very select, consisting only of persons distinguished by their horticultural and botanical zeal. The Society purposes to publish their Memoirs, &c. from which, no doubt, much useful information will be derived. The Right Hon. the Earl of Dalkeith is chosen President. Vice President, Sir James Hall, Bart. M.P. Dr. Rutherford, Professor of Botany, Edin. &c. &c. &c.

## VARIETIES, LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL.

*With Notices respecting Men of Letters, Artists, and Works in Hand, &c. &c.*

MR. MUDROP has completed his translation of BAUSSET'S *Life of FANELON*. A biography of that great man has long been a desideratum in English literature. There is no life of him in our own language, and there had been only superficial ones in the French.



M. Bausset, Bishop of Alais, prepared the present one, in three volumes octavo, from original manuscripts of Fenelon and others. It contains an interesting account of the controversy about *quietism*, which was carried on with such vehemence, between Fenelon and Bossuet, and likewise much that will be valuable to every scholar and admirer of the *Archbishop of Cambray*.

The Rev. Dr. Whitaker, the historian of Whalley and of Craven, is about to publish a volume, in quarto, formed principally from letters of Sir George Radcliffe.

Mr. Hutton, of Birmingham, is printing a Trip to Coatham, a new and beautiful watering place, on the Yorkshire coast.

Mr. Pratt's Poem on the Lower World, is in great forwardness, occasioned by the speech of Lord Erskine in the house of Lords, for preventing malicious and wanton cruelty to animals.

Mr. Pratt has also announced his intention to give the public the long promised specimens of the poetry of Joseph Blacket, a self-educated genius, of great power and richness, with a striking portrait of the author.

The first volume of The Transactions of the Wernerian society is in the press; and the learned Dr. Anderson of Leith, the learned translator of Werner's classical works on Veins, has now in the press a Translation of the celebrated Von Buck's Mineralogical Description of the County of Landen in Silesia.

The Rev. Mr. Hodgson, Rector of St. George's Hanover Square, is preparing a Collective Edition of the Works of his venerable relation, the late Bishop of London, to which will be prefixed, the Life of that prelate, founded on the most authentic materials.

Mr. Faulkner of Chelsea, has issued proposals for publishing by subscription, in one volume, royal quarto, an Historical, Topographical, and Statistical Account of Chelsea and its Environs, to be decorated with a whole sheet coloured map of Chelsea, an accurate view of Sir Thomas More's house, an engraving of his tomb and epitaph in Chelsea church, with twenty others, of

monuments, statues, and public buildings.

Mr. B. Boothroyd has in the press, an Hebrew Bible, with the chief various readings of Kennicott and de Rossi, besides those readings found in the ancient versions. The poetical parts will be divided into distiches, after Kennicott's manner. English notes accompany the text, selected from the best ancient and modern foreign or English critics, for the purpose of throwing light on the obscurities and harmonizing the discordances which occur in the Hebrew scriptures. This work will be published in parts, and the first, containing the book of Genesis, will appear very soon.

A new edition of the Theological and Miscellaneous works of the late Rev. William Jones, of Nayland, in six large volumes, octavo, are in the press.

The Rev. R. Gentleman has in the press, a new edition of Plain and Affectionate Addresses to Youth.

Sir Richard Colt Hoare, Bart. having completed his History of Ancient Wiltshire, the first part illustrated by several engravings, will appear early in the spring.

A new and enlarged edition of Wood's *Athenæ Oxoniensis*, is in a state of great forwardness, and the first volume is already at press.

A work in answer to the Improved Version of the New Testament, published by the London Unitarians; by the Rev. Edward Nares of Biddenden, is now in the press.

The Rev. Mr. Dudley is preparing for the press, a Poem, on Hindoo Mythology, with a copious vocabulary.

The first volume of the Reverend Richard Cecil's works, containing Memoirs of the Honourable and Reverend W. B. Cadogan; of John Bacon, Esq. R. A. and the Reverend J. Newton, is nearly ready for publication.

An Historical Narrative of the late War in the Levant, from 1798 to 1801, preparing for the press, by a gentleman, and which will be accompanied with picturesque views, marine scenery, and a map of the Ottoman empire is very far advanced; but the author is still desirous of consulting the logs, or nautical journals, kept during that period, on board the *Theseus*, *Tigre*,



Lion, Swiftsure, Cameleon, Transfer, or Alliance.—But what is most singular, he wishes for further testimonies concerning the charges upon record against Bonaparte, relative to the hospital scene at Jaffa, first brought against him by Sir Robert Wilson.

Mr. Pybus, of Hull, intends to publish a Collection of Miscellaneous Receipts, and Philosophical Experiments, from various authors.

Mr. Thelwall has in the press, First, A Letter to Mr. Cline upon the Nature; Causes, and Treatment, not only of Impediments of Speech, but of Cases of Amentia, Partial Derangements, Non-developements of the human faculties, &c. Secondly,—“The Vestibule of Eloquence,” consisting of original articles, oratorical and poetical, intended as exercises in recitation among the pupils at Mr. T——’s institution, with an introductory discourse, and plan and terms of instruction.

Poems, &c. selected from the posthumous papers of John Dawes Worgan, late of Bristol; and a Sketch of his Life and Character, by an early associate and friend, with an introductory preface, by William Hayley, Esq. will soon appear.

The Rev. Mr. Kett, of Oxford, will speedily publish a new edition of Mr. Headley’s Beauties of ancient Poetry, with a biographical sketch.

The intended Selection from the Juvenilia of George Wither, will be considerably enriched by the loan which the editor has received of the scarcest of Mr. Wither’s productions, his second Remembrancer, from Mr. Heber. A portrait of Wither, with an account of his life, will accompany these volumes.

The Letters of Miss Seward are in the press. They will form five volumes, post 8vo. with plates and portraits.

The second volume of Britton’s Architectural Antiquities of Great Britain, is just completed, containing seventy prints, with a history and description of each, and an essay on the rise, progress, and characteristics of domestic architecture in England. The third volume is also announced to embrace accounts with various architectural illustrations of Castle-Acre Priory Church, Norfolk; Waltham

Abbey Church, Essex; Rolyn Chapel, Scotland; St. George’s Chapel, Windsor; the Crypt at St. Peter’s Church, Oxford; the Collegiate Church at Manchester; Hedingham Castle, Essex, &c. &c.

A History of the Inquisition in Italy, Spain, Portugal, &c. illustrated with numerous plates, to form a large quarto volume, is in the press.

A Treatise on the Passions, by a lady, will shortly appear in two volumes.

Dr. Buffa intends to publish his Travels through the States of the Empire of Morocco, in the year 1806, to which will be prefixed his correspondence with that court respecting the interests of Great Britain, including a letter from the Emperor of Morocco to the King of Great Britain.

A Novel, in three vols. entitled, Fact and Fiction, or the Rake for want of Thought; in which the author’s object is to paint human nature with the pencil of truth, to shew vice her own image, virtue her own figure, and to delineate each their reward and punishments, will be published in the course of the ensuing month.

A History of the Mahrattas; to which is prefixed an historical sketch of the Decan, containing a short account of the rise and fall of the Morslem sovereignties, prior to the æra of Mahratta independence, will be published in the course of the ensuing month. By Edward Scott Waring, author of a Tour to Sheeraz.

A Volume of Sermons, by Dr. Toulmin, on Devotional, Evangelical, and Practical Subjects, is printed at Bath, and will be soon published. A second edition of his “Manual of Prayer for the Closet,” is in the press.

A new work will make its appearance on the 1st of March, consisting of Picturesque Views of Twenty of the Parochial Churches of London, freshly etched from original drawings, by W. Pearson.

The Rev. Dr. Bees, editor of the New Cyclopædia, has in the press, a Sermon, which he delivered at the opening of the New Chapel, in Jewin Street, Aldersgate Street, and which consisted of an elegant appeal to his hearers, in behalf of the

advantages resulting from a regular and uniform attendance on the duties of public and social worship.

The Rev. Mr. Neely has commenced a course of Lectures, at No. 7, Bird-in-Hand Court, Cheapside; comprising the "Principles of General Knowledge." From the prospectus published by him, the subjects appear to be well chosen, and will admit of considerable information and entertainment. We are pleased to learn, that the lectures are intended for publication, as a compilation of the kind is much wanted; and executed on the plan of the prospectus, they will be found an acceptable epitome to any one desirous of a comprehensive acquaintance with science.

#### ARTS, SCIENCES, &c.

Mr. John Morrison, of Holborn Bars, has lately obtained the silver medal, and 40 guineas, from the society for the encouragement of arts, manufactures, and commerce, for his invention of artificial arms, legs, and other instruments, adapted to almost every purpose of life. This ingenious artist had the misfortune to lose his own arms by the discharge of a cannon, which induced him to turn his attention to the relief of other persons similarly situated with himself.

*Simple cure for the Ague.* An half pay officer has published the following, which he asserts has with him never failed. When the cold fit is coming on, let the person affected take a Seville orange, cut it in pieces without taking off the skin, pip, or any of the white, and without stopping eat the whole. If, says the prescriber, he has a return of it, blame me for giving him trouble. In four years I have cured hundreds, particularly in the neighbourhood where I have been living.

Mr. Spencer Smith, Ambassador to the Ottoman Porte, has presented the University of Cambridge, with two very valuable Greek marbles, to be added to the collection in the Vestibule; viz. the body of an amphora, about three feet in length; from the stores of the Propuntis, and a votive tablet or Cippus, from Cyrena. The first exhibits a bas-relief

in a very high state of ancient sculpture, remarkable for the Pileus, or Athenian hat; something of this kind is still worn by the patriarchs of the Greek church.

The Rev. James Hall has nearly succeeded in his experiments for making flax from broom. The following process is recommended by him: "Steep the twigs in stagnant water, preferring the most vigorous of the shoots or twigs, and keep them two or three weeks more or less, according to the heat of the season; or they may be boiled in water, for an hour. After the flax has separated freely from the twigs, where there is not machinery for the purpose, it may easily be stripped off by children, or others, when not quite dry, as hemp is pulled from the stalks. What adds to Mr. Hall's discovery is, that these twigs after being stripped, become tough and beautifully white, and are worth from a shilling to eighteen-pence per pound, for making carpet brooms, &c. The flax, after it is off, requires only to be well-washed in cold water, then wrung and shaken well, and hung out to dry, previously to its being sent off to the paper manufacturers, &c. Professor Davy has bleached some of it for Mr. Hall, who has also seen it spun. The fibres of all kinds of mallows, Mr. H. observes, are beautiful, especially the *malva sylvestris*; these are finer than camel's hair which they resemble, and there is no difficulty in procuring them.

The London Architectural Society have opened, and will continue, their Meetings, at the house of their Secretary, No. 5, Warwick Court, Gray's-Inn, every alternate Friday till May next.

It appears, that in the principal works of botany, are described 2046 genera, and 19,803 species of plants, of which 683 genera have but one species, 263 but two, 174 but three; 124 but four. This enumeration is, however, only an approximation to the truth, as the works referred to are defective, and we may call the number of described plants 22,000. The first edition of Linnæus's *Species Plantarum*, contained only 7,300.

It is recommended to all good housewives always to begin to grate a



nutmeg at the end opposite to the stalk; this will prevent its proving hollow. Another circumstance worth knowing is, that in order to prove whether the oil has been extracted from the nutmegs, a pin may be forced into them, when, if good, however dry they may appear, the oil will be seen oozing out all round the pin.

*Aromatic Vinegar.*—An ingenious gentleman, after justly observing that there are many insulated facts in chemistry, of which the public remain for years without a knowledge, has published the following recipe.

Take of common vinegar any quantity, of powdered chalk, or common whitening with it to destroy the acidity, then let the white matter subside and pour off the insipid supernatant liquor; afterwards let the white powder be dried either in the open air or by a fire. When it is dry, pour upon it sulphuric acid (oil of vitriol) as long as white and acid fumes continue to ascend. Stone vessels are the properest to be used on this occasion, as the acid will not act upon them. This product is the acetic acid, known in the shops by the name of aromatic vinegar. Its simplicity and cheapness points it out as the most useful preparation for purifying the air of prisons, hospital ships, and even private houses when contaminated by any kind of contagion.

This acid in a liquid state may be best obtained from the apparatus of Nooth, and it must of course be collected in water.

In the progress of excavating the basin in the new Medway Canal, which is to connect that river with the Thames, a stratum of peat has been discovered, in which large yew trees have been found, apparently oak and yew; some standing, others lying horizontally, and in all directions.

Werner has had the distinguished honour conferred upon him, of being elected one of the honorary fellows of the Royal Society of Edinburgh; and also honorary member of the Royal Medical, Royal Physical, and Natural History and Chemical Societies of Edinburgh, and of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester.

Mr. Rose has discovered that castor oil is completely soluble in alcohol, which has been confirmed by M.

Bucholtz. Hence its sophistication with any fat oil may readily be detected; for these, though not completely insoluble in alcohol, do not mix with it, except in very small quantities. Thus 60 drops of alcohol dissolve 2 drops of oil of almonds, 2 of poppy oil, 1 of rape, and 3 of linseed oil. With the assistance of heat they would dissolve more.

A very curious fact has been lately brought into the world, all the parts of which, from the head to the upper part of the abdominal viscera, were double; what is still more remarkable, the organs of generation were double, complete, and exhibited separately, the parts of each sex, external and internal. The vast and inconvenient volume of the two heads, rendered it impossible to bring them alive into the world.

#### *America.*

The following is one of the first instances of steam being applied to the purposes of navigation:—The American steam boat, it is observed, —“is certainly an interesting curiosity to strangers. To see this large and apparently unwieldy machine, without oars or sails, propelled through the elements by invisible agents, at a rate of four miles an hour, would be a novel sight in any quarter of the globe, as we understand there is none in Europe that has succeeded on the plan upon which this is constructed. The length of the boat is 160 feet, and her width in proportion, so as not to impede her sailing. The machine which moves her wheels is called, we believe, a twenty-four horse machine, or equal to the power of so many horses, and is kept in motion by steam from a copper boiler, eight or ten feet in length. The wheels are on each side, similar to those of water mills, and under cover; they are moved backward or forward, separately or together, at pleasure. Her principal advantage is in calms or against head winds. When the wind is fair, light square sails, &c. are employed to increase her speed. Her accommodations (fifty-two bunks, sofas, &c.) are said to be equal or superior to any vessel that floats on the river, and are necessarily extensive, as all the space unoccupied by the ma-



chinery is fitted in the most extensive manner. Her route between New-York and Albany is a distance of 150 miles, which she performs regularly twice a week, some times in the short period of 32 hours, exclusive of detention, by taking in and landing passengers. On her passage last week, she left New-York with upwards of 100 passengers, and Albany with 80 or 90. Indeed, this aquatic stage of Albany bids fair to attract the greatest part of the travellers which pass the Hudson, and afford them accommodations not exceeded in any other part of the world."

#### France.

The people of Paris have been for some time past highly amused by Messrs. Franconi, who have tamed and trained a stag to all the performances of the most docile horse. This stag, being brought forward on the arena of a stage, looks round on every side with an air equally expressive of gentleness and intelligence. "At the command of his master he bends his knees and respectfully bows his head. — M. Franconi gets upon his back, cracks his whip, and fires pistols; at which the animal shews neither fear nor alarm. After the first experiment, the animal is left to himself, and made to perform the exercises of the *ménage* like the best trained horse. — He sets off at full gallop; turns and stops at the word of command. He leaps over rails with wonderful agility, and even clears two horses at once. After every performance, he stands still, fixes his eyes on his master, and endeavours to discover from his looks whether he is satisfied. M. Franconi then goes up to him, pats him, and bestows other caresses, for which the gentle animal testifies the highest gratitude. In the last place, a triumphal arch, charged with fireworks, is erected in the air and set on fire, when the stag, impatient for the signal, starts off the moment it is given, and passes twice under the burning arch, amidst the shouts and applause of the spectators.

#### Germany.

Upwards of sixty chests, containing productions of art, have been sent from Vienna to Paris; among them

many original pictures of the Flemish school, and a number of rare printed books collected in the capital of Austria; besides several animals, viz lions, kangaroos, a cassowary, parrots. These will be distributed in the menagerie of Malmaison, and in the Museum of Natural History. A number of exotic plants came with these valuables.

#### Holland.

Dr. Van Marum has discovered a very simple method, \*proved by repeated experiments, of preserving the air pure in large halls, theatres, hospitals, &c. The apparatus which he uses is nothing but a common lamp, made according to Argand's plan, suspended from the roof of the hall, &c. and kept under a funnel, the tube of which rises above the roof without, and is furnished with a ventilator. — For his first experiment he filled his large laboratory with the smoke of shavings, and a few minutes after he lighted his lamp, the whole of the smoke had disappeared, and the air was perfectly purified.

#### Italy.

A Roman coin, supposed to be the most ancient extant, has recently been discovered in a field at Montecosi by a Roman peasant. It is supposed to have been struck under Servius Tullius, the sixth king of the Romans, who died in the year of Rome 218, and must consequently be 2,800 years old. Its weight is eleven ounces seventeen pennyweights, and its diameter two inches ten lines. On one side is the head of Minerva, seen in profile, with a helmet (*Pallas Galeata*), and on the other an ox, with the small figure 1, denoting the first of the Roman figures. On the exergue is inscribed, in large characters, *Roma*. This type is the same as that described by Pliny, Plutarch, and Varro, and ascribed by those authors to the time of Servius Tullius. In Cardinal Zelada's collection of coins, there is a specimen of a similar type to that now found; but the antiquaries who have examined it have found that its weight is defective by about seven pennyweights, which may be ascribed to the injuries it has received by the weather. The metal of this coin is very pure, and has consider-

able analogy with the Egyptian copper coins of the Ptolemys.

The Eugénian Museum, at Milan, has lately been enriched with eight new pieces, discovered in the excavations at Aquilani, consisting of a

drapery; a statue without a head, likewise of marble; an arm adorned with bracelets, the hand holding an instrument that was employed in sacrifices; the upper extremity of a cippus, several sepulchral caskets of lead, a stone inkstand, and several sarcophagi.

M. Rampasse has discovered in an old quarry, upon a hill near Bastia, in Corsica, a calcareous earth, embedded in calcareous stone, and among other circumstances containing various kinds of bones. Among the specimens he has sent to Paris, M. Cuvier reports, that a head well characterized among them must have belonged to the lagomys.

#### Russia.

The skeleton of the mammoth lately found in the ice at the mouth of the Lena, has been for some time publicly exhibited at Moscow, and is ultimately intended for the Museum

made forty drawings of the skeleton and its various parts, which he means to publish, with observations. On some points he differs from Cuvier.

The greatest cold last winter, at Moscow, was in the night of Jan. 11, when mercury, exposed to the open air in a cup, was frozen so hard, that it could be cut with sheers, and even filed. Count Bontourline found the mercury in three thermometers withdrawn entirely into the ball and frozen; but, in another, it was seen by himself and four other persons, from six o'clock till half-after, at 35° by Reaumur. Mr. Rogers, of Troïtak, is said to have seen it at 34° by Reaumur and 14° by Fahrenheit, before it froze and withdrew into the ball.

## MEMOIRS OF REMARKABLE PERSONS.

*The late JAMES ELPHINSTON, Esq.*

MR. R. C. DALLAS, to whom we are mostly indebted for these extracts, justly observes, that "a life

Andrew Johnston, Esq. father of the present General Johnston, and of the lady of Sir Alexander Monro, Bart.

Mr. Elphinston received his education under Mr. Alexander Findlater

and that century the eighteenth, cannot fail to be replete with instruction and interest."

Mr. Elphinston was born at Edinburgh, December 6th, 1721. He was the son of the Rev. Wm. Elphinston; his mother's maiden name was Honeymann; she was daughter of the minister of Kinef, and the niece of Dr. Honeymann, Bishop of Orkney. By the marriage of his sister with the late William Strahan, Esq. the King's printer, he was uncle to the Rev. Dr. George Strahan, vicar of Hslington, and of Cranham, and prebendary of Rochester; to the present Andrew Strahan, Esq. M. P. who succeeded his father as his Majesty's printer; to the late Mrs. Spottiswoode, the wife of John Spottiswoode, Esq. of Spottiswoode, in Scotland; and to the late Mrs. Johnston, the wife of the late

among the most celebrated of the British empire for learning, and the eminent scholars it has produced.

From the high school, it is presumed, Mr. Elphinston went to the College of Edinburgh, as he mentions in one of his letters, a recollection from college, where, or soon after he left it, he became the tutor of Lord Blantyre. He took a pleasure in boasting of being a tutor when he was scarcely seventeen years old.

About the time he came of age, he was introduced to the celebrated historian Carte, whom he accompanied in a tour through Holland and Brabant, and to Paris, where he remained some time an inmate in the house of his fellow-traveller and friend, received great civilities, and perfected his knowledge and practice of the French language, in which he not



only conversed, but wrote, both in prose and verse, with the facility and elegance of the most accomplished natives.

On Mr. Elphinston leaving France, he immediately repaired to his native country. His worldly circumstances, fortunately for many, were such as rendered it necessary for him to employ his talents and attainments, with a view to his support; and soon after his return to Scotland, he became an inmate in the family of James Moray, Esq. of Abercairny, in Perthshire, to whose eldest son he was tutor.

How long Mr. Elphinston remained at Abercairny is uncertain; but, in the year 1750, he appears taking an active part at Edinburgh in the circulation of Dr. Johnson's *Ramblers*, the numbers of which, with the author's concurrence, he re-published in Scotland, with a translation of many of the mottoes by himself. As the advertisement by which he announced the publication on the 1st of June, 1750, cannot but be considered at this day as a curious document, and as it presents no inconsiderable trait of the character of the editor, the insertion of it here will not be deemed irrelevant. It was found in print among his papers: and opposite to the word *Edinburgh*, the date of June 1, 1750, is written in his own hand.

"Just published, on a fine writing-paper, and in a small octavo size, fit for binding in pocket volumes, *The Rambler*. To be continued on Tuesdays and Fridays. *Nullius addictus, &c.* Edinburgh: printed for the author; sold by William Gordon and C. Wright, at their shops in the Parliament Close, price one penny each number, and regularly delivered to subscribers in town, or sent to the country by post.

"This paper, which lately began its course at London, seems very happily calculated after the manner of the *SPECTATOR*, in a variety of moral and critical essays, equally solid and agreeable, to improve taste while it entertains it; to expose vice, with all the force of ridicule, as well as of argument; and to set forth virtue in all her charms. This being the sole design of the *RAMBLER*, he never ranges in the regions of politics, and conveys

neither news nor advertisements. The reception he has met with in his native country, and which he must indeed meet with, wherever learning and knowledge, digested by genius and virtue, wherever delicacy of sentiment or beauty of style, is admired, flatters his Scottish editor, that he introduces to his countrymen no unacceptable acquaintance, by having prevailed with this new writer, 'blessed (as the Remembrancer justly paints him) with a vigorous imagination, under the restraint of a classical judgment, and master of all the charms and graces of expression,' to renew in *Scotland* his *Rambles* at half the *London* price."

Johnson was highly gratified with the successful zeal of his friend, and transcribed himself the mottoes for the numbers of the English edition, when published in volumes, affixing the name of the translator, which has been continued in every subsequent edition.

In the year 1750, Mr. Elphinston, while residing in Edinburgh, lost his mother, of whose death he gave a very affecting account, in a letter to his sister, Mrs. Strahan, then living in London. This being shewn to Johnson, brought tears to his eyes, and produced from his pen one of the most beautiful letters of condolence ever written. It was published among his other works. This debt Mr. Elphinston had a melancholy opportunity of repaying about two years after, when Johnson lost his wife; and again, in 1759, on the death of his mother; nor was it paid in coin less sterling.

In 1751, he married Miss Gordon, the daughter of a brother of General Gordon, of Auchintoul, and granddaughter of Lord Auchintoul, one of the senators of the College of Justice, before the revolution of 1688. About two years after his marriage, Mr. Elphinston left Scotland, and fixed his abode near the metropolis of England; first at Brompton, and afterwards at Kensington; where, for many years, he kept a school in a large and elegant house, opposite to the king's gardens, and which, at that time, stood the first on entering Kensington. This noble mansion has since, not only been hid by new

houses, some of which stand upon the old play-ground, but defaced by the blocking up of the handsome bow-windows belonging to the once elegant ball-room, at the top of the eastern division of the house.

In the year 1758, he made a poetical version of the younger Racine's celebrated poem of Religion, which at the suggestion of Richardson, the amiable author of *Clarissa*, &c. he sent to the author of the *Night Thoughts*, whose applause it received; both for the utility of the work, and the spirit of the translation. Finding no English grammar, of which he could approve, he, about this time, composed one himself for the use of his pupils, which he afterwards published in two duodecimo volumes. In 1763, he published his Poem, entitled, "Education." It is a complete plan of reason, detailed in spirited verse, and evinces not only the just ideas he had conceived of the province he had adopted, but his powers to execute it.

It was impossible for a man like Mr. Elphinston to live at Kensington, ~~without~~ adding to the number of his friends, the great character who was then rector of the parish, Dr. Jortin. It has been always a boast of the writer of this memoir, that from his situation as a pupil of Mr. Elphinston's, he had the honour of being presented to Dr. Jortin, Dr. Franklin, and Dr. Johnson, a triumvirate not easily matched. The death of Jortin, in 1770, was severely felt by Mr. Elphinston.

Mr. Elphinston was always a ready champion in the cause of innocence. Among other occasions, one that happened, while he resided at Kensington, was of an extraordinary nature. During the mayoralty of the famous John Wilks, one William Gibbs, a parishioner of Kensington, being accused by a worthless fellow of having robbed him on the highway, was tried at the Old Bailey, and found guilty. In spite of this, upon enquiry made by the inhabitants of the parish, the man was clearly found to be innocent, and to have been elsewhere at the time of the pretended robbery. In consequence of this, a petition was drawn up for him, and signed by the inhabitants; but Mr. Elphinston, not satisfied with being among the subscribers of the petition, wrote a letter

to Wilks, in which he stated the grounds that manifested the man's innocence with convincing perspicuity. The letter is extant, and reflects the highest honour on the writer. It was successful; but the man had lost his health in prison, and died soon after his liberation.

In March, 1776, Mr. Elphinston gave up his school, but continued to reside in the same house in Kensington for some time longer, employing himself in a translation of Martial, the proposals for publishing which, he now began to circulate. He removed from Kensington in 1778, and in the same year lost his wife. His grief on that event was deep. "Such a loss," as Dr. Johnson wrote to him on the occasion, "lacerates the mind, and breaks the whole system of purposes and hopes. It leaves a dismal vacuity in life, that affords nothing on which the affections can fix, or to which endeavour may be directed." It is remarkable, how ingenious grief is in starting accusations of deficiency towards a beloved object torn away from all future attentions. In a letter to his nephew, he says, "though I flattered myself that I was neither inattentive, nor insensible to what I enjoyed, various and poignant are the regrets I now feel, when I reflect how imperfectly I promoted the happiness of her I certainly held dearest on earth; and how often, I rather intended, than administered, the numberless assiduities indispensable to the comfort of one who composed every comfort to me." The consolation and affection he received from his friends, and the flowing in of subscriptions to his translation of Martial, conspired to draw him from despondence; and, being advised to visit Scotland, he gave up his residence in London, disposed of his furniture, and in a short time set out upon his journey. In Scotland, he received numberless civilities, and there was a talk among his friends of the necessity of establishing a professorship of the English language at the University of Edinburgh, with a wish that he should fill the chair. The idea had been suggested by Mr. (soon after Sir John) Sinclair, of Ulbster. The Lord Chief Baron Montgomery, Dr. Robertson the Historiographer of Scotland, the Earl



of Dalhousie, who had been Mr. Elphinston's pupil, Lord Elphinston, and others, consulted on the subject; but it fell to the ground: and in the autumn of 1779, he returned to London, having previously given a course of Lectures on the English language; first at Edinburgh, and then in the public hall of the University of Glasgow.

He now published his system of orthography, under the title of "*Propriety Ascertained in her Picture*," and determined to support his theory by practice; to make an effort to change the whole system of etymology for that of analogy; to set derivation at defiance, and to create a revolution in favour of pronunciation; or, in his own words, to make *Orthography the Mirror of Orthöepy*. From this time, for the rest of his life, whatever he published or wrote, was committed to paper in his new mode of spelling. Though a bold, romantic, perhaps impossible scheme, it is the less to be wondered at, when it is considered that the early and great object of his philological pursuits, was to establish, on a settled basis, the orthöepy of the English language; an attempt, that could give but little hope of success, while the form, in which the sounds of words were printed, remained in its unsettled state, depending neither entirely on etymology, nor analogy; but founded, as it certainly is, on heterogeneous, and arbitrary custom, without principle and without rule.

Painful, indeed, is it to think that a man of such merit and virtue, should, by a well meant undertaking, contract means of comfort already but too narrow: but, in Mr. Elphinston's case, this pain is compensated to the observer, by contemplating the rectitude of soul, and perseverance in frugality, that preserved his mind untainted and unbroken. He lived upon the square with the world, and supported by conscience and temperance, health and spirits never forsook him to the last day of his life. In his sister and brother-in-law he had real friends; but the sincerity of Mr. Strahan, in his opinion of Mr. Elphinston's scheme, and the spirit of the latter, who defended his own judgment, created a difference, which, at one time, wore the appearance without having the

reality of alienation, as was fully proved. Mr. Strahan died in the year 1785, and bequeathed a hundred pounds a-year, a hundred pounds in ready money, and twenty guineas for mourning, to Mr. Elphinston, who expressed himself, "deeply sensible of a generosity, though not then first demonstrated, never before fully known." His sister survived her husband about a month, and by her will left her brother two hundred a-year more.

Mr. Elphinston was no solitary being; a more social or affectionate heart was never bestowed on man. Being now easy in his circumstances, he espoused a lady, who, though many years younger than himself, had the discernment to appreciate the merits both of his head and heart. On the 6th of October, 1785, Miss Falconar, the daughter of the Rev. James Falconar, and the niece of Bishop Falconar, bestowed her hand upon him; and a happier marriage, as proved by an experience of four and twenty years, has seldom been celebrated.

In the year 1787, Mr. Elphinston once more visited Scotland, where he was again received with affection and respect; and after a short stay returned to England, and fixed his residence at Islington, where he continued for some years, cultivating friendship by social intercourse and epistolary correspondence; and where, having preserved a large collection of letters, during the space of forty years, he amused himself in his leisure, with arranging and publishing a selection of them.

In the spring of 1792, drawn by friendship, he removed from Islington to Elstree, in Hertfordshire, where his time was devoted to the same rational enjoyments, friendship, conversation, and letters; where old age gradually and not uneasily, advanced upon him; and where, reposing on the affection, and supported by the increasing assiduity, of an amiable and exemplary wife, he lingered cheerfully on the verge of eternity, prepared, if ever man was, to obey, with equal cheerfulness, the summons to pass it.

About three years ago, the convenience of being near town, induced him to take a house at Hammersmith,

where he continued till his death, which took place on the 8th of October, 1809, in the 88th year of his age. Though he may be said to have possessed uninterrupted health, yet a few weeks, previous to his dissolution, one of his legs swelled, and put on an appearance that excited apprehension; but this was totally removed, and he continued well and happy during his remaining days, on the very last of which no unusual symptoms were observed to create alarm. He went to bed rather earlier than usual; but woke in the night, and endeavouring to sit up found himself too feeble, on which Mrs. Elphinston called in her sister, and shortly after, he breathed his last, without a struggle or a pang. He was buried at Kensington. The same unwearied and never-failing attention which Mrs. Elphinston had bestowed upon him for nearly a quarter of a century, continued after life. He had many years ago rather hinted, than expressed, a wish to her, that his remains might be deposited there; the recollection was followed by a ready compliance, and he was attended thither by a number of friends, who loved and revered him.

Mr. Elphinston's works were numerous: a critical investigation of them would lead to great length; most of them possess sterling merit, which, however, has been veiled by the orthographical clothing he perseveringly gave to all he wrote. He was a great scholar, and an excellent critic. As a poet, his versification was sometimes flowing and smooth; at others, unharmonious, and sacrificed not only to sense, but too often to rhyme, in which he allowed no license. As a prose writer, he had early habituated his pen to an inverted arrangement, which he carried into almost every subject he touched upon; but he was seldom obscure, and at times wrote with a simplicity, which showed that he had the choice of style, and which is, unfortunately, published in his own analogical orthography.

But, after all, it is as a man and a Christian that he excelled; as a son, a brother, a husband, a father to many, though he never had children of his own; as a friend, an enlightened patriot, and a loyal subject. His manners were simple, his rectitude

undeviating. In religion he embraced the state establishment to its full extent: his piety, though exemplary, was devoid of show; the sincerity of it was self evident: but, though unobtrusive, it became impatient on the least attempt at profaneness; and an oath he could not endure. On such occasions, he never failed boldly to correct the vice, whencesoever it proceeded.

Mr. Elphinston was middle-sized, and slender in his person; he had a peculiar countenance, which, perhaps, would have been considered an ordinary one, but for the spirit and intellectual emanation which it possessed. He had singularities, some of which were undoubtedly foibles. He never complied with fashion in the alteration of his clothes. In a letter to a friend, in 1782, he says, "time has no more changed my heart than my dress:" and he might have said it again on the 8th of October, 1809. The colour of his suit of clothes was invariably, except when in mourning, what is called a drab; his coat was made in the fashion that reigned when he returned from France in the beginning of the last century, with flaps and buttons to the pockets and sleeves, and without a cape; he always wore a powdered bag-wig with a high toupce, and walked with a cocked hat, and an amber-headed cane; his shoe buckles had seldom been changed, and were always of the same size; and he never wore boots. It must be observed, however, that he lately, more than once, offered to make any change Mrs. Elphinston might deem proper; but in her eyes his virtues and worth had so sanctified his appearance, that she would have thought the alteration a sacrilege. Mr. Elphinston's principal foibles originated, some in virtue itself, and others in the system he had early laid down for preserving the purity of the English tongue. As an instance of the former, when any ladies were in company, whose sleeves were at a distance from their elbows, or whose bosoms were at all exposed, he would fidget from place to place, look askance with a slight convulsion of his left eye, and never rest till he approached some of them, and pointing to their arms, say, "Oh, yes, indeed! it is very pretty, but it belongs



more fashion than modesty;" or some similar phrase: after which he became good humoured. In respect to the foible from the other source, it consisted in taking the liberty of correcting others in the mispronunciation of their words; but, far from meaning to hurt or offend, it was evident that his intention was to oblige; and, if it was not always received with deference, it ought, at least, always to have been attributed to the simplicity of his character, never to impoliteness, still less to churlishness.

Mr. Dallas has also published copies of the letters, written by Mr. Elphinston and Dr. Johnson, alluded to in his Memoirs, in which the piety of these productions is the most prominent point. The memorialist has, also, repeatedly mentioned Mr. Elphinston's uncommon partiality for his new orthographical scheme. Indeed, from the opportunities we have had of judging, this *penchant* of Mr. Elphinston's entered into all his thoughts and all his actions. In a letter to the celebrated William Julius Mickle, the translator of the *Lusiad*, (the following is a copy of the same from the *original*, with which we have been favoured) we find it mentioned as "his own new plan," which he even then seemed anxious to communicate to Mr. Mickle, whose opinion it is probable he had solicited upon the first edition of the *Lusiad* from the Portuguese of Camoens. The letter, here inserted *verbatim*, seems to imply this at least:—

SIR,—I have read your poem with an honest delight, and your historical

Dissertations with no less advantage. I would, therefore, gladly pay part of what I owe as a member of the public, by presuming to offer you various hints upon the stile and rime, that at least may not hurt the following editions.

"You have here the false rimes of the first books; and, if you can be in town before the next edition, I would grudge neither time nor attention to lend (with you) every little light in my power that might contribute to render the work, if not more beautiful, less exceptionable; to render it an undiminishable honour to both ends of the island, and a continuing reward to its highly-deserving author, who will, at least, allow me the justice of being, Sir, his ardent, as well as earnest, servant,

"JAMES ELPHINSTON."

"Kensington, Sept. 4, 1776."

"Many observations would I make if we had time together. I would object to certain terms, certain phrases, certain stresses, &c. The prose, as well as verse, would I venture here and there to scan; nor would I hazard any criticism without attempting to account for it. My own new plan I would submit to your examination, had I either a frank or another opportunity."

[Here follow the list of bad rhymes before referred to, in which Mr. Elphinston appears rather fastidious; but it has been remarked that, in his own productions, he was sometimes inclined to prefer the sound rather too much at the expense of other considerations.]

## STATE OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

THE meeting of parliament is naturally an event of great interest in this country, as to every country is the conduct of its legislative body. We have elsewhere observed, that an improvement has taken place in the affairs of the world, by the superiors in many states feeling, as it were, the obligation of a communication with the subjects on the state of their general welfare. Whatever may be the nature of their government, of which theoretical writers make more account

than the question deserves, it is now felt as an acknowledged truth, that governors are not a set of men, commissioned by the Almighty, to trample under foot their fellow creatures, but persons invested with power for the general good of the country over which they preside. This homage to public opinion is paid by the President of the United States, in his message to the Congress; by the Emperor of France to his Senate; by the King of these islands to his Parliament.—

The comparison of these documents will enable the judicious reader to form a clearer idea of the politics of these countries, than the laboured essays of voluminous writers on their constitutions.

The *Exposée* of France is a very valuable paper. It is drawn up with great clearness, and in a much better stile than the political papers submitted to our parliament; and, under various heads, it sets before the state the efforts made for the general good. The heads are—Public Works—Public Instruction—Agriculture—Manufactures and Industry—Mines—Commerce—Finances—Administration of the Interior, and Justice—War—Politics.

Under the head of Public Works, we find most meritorious labours employed in canals; joining the Rhine with the Meuse, the Rhone with the Rhine, the canal of Burgundy; in the harbours of Cherbourg, Havre, Antwerp, Alton, and Marseilles: in roads over the Alps, Apennines and Pyrenees: in draining the marshes of Bourgain, Cotanlin, and Rochefort. At and near Paris, beautiful bridges have been erected or established, and magnificent buildings reared: over the whole country establishments of mendicity have been formed; depots for vaccination fixed; and the disasters occasioned by inundations or other effects of nature, relieved.

For Public Instruction, the Imperial University has been opened, and academies and lyceums are formed: for the encouragement of sciences and the arts, premiums have been distributed.

Agriculture is improving, from the importation of Spanish and German flocks: and it is here observed, that some districts feel the inconvenience of a superfluity of corn. Manufactures and Mines are receiving indirect improvement; as these are things to be left to individual exertions. It is allowed, that the external commerce by sea has suffered by the superiority of the English on this element; but the trade with Germany, Italy, and the rest of Europe is very considerable.

Finance presents but a small article; for it is not necessary to raise either new contributions or new loans:

the registering of landed property is continued, and an ameliorated land-tax is expected to be the fruit of it. The Administration of Justice is complete throughout the empire. Religion affords no cause of ill will: perfect liberty of conscience is allowed.

To the subject of War a considerable portion of the *Exposée* is dedicated: for it contains the triumphs of the French in Austria, and the disgraces of the British troops at Walcheren and in Spain.—The article of Politics settles the fate of Poland, the gains of the kings of the confederacy, the expected peace with Sweden, the avulsion of the states of the church from the Pope, on which the Emperor proclaims the grand and inestimable truth,—that neither pope nor priest ought to enjoy any temporal sovereignty. Intimations are given of a change in Holland, which may make it a portion of the empire. Bonaparte is to be the mediator of Switzerland, and promises not to oppose the independence of the Spanish colonies, provided they do not form a connection with England. The loss of Martinique and Cayenne is confessed, but their restoration, with great improvements, at a general peace is prognosticated.

Such is the description of the country, which was, a few years ago, declared by the Pittites of England to be blotted out of the map of Europe. Such is the effect of talents and genius in the restoration of a state from the depth of ruin, and in the raising of it in so short a time to a pitch of prosperity, which, in the best days of its ancient monarchs, it never expected to attain. Far be it from us to lament that so many millions of our fellow-creatures are freed from the terrors of anarchy—are rescued from religious thralldom and popish tyranny—are under the government of fixed laws, and an improved mode of legislation—that, whatever may be the character of their great emperor in other respects, no exertions are wanting on his part to promote the welfare and prosperity of his empire.

An address of thanks was unanimously voted to the Emperor, and they were delivered, in an apposite speech, by a deputation of the legis-



lative body, to which he replied in a dignified manner, expressing his wishes for a longer life, to enrich and embellish France with all the prosperity which he had conceived it capable of attaining.

The Message of the President of the United States had not equal scope for amplification; and it began with the expression of deep regret, that the British government had refused to ratify the engagements of its plenipotentiary, and the steps which were taken in consequence in the various ports. The arrival of another minister from England brought hopes of a speedy arrangement: but they were frustrated by his conduct, which made it necessary to refuse all communication with him. This necessity will be made known to England, when the ill-conduct of its minister will be properly estimated. An opening is left for communications by any other person; and it is hoped, that with the person the unfriendly policy towards the United States will be changed.—With France, the other Belligerent power, the relations are not so favourable as could be wished; and by others material injuries on the commerce of the States have not been duly controlled nor repressed: but it is observed, that several Americans may have, by their conduct, occasioned suspicions, by which the honest commerce of their fellow-citizens has suffered. The powers of Barbary continue friendly to the American flag; and the Indians on the borders are peaceable, and making rapid strides to civilization. The fortifications on the coast are in many places completed, and the orders for the equipment of ships have been fully executed. A due organization of the militia is recommended: fears are held out that the state of the times may require a loan; but on the due conduct to be observed reference is made to the wisdom and courage of the congress.

In the midst of difficulties, the situation at home affords abundant reasons for thankfulness to Providence. The face of the country presents everywhere the evidence of laudable enterprise, extensive capital, and durable improvement. The injuries offered by the Belligerent powers to commerce have stimulated home exer-

tions, and rendered the country less dependent on foreign supplies. The President, with great propriety, terminates his address with a call to his countrymen to cherish a devout gratitude to the Supreme Being, and to implore, from the same omnipotent source, a blessing on the consultations and measures about to be undertaken for the welfare of the country.

According to the constitution of the States, the papers relative to the subjects in the Message were laid before Congress; and one of its earliest acts was to make a law to correct the insolence of ambassadors, and to send the British minister out of the country. From what has reached this country, suspicions unfavourable to his conduct have been excited; but we would wait till his justification has been laid before Parliament, before we decide upon it; and notwithstanding his impolicy and rudeness, we will hope that there is still room left for a friendly arrangement between the two countries.

The King's infirmities did not permit him to appear in the Parliament; but the session was opened, with the usual formalities, by commissioners, who read his speech and delivered a copy to the Speaker of the House of Commons. It contained the regret of the King for the defeat of the Austrians, though it is asserted that they undertook the war without any encouragement on his part, and received every possible assistance from this country. The attack on the Scheldt was intended for the latter purpose; and though the principal ends of the expedition have not been obtained, yet the security of this country will be materially improved by the *demolition of the docks and works at Flushing*.—Papers, relative to the expedition, are to be laid before parliament. The fate of Sweden excites again lamentations, with hopes, however, that the relations of friendship between the two states will be continued.—Portugal is said to have received great protection from the united efforts of the King and the Prince Regent, and the French to have been checked in their career by the *glorious victory at Talavera*. The call of the Cortez inspires hopes of fresh vigour in the Spaniards in defence of their country,

and promises of support are held out to them. Regrets are expressed for the intercourse being interrupted between this country and the United States; but hopes are entertained of its being renewed. Reliance is placed on the zeal and loyalty of the country for fresh supplies; though regrets are expressed for the necessity of such a pressure upon the subjects. The state of the inferior clergy is recommended to the attention of parliament; that of our trade and revenue is highly commended: the utmost vigilance, perseverance, and fortitude against the common enemy are called for; and implicit confidence is placed on the protection of providence, the wisdom of parliament, the bravery of our forces, and the spirit and determination of the people.

The stile and character of these three Exposées partake, in a great degree, of the character of their respective nations; and, on this account, an Englishman ought not to feel all the gloom and despondency which the prosperity of France, painted in such glowing colours, might excite. We are to recollect that, if France is busily engaged in public works, and brings them forward to general notice, it does not follow that England is idle. It is true, that our national expenditure is enormously great, and that scarcely any part of the public money is bestowed with us as in France: but the exertions of individuals in this country far exceed the most pompous descriptions of our neighbours. If the French Emperor is engaged in beautifying and improving his metropolis, what are his acts compared with the East-India and West-India and the London Docks; the various works for conveying water to every part of the town; the buildings of the Bank and the India-House; the projected plans of new bridges; and, if we cast our eye over our country, roads and canals meet us in every direction; vast manufactures; great undertakings above and under ground, shew that, in spite of the inordinate taxation of this country, and the wasteful expenditure of the public money, the spirit of the people breaks through every obstacle, and is employed in beautifying, adorn-

ing, and improving the country. The Englishman has no reason to envy his neighbour, except on one account, that the finances of France seem to be under much better management than those of England.

France is accustomed to delight in exciting astonishment. Its *Exposée* will be read all over Europe, and the vanity of the Frenchman will be gratified: it will excite, however, emulation in other sovereigns to do something worthy of their office. Scarcely had they read it, when a new project became the subject of general conversation. The imperial house of Napoleon was collected together, imperial and regal majesties, princes and princesses. A matter of great concern to the imperial house was to be agitated. The emperor opened the subject to this stately meeting, presenting to it the necessity of his providing for the wants of his people, by leaving an heir to that throne on which providence had placed him. To do this, his present marriage must be dissolved; and that, which had been for fifteen years a source of happiness to him, he must sacrifice to the welfare of France. Still his present consort should hold the rank of empress, and be treated by him as his best and dearest friend. The lady returned her thanks to him for his bounty in exalting her to a throne, expressed her consent to a measure necessary for the country, and declared that she should always look to him, as her great benefactor and best friend, and exult in the sacrifice thus made of their mutual affections. A note was taken of the whole transaction by a proper officer, and laid before the senate, which decreed that the marriage should be dissolved, the title of empress queen be retained, and an annual income of two millions of francs accompany it. To this Bonaparte has added very munificent presents; and the world is now looking with anxious expectation to his future choice, and the good city of Paris thinking of the splendor of another coronation. The dissolution of a royal marriage is no novelty: our history affords the most ludicrous instances of the acts of power in this respect; and Bonaparte may live to find a



many causes for dissolution of the marriage contract, as did our Henry the Eighth.

The looking out for a new empress does not prevent the march of armies, nor the establishment of new jurisdictions. Immense reinforcements are sent into Spain, and it is probable that they will soon be headed by the Emperor; but Holland is not as yet annexed to France. Its king remains at Paris; and, if his kingdom should be taken from him, another will easily be found to compensate the loss. Perhaps Portugal is the destined exchange; in which case the fate of Holland may not be determined till the spring; but the consequence of this annexation will give great maritime strength to the French, who are every where building ships, expecting to man them with Dutch sailors.—Spain will increase the maritime strength of France, for the conquest of that country seems to be now inevitable. Another great battle has shewn the impossibility of the Spaniards standing against the French; and the moment Bonaparte heads his troops, we may expect that every thing will fall before him. Nothing can exceed the folly of the Junta.—Confusion reigns in it. No great mind is likely to start up, and the calling of the cortes is too late for any beneficial purpose. As to Portugal, we shall have a full account of that country, when Lord Wellington brings us back his ill-conducted army, and gives a full relation of all his negligences and ignorances.

Yet the possession of Spain is not ascertained. In another quarter the fate of a declining empire has been unexpectedly suspended. The Turks have, in a great battle, beat the Russians, and compelled them to retire to the northern banks of the Danube.—The *Exposée*, also, of Bonaparte seems to intimate, that Constantinople may remain for some little time longer in the hands of its present possessors, and of course it will not be difficult to patch up a peace between the two contending parties. Russia, in this case, will be making preparations only for a future campaign. Sweden and Denmark are at peace, and the late king of the former country has been

sent out of it, to take up his residence, it is supposed, with an ample allowance some where in Switzerland. His brother in misfortune, who has found an asylum in England, has written to him, on the melancholy occasion, with those condolences which naturally flow from the mind of a person who has been educated in those notions of royalty, which are often inculcated, but too often contradicted by the real history of life. A throne is the appendage of an office—an office of high utility; but the duties attached to it are not always to be performed with equal ease; and, if the possessor, in difficult times, is not equal to the task, he must resign his post to a more vigorous competitor.

Opposite quarters of the world claim our attention, and from both voluminous papers have arrived. To America, a minister was sent to reconcile, it was hoped, the existing differences between this country and the United States. We had scarcely heard of his arrival, when the news of his dismissal from the country was rumoured abroad. And soon after it was confirmed, that this gentleman had had a few conversations with the American ministry, ~~where~~ as it is said, he behaved in so rude and insulting a manner, that it was impossible to conduct a negotiation with him.—When two parties are at variance, either from a real or an imaginary cause, and consent to meet, nothing can be so absurd as to introduce past grievances, or to dwell upon affronts, and discuss their nature. Our ambassador accused the American ministers of duplicity: they naturally were affronted; the ambassador carried himself very high, and they refused to have any intercourse with him. Who is in the wrong, upon the whole business, time will discover: and it would not be difficult to unravel, if all the papers from the time the American treaty arrived here, were before us: but we must have a clear history of Mr. Erskine's negotiation, and of the movements in our cabinet for the first week after the arrival of the treaty, before the whole is completely explained. It is inexplicable almost, without the clue to be derived from

these data, to conceive that a man should have behaved in the manner attributed to our last ambassador. Yet, as a declaration of war has not followed, we may still expect to see an adjustment, though the French have taken advantage of the confusion in our politics, and may hold out such terms as will give them a great preference in the future intercourse between the two countries. It is the interest, however, of America to keep at peace: the insults offered to a few traders on the seas cannot be compared with the losses to a rising country, by withdrawing from honourable industry so many hands for the base and idle purposes of war, and with the real insults to humanity by the destruction of so many of our fellow-creatures.

India has presented a new feature; one very common indeed in the history of all nations, whose military are numerous, and bear an improper proportion to the civil inhabitants. We have been prepared for such an event by the massacre at Vellore. When these absurd orders were issued which attacked, to no purpose, the religious prejudices of the native troops, it was to be expected that a very great regard would not be paid to prudence in other military arrangements. A dispute, it was well known, subsisted between the military and the civil powers of Madras, and nothing could be more extravagant than the pretensions of the former, that the commander-in-chief should have a seat in the council. At the root of the evil, however, laid some arrangements, by which various benefits attached to the officers were taken from them, and it seemed to be expected, that the provinces should be kept in order by the military, but the sweets should be carried in the civil stores. Dissatisfaction arose, and at last it broke out into open insurrection. Several regiments combined together, and took military positions, and the military of other provinces were called in, and the governor-general himself was obliged to move towards the scene of action. A voluminous paper was issued by him, containing truths, not to be contravened, on the nature of military discipline: and, as the insurgents do not appear to have possessed

a man of great talents, who, having raised the standard of revolt, on drawing his sword throws away the scabbard, it was natural that they should disagree among themselves, and fall an easy prey to those in whom the supreme power was acknowledged to be vested. Terms, however, were not offered by them till a slight action had taken place; and, for the first time in India, British troops were seen in hostile array against each other. Every thing is now said to be in a fair way for arrangement: but how the breach in military discipline is to be restored, we have not yet learned. The government of India is of a very particular nature: its dependence on the military is great: the check to insubordination must, from the distance from the native country, be slight. We have seen a Mameluke government in Egypt: a similar government may, in no great length of time, be the fate of India.

In our domestic politics, the chief things have been in London and Berkshire. In the city, the refusal to receive the petition of the Common Hall, has given rise, as was to be expected, to animated speeches and strong resolutions. Mr. Waithman displayed his usual firmness, and the Common Hall was unanimous in resenting the affront, and in censuring the conduct of the ministers. It was resolved, that the sheriffs should present the resolutions of the Hall to the King, and this will of course produce new agitations. In the Common Council, the popular party has received great accession of strength by the elections for the wards; and we may therefore expect that the Common Council and Common Hall will make common cause in the questions so important to their country.

In Berkshire, a meeting of the county has been held, and a very spirited petition agreed upon to the King, on subjects similar to those advanced by the Common Hall. Lord Falkstone was the chief speaker upon this occasion, and acted with great firmness and spirit. It is to be lamented that so few meetings have been held. What every body feels ought to be expressed in manly, firm, but respectful language to the sovereign; and some means should be de-



vised to prevent petitions from being mere waste paper in a secretary's office.

A vacancy for Essex has given rise to a contest for the county, in which one candidate rests his claims upon his intention to do his duty to his country, and therefore declines to use the common modes of ruining himself to get the votes of his constituents. The issue of such a contest is easily to be foreseen.

A check has been given to a vicious practice in the army, which was not censured when Sir Arthur Wellesley was the object, and several officers combined together to pay him a very flattering compliment. We do not say that they expected a return from him, as being a person so intimately connected with administration; but we may observe, that the honest serjeants addressing their compliments to their adjutants, do not labour under any such suspicions. In consequence, however, of some serjeants at Quebec acting in this manner, a censure upon their conduct was passed by the commander there; and it has been notified and entered into regimental orders by the commander-in-chief in this country. The practice was evidently of dangerous tendency: it might flatter the vanity of such a man as Lord Wellington, and ruin the discipline of the army: for if a set of officers meet together to praise the deserving, they may also cabal together against him who is acting for the good of the service, but whose measures are displeasing; or if accusations should be going forward against a commander-in-chief, a club of general officers might impertinently step forward to quash inquiry, and to recommend themselves by dishonourable actions to his favour. The present commander-in-chief has reprobated the practice in proper terms, and shewn its impropriety in a manner that will be satisfactory to every true soldier.

The debates in Parliament presented what was expected, the usual sparrings between the ministers and the ex-ministers.—In the House of Lords, an address was moved on the first day, being, as usual, an echo to the speech. This was met, by an amendment, expressive of the neces-

sity of a rigorous inquiry into the late disasters. The Lords Grenville and Grey made the most conspicuous figure, and were not sparing in invective. On a division, there appeared for the amendment 92; against it 144.

In the Commons, a similar amendment was moved, with an addition, that they felt themselves bound, with a view to the only atonement that could be made to an injured people, to institute, without delay, this inquiry. The amendment was introduced by Earl Gower, and supported with great energy and asperity by Mr. Ward, who took a masterly view of the Spanish and Dutch campaigns. Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Canning opposed it. The former courted inquiry, as far as he was concerned in public measures. The latter confessed that the possession of Walcheren was not an object adequate to the expence of the expedition. On the subject of his duel and intrigues in the cabinet, he expressed his hopes that the House would have too much delicacy and regard for the feelings of its members, to enter into any discussion; and, for his own part, he was determined that neither he nor should ever induce him to say one word upon the subject.—Mr. Whitbread was of a very different opinion; for he conceived that it was not a matter of delicate feeling the suffering of a person to remain in office who was thought unqualified; and questions, he hoped, would be put to bring to light the whole of this transaction. In examining the late measures, he noted, with peculiar severity and proper sarcasm, the embassy of Lord Wellesley to Spain, not forgetting his flirtation with the whore of Babylon at Cadiz, and then coming home to take a part with the No 100 Squadron.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer, in reading the address, assured the House that he was no party to the squabbles between his colleagues, and that it was his wish to retain them in office; that he was not to blame for being in his present situation, as it was in a measure forced upon him; and on the refusal to act of the noble lords to whom application had been made, he felt it his duty not to suffer his sovereign to be dictated to; nor to leave his majesty

without a minister. The House sat till five o'clock in the morning, when there appeared for the amendment, 167; and against it, 203.

On bringing up the report, Sir F. Burdett gave his sentiments in a most masterly manner, lamenting that he had not heard any thing that tended to give hopes to the country in the present calamities. He went to the source of the evil—the tenure of the seats which were held by persons in that assembly; and, as long as this continued, so long would be the conflict on the possession of places, whilst each party would attribute to its adversary their deficiencies; and the country would in vain look for efficacious measures. He urged therefore the necessity of a parliamentary reform, without which the same mode

of squabbling would for ever continue; and parliament, instead of being a check upon improvident means of supply, or a wasteful expenditure, would be employed in adjusting balance between contending factions. The address was ordered, however, to be carried to the King, and no disposition appeared to encourage the worthy Baronet in his notions of reform.

The chief thing remarkable in the debates was the palpable inferiority in talent of the ministerial party, which seemed to be an omen of future ill success. The two duellists spoke indeed, but they gave very feeble support in comparison of what they would have done if they had not been oppressed by the feelings inseparable from their unfortunate situation.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Penelope and William" possess no claims to notice: consequently the author will not expect their insertion. The attention which we have shewn to his other communications will soften this rejection.

"Stephanus" cannot surely be serious when he propose, that every person attending Divine Worship, "should be habited in a sort of livery, composed of the commonest materials."—wherefore? Reader learn: that their piety may be thus known; that is, as we know his footman by his cuffs and cape! This is not the precept of Horace—*Desipere in loco*.

We are sorry we cannot oblige "R. A." by inserting his communication. It is an invariable rule with us never to admit anonymous criticisms; nor does Mr. Aspland's Oration upon laying the foundation-stone of the New Gravel-Pit Meeting-House at Hackney, seem to us to deserve any notice. It may have pleased his hearers; but it will hardly please our readers. "R. A." should not have felt offence at our reply to his former communication. Had his criticism been all that perfection can demand, it would have been equally rejected under those circumstances. We meant no personal disrespect to "R. A."

"S. C." on a *Duel between two Corn-Factors* is too mealy.

"The Ode by Burns," sent to us as unpublished, is to be found in any edition of his Poems. Of this we are sure our correspondent was not aware.

"Reuben Veritas" shall appear next month.

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## HISTORICAL CHRONICLE.

### DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

#### London.

The Session of Parliament was opened on Tuesday, the 23d, by Commission. After the usual forms, and the Commons being in attendance, the Lord Chancellor read the following Speech—

*My Lords and Gentlemen,*

His Majesty commands us to express to you, his deep regret, that the exertions of the Emperor of Austria against the ambition and violence of France, have proved unavailing; and that his Imperial Majesty has been compelled to abandon the contest, and to conclude a disadvantageous peace. Although the war was undertaken by that Monarch without engagement on the part of

his Majesty, every effort was made for the assistance of Austria which his Majesty deemed consistent with the due support of his allies, and with the welfare and interest of his own dominions.

"An attack upon the naval armaments and establishments in the Scheldt, afforded at once the prospect of destroying a growing force, which was daily becoming more formidable to the security of this country, and of diverting the exertions of France from the important objects of reinforcing her armies on the Danube, and of controuling the spirit of resistance in the North of Germany. These considerations determined his Majesty to employ his forces in an Expedition to the Scheldt.

"Although the principal ends of

this Expedition have not been attained, his Majesty confidently hopes that advantages, materially affecting the security of his Majesty's Dominions in the further prosecution of the war, will be found to result from the demolition of the Docks and Arsenals at Flushing. This important object his Majesty was enabled to accomplish, in consequence of the reduction of the Island of Walcheren, by the valour of his fleets and armies.

" His Majesty has given directions that such Documents and Papers should be laid before you as he trusts will afford satisfactory information upon the subject of this Expedition.

" We have it in command to state to you, that his Majesty had uniformly notified to Sweden his Majesty's decided wish, that in determining upon the question of peace or war with France, and other Continental Powers, she should be guided by considerations resulting from her own situation and interests: while his Majesty therefore laments that Sweden should have found it necessary to purchase peace by considerable sacrifices, his Majesty cannot complain that she has concluded it without his Majesty's participation. It is his Majesty's earnest wish that no event may occur to occasion the interruption of those relations of amity which it is the desire of his Majesty and the interest of both countries to preserve.

" We have it further in command to communicate to you, that the efforts of his Majesty for the protection of Portugal have been powerfully aided by the confidence which the Prince Regent has reposed in his Majesty, and by the co-operation of the Local Government, and of the people of that country. The expulsion of the French from Portugal, by his Majesty's forces under Lieut. Gen. Lord Viscount Wellington, and the glorious victory obtained by him at Talavera, contributed to check the progress of the French arms in the Peninsula during the late campaign.

His Majesty directs us to state that the Spanish government, in the name and by the authority of King Ferdinand the Seventh, has determined to assemble the general and extraordinary Cortes of the nation: his Ma-

esty trusts that this measure will give fresh animation and vigour to the councils and the arms of Spain, and successfully direct the energies and spirit of the Spanish people to the maintainance of their legitimate Monarchy, and to the ultimate deliverance of their country.

" The most important considerations of policy and of good faith require that as long as this great cause can be maintained with a prospect of success, it should be supported, according to the nature and circumstances of the contest, by the strenuous and continued assistance of the power and resources of his Majesty's dominions; and his Majesty relies on the aid of his Parliament in his anxious endeavours to frustrate the attempts of France against the happiness and freedom of those loyal and resolute nations.

" His Majesty commands us to acquaint you, that the intercourse between his Majesty's Minister in America and the Government of the United States has been suddenly and unexpectedly interrupted. His Majesty sincerely regrets this event: he has however received the strongest assurances from the American Minister resident at this Court, that the United States are desirous of maintaining friendly relations between the two countries. This desire will be met by a corresponding disposition on the part of his Majesty.

" *Gentlemen of the House of Commons,*

" His Majesty has directed us to inform you that he has ordered the Estimates for the current year to be laid before you: his Majesty has directed them to be formed with all the attention to economy which the support of his Allies and the security of his dominions will permit. And his Majesty relies upon your zeal and loyalty to afford him such Supplies as may be necessary for those essential objects.

" He commands us to state how deeply he regrets the pressure upon his Subjects, which the protracted continuance of the war renders inevitable.

" *My Lords, and Gentlemen,*

" We are commanded by his Ma-



jealty to express his hopes that you will resume the consideration of the state of the inferior clergy, and adopt such further measures upon this interesting subject, as may appear to you to be proper.

"We have it further in command to state to you, that the Accounts which will be laid before you of the Trade and Revenue of the Country, will be found highly satisfactory.

"Whatever temporary and partial inconvenience may have resulted from the measures which were directed by France against those great sources of our prosperity and strength, those measures have wholly failed of producing any permanent or general effect.

"The inveterate hostility of our enemy continues to be directed against this country with unabated animosity and violence. To guard the security of his Majesty's dominions, and to defeat the designs which are meditated against us and our allies, will require the utmost efforts of vigilance, fortitude, and perseverance.

"In every difficulty, and in every his Majesty confidently trusts that we shall derive the most effectual support under the continued blessing of Divine Providence, from the wisdom of his parliament, the valour of his forces, and the spirit and determination of his people."

#### GAZETTE INTELLIGENCE.

Admiralty Office, Nov. 20, 1809.

The Hon. Lieutenant William Waldegrave, of the Ville de Paris, arrived here this morning with dispatches from Vice-Admiral Lord Collingwood, commander-in-chief of his Majesty's ships and vessels in the Mediterranean, addressed to the Honourable William Wellesley Pole, of which the following are copies.

Ville de Paris, off St. Sebastian, Oct. 20.

Sir,—By my letter of the 16th of September, their lordships would be informed of the intelligence I had received relative to the intended movements of the French squadron, and of my reasons for changing my station to St. Sebastian.

While on this station, on the night of the 22d inst. the Pomone joined, and Capt. Barrie (who, with indefatigable perseverance, had, with the Alceste, watched the port of Toulon) informed me, that the day before, several of the enemy's squadron had put to sea, that others were coming, and that there was every appearance of the whole fleet being on the move from the harbour. They had a numerous convoy with them, and, as this movement was made with the first of an easterly wind, there was little doubt of their being bound to the westward. I immediately made the necessary signals for the squadron to be prepared for their reception, and placed the three frigates and sloop (Pomone, Hydra, Volontaire, and Minstrel), to windward, to give notice of the enemy's approach.

On the following morning (the 23d), soon after eight o'clock, the Volontaire made the signal for the fleet to come down before the wind, no alteration was made in the squadron, except by advancing two fast-sailing ships, the Tigre and Bulwark. At ten, the Pomone made the signal that the enemy had hauled to the wind, and the convoy separating from the ships of war (which were now discovered to consist of three ships of the line only, two frigates, two smaller frigates, or store-ships, and a convoy of about twenty sail of vessels), I ordered Rear-Admiral Martin to chase them, and eight of the best sailing ships, which, standing on contrary tacks, might take advantage of the changes of the wind, which was then variable.

At two P.M. the Pomone, having got far to windward, was directed by signal to destroy such of the convoy as could be come up with, and in the evening she burnt two brigs, two bombards, and a schooner. The enemy before dark was out of sight, and the ships chasing were much advanced, the squadron with me stretched to the southward. The next morning neither the French nor our own chasing ships were in sight.

This morning, Rear-Admiral Mar-

tin joined with his division,\* having again fallen in with the enemy on the 24th, off the entrance of the Rhone, and on the 25th they chased them on shore; the Robuste, of 84 guns, bearing the flag of Rear-Admiral Baudin, and the Leon, of 74, off Fréteval, where, the day following, they were set fire to them. The Boreas, of 74 guns, and a frigate, ran on shore at the entrance of the port of Cette, where there is little probability of either of them being saved.

I cannot sufficiently express the high satisfaction I have felt at the intrepid perseverance of Rear Admiral Martin, and of the Captains of the ships who were with him in the pursuit. Nothing less ardent, or less skilful, would have produced a result so fortunate, where the coast near the Rhone is exceedingly shoaly and dangerous, so that some of the ships were in five and six fathoms water, the weather thick, and the south east wind blowing strong.

I enclose to you, Sir, Rear-Admiral Martin's letter; and beg to congratulate their Lordships on three great ships of the enemy being thus destroyed, without the smallest resistance on their part, or a shot being fired by the British ships, except a few by the Tigre at the Boreas, when she was pushing ashore at Cette; of their two frigates, the Pomone and Pauline, one hauled her wind some time in the night, and fetched into Marseilles Road.

The other part of the French squadron are found to remain in Toulon, by the ships which have since examined that port.

I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) COLLINGWOOD.

Canopus, at Sea, Oct. 27.

MY LORD, In obedience to the signal for the Canopus to chase E.N.E. I steered that way, the whole of the night of the 23d, and the following day, in company with the Renown, Tigre, Sultan, Leviathan, and Cumberland; in the evening four sail were seen, to which we immediately gave chase, and pursued them till after dark; when, from shoal water, and

the wind being direct on the shore, near the entrance of the Rhone, it became necessary to keep the wind during the night. The following morning, the 25th, the same ships were again seen, and chased between Cette, and Frontignan, where they ran on shore. Two of them (an eighty gun ship, bearing a Rear-Admiral's flag, and a seventy four) at the latter place, and one ship of the line and a frigate at the former. From the shoal water and intricacy of the navigation, it was impossible to get close enough to the enemy's two line of battle ships near Frontignan, to attack them when on shore: for in attempting to do so, one of his Majesty's ships was under five fathoms water, and another in less than six. On the 26th, I sent the boats to sound, meaning, if possible, to buoy the Channel (if any had been found) by which the enemy's ships could be attacked; but at night we had the satisfaction to see them set on fire.

From the circumstances under which the ship and frigate ran on shore at the entrance of the port of Cette, I have little doubt the former will be lost; and the frigate must certainly have received considerable damage; but they cannot be got at on account of the batteries.

Your Lordship must be well aware that nothing but the great press of sail carried by his Majesty's ships, and the good look-out kept, could have enabled them to close with those of the enemy, from the distance they were at the time they commenced the chase.

I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) J. MARTIN.

Vice-Admiral Lord Collingwood,  
Commander-in-Chief, &c.

Ville de Paris, off Rosas, Nov. 1.

SIR,—When the enemy's convoy was chased on the 23d ultimo, their transports separated from the ships of war, and, under the protection of an armed store-ship, two bombards and a xebec, made for the bay of Strada. When the ships of war were disposed of, as related in my letter of yesterday, the convoy became the object of my attention; and on the 29th the Apollo was sent off Rosas to examine what vessels were there, and how far they were in a situation assailable.

\* Canopus, Renown, Tigre, Sultan, Leviathan, and Cumberland.



The next day, I appointed the ships,\* for this service, under the orders of Captain Hallowell, to bring them out if the wind was favourable, or otherwise to destroy them. The state of the wind and sea would not permit this operation until last night, when, after dark, the ships bore up for the bay, and anchored about five miles from the castle of Rosas; under the protection of which castle, of Trinity Fort,\* and of several other newly-erected batteries, the convoy, consisting of eleven vessels, five of them armed, were moored.

The boats being arranged in separate divisions, the whole were put under the orders of Lieutenant Tailour, first lieutenant of the Tigre, and proceeded to the attack of the enemy, who, although he could have had no previous intimation of such an enterprise against him,\* was found vigilant, and completely on his guard. The ship, which was a smaller sort of frigate, was enclosed in boarding nettings, and a gun-boat advanced ahead of her for the look-out; on being hailed, and the alarm gun fired, our boats stretched out, the crews at the highest pitch of animation, filling the air with their cheers; each division took the part previously allotted to it, the armed ship was boarded at all points, and carried in a few minutes, notwithstanding a spirited and sturdy resistance which the enemy made; all their armed vessels were well defended, but the British seamen and marines, determined to subdue them, were not to be repelled, even by a force found to be double that which was expected; and, besides the opposition made by the vessels, the guns from the castle, the forts in the bay, the gun-boats and musketry from the beach, kept a constant fire on them. On the opening of day, every ship or vessel was either burnt, or brought off, aided by the light winds which then came from the land; and the whole of the convoy that came from Toulon, for the supply of the army in Spain, has been

destroyed, with the exception of the frigate, which escaped to Marseilles, and one store-ship, not since heard of.

I cannot conclude this narrative without an expression of the sentiment which the execution of this bold enterprise has inspired me with, and the respect and admiration I feel for those who performed it.

In the first place, success greatly depended upon the previous arrangement which was made by Captain Hallowell, with a judgment and foresight that distinguishes that officer in every service he is employed on; the division of the boats, the preparation of fire materials, and providing them with every implement that contingency could require, established confidence throughout the whole; and in this he was ably assisted by the experience and zeal of Captains Wodehouse, Bullen, Taylor, and Hope. The brigs were under sail, as near the vessels attacked as the light winds would allow, and Captain Hallowell speaks in high terms of praise of the conduct of their commanders, Crawley, Raitt, and Wilson. The first Lieutenant Tailour led to the assault in a most gallant manner, and was followed by the other officers, as if each was ambitious of his place, and desired to be first; the whole party bravely maintained the character which British seamen have established for themselves.

I am sorry I have to add, that the loss has been considerable, of which I enclose a list.—Lieutenant Tait, of the Volontaire, an excellent and brave young officer, and Mr. Caldwell, master's mate of the Tigre, & youth of great promise, were the only officers slain.

Many of the officers were distinguished in this service. I could not resist the earnest request of Lieutenants Lord Viscount Balgonie, the Honorable J. A. Maude, and Honorable W. Waldegrave of the Ville de Paris, to have the command of boats, in which they displayed that spirit which is inherent in them.

I transmit also Captain Hallowell's letter relating his proceedings, with lists of the officers who commanded boats, and had appointments in this

\* Tigre, Cumberland, Volontaire, Apollo, Topaze, Philomel, Scout, and Tuscan.

service, and of the vessels burnt and captured.

I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) COLLINGWOOD.

P.S. I have charged Lieutenant Waldegrave of the *Ville de Paris*, with the delivery of my dispatches; an officer of great merit, and who commanded one of the boats employed on this service.

*H. M. S. Tigre, off Cape  
St. Sebastian, Nov. 1, 1809.*

MY LORD,—In obedience to your Lordship's order of the 30th ultimo, I proceeded to the Bay of Rosas with the ships and sloops, (see note, p. 82) where, finding it impracticable to attack the enemy's convoy while under weigh, (the wind being S.E. and a heavy swell) I anchored the ships of the squadron yesterday evening after dark, about five miles off the town of Rosas, and detached all the boats, under the command of Lieut. Tailour, first of the *Tigre*, to destroy them: the spirited manner in which he led them on to the attack, commanded the admiration of every one present; and the gallant manner in which he was supported reflects the highest honour on every person employed on this service.

I have the honour to inclose a list of vessels captured and destroyed on this occasion; and when your Lordship is informed that the enemy was aware of our intention to attack him, and had taken the precaution of fixing boarding nettings, and placing a launch with a gun in it in advance, to give him a notice of our approach, and that the vessels were also defended by the very strong batteries on shore, I trust your Lordship will consider it

equal in gallantry and judgment to any exploit that has occurred under your Lordship's command.

Our loss has been severe; and, among the list of killed, I have to lament the loss of Lieut. Tait of the *Volontaire*, of whom Captain Bullen speaks in high terms, as an officer who has distinguished himself upon many occasions; and Mr. Caldwell, master's mate of the *Tigre*: the latter has left a widowed mother in distressed circumstances, who looked to him for comfort and support. Among the wounded are, Lieut. Tailour of the *Tigre*, and Lieut. Forster of the *Apollo*, severely.

The brigs were directed to keep under weigh, and were in an admirable situation at day-light to have given assistance, had it been necessary.

I have only to state, that the conduct of the seamen and marines was such as to exceed any encomium from my pen, and entitles them to my warmest thanks and approbation.

I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) B. HALLOWELL.

#### DEATH IN AND NEAR LONDON.

At Four Tree Hill, near Enfield, aged 74, Sir James Branscomb, Knt. of Holborn, lottery office keeper for upwards of forty years, and common-councilman for the ward of Farringdon Without upwards of thirty. He was a cheerful companion with his equals, unassuming with his superiors, and benevolent and friendly to his inferiors. He was knighted whilst he was sheriff: and in the early part of his life, Sir James was a servant to the late Earl of Gainsborough, at Exton, in Rutland.

## PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES.

CAMBRIDGEHIRE.

**DIED.]** At Cambridge, the Rev. George Borlase, B.D. casuistical professor and registrar of Cambridge University and also rector of Newton, Suffolk. He was many years fellow and tutor of St. Peter's College; A. B. 1764; A. M. 1767; and B. D. 1780. He was the youngest son of the late Dr. Borlase, of Castle Horneck, Cornwall, Lord Warden of the Stannaries, &c. He lived beloved, and died la-

mented by a more numerous and respected circle of acquaintance, than perhaps ever fell to the lot of one man to obtain. Amongst the latter, we may rank the present Lord Chief Justice Mansfield, as his nearest and dearest friend. His conduct, for independence and integrity, were proverbial, during the many political struggles which have of late years occurred in the University. Strongly attached to the principles and poli-



tics of the party which Mr. Fox was supposed to lead in the state, he withstood all the offers which were made to him of preferment and emolument, and his conduct as registrar gained him universal applause.—Mr. Borlase has died without issue, though twice married.

DEVONSHIRE.

Strong fortifications, connected with the old lines at the gun wharf, Plymouth Dock, are erecting for a considerable distance. An elegant mansion, with suitable offices, is also building for the residence of the Port Admiral; and a large depot is forming on a neck of land called Devil's Point, for the sole purpose of storing bombs, shells, rockets, &c.

KENT.

*Married.*] At Canterbury, Mr. Thomas Partridge, to Miss S. Coulson. The singularity of their appearance excited much attention, the man being about six feet four inches, and the lady about four feet. From their youthful looks, and sprightliness of manners, it was strongly conjectured, that it was a run-away match, particularly as their united ages, could not, on a moderate calculation, be more than one hundred and fifty years.

LANCASHIRE.

The hatting manufactures of Manchester, Stockport, &c. have been tolerably brisk within the last month, owing to the receipt of considerable orders from North America. The plated hats, which are manufactured in the above-mentioned towns, and their vicinities, are reckoned a good article in the American markets. A further time for continuing the restriction upon distilling spirits from grain, and allowing it from sugar, has been agreed on by ministers, till six weeks after the meeting of Parliament. A proclamation to this effect has been published.

LEICESTERSHIRE.

The new cut on the Union Canal from Leicester to Harborough (through Ponton) has been opened, when upwards of 10,000 persons were present; and a sumptuous entertainment was given at the Angel Inn in Harborough, to about one hundred and eighty gentlemen interested in the concern. Thus have the Union Canal company

after a period of 15 years from its commencement, finished a work of great public utility. Very few canals in the same distance, have had to encounter such difficulties in the course of the undertaking. Nearly 200 feet of lockage, a tunnel, more than half a mile in length, two considerable aqueducts, other large embankments, a large reservoir, and several hundred yards of very deep cutting, have been completed.

NORFOLK.

The lamentable situation of the manufacturing poor of Norwich, it gives us some pleasure to be now able to state, is somewhat bettered, by the resolution lately entered into by the silk and worsted manufacturers of that city. It has been agreed to increase the wages of the weavers; and it is supposed that the amount to be paid by this advance, will be about 5000l. per annum. Before, an industrious man, with a wife and three or four children, though willing to work fourteen hours in a day, could not maintain his family. We wish it were in our power to add, that the operation of this generous act, on the part of the manufacturers, is felt by the several families engaged in the fabric of Norwich goods, prior to the existence of the present stagnation of trade; but alas! it extends only to a comparatively small number of weavers, &c. the majority of the workmen being out of employ.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

*Died.*] At Kettering, Mr. John Hennell, formerly a draper in that town but lately retired from business. For some years past, his faculties have been declining very evidently to those who were nearest to him. For the last two or three years the decline in his mental powers has been uncommonly rapid; but yet he was free from what is generally termed derangement. The tablet of his memory seemed too full to admit of a single impression more. He no longer could read, because he could not remember the beginning of a sentence to its close. He no longer could converse, because he could not recollect the name of any place or person. This circumstance threw a gloom over his mind, and yet almost to the last he enjoyed bearing rational and cheerful

conversation, although he could not take a share in it, nor add to its life by those sallies of innocent pleasantry with which he used to delight his friends. Mr. H. was not a man formed for the bustle in general necessary to obtain extensive popularity, and yet his virtues as a man and a christian, so evidently shone through his character, and influenced every action in a manner so perfectly free from all appearance of superior sanctity, that every one who knew him saw his excellencies, felt his worth, and sincerely deplored his loss.

YORKSHIRE.

An excellent library has been esta-

lished at Aberford, patronised by all the distinguished families in the environs of that beautiful village, and is supported by upwards of forty subscribers. The general management of the business is conducted by a committee of three persons, ballotted for annually.

[Died.] At Bridlington, in the prime of youth, George Darley, Esq. He was sitting at supper with some friends, when he observed to them that they ate nothing, but that he would shew them how to eat. He accordingly took a large mouthful of food, which stuck in his throat, and suffocated him almost instantaneously.

## ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES.

DEC. 21, to JAN. 23, 1810, inclusive.

*Extracted from the London Gazette.]-----The Solicitors' Names are between Parentheses.*

**A** S I N G E. and J. Cooper, Spa-road, Bermondsey, merchants, (Harman, Wine-office-court) Alner G. P. Basinghall-street, factor, (Pearson and Son, Middle Temple) Archison W. Newgate-street, boot-maker, (Allen, Carlisle-street) Ashby R. Uxbridge, innkeeper, (Riches, Uxbridge).

Bennett C. Crombie row, Commercial-road, drysalter, (Dixon and Co. Paternoster-row) Barlow J. Newport, mercer, (Clarke and Co. Newport) Bland J. Moulton, blacksmith, (Wordsworth and Co. Staple-inn) Bowser W. Chatham, iron-manufacturer, (Mowbray, Bankside) Brown W. Keeper Mill, St. Giles, miller, (Jopson, Castle-street) Biss W. Bristol, coal-merchant, (James, Gray's-inn-square) Bigg T. Bishopsgate Without straw hat manufacturer, (Hudson, Winkwork-buildings) Bell J. B. and De Camp J. Catherine-street, printers, (Swain and Co. Old Jewry) Benson J. W. Holbeach, surgeon, (Wing and Co. Gray's-inn) Barns J. Truro, Cornwall, draper, (Wild, Jun. Castle-street) Baily J. Kingston-upon-Hull, merchant, (Edmonds and Son, Exchange Office of Piece) Barker J. Sunderland, (Meggison and Son, Hatton-garden).

Chance E. Bury, street, grocer, (Pritchard, Essex-street, Strand) Wischoley R. H. Frog-lane, Islington, ant-manufacturer, (Boone, St. Martin) Chandler T. Beth-nall-green, grease-melter, (Gilman, Bunhill-row) Curtis W. Bayswater, dealer and chapman, (Bowers, Clifford's-inn) Capreol T. Bishop-Stortford, money-scriver, (James, Doggate-hill) Cotton H. S. Cuckfield, schoolmaster, (Bulkley, New man-street).

Darley A. Holborn, victualler, (Whitton, Great James-street) Dyer R. Dudley, grocer, (Austice and Co. Inner Temple) Davis H. Walworth, cap-maker, (Isaacs, Berry-street) Dawson S. Fiddleford, jobber in bullocks, (Score, Sherborne) Dieder P. and Tebbert W. St James's-street, booksellers, (Wilkinson and Co. Caven-dish-square) Dawson T. Brydges-street, stationer, (Richardson and Co. Bury-street) Dibsdaie J. Bedford-street, boot and shoe-maker, (Kernot, Thavies-inn).

Fischer M. Leeds, merchant, (Lambert and Sons, Hatton-garden) Fuller W. Brandon, Suffolk, money-scriver, (Bennbridge, Common Pleas Office, Inner Temple).

Gilkes T. Manchester, coach-maker, (Foulkes and Co. Gray's-inn) Graves R. otherwise Dyson, G. Rosemary-lane, victualler, (Whitton, Great James-street).

Harrington T. Crown-street, trunk-maker, (Brookes, St. Alban's-street) Hitchcox J. Broughton, miller, (Aplin, Banbury) Heddon J. Bristol, merchant, (Price and Co. Lincoln's-inn) Hanbury C. Seething-lane, cornfactor, (Vanderton and Co. Bush-lane) Hamber J. New Road, Ratcliffe highway, victualler, (Whitton, Great James-street) Hewson T. Great St. Helen's, Bishopsgate-street, merchant, (Bullen, Fore-street).

Jones W. Y. Liverpool, stout-dresser, (Blackstock, London) Joynton J. Sturport, hop-merchant, (Clarke and Co. Bewdley) Jowsey J. Northallerton, grocer, (Plenney, Chancery-lane) Johnson J. Liverpool, tallow-chandler, (Whitby, John-street).



Kenworthy J. Pendleton, joiner, (Hurd, Temple). Kimpton R. Marfleet, horse-dealer, (Farlow and Co. Gray's-inn).

Lee A. W. Sunderland, grocer, (Blakison, Symond's-inn). Lindsay J. Newcastle-upon Tyne, cheesemonger, (Bell and Co. Bow-lane). Longridge R. and Pringle G. Painsher, colliery-undertakers, (Bell and Co. Bow-lane). Little R. and Cranston W. Hythe and of Ashford, linen-draper, (Nind, Throgmorton-street).

Marsh R. Rayleigh, Essex, linen draper, (Bigg, Hatton-garden). Marriott R. Northampton, banker, (Gale and Son, Bedford-street). Mason J. Bradford, linen-draper, (Shephard and Co Bedford row). Mucklow J. Whitecross street, butcher, (Venner, Warren-street). Morris W. timber-merchant, (Egerton, Gray's inn-square).

Pimm J. R. and W. Mark-lane, confactors, (Hackett, Chancery-lane). Parker W. Gray's Inn, money-scrivener, (Pasmore, Warnford court). Prime J. and Smith J. Birmingham, lace dealers, (Davies, Lothbury). Porter W. Hammersmith, common-brewer, (Willis, Great Ryder-street). Parker T. and Judge J. Stoken Church, Oxford, timber-dealers, (Parton, Walbrook).

Roper R. Houndsditch, timber-merchant, (Leigh and Co New Bridge-street). Rowley J. Bow lane, warehouseman, (Britten, Fore-street). Railey T. and Hunt J. Kingston-upon-Hull, common-brewers, (Rosser and Son, Bartlett's-buildings). Rich W. Charlotte-street, tallow-chandler, (Wilson, King's Bench-Walk).

Swallow R. Selby, money-scrivener, (Sykes, and Co. New Inn). Short W. and Hopper J. Clapham, carpenter, (Ware, Blackman-street). Schofield J. Skipton, money-scrivener, (Exley and Co. Furnival's-inn). Slocombe J. Bristol, hatter,

(Shephard and Co. Bedford-row). Spencer A. Basinghall-street, woollen draper, (Oldham, St. Swithin's-lane). Singleton J. A. Manchester, watch-maker, (Edge, Queen-street). Smith G. Newcastle-upon Tyne, woollen-draper, (Atkinson, Chancery-lane). Simpson G. Manchester, victualler, (Ellis, Chancery-lane). Smallwood G. Beech-street, brass-founder, (Harris and Son, Castle-street). Seville J. Saddleworth, cotton-manufacturer, (Cardwell, Manchester).

Thomson W. T. and J. New Malton, coal-merchant, (Lambert, Gray's-inn-square). Troutbeck W. H. Minorities, victualler, (Hall and Co. Salters'-hall). Tanner J. J. and J. Ebley, Gloucester, blacksmiths, (Constable, Symond's-inn). Taylor T. Edgewood-road, carpenter, (Hamilton, Berwick-street).

Vallance W. East-lane, Bermondsey, builder, (Wasbrough, Warnford-court). Vernon T. Towcester, grocer, (Foulkes and Co. Gray's-inn).

Upsdell P. Castle-street, builder, (Saunders, Charlotte-street).

Waters B. Finch-lane, broker, (Richings, Fly-place). Wallis J. Fleet-street, jeweller, (Jones and Co. Lord Mayor's Court Office). Wood E. Tottington, Lower End, Bury, cotton-manufacturer, (Blakelock and Co. Elm-court). Walton C. Manchester, grocer, (Cooper and Co. Southampton-buildings). Weightman W. Birmingham, draper, (Barker, Brick-court). Wright R. Malcolm W. and Wright C. Watlin-street, warehousemen, (Harrison, Craven street). Wardman T. Horton, Bradford, calico-manufacturer, (Caton and Co. Aldersgate-street). Wright W. Stockport, hair-dresser, (Edgar, Inner Temple).

Yorke H. Carey-lane, silk-dealer, (Battye, Chancery-lane.)

## PRICES OF CANAL, DOCK, FIRE-OFFICE, WATER- WORKS, BREWERY SHARES, &c. &c.

Jan. 22, 1809.

London Dock Stock, 136*l.* per cent.  
West-India ditto, 181*l.* ditto.  
East India ditto, 135*l.* ditto.  
Commercial ditto, 90*l.* per share prem.  
East Country ditto, 85*l.* per share.  
Grand Junction Canal Shares, 240*l.* ditto  
Grand Surrey ditto, 83*l.* ditto.  
Grand Union Subscription ditto. 12*l.* per cent. prem.  
Bath and Bristol ditto ditto, 6*l.* 6*s.* ditto.  
Thames and Medway ditto, 42*l.* per share prem.  
Kennet and Avon ditto, 48*l.* per share.  
Globe Fire and Life Assurance Shares, 130*l.* ditto.

Albion ditto, 60*l.* ditto  
London Assurance Shipping, 25*l.* ditto.  
Rock Life Assurance 5*s.* per share prem.  
London Institution 84*l.* per share.  
Surrey ditto, par  
South London Water Works, 105*l.* pr. share  
East London ditto, 227*l.* ditto.  
West Middlesex ditto, 140*l.* ditto  
Kent ditto, 42*l.* per share  
Colchester ditto, 55*l.* ditto.  
Portsea and Farlington, 40*l.* ditto.  
Portsea by Nicholson, 50*l.* ditto.  
Wilts and Berks Canal, 53*l.* per share.  
Huddersfield ditto, 42*l.* ditto

L. WOLFE and Co. Canal, Dock, & Stock Brokers.

## AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

**T**HE late weather, which had proved so unfavourable to the young wheats, particularly in low stations, having been happily succeeded by a favourable frost, oats, in particular, appear as if they would turn out a good crop.

The wheats, for which an apprehension was entertained on account of the mildew, appear not to have been so much injured as expected. In some of the Eastern districts, the new wheats, barley, oats, beans, and peas, promise to average more than three parts of a crop. Potatoes, in the distant counties, have generally produced a good crop. The corn markets have likewise been lower, which have produced some diminution in the price of flour.

The rot, which has partially prevailed among the sheep in low situations, has received a sensible check by the recent alteration of the weather. The prices of fat and lean beasts continue to look upwards.

Price of meat in Smithfield Market:—Beef, 4s 8d. to 5s. 4d.;—Mutton, 4s. 8d. to 6s. 6d.;—Veal, 5s. to 7s. 3d.;—Pork, 5s. 2d. to 6s. 8d.

*Middlesex, Jan. 25.*

### AVERAGE PRICES OF CORN,

By the Winchester Quarter of 8 Bushels, and of OATMEAL per Boll of 140lbs. Averdupois, from the Returns received in the Week ended Jan. 20, 1810.

#### INLAND COUNTIES.

	Wheat		Rye		Barley		Oats	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Middsx.	102	2	53	1	41	7	33	0
Surrey	107	2	52	4	46	2	37	0
Hertford	97	3	55	0	47	2	34	4
Bedford	102	9	64	0	49	2	35	0
Huntin.	101	6			47	0	23	0
Northa.	99	0	70	0	46	10	28	10
Rutland	96	0			50	0	30	6
Leicest	93	6	61	2	50	4	30	9
Notting	90	0	60	6	48	8	28	8
Derby	95	6			51	6	31	5
Stafford	103	0			58	7	36	11
Salop	104	6	70	2	63	4	34	8
Herefor	104	5	54	4	52	5	31	9
Wor'st.	109	4	53	4	62	8	42	7
Warwic	112	2			59	2	38	2
Wilts	107	4			46	2	35	8
Berks	110	1			43	0	30	11
Oxford	107	4			43	7	33	3
Bucks	105	4			43	7	33	8
Brec. d.	115	2	89	6	55	2	28	8
Montgo.	106	5			60	0	29	0
Radnor.	111	7			53	5	30	4

#### MARITIME COUNTIES.

	Wheat		Rye		Barley		Oats	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Essex	98	8	50	0	46	8	34	0
Kent	99	6	62	0	47	0	34	3
Sussex	101	0			47	9	29	10
Suffolk	95	9	50	0	43	1	30	3
Cambridge	99	6	52	0	39	10	23	5
Norfolk	90	11	51	10	56	9	29	4
Lincoln	89	11	57	4	42	4	22	1
York	88	0	61	2	41	6	25	6
Durham	88	5			48	9	27	11
Northumberland	82	8	61	0	42	5	27	9
Cumberland	99	10	61	4	50	8	28	2
Westmorland	102	5	62	5	51	4	28	6
Lancaster	102	9			55	4	31	6
Chester	95	10			58	4	30	4
Flint	118	4			59	2		
Denbigh	111	2			57	3	27	2
Anglesea					44	0	25	0
Carnarvon	96	0			48	0	24	0
Merioneth	103	8			56	0	28	4
Cardigan	90	4					16	11
Pembroke	82	0			40	5	19	5
Carmarthen	97	6			47	4	18	2
Glamorgan	106	8			52	6	22	8
Gloucester	112	2			53	2	34	0
Somerset	117	7			54	5		
Monmouth	118	6			54	6		
Devon	103	1			49	6	28	11
Cornwall	101	8			44	1	22	5
Dorset	109	10			48	1		
Hants	103	6			48	9	32	8

#### *Average of England and Wales.*

Wheat 101s. 10d.; Rye 50s. 7d.; Barley 49s. 6d.; Oats 29s. 6d.; Beans 54s. 7d.; Peas 56s. 10d.; Oatmeal 51s. 5d.

### BILL of MORTALITY, from DEC. 20, to JAN. 23, 1810.

CHRISTENED.		BURIED.		Between		
Males	1080	Males,	893		2 and 5	- 192
Females	1028	Females	777		5 and 10	- 53
Whereof have died under two years old		490			10 and 20	- 59
					20 and 30	105
					30 and 40	- 169
					40 and 50	- 164
					50 and 60	- 134
				60 and 70	- 124	
				70 and 80	- 131	
				80 and 90	- 41	
				90 and 100	- 8	

Peck Loaf,	5s.5d.	5s.5d.	5s.5d.	5s 6d.	5s.5d.
Salt,	20s. per bushel,	4½	per lb.		

Peck Loaf, 5s. 5d. 5s. 5d. 5s. 5d. 5s. 6d. 5s. 5d.  
Salt, 20s. per bushel, 4½ per lb.



PRICE OF STOCKS, from DECEMBER 27, to JANUARY 25, 1810, both inclusive.

Days 1809	Bank Stock.	3 p Cent. Redut.	5 p Cent. Consols.	4 p. Ct. Cons.	Navy 5 p. Cent.	Long Anns.	Imperial 3 p. Cent.	Imperial Anns.	India 5 p. C.	India Stock.	India Bonds.	S. S. Sto.	S. S. Anns.	Exche. Bills.	Lottery Tickets.	City Freeh. Tolls.	Om- nium.	Cons. for Acct.
Dec.																		
27	holiday		Shut		Shut													
28	holiday					18 9-16ths												
29		69 1/2		83		18 1/2					24s. pm			10s. pm	22	15 8	2 1/4 pm	70 7/8
30	277	69 1/2		83 1/2							24s. pm			10s. pm	22	15 8		70 1/2
1810																		
Jan.																		
1	holiday																	
2		69 1/2		83 7/8		18 1/2					24s. pm			10s. pm	22	15 8	2 1/4 pm	70 1/2
3	274	69 1/2		84 1/8		18 1/2	68 3/4				25s. pm			12s. pm	22	15 8	2 1/2 pm	70 1/2
4		69 1/2		84 1/4		18 9-16ths					24s. pm			10s. pm	22	15 8		70 1/2
5		69 1/2		84 3/8		18 9-16ths	68 3/4				24s. pm			10s. pm	22	15 8		70 1/2
6	holiday																	
8		69 1/2	68 1/2, 69	84 5/8	99 3/4	18 9-16ths		7 3-16ths			26s. pm			11s. pm	22	15 8		70 1/2
9		69 1/2	69 1/2	85	99 7/8	18 9-16ths		7 1/4			28s. pm			12s. pm	22	15 8	3 pm.	70 1/2
10		69 1/2	69 1/2	85	100 1/8	18 5/8		7 1/4			29s. pm			13s. pm	22	15 8		70 1/2
11	277	69 1/2	69 1/2	84 7/8	100	18 5/8					28s. pm			14s. pm	22	15 8	3 pm.	70 1/2
12	278	68 3/4	69 1/2	84 7/8	99 1/8	18 5/8	68 3/4			186 3/4	28s. pm			14s. pm	22	15 8	3 pm.	70 1/2
13		69 1/2	69 1/2	84 7/8	100	18 5/8				191	28s. pm			14s. pm	22	15 8	3 pm.	70 1/2
15	278 1/2	69 1/2	69 1/2	84 3/4	100	18 5/8				190 1/2	22s. pm			13s. pm	22	15 8	3 pm.	70 1/2
16		69 1/2	69 1/2	84 3/4	99 3/4	18 9-16ths		7 1/4		178 1/2	8s. pm			11s. pm	22	15 8		70 1/2
17		69 1/2	68 1/2	84 3/8	99 1/2	18 1/2	67 3/4			180	4s. pm			10s. pm	22	15 8		69 7/8
18	holiday																	
19	277	69 1/2	68 1/2	84 3/8	99 1/2	18 1/2					8s. pm			11s. pm	22	15 8		69 1/2
20	277	69 1/2	68 1/2	85	99 1/2	18 9-16ths				186	6s. pm			11s. pm	22	15 8		69 1/2
22		69 1/2	68 1/2	84 7/8	99 3/4	18 9-16ths				187	7s. pm			11s. pm	22	15 8		69 1/2
23		69 1/2	68 1/2	84 3/4	100	18 1/2		7 1/4		186	8s. pm			10s. pm	22	15 8		69 1/2
24	276 1/2	68 3/4	68 1/2	84 1/2	99 1/2	18 1/2		7 1/4		187	8s. pm			12s. pm	22	15 8	2 pm.	68 3/4
25	holiday																	

N.B. In the 3 per Cent Consols the highest and lowest Price of each day is given; in the other Stocks the highest only.

FORTUNE and Co. STOCK-BROKERS and GENERAL AGENTS, No. 13, Cornhill.

# THE UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.

N<sup>o</sup> LXXV.—VOL. XIII.] For FEBRUARY, 1810. [NEW SERIES.

“ We shall never envy the honours which wit and learning obtain in any other cause, if we can be numbered among the writers who have given ardour to virtue, and confidence to truth.”—DR. JOHNSON.

## ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

PARTICULARS relating to JOHN WILDE, Esq. Advocate, Fellow of the Royal Society, and Professor of Civil Law in the University of Edinburgh.

SIR,

A BOOK was lately put into my hands, entitled *An Address to the lately formed Society of the Friends of the People: by John Wilde, Esq. Advocate, &c.* I had been previously much interested about the author of this work. His story is melancholy and singular, and perhaps will not be perused by your readers without emotion. I have been able to glean only a few scattered facts from partial enquiry, and these I will give you.

His father is a tradesman in Edinburgh, and I know nothing of what other family he may have, or what are his connections in life. This son, at a very early age, betrayed marks of a powerful mind; and an education, suitable to his dawning talents, was provided for him. The bar is, in Edinburgh, the principal avenue to fame and wealth for those who, like Wilde, had to acquire both; and he accordingly qualified himself for becoming an advocate, a professional character of great respectability in that town. I have never heard with what success he practised, or whether he was distinguished as an eloquent pleader; indeed, whether he ever practised or pleaded at all, for the name of advocate is often taken there as an honourable title, without any intention of engaging in its duties. But I have been told, that his lectures on civil law, in the university, were excellent; that his views were often grand and comprehensive; that his language was always nervous, force-

UNIVERSAL MAG. VOL. XIII.

ful, and elegant. It is remarkable how, at so early an age, he attained this post of dignity; for, to the eternal honour of the Scotch universities, it may be said, that talents alone can procure professorships in them; at least as far as I have heard, and as far as I have seen; the result, indeed, amply verifies the fact: look back and see how many illustrious names have adorned the chair in these northern seminaries, and how many, equally illustrious at this very day, do the same in every branch of knowledge, and we must blush while we mention them, and think on the degraded state of our own universities. Wilde, I believe, was regarded as nothing inferior to his learned brethren in mental excellence, though remarkably so in years. At this period he can hardly be more than forty; and he was, consequently, a professor before his five and twentieth year; for in the title of the book I have quoted, he is designated as such, and that was published in 1793. I am not able to say at what period he began, nor to what period he concluded, his professional duties; but it was during their continuance that he published his “Address.” Wilde saw, equally with Burke, the decided tendency of the French Revolution: he was instructed by past wisdom; from the analogies of things he was enabled to predict what would probably happen, or at least to shew what such a concussion must generally produce. Of an epoch so long past, and of principles since so completely developed, it would now be absurd to speak; but the work itself has great and various merit. It possesses eloquence, imagination, fire, pathos, reasoning, learning, and wisdom. It embraces a comprehensive sphere of enquiry,

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and conducts that enquiry with ability and strength. It has some passages eminently beautiful; some characters felicitously drawn; some delineations vivid and impressive. The language occasionally rises to sublimity; is very often grand; and never otherwise than fluent and energetic. It shews, in every page, a mind well stored; and, what is infinitely better, it shews a mind sincere, bold, and independent. The reader, from the first paragraph, delivers himself, unresistingly, into the hands of his author; he never disputes his magic sway; he bends to it; and owns, with a pleasing ecstasy of mind, the power that subdues him. As a mighty river, rolling in its course, sweeps before it every resisting obstacle and bears upon its bosom the scattered ruins; so his eloquence, the charms of his narration, overwhelm the mind and confound, at once, the dawning objections that sometimes arise. I do not exaggerate; I have read the book with attention, with emotion; an emotion, perhaps, somewhat increased by the consciousness of what the author now is.

Oh! does not imagination lend her brightest rays to paint upon the tablets of the mind a man enjoying the love, the esteem, the admiration of his friends, the applauses of the world, the proud consciousness of an honest fame? Does not fancy depict him moving in a sphere where attention waits upon his steps, and distinction walks by his side; where his words are received with silent delight, and his maxims treasured up with zealous sedulity; in a sphere where he holds converse with philosophers, statesmen, and dignitaries; where he instructs the wise, polishes the refined, and sharpens the sagacious? The mind draws for herself a pleasing, a glorious, a noble picture! She sees him in his professional character vindicating the rights of the oppressed, dashing the proud petty tyrant from his car of despotism, and trampling with indignant mien beneath his feet the base instruments of corruptive wealth.—The forum echoes with the thunders of his voice, calling upon the administrators of public justice to avenge injured worth, to castigate shameless

and abandoned villainy. She beholds him, in all cases, the guardian of those whom fate has doomed to fall beneath the sceptre of vexatious pride; and never, never shrinking from the line of truth, of justice, and of public duty. Or she reposes in a milder scene. She views him in the retired privacy of domestic felicity; planning schemes of public good; shedding round a narrower circle the rays of love, benevolence, and friendship; and illuminating the path of elegant retirement.

Alas! it is no such thing! The wreck of his reason has hurled him from the walks of men, and placed an awful mark upon him, by which the ignorant and the base-minded know his degradation. His eye no longer beams with intelligence; his breast no longer swells with high born sentiments; his tongue no longer pours forth the conceptions of a mind, pregnant with grand and comprehensive ideas! He has lost every characteristic of a man but the form!

Oh God! it is a humiliating sight, and reads an awful lesson to the heart! That he, whose mental energies were formed to delight, to captivate, to astonish; whose soul breathed with ardour in the commanding eloquence of words; whose bosom beat responsive to some of the noblest, most glorious sentiments that ever animated the human form; that he should now claim but small distinction from brute unconscious matter; that he should prowl about in bye paths and unfrequented roads, forlorn, despised, and neglected; that he should be scoffed at by the ignorant and the barbarous; stared at, with the foolish gaze of wonder, the insulting sneer of mockery, or the sigh and exclamation of pity! Oh! I have seen that eye which once spoke the soul within, fixed with rayless glare, with deadened imagination, upon unnoticed objects; I have seen it wandering about with vague, unconscious look, that spoke the ruins of a noble mind; I have marked the hurried step, the unbidden laugh, the squalid form; and I have mourned the perishable texture of that organisation on which proud man builds all consequence; from which he draws impious importance; and deduces claims

to pre-eminence more unstable than the waves, more fluctuating than the winds.

You will ask me what was the immediate cause of this mental derangement. I cannot answer this distinctly. I have heard many reasons assigned; the most general one is, that an intemperate course of study, in preparing his collegiate lectures at a time when he was necessitated to employ an active and dangerous medicine, occasioned the melancholy catastrophe. The first symptoms were perceived one morning during his lecture; he broke off abruptly, and bade the pupils come and warm themselves, for it was a very cold morning. But, whatever were the cause, the effect is equally deplorable; and it is more deplorable when we reflect on what a mind the awful ravage has been committed. Insanity is, in every instance, an afflicting spectacle; but how much more so, when we see its wild and gloomy reign in a once happy region, where every thing that was manly, liberal, and noble, took its growth; where science flourished, and wisdom imp'd her wing for daring flights; where virtue spread her inspiring mantle, and invested every deed in fair proportioned colours. The eye looks with comparative unconcern upon the smoking ashes of a nameless hamlet; but the tear starts, and the heart beats when we behold a mighty empire swept from the face of things by the burning ploughshare of o'erwhelming ruin!

He is allowed, I believe, a pension from government, obtained after this solemn event had taken place; and from a respect to his talents, his virtues, and his misfortune, he is still nominally retained as the professor of civil law in the university, and the acting one is constrained to pay him half the salary. A needless kindness! He wants but a small stipend to supply his few necessities. I have been told that he often locks himself up in his room, and will sit for whole hours composing pamphlets upon the French Revolution, which he destroys as fast as he writes them. That he has lucid intervals I am inclined to believe from the following fact.

Towards the conclusion of the de-

dication to his book, which is inscribed to Wm. Carlyle, Esq. are the following words: "Indeed, both you and I, in the discording harmony of our natures, could still pass through the same enchantments, and be raised to the same ravishing delights, as in those days when Mrs. Siddons (for which our eternal gratitude is her due) sublimed our souls to that reach of felicity, of which the memory might, in after life, drive away (while itself remained) all possible human pain and sorrow."—Now it is remarkable, that whenever Mrs. Siddons plays in Edinburgh, Wilde never fails to attend the theatre; I have twice witnessed this myself; I observed him very closely; whenever Mrs. Siddons appeared, he rivetted his eyes upon her, but seemingly without any consciousness of what she said, for in her most pathetic parts I have seen a vacant smile upon his countenance. Yet the moment she went off the stage, he paid no sort of attention to the other actors, but looked at the audience, or hung his head upon his bosom; and from this posture he would start the moment he heard the tones of Mrs. Siddon's voice. I own I am utterly unable to account for this mixture of consciousness and of insensibility; of reason and of insanity. There is evidently the former when he rouses from his reverie at her voice, when he fixes his eyes immoveably upon her, and turns them away from the other actors; and I think there is as evidently the latter, when he does not seem to participate in any thing she utters; his countenance remains inflexible, only that sometimes in the deepest parts an unmeaning smile appears. To me this is inexplicable.

I am not certain whether your readers will peruse this account of so melancholy an event with the same emotions that I have written it. I am well aware they cannot feel the same sentiments for poor Wilde as myself, for they have neither seen him nor read his work; two circumstances very necessary, I assure you, towards forming that sort of feeling which pervades my breast whenever I think of him, and particularly when I have met him in my walks. He is yet in the prime of life, handsomely formed,



vigorous, and athletic; through all his dirt and all his slovenliness this may be traced. He walks incessantly, and very quickly. Sometimes, indeed, I have seen him sauntering along as if in a meditating mood: but this is not common. I have, more than once, seen him in the dusk of the evening slowly pacing along, his hat off, and his face turned up towards the Heavens muttering to himself. — Ill fated Genius! never have you crossed my path that my heart has not done homage to thy misfortune! Never have I thought on you in the lone moment of contemplation that I have not prayed for thy release! —

W. M.

#### REMARKS ON MR. BURDON'S LETTER.

Sir,

**Y**OUR Magazine for Oct. 1809, did not reach me till towards the close of the year, or I should have taken an earlier opportunity of noticing Mr. Burdon's letter; in which he accuses me (p. 276) either of wilfully misrepresenting or ignorantly mistaking Mr. Malthus on the subject of population; and he adds, that all I have offered is a work of mere supererogation, and does not apply to any thing Mr. Malthus has offered. To be accused of wilfully misrepresenting any subject is a harsh and unjustifiable expression; and I can assure Mr. Burdon, that I am as incapable of doing it as himself; and that, if he had conveyed his thoughts in words less offensive, I should not have taken any public notice of his letter, as it is my rule to avoid contention as much as possible.

As the wisest of us are liable to err by the prejudices we imbibe from our nurses, and the false systems we adopt in youth, which give a wrong bias to our judgments as we advance in years, why did not Mr. B. civilly point out my errors, and endeavour to set me right? But the cause is now at issue, and I must speak for myself.

Mr. Malthus, in the beginning of his book, has drawn a picture with a very gloomy prospect, in the distant horizon, for the rising age; and there are many persons who do not understand geometrical and arith-

metical ratios, who are wishing to be informed whether population is really pressing upon the means of subsistence with that rapidity Mr. Malthus has represented it.

If I am not mistaken, he has said, that a nation of eleven millions will increase in the course of a century to 176 millions of people, and leave 121 millions unprovided for. He proceeds, and supposes, if the present population of the whole earth contains one thousand millions, the human species would then increase, as 1. 2. 4. 8. 16. 32. 64. 128. 256. &c. and the subsistence as 1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. In two centuries the population would be to the means of subsistence as 256 to 9; in three centuries, as 4096 to 13; and in 2000 years the difference would be incalculable.

As the annals of the world have not furnished us with any examples of such an alarming increase, some thinking people have been wishing to know at what rate population is really pressing on the means of subsistence in such an old and corrupt kingdom as our own, as there is a material difference between such nations and an infant state rising into maturity. Mr. Malthus's ratios are not adapted to decrepit, corrupt, and worn-out kingdoms; and yet they have been greedily swallowed by the first ranks among men; and the popular opinion is too much in their favour to admit even of demonstration against them.

Though I have shewn, from the registers of baptisms, that population did not increase three millions in our island during the last century (which is very far short of 176 millions, as mentioned by Mr. Malthus), yet Mr. B. is inclined to dispute even a fact.

There is such a difference between paralytic governments and young and vigorous states, that it is utterly impossible to apply a general ratio to suit each of them. If the number of births in a country be any criterion to judge of the population of it, then, what I have offered proves to a demonstration that we are not advancing, as it has been represented; nor can Mr. B. who appears to be a warm and an enthusiastic admirer of systems, prove it, or that what I have

said is not applicable to any thing Mr. Malthus has advanced.

If I have shaken the doctrine of this rapid progress of population in our island, in the table of the births in my letter, which is to be found in your Magazine for September last, then we need not be in a hurry to pass acts of parliament to counteract the laws of nature, and especially if we reflect on the destructive war in which we are engaged.

But Mr. B. is not only angry at my questioning this rapid progress of population in old governments, for he is also displeased at my mentioning several checks to prevent the too rapid progress of life in several classes of animated beings. Another cause of Mr. B.'s warmth, is my ignorantly supposing that Mr. M. proposed his check as the only one he was acquainted with, when he only mentioned it as a substitute to those already known, and which are ever at work to thin the number of mankind; but these terrible scourges, vice and misery, have never taught them to regulate their appetites by temperance and moderation. I must beg Mr. B.'s pardon, for a minute or two more, for intruding on his patience, while I doubt whether the preventing the poor from marrying will not rather increase than lessen vice and misery in the world.

I ask him, if the poor were restrained from marrying, whether it would not increase the number of those miserable beings which are to be seen in the streets in almost every large town in the kingdom? We are informed, by a respectable author, that there are about fifty thousand of these wretched beings in London, dragging on an existence which is a burden to them; and they are shut out from the society of all virtuous people. If these unhappy beings could have settled early in life, they never would have been hurried into such extremes, as to murder their own offspring, and to commit vice with greediness. Prevent the poor from marrying, and you will soon introduce the most detestable vices you can name.

I am so far from being angry, either with Mr. M. or Mr. B. that I respect both of them as literary men; but I

am apprehensive that the latter is a warm enthusiast in the support of opinions he has once formed. I can assure him that, in future, if he takes the precaution not to use such unguarded expressions, the world will be wide enough for us both to amble on upon our scribbling hobbies without my ever jostling him.

#### On the Use of the FINAL *C* and *K*.

SIR,

THE remarks of your correspondent LECTOR, in your number for November last, have induced me once more to resume the pen. Want of leisure has been the only cause of my delay in replying to them.

In defence of the practice, in conformity to which we write public, critic, &c. he states a naked fact,—that from the lengthened form of words in *ck*, derived from the more polished languages, the *k* final is rejected, though we retain it in words of the same termination drawn from the northern tongues. The knowledge of the reasons of this difference will, I think, tend to efface the impressions which the arguments employed by your correspondent may have made—certainly to weaken them. It is very observable, that the elongation of words in *ck*, derived from the Greek, Latin, Italian, and French languages, is begun by one of the vowels (by *a*, with most frequency), before which *c* is sounded hard, as politick, political; critick, critical: whereas almost every word in *ck* from the northern tongues, whence our monosyllables of that form, with very few exceptions, are derived, is lengthened by the addition of a syllable beginning with *e*, *i*, or *y*, before which *c* is regularly soft,—stock, stocking; luck, lucky; deck, decker; quick, quicken. Other reasons may be adduced. To write publick, publican, publication; deck, decker; quick, quicken; does certainly, at first, appear inconsistent with that beautiful analogy, which has so much assisted to improve our orthography. But I shall endeavour to show that this practice, instead of producing so mischievous an effect, is at once an avowal and an illustration of the principle with which it seems



so much at variance. I must therefore remind your correspondent, that when a word receives an addition, it immediately takes its station in a class composed of words of which the primitives will be found to be of very dissimilar forms. Communicate, convoke, embark, justify, are of different terminations; but communication, convocation, embarkation, justification, are all referred to the same class. Does not analogy then unite her voice with that of etymology in vindication of the present form of these words; and thus deprive your correspondent of the use which he proposes to make of the fact he has stated? With respect to his observation, that in the more ancient languages the consonant is always single, and the antecedent syllable prosodically short; it will not justify the practice which it is intended to recommend. It, on the contrary, furnishes an additional proof of the consistency of those who write musick, musical, &c. &c. For the vowel preceding the c, which, in the middle of dissyllables, as we have before seen, must be made short, by doubling the consonant according to one of our rules of quantity, is in words of more than two syllables, as in those whence they are taken, already short by position. The inference, that in such words the ck is totally unnecessary, will be allowed to be obvious and natural.

Your's, &c.

Jan. 25, 1810.

PHILO.

P.S. I request you, Sir, to supply an omission in the postscript of the letter which you did me the favour to insert in your Magazine for September last.—P. 196, after the words “small error of the,” insert the words “press in the.”

~ MATILDA. A Sketch.

For the Universal Magazine.

ON the form of MATILDA dwelt softness and beauty; within her heart virtue took up her abode. The gaiety of her mind was the mirth of innocence: and the tear, which sometimes clouded that mirth, was the offspring of a pity, warm, and

generous as ever glowed within a human breast. When cheerfulness, with alluring accents, beckoned her forth, MATILDA followed in all the eager joy of youth; but if, on the right hand, stood sorrow with downcast, weeping eyes; if on the left, misery pined in hopeless affliction as she folded her forlorn baby to her bosom, the sparkling lustre of MATILDA's countenance faded into the tender melancholy of sympathy: the jocund voice of cheerfulness was heard in vain: she stopped: she gave to sorrow the voice of consolation; she extended to misery the hand of help and the look of comfort.

Yet, in the dance, the song, who than MATILDA was sprightlier? who, in the circle of festivity, chased pleasures mirthful round with greater glee? but her mirth was like the fanning breezes of the west: it quickened, with silent power, the kind affections of her nature: it expanded her heart to the admission of love and mercy towards all mankind; and the smile that played upon her lips, was often the offspring of joy and sorrow.

Oh! I have sat, and looked upon her angel face, and have marked, in every lineament, the eloquent language of nature, as she spoke, through that, her most embellished work; and, as each passing emotion of the mind became impressed there, I have read such a volume as approving saints might dwell upon. That mind, pure and spotless as the untroubled azure of a summer sky, shrunk trembling from the slightest contact of vice, even as the sensitive plants veils itself from the lawless touch with folded leaves!

And Heaven permitted the destroyer to come, armed with fell power, like a fiend from the lower world, to waste this fair region and triumph in its desolation! The dark stream of iniquity rolled its slimy course along, and tainted the pure sources of her mind, and blotted out the bright ideas of virtue that had enshrined there. Triumphantly shrieked the demon of perdition as she fell, and hovered in the murky air, and, like a hungry blood-hound, scented for his prey: but even then, a Heaven-clad form descended from above, with eyes that

beamed celestial pity, and her name was MERCY: in her hand she bore a milk white scroll; it was the register of Matilda's virtues: it was spotless all, save *one dark stain*: but MERCY, as she looked upon it, tore it from the record with a sigh, and bore the maid to Heaven.

I have anticipated: the impulse of feeling has overcome the sobriety of judgment. Let those condemn me who have learned to subdue the one by the power of the other.

MATILDA! From thy kingdom of everlasting bliss look down upon me!

W. M.

London, Feb. 10, 1810.

## REPUBLICATION OF SCARCE TRACTS.

No I.

*A new DISCOVERY of a LITTLE SORT of PLOPLE, anciently discoured of, called PYGMILS.*

[Continued from p. 43.]

THE first province we came to, was that of Gadozolia, the people whereof, being called Gadozim, are the fairest, largest, and most stately of all other Pygmies. The very sight of the smoak here gave heat to our resolutions, and we made such haste, being enforced by hunger, that to use a scholastic phrase, we even devoured the way. At last, being directed by a great smoak, which was sufficiently observable in so thin and serene an air, we arrived before a stately fabrick of about two hundred\*foot square, yet not above sixty foot high, made all of well-carved wood, which abounds in that country, called Genarophonon; a wood that, contrary to the nature of all others, dies when it is in the earth, after it hath grown twenty years; but when it is felled down, it proves stronger, and looks more veget than before; so that age, which conquers all other things, makes this to triumph; and worms themselves, as knowing their attempt will prove vain, never corrode, or so much as come near it. On the battlements of this castle (for a castle it proved) was earth spread, so that we took it

for arable ground, and corn was besprinkled in the counterfeit furrows; at each corner of which were stakes fastened, and four nets so artificially spread, that no sooner could any thing of weight touch that ground, which is called Geodyctyum, but the nets are closed on all sides, and the prey that is taken, lies hampered on the Geodyctyum. We needed not crave entrance at this castle, for before we came to the gates, there met us nine young dandiprat-gallants, about two foot and an half, or three foot high, attired in a party-coloured silk, with turbants of linen on their heads, covered over with cloth of gold, and adorned with divers splendid jewels; about their back was cast a mantle of blue sarcenet, which was gathered upon the right shoulder with a golden button, over which there was cast a small chain of silver, whereon a rich sword of about a foot long was hung; their legs were covered with fine linen, and on their feet they wore sandals of sheeps leather, every one bestriding a lusty ram, with gilt horns, and trappings beset with sparkling diamonds. Eucompsus had by this time pretty well confirmed us all in the opinion, that these were Pygmies; so that we did not much admire at the strange equipage of such dwarfish Orlando's; but bowing our bodies to them, stood still in a posture to receive them, when three of the foremost, and as it appeared, most noble of them, turning back, and making their followers stand, of a sudden, sprung, as it were, with one consent, from their ram-horses, and with admirable celerity coming up to us, first boldly beheld our faces, and then in the Indian language bade us all welcome to their country. Eucompsus, myself, and another fiind of ours, having formerly for some years trafficked in the Indies, made a shift to understand them, and to return ~~there~~ an assurance, that we came in peace, and desired only to sojourn so long in their country, as to repair our want of provision,\* and by observing their customs to increase our knowledge.

They having assured us of all that might conduce to our satisfaction, entreated us to follow them, pointing to the castle, which they called the



Royal Bulwark: then they nimbly remounted, and placing themselves before our company, two others on each side, and the remaining two behind; in this order we all moved towards the Royal Bulwark, they riding softly with us. But when we came to the gates, one of their company took from his neck a small ram's-horn, tipp'd with silver, and tied with a silken cord: and having blown three blasts with such strength, that he was forced to stagger in his saddle; the castle-gates were immediately opened by twenty men, who pulled them wide by silken cords, which were fastened to the gates with silver rings. And they dividing themselves on each side the folding doors stood still, affording us a large passage, when the three chiefs that went before us, alighting, gave their steeds to their servants to put them up, and walked straight before us into a spacious hall, where was an ancient gentleman about three foot and a half high, with a coronet of gold, beset with precious stones, and a long robe of flowered satin, laced with spangles, who stood leaning on a staff to bid us welcome. The three heroes ran to meet him, and having fell on their knees, pointed back to us, and said something, as we thought, on our behalf; when having raised them up, he walked forward, as well as his age would permit him to meet us: we were now all entered into the hall when he came to us, and having yielded him as profound respect as was possible, he re-saluted us, and making signs that we should move forward; presently those twenty men, who had opened the gates, came in loaded with velvet-cushions, two of them to each cushion, and placing their burdens decently on each side of a very small, but stately chair, they brought in two courses of cushions more, which made thirty in number, as many as our company were, besides the four servants and Pandeison, whom now we could no where see. At this time the sun began to decline his golden head, and the feeble day seemed ready to faint under the burden of twelve hours, when an hundred young virgins, clothed all in white sarcenet, entered the hall with burning tapers in their hands, which

they placed in golden sockets, that were made on the sides of the hall, and so retired with a solemn silence. And here I began to think nothing wanting to a complete entertainment, but a good supper; and my stomach being something importunate, while the looks of our company put me in mind of their necessities, I could no longer forbear, but rising from my cushion, came before the ancient gentleman, who was now ready to sit in his chair of state; and first bowing my body three times, a fashion which I observed in them, I unfolded our condition to him in the Indian language to this purpose. "Great ruler (Eucompsus smiled at the epithet) of the Bulwark Royal, we all easily perceive, that our treatment here is as noble and magnificent, as the highest ambition could desire; but our hungry stomachs put us in mind to satisfy them, before the eyes that being a work more necessary for nature, and helpful for all other operations:" I was going to proceed, when he smilingly interrupted me, and told me, he knew all this before, having read in our countenances, that we wanted both food and sleep; and therefore, he said, he intended not to trouble us with any discourse or enquiries that night, but only to take care, that after a good treatment, which would be brought up presently, we should be conducted to our several rooms, and there left to our repose; for he said, about two or three hours before, some children of his chief goat-herds, had given him information of our arrival: and that though they had never seen such tall men before, yet he had been long acquainted with men as big as we, having frequently entertained ambassadors, from the Macrobian, a people of the same India; and having himself, with his three sons, gone on several embassies to the neighbouring nations. While he was making this brief relation, the twenty men brought into the hall store of goat's-milk, in silver dishes, each whereof was born by a couple of them, both for state, and perhaps because they were too heavy for one of them to bear; and fetching two courses more, till he had a dish for every one, they softly retreated; after which two genteel

women brought in the spoons made of a certain bright shell, and after that, ten of those twenty men came in, every one with a fine wrought basket on his head, wherein were three cakes, about the bigness of a sixpenny loaf, though not so thick, made of purer flower than any part of Europe yields, and so fragrant with spices, that the greatest monarch in the earth would not desire a finer mauchet; and lastly, there was set before each of us a bowl of pleasant and wholesome wine, called by them Zythus, made of the vine Persephodion, which Zagreus planted there before the birth of Bacchus; a wine more like nectar than any drink of mortals.

We were just going to fall on what was set before us, when the sudden noise of a golden bell made us forbear, and look out, till a tall, slender, and comely personage appeared in a robe of purest white, constellated with the figures of the celestial bodies, and on his fore-head this mark + in a golden medal; who taking up a cake of bread, and standing on an ivory step, spoke thus in English; "O thou, who though never fully comprehended, art signified to weak mortals by the sign which I thy servant continually bear on my fore-head, whom our nation adores and magnifies above all powers, shower down thine heavenly benediction on these thy creatures, and hear this prayer of mine, for thy compassion sake, in the behalf of these strangers, who come from a place where thy salvation is known, that they may recover strength thereby and refreshment from their travel: grant this, O thou, who wast a stranger in Ægypt, and a sojourner in Bethlehem, for thy meritorious sake: so be it."

While he was saying this, he expressed so much fervency, that it struck us with a devout veneration and respect of his person; nor did it a little amaze us to hear him use our language with such freedom, as if he had been an English native; but his sudden leaving us, gave us the opportunity of eating our suppers, which we did with good stomachs, till the first brunt of our hunger was satiated, and we began to feed more leisurely, which afforded us time to feed our

eyes too with the splendor of our entertainment, and the rarities of the hall; which was hung with rich arras, whereon was pourtray'd the story of Phryxus the son of Athamas; here he swam over the yet un-named river on the golden back of the ram, and here the timorous girl fallen off, still struggling with those waves, which her death has made so famous; and now the Hellespont, as seeming content with so great a sacrifice, smoothed its frothy cheeks in calmness. On another side was a lively description of the fight of Damasen, an earth-born giant, with the dragon; how young Tylus walking by the banks of the river Hermus, chanced to touch with his hand a sleeping dragon, being ignorant what it was, but the incensed creature bending back his neck, and opening his impartial jaws, ran against him, and lashing his sides, shook the tempestuous burden of his fatal tail, which he cast about his neck in indesolvable spires, still sending from his poisonous throat the frothy messenger of indubitable death: this was the only chain which grim Lachesis allotted the youth, though glorious with dazzling scales, yet most pernicious to the wearers of it; and in the embrace of this, like a sweet flower covered with dew, he bowed to the earth, and left the nymph his sister, to mourn his untimely fate; she forgot not a pious groan or two, and then went in search of the dragon, to know how big he was; for it was not one traveller, nor one shepherd he had destroyed, nor was Tylus alone slain by him; nor did he only feed on beasts while he lay basking in the wood, but often tearing up a strong tree with his teeth; he would swallow it, and often drawing back a traveller with the very force of his magnetic breath; he had been seen afar off to receive a whole man in his gaping throat.

The nymph Meroe saw from far, the murderer of her brother, and shook with horror to behold the thick rows of his pestiferous teeth, and the crown of death circumscribed in the limits of his wide throat: and making sad lamentation in the wood, she met Damasen, the huge son of the earth, whom contention had nursed up, and Lucina herself had



armed; an infant, yet terrible, a suckling, yet warlike, and a child of more than human strength. Him the nymph beholding near a side of the wood, fell on her knees, and, sobbing mournfully, shewed him the monstrously-crawling murderer of her brother, and poor Tylus yet struggling with death in the dust. The giant gladly undertook her quarrel, and wrenching up a huge tree from his mother earth, he presently came before the cruel dragon, who had by this time sounded the trumpet of his horrid hissing to the battle.

Never were two such monsters met together, the one covering near fifty acres with his scaly folds, the other threatening the stars with his lofty front: the fearful dragon had soon tried the legs of Damascen with a double Sphincter, and, opening the gates of his teeth, with an enraged look, that breathed death, he darted at him the moist weapons of poison from his lips, and leaped up towards his head: but the proud Damascen, scorning such familiarity with a beast, easily repelled him with his hand, and smiting him with the oak on his temples, he rooted the tree once more, sending it and death together into the monster, who, folding himself up in close wreaths, lay dead on the earth; when of a sudden the female dragon coming by, as it were on purpose, saw her dead male, and presently hastened to the herbiferous mountain, whence cropping with her viperous teeth the flower of Jove, she brought back the medicinal herb in her lips, and presently applied it to the dry chaps of the dead serpent; the hinder part of him was now lifeless, the foremost moved, and lovingly joined itself to the other part, which now recovered motion too: thus, having drawn his returned breath through his cold mouth, he soon after began to open his throat, and send forth accustomed hisses, and so returned with his loving mate to his secret den. And then fair Meroe, who beheld all this, took up the flower of Jove, and applied it to the mouth and nostrils of her breathless brother: but the vital herb, with its virtual leaves, re-insouled the body, and forced his departed spirit to return again, infusing heat and life through

every part. At this young Tylus rose again, like a man, who after his nocturnal sleep, shakes off the eye-binding shackles of lazy Somnus, and leaps from his bed on his vigorous feet: again his late congealed blood began to run its wonted circulation through the channels of the veins, and his newly released hands began to actuate; his face was re-invested with its former beauty, and strength returned to his body, light to his eyes, and speech to his lips.

On another side was pourtray'd the contention of emulous Arachne, with the goddess Minerva: but the most admirable rarity there, was the spider's web, which was made, by metamorphosed Arachne. Never were threads so small, so artificially wrought, by any human hand before. These representations, and more, were expressed to the life on those ingenious hangings, which, while we curiously run over, our stomachs had remitted much of their former rapacity, and we had leisure to ruminate on the wonderful and undeserved civilities we had received from so small a nation; not only sometimes remembering the goodness of their bread and wine, but often reflecting on what admirable skill had been shown in the work of the arras; at which time we seeming not to employ all our organs at supper, were surprised with such an harmonious concert of music, that every sense seemed converted into that of hearing, and our apostate appetite to prefer this auditory banquet; which so inflamed the airy soul of Eucompsus, that, being very dextrous in that faculty, he warbled out, extempore, this rapture, with a most sweet and low voice, to the Indian tune, which was then played.

What sound is this that captivates mine ears,

Inthralls my sense, and wings my soul?  
Jove sure, if he this consort hears.

Stands listening from the starry pole;  
Contemning all the music of his spheres,  
Though mix'd with Ganymed's nectarian  
Bowl.

Such numbers did, from the Orphæan lyre,  
Enliven quick-car'd trees, and move  
In decent dance (if fame's no liar)

The whole admiring Thracian grove:  
So Phæbus did with Mercury conspire,  
When Peleus wedded his Nereian love.

Such numbers from the skill'd Amphion  
fell,  
When stones kept measure to his sound,  
When tempered air could work so well,  
And potent verse so strong was found,  
It made rough quarries, by the quavering  
spell,

Jump, in symetick piles, the city round.  
But since, wise nature! thou hast freely  
made

So small a race so great a choir,  
Since thy own privilege invade,  
And mount as high as we, or higher,  
In thy great secrets. Hence small things  
he said,

The fittest things to love and to admire.

And here the music ending, his  
Pe\_ heat was a little cooled,  
when the youngest of the three he-  
roes, who the ancient gentleman be-  
fore called his sons, stepped behind  
Eucompsus, and, having obligingly  
commended his voice, he thanked  
him for the honour conferred on their  
solemnity, and confessing, that by a  
familiarity with his country priests,  
he had attained to so much know-  
ledge, at least, in the English tongue,  
as might make him perceive the  
drift of his song to be in praise of  
that concert; he therefore desired to  
be permitted to make his return in  
the like nature; which Eucompsus  
gladly condescended to, and whispered  
to me and my friend, his intent, so  
that we were almost ear-starved with  
expectation of that genial entertain-  
ment; when, of a sudden, the music  
having played one preparative, the  
spirit of the young hero was so ravish-  
ingly elevated, that, soaring above the  
usual pitch of meaner poets, he  
warbled forth, with the most gra-  
ciously surprising voice imaginable,  
this song in the Indian language.

'Tis not our music, strangers brave!

That can your senses bind;  
Our verses no such magic have  
Your generous spirits to enslave:  
Alas! you're too too kind.

Yet from the heat of Phæbus rays  
We're not so far remov'd,  
But that we sometimes purchase bays,  
And wander through those flow'ry ways,  
So much by muses loved.

But since the sacred treble-three  
Now in this castle dwell;  
(For you have brought them here we see)  
We hope our canto's may agree  
Some other time as well.

But now, fair Nox, thou dost attire  
Thyself in sable vest;  
Be thou propitious, we desire,  
While these kind strangers do retire,  
And sweetly take their rest.

[To be continued.]

### THE RED NOSE.

Non patis est Proclus d'artis imungere  
Natum namque est pro nasimole—pusilla  
manus

Sir,

RYDEN's definition, "that the  
soul is a little blue flame run-  
ning about within us," must flash  
conviction upon the mind of an in-  
fidel. But, what renders the thought  
yet more admirable is, that it is far  
from an inferior description of love,  
for, if love be not also "a little blue  
flame running about within us," what  
is it? Shall we look upon it, like an-  
ger, as a *short madness*; or, by con-  
sidering it rather as a bodily than a  
mental irritation, humble it a step  
lower, and term it a species of itch?  
However obnoxious such reasoning  
may be, to the innamorato or my lady's  
maid, it assuredly possesses the essen-  
tials of a perfect syllogism, viz. love  
is an irritation, the itch is an irritation;  
ergo, love is the itch.

Involuntarily would I offend the  
ears of delicacy; and, if an honest  
impetuosity in the pursuit of truth  
has hurried me into an expression not  
tolerated by the strictest propriety, I  
bend myself in atonement to the  
earth. But, when a poor wight has  
searched, and researched, and re-  
researched, the pedantic Brown, the  
rambling Harvey, and the mono-  
tonous Johnson, for a becoming mode  
of speech in vain, how, in the name  
of mercy, can he act? Shall he sur-  
render his idea, perhaps a favourite,  
perhaps an only one, to overweening  
fastidiousness? Cruel alternative!

But, whatever difficulties obstruct  
the definition of the passion, few are  
ignorant of its effects. The biogra-  
pher, the critic, the mathematician,  
the geographer, the historian, and the  
naturalist, deviate imperceptibly from  
the point to relate the wonderful  
effects of love. The monarch forgets  
his inequality and kneels; the minister  
flies the court and sighs; and even  
the fishwoman herself, as she bears



the ambrosial brandy to her lips, acknowledges the power of love and calls for more!

MARIA HARGRAVE was the daughter of a clergyman: her teeth rivalled the ivory; her lips vied with the rose; her breath emulated its odoriferousness; her bosom palpitated with love; her eye sparkled with voluptuousness; she had wit and good nature; confidence and modesty; judgment and generosity; the graces danced in her train; the loves smiled at her reproach. In honest truth, Maria as infinitely excelled the *Sophias*, *Clarissas*, *Emilys*, *Stellas*, *Narcissas*, and *Sacharissas*, as Eclipse did Rozinante.

But, alas! nothing is faultless. Perfection is but a word. In Maria's face stood a Nose, modelled by envy; in magnitude surpassing the invention of Slawkenbergius; in colour! Did but the tithe of it adorn the countenance of death, half his terrors would disappear, and we might press him to our breasts in mistake.

Our heroine was none of those self-partial maidens who conceived themselves little short of excellence whilst the world distinguishes nothing but imperfection; no; she had accomplishments sufficient to have been proud, and beauties enough to have been vain; nevertheless, she was sensible, she had a red nose, and was humble. Would to Heaven half the ladies in the universe had red noses?

Possessed of such desirable qualifications, Maria danced away her eighteenth birthnight without a lover. She obtained indeed a transitory admirer, but the moment her sister Charlotte appeared, the *molles oculi* were fixed upon her, leaving poor Maria to cogitate upon her nose in solitude. It was vexatious, and had she conceived that tears would have quenched its rubiform glow, or diminished its longitude, she would have wept: but she expected not miracles in her favour; and as, amidst all the panaceas she had heard of, she had met with every thing but a cure for copper noses, she wisely determined to be content where discontent would have availed her nothing.

Though Maria was the first born, Charlotte stood not upon ceremony, and married. "Now," said Maria,

"if my nose be not an insurmountable obstruction, the conjugal road is without impediment." As she finished the sentence, Mr. CONWAY was introduced: he was—in short, he was six feet high.

When Maria perceived the skirt of a coat, she involuntarily applied a kerchief to her face. It required as much magnanimity to expose a red nose, unabashed by observation, as to conceal a handsome one beneath a mask. Conway was struck with the exact symmetry of her form and the gracefulness of her motions. A man is ever in a hurry to be in love, and ever in haste to be out again. A few moments conversation satisfied Conway that Maria's sentiments were just, her judgment powerful, and her imagination delicate: that she applauded not before she understood, nor simpered forth thanks for those indiscriminate compliments which appear to convey politeness, but which originate in contumely and disdain.—Thus, in a little hour, to the eyes of Conway, Maria breathed a phoenix. He had not seen her nose.

Man is a weathercock; the child of caprice, the offspring of inconsistency. At the moment Conway was on the eve of confessing that the charms of Maria's conversation, the sublimity of her conceptions, and the unaffected ingenuity of her manners, had won his unalterable affection; at that very moment his opinion changed, and he no longer thought her conversation charming, her conceptions sublime, or her manners unaffectedly ingenuous. He had seen her nose.

He bit his lips, made his bow, and departed. Maria perceived the sudden revolution in the apostate's sentiments, and accounted for it with correctness. She wished she had not withdrawn the kerchief from her face; it was an unfortunate removal; her nose, she was convinced, would be her ruin. She wept; for, although she was too cautious to be in love with him to *distraction*, she felt a something, a palpitation, a mantling of the blood around the heart, which whispered her that the gentleman's departure, thus *indisposed*, was vexatious. "Why," exclaimed she, "why did my mother long for mulberries?"

It was an unfilial apostrophe, and had her parent desired the tail of a Hippopotamus, she could not have uttered more.

It may, with the most serious wisdom be remarked, that nothing could be weaker than Maria's sorrow, since her lamentation was useless, and since she might have consoled herself with the knowledge, that though she was deformed, she was not vicious.—Scourge me such unreasonable reasoners, and dip the rod in brine. That lamentation profits us nothing, is an additional cause of lamentation; that deformity is not vice, is indeed an undeniable truth; nor is a sciatica the hooping cough, nor the leprosy a fever. And what then? Do we not bewail a sciatica as a leprosy?

How deplorable a business it is, that from the polemical fastidiousness of the world, one is not permitted to proceed straight forward in a straight forward narration. Should you simply affirm that to creep through the snow barefooted, is a ridiculous method to cure chilblains, the position is denied you: how can it be a ridiculous method, cries an intrusive hypercritic, if it be no method? This is to travel the sidelong journey of a crab; we do not go backwards indeed, but do we proceed?

Conway's disposition was not an irascible one, since he never anathematized the cook when the beef was over-roasted, though the fault was without remedy, nor cursed the housemaid to the depth of hell, when she cut him the upper side of the loaf, though no one could be fonder of kissing crust than he; but in spite of his placidity, on quitting Maria, he vehemently exclaimed, "Did ever mortal see such a nose? Did ever mortal own such an one? She has humour and ease; her ways are ways of pleasantness; she enjoys that *Gaiete de Cœur* which I admire, and that—intolerably red nose which I cannot admire for my life. Among the variety that exists, why in the name of wonder did she choose that?" As this was reasoning like a maniac, it were not uncharitable to suppose him in love.

That there is but one good reason for being in love, namely, the impossibility to avoid it is an idea so

truly good in itself that, had it not sprung from my own pericranium, I should have attributed it to the most venerable antiquity, and classed it for wisdom, with the *nosce teipsum* of Thales, the *nihil nimis* of Cicobulus, the *nosce tempus* of Pittacus, and the *nil admirari* of Horace.

Fortunately for Cupid, business recalled Conway to Mr. Hargrave's, and fortunately for Maria, his visit ended in an invitation at pleasure. The wise profit by every acquisition; "among the evils of life," says the gloomy Johnson, "we have to number the mutability of friendship." Conway, sensible that invitations were given and forgotten with little solicitude, visited Mr. Hargrave without delay. But, alas! what an alteration in his manner? he spoke without trepidation, and listened without curiosity; lounged unceremoniously upon the sofa, and buttered his toast with fashionable freedom. The day is lost said Maria.

It was the very idea which struck upon the mind of Conway. "If I am in love," said he, "it is not with Maria. On my first visit her opinions were judicious, and in unison with my own; but now they are diametrically opposed to mine, and, what is passing strange, she is perpetually wrong; I, invariably right: I will think of her no more." So saying, he thought of her every step that separated him from the house; thought of her as he entered his own door; thought of her as he undressed himself; dreamed of her, and awoke in the morning, exclaiming, "I will think of her no more."

He was then engaged at Lloyds. "The man who neglects his business in pursuit of pleasure," said he, "grasps at the end before he has obtained the means, and is an idiot." With this golden aphorism at his lips, he turned his back upon the city, and hastened to Maria!!

As he journeyed on, he suddenly rested his chin upon the palm of his hand; and, neglectful of the mockery of butcher's boys, "What am I doing?" said he, aloud; "if I marry her, what will the world say? What will the city say? What will Miss Pin, Miss Caustic, and Miss Wagtail, say?" "An exquisite sermon!"



who is this Mrs. Conway?" "How admirable his picture of detraction! the illegitimate daughter of my Lady Catamaran's butler." "The reprimand of envy, how severe! she has a tolerable eye, but what a nose!"—"How divine the summing up! did you like the new organ?" "Ha, ha, ha, excellent, excellent, indeed, you are *so witty*; Mrs. Conway's organ I presume you mean; to tell you the truth, I lost the good doctor's thirty-second subdivision by the intervention of that very thing: I consoled myself by writing an epigram, however: you know my talent, but here it is:—

"Maria, anxious to conceal  
Which way the brandy flows,  
Contrives her *tongue* shall nought reveal,  
But quite forgets her *nose*."

Thus pleasurable were the excursions of Conway's imagination; and if the scene had not been broken by his arrival at Mr. Hargrave's, he would inevitably have meditated himself into perpetual bachelorship. As acquaintance had now ascended to friendship, he sat down, without teasing his host by impolite ceremony; and, indeed, no one could accuse him of too great attention to forms and regulations, for, absorbed in thought, he placed the kettle upon the table, and the tea pot on the fire; poured the milk upon his roll, spread the butter upon the cloth, and mixed the sugar with the salt. Maria's heart danced with gladness: "I do really believe," said she, "the rogue has forgotten my red—odious word, remain for ever unutterable."

She was mistaken; the next day Conway circumambulated the metropolis for a recipe to remove stains.—"Are they in your cravats?" No. "In your boot-tops?" No. "In your reputation?" No. "In the name of Satan, where then?" "Satan be praised, in Maria's nose." It would have convulsed the sides of Crassus, who laughed but once in his life; or those of Heraclitus, who lived without laughing.

"That man is not born for happiness," said Conway, condemning his own irresolution; "nothing more pointedly displays than this—that he suffers every trifle to obstruct it. Gracious powers! when the cup is replete with blessings, how do we stand?—

Idiots like, gazing at the delicious draught untasted! and why—truly a red nose floats upon the surface.—Blockhead that thou art! what if it were huge as Hecla? Then, by Heavens!" said he, answering himself, "never should it disfigure my sheets."

From what useless struggles would it exempt us could we withdraw the curtain of fate, and ascertain, at once, the journey we are to travel. In contempt of himself Conway loved; not but the fall of stocks, the rise of winds, the mortality of a favourite lap-dog, or the tedious vitality of a rich aunt, gave a temporary check to his love, by producing a fit of the spleen: he then saw nothing through the mist of partiality, and Maria's nose glowed with renovated redness.

By continually dwelling upon a subject we forget it: it becomes familiar; familiarity produces inattention, and inattention sinks into indifference. So it happened to Conway; he had a half-consciousness that Maria had some defect, but of what denomination he endeavoured in vain to remember, and as he sought what he had little inclination to find, it is not to be admired at that his inquiry was ineffectual. His visits at Mr. Hargrave's now began and ended with the day. He wondered why he did not marry, and, profoundly ignorant of his battles against himself, generously exclaimed, "Love should be unconstrained; that is not given which is not given willingly."

When a man once wonders that he is unmarried, he soon ceases to be a bachelor. The irrevocable knot was tied.

As the fond couple quitted the church, a young idler exclaimed,—"Goodness, gracious! only see what a huge red nose." "Red nose!" echoed Conway. "Red nose!" said he, repeating the words a second time. "What can the blockhead mean?"—

MOMUS.

#### ON NEWSPAPERS.

Sir,

AS your columns are well known to be the means of communicating to the world many valuable hints, I shall beg the favour of your

Inserting some observations I am about to make relative to newspapers.

Among the numerous papers which issue from the metropolitan press, it is rather remarkable that there should be no one published twice a week. The diurnal or triduan prints are too expensive for every individual, and in consequence the weekly ones have been established; but these, of necessity, give a very abstracted account of the various occurrences of the preceding seven days, and are often objected to, on the ground that the subscriber is so long kept in ignorance of the passing events. From these circumstances I am inclined to think, that any person having it in contemplation to establish a newspaper, or any proprietor of an existing weekly print, inclined to extend his plan, would find it advantageous to introduce such a paper as that alluded to, (and at the price of sixpence) which would scarcely fail of meeting a friendly reception from a public ever ready to support new and useful arrangements.

Your's, &c.

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#### *On the different MERITS of AUTHORS.*

**T**HE word genius is a term much used in the world, and yet it is one of the most equivocal. Each person attaches a particular idea to it, and still the definition of it is attended with difficulty. We often entertain a contradictory opinion in regard to words, though we agree, without knowing it, in regard to the thing.—The precaution of a just definition of terms were only necessary for a complete adjustment of all differences; but it is a precaution which would, in truth, appear pedantic in ordinary conversation, in which vivacity gains the ascendancy over exactitude, and precision is almost always disconcerted by sallies of wit. This contradiction is very evident in regard to works of poetry and eloquence. None have as yet appeared which have met with universal approbation. The same work is admired and censured; by some it is considered as possessing fair claims to immortality; by others it is denounced as vile and contemptible. When we see such opposite

decisions on the same thing, we are tempted to believe that the arts are subject to arbitrary beauties. Let us not, however, judge so falsely.

In every work of genius there are real perfections and real faults. Examine the works of our greatest geniuses, of Milton, Dryden, and Shakspeare, and the truth of that position will not be disputed. I believe some rules might be established, by which the merits of a work could be weighed with exactness, and that precise esteem conferred on them of which they are deserving; but, I do not enter into the physical causes from which our thoughts proceed. I mean to examine, independent of those causes, the different faculties of our soul, to arrange them in a proper order, and to attach to each its respective value. The faculties, which fall principally under my consideration, are memory, imagination, judgment; to which I may add method, which is not distinguished from judgment, but is rather the perfection and the scope of it. We are sufficiently of accord in regard to the merit of those different talents. Every one places him, who writes and acts from memory, below him who is guided by imagination: the one makes use of the creations of another, the other creates for himself. The man of mere imagination is also below him who judges and reasons; and finally, he who has merely just ideas, is below him who, with this justness, is also acquainted with the dependance and the connection of his ideas, and who in an exact arrangement knows how to strengthen the one by the other.

Authors should be ranged under these different classes. It is thence that we can extract the principles by which we shall attain to a knowledge of the particular bent of their genius, and in what particular sense we ought to commend or censure each passage of their works. Let not self-love be alarmed at this estimation of worth; if it lose sometimes, in being obliged to commend certain authors contrary to its inclination, it will, on the other, be a considerable gainer in lowering the value of many things which a false reputation has exalted.

In the first place, there are authors



of pure memory, who have no other talent than of appropriating to themselves the works of others. I do not pretend to speak of those shameless compilers, who amass, without choice or art, the cases and thoughts which they have read, imagining that they have some share in the things which they give themselves the trouble to repeat. With such authors I disclaim all interference; it were ridiculous to bestow on them any rank in the republic of letters, for they possess none. I am speaking of a species of authors whom it is easier to mistake, and who succeed sometimes in establishing a reputation. These are your pretended poets, essayists, and novel writers, who, without dreaming of copying any one, do nothing else but copy. Incapable of producing any thing original, it is by memory alone that they form their designs, their thoughts, and even their style. Their heads being replete with the best authors they dare not, or, to speak more justly, they cannot form their thoughts otherwise than according to their favourite author; they apply his figures and expressions to present circumstances; and, though they be mere simple translators or copyists, they consider themselves as originals, in having merely changed the title or the names. In vain they pretend, that the beauties of which they make use are their own, because they belong to all. It is the great conformity which detects them.—There is always something original which distinguishes our own thoughts from those which are the effect of imitation. The expression even betrays them at every instant. In prose we have phrases and entire passages amassed from the best writings, and connected with much trouble and very little art. In poetry we have but well known couplets, and forced and unnatural rhymes; we never find an epithet of which we cannot produce an example; never one of those bold flights, which bespeak the existence of genius, and which genius only dare undertake, and the boldness of which is concealed by its success.—We here observe all the seductive arts of self-love. Is there any other merit than that of memory, in drawing Aurora opening the gates of the

orient with her rosy fingers, or the hours yoked to the car of the sun; himself environed with rays, running his vast and dangerous career in his golden car, and sinking at last to repose on the bosom of Thetis; or representing Neptune rousing the tempests with one stroke of his trident, or assuaging the fury of the waves by a single word, conducting his amphibious horses on the humid plains, preceded by a host of tritons, and receiving on all sides the tribute of the rivers; or, in painting the laughing Flora, caressed by the young zephyrs, or her treasures dispersed by the tyrants of the air; finally, in descending to the banks of the formidable Styx to the gods themselves, where the inflexible Parca determine the length of the days of man, and where the severe judges distribute equitably to the shades the torments of Tartarus or the delights of Elysium. All these ideas are at the command of every one, and yet such is the propensity of man, to attach a greater consequence to himself than he deserves, at the expense of another, that even some of the greatest geniuses of the present day do not hesitate to make use of those ideas, and thereby become intoxicated with a puerile pride, which would not be pardonable even in those from whose superior heads they originated. But there is, in every art, the same well beaten track, although it may be not quite so apparent. How many hackneyed modes are there not in oratory to conciliate the good opinion of the audience, to alarm, to affect, to awaken the expiring attention, finally to collect its forces to bring conviction on the most stubborn minds. Is there any species of poetry, the materials for which are not all ready prepared for us? The epic poet looks to Homer, the pastoral poet to Theocritus and Virgil, the satirical poet to Juvenal and Horace, and thus through every department of the art, a guide presents itself, and which is universally adopted.

It is, however, to the authors of imagination that the arts are indebted. Memory can only form a register, and to that only her sphere is restricted.

The imagination, for I here ex-

amine it individually, is subject, it is true, to the most extravagant fantasies, but it also produces the most happy ideas. It is in vain for an author to expect success, if he be not possessed of a lively and correct imagination; no art can give him that talent: for art presupposes its existence, and where it is wanting it is in vain to study all the stated rules; and even if, in an elaborate work, they have been most scrupulously observed, nothing more will have been proved than the inutility of rules without genius. It is true, that a solid judgment and a fertile genius seldom coalesce, and it is for this reason that the perfection of the arts can only be the result of time. The first inventors knew, apparently, better to imagine than to choose; they executed boldly every thing which presented itself to them. Experience did not assist them to foresee the effect of their caprices. Dazzled themselves with the novelty of their ideas, they dazzled also those around them, for nothing is more contagious than the sallies of imagination; but in the future, the ridiculous parts were rejected accordingly as they were recognised. The agreeable only were preserved, to serve as a foundation for other beauties, which, being amassed in the lapse of time, formed at last a regular edifice in every species of art. It is not to be supposed that the first poem had the consistence and the proportions of the poem of Homer, faulty even as it is in some respects; and we cannot but suppose, that Theocritus, although in a more simple species of poetry, was not assisted by the beauties and the faults of his predecessors. The imagination of the first authors could not rise to such perfection.

As the office of memory is to represent, faithfully, to us all that we have seen or heard, or that has been seen or heard by others, so it is the office of imagination to paint to us new objects by an arbitrary arrangement of every thing which has already struck our senses. In proportion to the number of objects which we have seen, the greater will be our facility of imagination. He who is only acquainted with two species of animals, could not figure to himself monsters

as various as he who is acquainted with every species. The imagination of infants acts not with the same force as that of men, and their dreams are apparently more uniform and accompanied by a smaller number of objects.

In regard to works of labour, the imagination of the first inventors was nearly as confined: many essays were necessary before they could succeed, and a considerable time elapsed before any great designs were formed, or any great spectacles presented to the mind. To illustrate this, we have only to attend to the birth and progress of tragedy and comedy, although the taste for those spectacles rendered their progress towards perfection very rapid. Notwithstanding the aid which was granted by the poems of Homer, which presented noble ideas for the drama, the first essays in that art were rude and without skill. By degrees the absurdities were expunged; rationalities were introduced; and these different advantages and perfections were the labour and glory of several authors. Thus it is true, that invention and perfection are almost always incompatible.

Greece had the honour of these inventions, and Rome enjoyed them in the future with the shame of not having added any thing towards their perfection. Seneca never soared above his models, and Terence even took all his subjects from Menander; and although that circumstance does not abstract any thing from the pleasure excited by his pieces, it is nevertheless a subtraction of the personal merit of the author. In regard to dramatic writers, England and France have great reason to be proud. The merits of the former are too well known to require any comment, but a short analysis of the merits of the latter will be found illustrative of the present subject. The heroes of Corneille affect us less by their dangers, than they astonish us by their greatness of soul. He discovered the secret of interesting us by admiration, a sentiment which reflects upon ourselves, at the sight of the noble actions of which our nature is capable. Racine, owing perhaps to a particular taste, or perhaps urged by the neces-



sity of forming for himself a new path, to acquire a renown equal to that of his great rival, and whom he despaired to surpass in the manner peculiar to him, has almost always made love the subject of his pieces; and whilst Corneille flatters our pride, in shewing us the height to which human nature can extend, Racine consoles us for our weaknesses in shewing us that the greatest of men are subject to them. Moliere, not content with painting nature in general like Terence, attached himself to follies, or to particular vices, which he has exposed in the most glowing colours. In one word, he made intrigue subordinate to characters, a species of comedy unknown to the ancients, at least in that perfection to which Moliere brought it. The great merit of these authors is invention. If Corneille had only written his *Cid*, and Moliere his *Amphitruon*, their claim to the character of inventors would have been undoubted.

R. H.

[*To be continued.*]

*THE LITERARY LIFE and TRAVELS of*  
*BARON HOLBERG. Written by*  
*Himself. Extracted from the Latin*  
*Edition of Leipsick, in 1743.*  
*By W. HAMILTON REID.*

[*Continued from p. 19.*]

**I** HAD hitherto not only the pleasure of seeing every thing remarkable in Paris, but I extended my visits to the chateaus and palaces in the neighbourhood. The royal palace of Versailles appeared to me as exceeding every idea I had formed of it. But as, at length, I found that my retired mode of living became irksome, I made myself known to a Swedish clergyman, who lived in the same part of the town as I did, and not far from my lodging. From him I learned that there were three Danes in Paris, viz. a physician, a priest, and a tailor: but the two first of these I also learned were of such different habits and modes of thinking, that the third could never reconcile them together, notwithstanding all his efforts. In a very short time I visited them all, and found them as different from each other as possible. The physician

entertained such a degree of reverence for the rites of the Romish church, that he would, at any time, risk an illness rather than eat flesh on a fast day. The priest, on the other hand, who had adopted the catholic religion, merely on account of the privileges attached to it, and was most observant of the means and manners best calculated to promote the conveniences of the present life. The physician was firm and determined in his purposes, whatever might be urged against them. The priest was as variable as the wind. He knew of no medium, but carried every thing to extremes: sometimes he would be as near and as sparing as Diogenes; at another time, as extravagant and as luxurious as Apicius. In his appearance he would be sometimes extremely neat and clean; at another time, equally as slovenly and dirty. Sometimes he would declare there was no salvation out of the catholic church; and, perhaps in the next breath, he would affirm that the Lutheran was the only true religion. At other times he would boast of his revenues; then again he would be ready to swear that he had not seen a shilling for a month. In fact, the physician was an economist, the priest a spendthrift; one spoke too much, and the other too little. The physician always spoke the truth; but the priest never uttered two words, one of which was not a falsehood. The physician loved learning and learned men; the priest despised both, notwithstanding he was a librarian, where the number of books was equal to the libraries of Vienna or Florence: but then this librarian was neither a Lambec nor a Maghabecchi, and seemed to pride himself in the idea, that severe and hard study would never make him hypochondriacal. I once happened to ask him for the antiquities of Josephus, when he acknowledged the name was unknown to him, and thought that I must certainly have confounded the name of Josephus with that of Philo! At another time, when I wished to know the number of the books in the library, he returned me an unlearned, but rather a witty answer, *Pauperis est, numerare gregem.*

He was a native of the island of

Fuhnen; and after having been some-time at the school of Odenzee, was accepted at Copenhagen among the academic burghers. After remaining among them some years, he travelled, but for what reason I know not, to France, where he changed his religion, and had the address to insinuate himself so much into the good graces of the Abbé de Bignon, that he entrusted him with the care of his library. I have often been amused with his rhodomontade, which generally had his own praise for its object. He scarcely ever spoke of Denmark, or about Danes, without boasting that, if he only had the liberty of preaching and disputing in public, he would undertake to convert the whole kingdom. One time, in particular, I could not but feel extremely displeased with him; when he was so shameless as to assert, apparently in earnest, that the Lutherans scarcely deserved the name of christians, as, the sacrament of baptism excepted, they had not the appearance of christianity among them. We had a long dispute, and a doctor of the Sorbonne joined him against me; but I believe, in common with most disputes, it terminated without the conviction of any of the parties concerned. Borman, for that was the name of the librarian, after the doctor before-mentioned had taken up his cause, was contented to become a hearer, and owned, when the other was gone, that the faith of Luther certainly was grounded on God's word. However, he was not long before he exhibited a fresh proof of his levity of mind, in attempting to pass off some more of his papistical notions. As for his patron, the Abbé Bignon, he deservedly held one of the principal stations under one of the most celebrated prelates of the age. He was equally as well versed in affairs of state as in those of literature. He maintained, at his own cost, a librarian, four secretaries, four musicians, and one female singer. I have heard him speak twice at the academy. By the graceful manner in which he introduces and supports his arguments, one might imagine that the Muses were really present, and speaking French. Whenever he preaches at St. Germain's, the church will scarcely con-

tain the auditors, and it is difficult to enter in or out, without tearing ones cloaths. Borman, I afterwards learned, lost his situation, and was much reduced in his circumstances.

I will now return to my other countryman, Winslow, the physician, or rather the anatomist. He was also born at Fuhnen; but though he likewise has renounced the religion, he has by no means divested himself of the love of his country; for he never appears better pleased than when he can do his countrymen any service. He gave me the most friendly reception, and accompanied me in a tour all about Paris, so that by his means the very utmost degree of my curiosity was satisfied. He was an enemy to pride of every description; he was honourable, sincere, candid, and obliging; still his conversation, with strangers, was in some measure tiresome, on account of his singular propensity for disputation. He was always the first to commence a theological discussion; and would, if possible, introduce his friends to other persons as much prone to disputation as himself. At that time I was not acquainted with the logic of the excellent Nicholas Gresse, he being invited to a dispute with a certain abbé, answered, that such a discussion could be of no use; because persons who at the bottom were of one opinion could certainly gain nothing. However, as the abbé would persist in knowing in what it was, that the Danish protestants and the catholics agreed, Gresse replied, the Danes believe that the zeal of the Pope for the honour of the Holy See is influenced more by the receipts of his treasury than any other consideration: and the Romish consistory, added he, is, I believe, of the same opinion. The abbé was silent, and a smile covered the face of the bystanders.

In other respects Mr. Winslow is highly esteemed by the French, not only on account of the integrity of his conduct, but also for his great skill in his profession, particularly in anatomy. It is not possible that he could leave his country, and renounce his religion with any view to enrich himself, or obtain promotion in France, because he might have en-



joyed greater privileges at home, where there are fewer of his profession, and consequently more practice. And besides he has married at Paris, a young woman who had neither riches nor birth to recommend her. Notwithstanding his great learning, I have observed a remarkable portion of simplicity about him. His mind is easily affected by trifling and shewy things; and this has exposed him to the arts of the designing. He has owned to me that his way of thinking has been very frequently shaken by the disputations which he is in the habit of attending every Sunday, and on festivals in the chapel of St. Sulpicius, where one of the royal chaplains enjoys a salary for defending the catholic religion against all objections which the auditors are at liberty to make. I have often attended these disputes, and must confess, that persons, not firmly established in their belief, might be easily entangled and led into error. For as this chaplain, in consequence of his continual practice in disputation, has an amazing facility about him, he seldom finds any difficulty in overpowering his antagonists. In fact, he seems to know so well how to turn all objections against his doctrines, against the bringers of them, and has the art of setting them in such a ludicrous point of view, that the auditors generally laugh loud enough to be heard all over the church, as well as in the chapel where they are; so that, for the moment, one might rather suppose oneself in a playhouse than as present at a sacred exercise. And besides those who have the courage to state their objections thus in public, are generally the unlearned, whom he can easily confound; or, they are catholics, who seldom fail in yielding him the palm.

Among some few others, when there has been no ecclesiastics to object to any thing said from the chair, I have observed a *cobler*, who, though the chaplain was so well versed in the art of desputation, had the address very frequently to divert him from the strength of his argument, and compel him to adopt very absurd conclusions. The cobbler would refer to the Holy Scriptures, to the fathers,

and to church history, with such a wonderful readiness that I never did believe he was a cobbler, till I was taken to the place where I saw him at work. In Denmark, no doubt, one may find *cobblers* enough that in point of workmanship would yield to none, but I doubt whether the country would produce even a *shoemaker* equal to my friend at Paris.

Much about the time, another Danish student arrived at Paris, and he also supposing himself very well qualified to engage in the disputations I have just mentioned, was only anxious about the means of bringing it about. As the French language only was used on these occasions, and the student was not sufficiently master of it, I was made use of as a herald to carry this challenge to the chaplain, and to propose that, in the room of French, the Latin language should be used. This was accepted; and a day being appointed, the priest and the student engaging, the first day's debate in the chapel was decidedly in favour of the Dane. Ashamed of this defeat, the chaplain proposed another place for the next day's debate, but here the change of place changed the fortune of victor; for the chaplain perceiving that he had to do with a person rather superior to the common run of disputants, now took care to argue more methodically than at other times, and likewise to speak better Latin. The student's failure seemed to be entirely owing to his deficiency in church history, with which he was not so well acquainted as with polemics; so that whenever the priest found himself hard pressed, he would immediately fly to ecclesiastical history; this was a labyrinth in which he was pretty sure to bewilder his antagonist. But though the young Dane was soon qualified to meet him on this ground, in the end, he was foiled in a question to determine "to whom belonged the right of interpreting scripture," his antagonist claiming it for the catholic church, and objecting to the protestants, the multiplicity of opinions maintained among them.

But to return to my own history; I perceived that my stipend of an hundred rix dollars was by no means adequate to my necessities; conse-

quently I was for some months much perplexed to find out means of extricating myself from this new difficulty. In a word, I found, at Paris, nothing cheap but learning; this city seemed to be the centre of literature; I saw myself in a manner entirely surrounded by rectors, grammarians, jurists, &c. &c. Some of these who would undertake to instruct youth, for a very small consideration, were called *Repetiteurs*. One of this description was my intimate friend. From him I learned that Paris was by no means a paradise for the learned, but that they must live here in very low circumstances. He was not unacquainted with medicine nor civil law; however, he proved, by his own example, that he was an exception to the adage, which says,

Dat Galenus opes, dat Justinianus honores.  
For it was doubtful which prevailed, his poverty or his learning. At Paris, too, it must be allowed that men do not measure learning by the length of the beard, nor by the coarse mantle of the philosopher. The common people, at least, always suppose there is the most learning in the cleanest beard, and the head that has the most powder! The want of a neat exterior at least, is here a damning argument against all pretensions to literature. A foreign dentist resided some time in the house in which I live, but as he was extremely frugal, and made no appearance, he had little or no business; however, when he found out the temper of the people he lived with, it was not long before he had a carriage, which enabled him to live still more magnificently: so hard it is to bring the common people in Paris to an acquiescence with the poet:

Sæpe est etiam sub pallio, sordida, sapientia.

My landlord, also, a tailor by trade, went extremely clean and neat, and when I enquired the reason, he gave me to understand that if he did not dress, he would certainly be looked upon as a very indifferent workman.

It has been a remark made by ancient as well as modern authors, that the inhabitants of Paris have a peculiarity different from all other people, that is to say, of being pleased

with trifles. Hence, by their own countrymen living in the provinces, they are called *badauds*, viz. cocknies; for though one meets with every thing there that pride and industry can possibly bring together; all the refinements of luxury and vanity, forming a kind of universal centre, and though Paris is undoubtedly the most fruitful place in the world for change and novelty, the least trifle in the world, under the idea of a shew or a spectacle, can never fail to bring almost the whole population out of doors, and that in the greatest precipitation; and all this very frequently to see what one of our peasants would not think it worth his while to stir a single foot after. The French government certainly take the advantage of this disposition in the people, and even use it as an engine to enforce obedience.

There has been something ridiculous even in the French insurrections. The serious history of the league, and the slingers can scarcely be read without a smile. Even the bread that they ate, at those times in Paris, was formed in a way to shew the political sentiments of the eater. During the insurrection, in the time of Clement XI, the parties distinguished themselves by the labels on their banners, one inscribed, *à la constitution*; the other, *à la regence*. Sometimes a dangerous insurrection has been suppressed by one of the most trifling circumstances imaginable, even when the very existence of the commonwealth appeared to be at stake. This foible was well known to Cardinal de Retz; for, whenever the people seemed to have assembled together for purposes of outrage or revenge, the cardinal, so far from being alarmed, used to say, "They will soon separate and go home to their houses when the hour for dinner or promenade arrives." The Parisians have a great aversion against suffering any thing to interfere with their dinner hours.

I have before observed that the jurist with whom I became acquainted upon the footing of a confidential friend, had painted the situation of the learned, in such colours, as to destroy all the hopes I had cherished of realizing any thing worth my



while, by what I had learned. However, he gave me some very wholesome advice. My chamber was in the Fauxbourg of St. Germain, which I at length found, from its proximity to some of the public buildings and the public gardens, was by no means the cheapest part of the town. Besides, here one was obliged to drink river water, which, though it agrees with the natives, is often extremely inconvenient to strangers. A fever or a diarrhea is often the consequence, which the Parisians used to call "paying handsel money." Of the latter, I was ill a whole month, and the only comfort I had during this period was, that I was suffering in concert with all strangers.

In the management of domestic economy I at length was capable of excelling my teacher; and if a Dane or Norwegian, coming to Paris, applied at first to M. Borman, who was better known than myself, he never failed referring them to me, as a person still better acquainted with Paris than himself.

After I had left St. Germain, I took an apartment at a very moderate rent, near the Sorbonne. This quarter is quite filled with poor students French and Irish; with the latter, knowing English, I very easily formed an acquaintance. Among these was a counsellor of the order of St. George; my acquaintance with him was not expensive; it was his *nobility* I understood, and not his *riches*, which was to distinguish him from other people; so that the offer of a pipe of tobacco, and a glass of beer to him, was no affront; and in a visit which I paid one of this description, the whole entertainment consisted of nothing more than poor cheese, worse bread, and bad wine!

[To be continued.]

TO MELFONT.

(He will understand it.)

I MUST answer your kind epistle. I am not lost to friendship, but my heart is the abode of misery. In moments of melancholy reflection, when fancy pictures in colours more glowing, more impressive, more awful, than common minds can con-

ceive, the events of times that are gone by, Oh Melfont it distracts me. You know my soul. I was not born to command the impetuosity of my passions—they are my masters—they carry me whither they please. I have no controul over *them*, and I am the most wretched of beings.

Dear festive scenes of untroubled youth! Joyous moments—how are ye fled! Memory, guide my pen and trace the picture of my childhood. Paint me careless in the bosom of a beloved family—an object of adoration. Follow me through all the felicities of existence, which a mind innocent of crime, ignorant of subtleties, and free from care can know. How was I delighted in those hours of infantile bliss, to extort, by artless endeavours, the fond smiles of a now sainted parent? Endearing thought! which binds the heart of man in closer unison with God! which points out that active principle within—that emanation from divinity. Melfont! I hate the man who can recal, without a sigh, the moments for ever gone of innocence, and unmingled bliss. He has a heart formed for villainy. No generous sentiment—no virtuous principle can take root in it.

† \* †

London, Feb. 1810.

CATALOGUE RAISONNEE; or a CONCISE and CORRECT ACCOUNT of the STATUES, BAS-RELIEFS, and BUSTS, in the GALLERY of ANTIQUES, MUSEUM of NAPOLEON, at PARIS.

[Resumed from p. 22.]

43. *Bacchus Indianus*.—The victorious god of the east, now displays a long curled beard, and exuberant locks bound with a kind of circlet or diadem. This bust is wrought in antique red marble, of a darkish hue, in a very beautiful taste. It is observable, that holes are bored in the eyes destined for the reception of pupils formed either of enamel or of precious stones. This fine remain was dug up at Rome in 1791, in the district called Mervlana, which is situated between Coelius Mons and the Esuiline-Hill. It was found buried beneath the double causeway of an ancient street.

44. *Ælius Cæsar*.—The portrait exhibited in this piece, has a beard, and very nearly resembles the portraits of Ælius Cæsar, the adopted son of Adrian, who designed him for his successor, but an untimely death prevented him from attaining to his exalted destiny. He is clad with the chlamydes which is thrown over the tunic. This bust, the authenticity of which is unquestionable, is wrought in Parian marble.

45. *Lucius Verus the Younger*.—There is every reason to believe that this beautiful work, representative of a young man in a state of nudity, with flowing locks, and altogether admirably executed, presents us with the likeness of Lucius Verus in early youth, when, having lost his father Ælius Cæsar, he was adopted by Antoninus the Pious. This fine bust, formed of Pentelic marble, was formerly to be seen at Rome, in the Villi Albani.

46. *Matidia*.—She was the niece of Trajan, and the mother-in-law of Adrian. The physiognomy of the portrait perfectly accords with that which the rare medals of this princess exhibit; with this difference, that the present likeness appears to have been taken at a more advanced stage of life. This excellent bust, entirely antique, is wrought in marble of Luni, and was brought from the wardrobe of the crown.

47. *Plautilla*. In this portrait of a Roman lady we meet with some resemblance to the likenesses of Plautilla, daughter of the celebrated Jurisconsult Papinian, and the ill-fated wife of Caracalla. The head, formed of Parian marble, is attached to a bust, which is also of the ancient school, wrought in marble of Luni. This piece of sculpture was in the wardrobe.

48. *A Faun with the Panther*.—This young faun is represented in an upright posture, and perfectly naked; the forehead, from which two small horns appear to sprout, is crowned with branches of the pine; in the left hand he brandishes the *pedum*, or pastoral staff, as if about to strike a young panther, (a bacchanalian animal,) which has just overturned a vase at his feet.

49. *Another Faun*.—This is in

almost every respect, similar to the preceding; the only essential difference that we can discover in the faun under consideration, is a goat-skin slung over the right shoulder in the manner of a scarf. These two statues appear to be the performance of the same chisel; they are both wrought in Parian marble, and present but few modern restorations.

50. *A Faun reposing*.—This young faun is in a standing posture. It is clad with the goat-skin which falls carelessly from its shoulders. The legs are crossed, and the left hand rests upon the thigh; the trunk of a tree supports the faun, who appears to be in the act of taking repose after plying on the pipe which is held in the right hand. The grace which pervades the whole figure, the numberless ancient copies which still exist, and the form of the goat-skin, which would more appropriately be wrought in bronze than in marble, have led persons in general to conjecture that it is an antique imitation of the Faun or Satyr of Praxiteles, a work in bronze, the reputation of which was so great throughout Greece, that it was honoured with the designation of *peribætos*, or the famous. This statue of Pentelic marble was found, in 1701, near Lanuvium, now Civita Lavinia, where Marcus Aurelius had a country residence. Benedict IV. caused it to be placed in the Museum of the Capitol. Although the two arms are of modern invention, it is not without reason that the pipe is introduced, that instrument being preserved in all the other copies of the piece that are extant.

51. *A Bacchant*.—She is crowned with wine-leaves, and clad in two tunics of unequal lengths without sleeves, over which a goat-skin is negligently thrown. This companion of the jolly god displays a cup filled with grapes, from which she is about to express the intoxicating juice. The hand which holds the cup is modern.

52. *Venus emerging from the Bath*.—At the instant of quitting the bath, the goddess of beauty seems in the act of perfuming her person, or expecting that a veil be thrown over her for the purpose of absorbing the moisture. On her left arm she bears



that sort of bracelet which the Roman ladies called *spinther*. A vase of perfumes overturned serves to support the figure. The following inscription, engraven upon the pedestal, ΒΟΥΠΑΛΟΣ ΕΠΟΙΕΙ, would seem to indicate that the statue is the work of an ancient sculptor, Bupalus, yet it is a modern production. It was within our own time that this statue was found at Salone, upon the road between Rome and Palestrina. Pius VI bought it of the painter Piccola, and had it placed in the Museum of the Vatican.

53. *A Bacchanal*.—Bas-relief. Seven figures of Bacchants and Fauns constitute the circumference of this cylindrical piece of marble, which, from its interior cavity, appears to have served as an ornament to a fount. The relations, which the ancients supposed to exist between Bacchus and the Nymphs, may serve to account for the choice of the subject. These ornaments of founts and wells were known by the name of Putealia, and were used to ornament those of gardens, temples, and other public edifices. The present piece is an elegantly designed bas-relief, executed by a neat and tasteful hand.

54. *Cupid*.—A fragment. The fascinating son of Cytherea, is represented in this beautiful fragment. Exclusively of certain positive indications (such as the holes bored in the shoulders for the reception of the wings, &c.) of this piece's identity, the god of love might here readily be recognised by his flowing locks, the grace and archness of his physiognomy, and the peculiar mildness of his regard, which evinces something still more amiable than what we admire in the countenance of Bacchus or Apollo. This fine fragment, in Parian marble, was brought from the Museum of the Vatican. It was found at Centocelle, on the road between Rome and Palestrina. It is highly probable that this figure, as well as several others which bear the bow and quiver, was executed after the celebrated Cupid of Praxiteles, which was to be seen at Partum in Propontis.

55. *Cupid*.—Naked, with his wings expanded, the son of Venus here appears in the act of bending his bow;

his exertions in the performance of this task oblige him to incurvate the legs, and incline the upper part of the body forwards. This pretty figure, wrought in Parian marble, the original of which was, possibly, the Cupid executed in bronze by Lysippus, for the Thespians, (Pausanias, lib. ix.) has been multiplied by numerous antique copies, a circumstance which tends to prove its celebrity. The right arm and the legs are modern.

56. *Hygeia*, or *Health*.—The daughter of Æsculapius, is here exhibited, in an upright posture, presenting a cup of food to the mysterious serpent, the emblem of life and health, which twines around her left arm. A mantle, which falls over the tunic, descends from the left shoulder beneath the bosom, and entirely envelops the figure. This statue is formed of Parian marble; the hands are modern. The greater part of the serpent, which clearly denotes the identity of the piece, is antique.

57. *Venus Genitrix*.—The images of Venus, bearing the surname of Genitrix, which we find engraven upon the imperial medals, exhibit the goddess whom the Romans regarded as the mother of their ancestors, precisely in the attitude of the beautiful statue of which we are now treating. The dress is likewise the same, consisting of a transparent tunic, scarcely distinguishable from the elegant and graceful turns of the members and body. The apple, which has been recently added, is also to be met with in the above-mentioned types: it represents the present of Paris. The head of the statue is original, although it has undergone some repair. The ears are pierced; for, it was the custom of the ancients to ornament those of Venus with valuable hoops. This beautiful statue, modelled in a style of execution which recalls to our minds the works of remote antiquity, denominated Etruscan, is wrought in Parian marble, and formerly adorned the gardens of Versailles.

58. *Ceres*.—The goddess of Agriculture, her head ornamented with a crown, and bearing in her hand a sheaf of those inestimable ears with which she bounteously gifts the human race, is here represented as co-

vered with an ample mantle, adorned with fringe, which quite envelopes her person. This conveys an ingenious allusion to the mysteries celebrated at Eleusis, in honour of the goddess, which were wrapped in an impenetrable veil of secrecy. The head appears to be a portrait of Julia, the daughter of Augustus.

59. *A Nymph*.—She is in the act of approaching a fountain, thence to draw water; her right hand raises her tunic, in order to prevent its being wetted; while her foot, advanced towards the brink, rests on a ball; and in her left hand she bears a vase, which, it would seem, she is about to fill. Several statues, similar to the present, existing in sundry collections, prove the celebrity of their common prototype. One of them, which was preserved at the Villa d'Este, at Tivoli, bore the name of the nymph Anchirrhoe on the plinth. Those which have been most carefully restored appear in the costume of nymphs, as does that which is now under consideration. The only peculiarity in the latter is the ball already noticed. We are inclined to think that this appendage is merely allusory to the games of the nymphs, whom Grecian poets frequently describe as gambolling on the banks and borders of rivers and fountains. This statue of Parian marble has been removed hither from the gardens of Versailles. It was formerly restored so as to represent Fortune; but the recent alteration is indubitably more consonant with reason. The head, notwithstanding its being detached from the body, is original.

[To be resumed in our next.]

#### QUERY respecting a HALFPENNY of GEORGE I.

SIR,

A HALFPENNY of George the first's has accidentally passed into my possession, respecting which, I wish to ask a question of you, or your readers. The date is 1722. On the exergue are the words *Georgius Rex*. On the reverse, the figure of Britannia, with a rat running up her lap. An explanation of this circumstance is what I would request.

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Perhaps its origin and import may be a popular fact, and well known to many, and to such *my* ignorance may be an object of derision. But let it not be one of *silent* contempt: if any one can give me a satisfactory explanation, I shall thank him, even though he accompany his information with every possible hint of his own superiority of knowledge.

I remain, &c.

Feb. 11, 1810.

INDAGATOR.

#### OBSERVATIONS on the GUNPOWDER-PLOT.

IN reading the history of past events, great care ought to be taken in examining what we read, and more especially when we find that the vanity of the king is flattered at the expense of truth. This will be found particularly necessary in perusing the history of the reign of James the First, or that part of it which relates to the popish-plot. Though this story seemed always to be deeply tinged with the marvellous, it has been generally believed by those who take things upon trust, rather than be at the trouble of examining for themselves.

In reading the sketch of the History left us unfinished by the Honourable Charles James Fox, I was induced to look into the statute book to see if it would cast any ray of light upon this dark transaction. In the preamble to the act for appointing a day of thanksgiving to Almighty God for the happy deliverance of the king, and the three estates of England, from the most traitorous and bloody massacre by gunpowder, we find the grossest flattery where we might reasonably expect nothing but plain and simple truth. It begins, very properly, with acknowledging, "that no nation of the earth hath been blessed with greater benefits than this kingdom now enjoyeth, having the true and free profession of the Gospel, under our most gracious sovereign Lord King James; the most great, learned, and religious king that ever reigned therein; enriched with a most hopeful and plentiful progeny, proceeding out of his royal loins, promising a continuance of this happiness



and profession to all posterity; the which many malignant and devilish popish jesuits and seminary priests much envying and fearing, conspired most horribly when the king, the queen, the prince, the lords spiritual and temporal, were assembled in parliament, to have blown up the house with gunpowder; had it not have pleased Almighty God, by inspiring the king's most excellent majesty with a divine spirit, to interpret some dark phrases of a letter shewn to his majesty, above and beyond all ordinary construction, thereby miraculously discovering the hidden treason not many hours before the appointed time for the execution thereof."

Is not this the language and adulation of courtiers, to flatter the vanity of those above them? For a time it may amuse and deceive, but posterity generally strips off the hypocritical mask, and leaves the object of their praise destitute of posthumous fame. James, with all this boasted display of his learning, was, at the best, but a pompous pedant; and while he was indulging his subjects with the free possession of the Gospel, he was endeavouring to obscure the light of it, which shews that his religion (admitting that he had any) was founded in hypocrisy.

If the king was a second-sighted Scotchman to discover popish-plots which were never intended, his ministers and flatterers were very far from being prophets, when they predicted of the blessings they enjoyed to all posterity by the means of that hopeful progeny which proceeded from him.

The malignant and devilish papist-priests, fearing this prospect would continue (it is said), formed the horrible design of blowing up the three estates of the realm with gunpowder. How were their designs frustrated, and the lives of so many of the heads of the nation saved? Here we have a miracle or a revelation from Heaven to help us out of a difficulty, which enabled the king to interpret some doubtful phrases of a letter shewn him beyond all human construction. It was acknowledged that there was not a man in the kingdom who could have interpreted the hand-

writing, save the king: this was considered a sufficient reason for appointing a general thanksgiving on the 5th day of November: to transmit the wisdom of the king to future ages, under the cloak of a religious duty. But, what say Mr. Fox and Mr. Rose to this pretended conspiracy?

Mr. Fox declares that "it is wholly unaccountable how such a plot as that brought forward by Tongue and Oates could obtain any general belief; nor can any stretch of candour make us admit it to be probable that all who pretended to believe it did seriously entertain it.

"On the other hand, it seems an absurdity, equal almost in degree to a belief of the plot itself, to believe it was a story fabricated by the Earl of Shaftesbury and the other leaders of the Whig party; and it would be highly unjust, as well as uncharitable, not to admit that the generality of those who were engaged in the prosecution of it were probably sincere in their belief of it, since it is unquestionable that, at the very time, many persons, whose political prejudices were of quite different complexions, were under the same delusion. The numerous votes of the two houses of parliament, and the names as well as the numbers of those who pronounced Lord Stafford guilty, seem to put this beyond a doubt. The king repeatedly declared his belief of it. These declarations, if sincere, would have some weight; but if insincere, as may reasonably be suspected, they afford a still stronger testimony to prove that such belief was not exclusively a party opinion, since it cannot be supposed that even the crooked politics of Charles could have led him to countenance fictions of his enemies, which were not adapted to his party. Wherefore, if this question were to be decided upon the ground of authority, the reality of the plot would be admitted; and it must be confessed, that, with regard to facts remote, in respect either of time or place, wise men generally diffide in their own judgment, and refer to that of those who have had a nearer view of them.

"But there are cases where reason speaks so plainly, as to make all arguments drawn from authority, of no avail; and this is, surely, one of them.

Not to mention correspondence by post on the subject of regicide detailed, commotions from the Pope, silver bells, and other circumstances equally ridiculous, we need only advert to the part attributed to the Spanish government in this conspiracy, and to the alledged intention of murdering the king, to satisfy ourselves that it was a forgery.

“ Rapin thinks that, if there was a design to introduce popery and arbitrary power, the king and his brother were at the head of it. Of this I am as much convinced as he can be; but how does this justify the prosecution and the execution of those who suffered, since few, if any, of them were in a situation to be trusted by the royal conspirators with their design? What he says, therefore, that is precisely what was understood by the conspiracy, he by no means justifies those who were the principal prosecutors of the plot.

“ The design to murder the king, he calls the appendage of the plot; a strange expression this, to describe the projected murder of the king! though not more strange than the notion itself when applied to a plot, the object of which was to render that very king absolute, and to introduce the religion he most favoured.

“ Upon a review of this truly shocking transaction, we may be fairly justified in adopting the milder alternative, in imputing to the greater part of those concerned in it rather an extraordinary degree of blind credulity than the deliberate wickedness of planning and assisting in the perpetration of legal murder; yet the proceedings in the popish plot must always be considered an infelible disgrace upon the English nation, in which king, parliament, judges, juries, witnesses, prosecutors, have all their respective, though not equal, shares. Witnesses of such a character as not to deserve credit in the most trifling cause, upon the most immaterial facts, gave evidence so incredible, or, to speak more properly, so impossible to be true, that it ought not to have been believed, if it had come from the mouth of Cato; and upon such evidence, and from such witnesses, were innocent men condemned to death, and executed.

“ Prosecutors, whether attornies, solicitors-general, or managers of impeachments, acted with fury, which, in such circumstances, might be expected. Juries partook naturally enough of the national ferment; and judges, whose duty it was to guard them against such impressions, were scandalously active in confirming them in their prejudices and influencing their passions. The king, who is supposed to have disbelieved the whole of the plot, never once exercised his glorious prerogative of mercy. It is said he dared not. His throne, perhaps his life, was at stake; and history does not furnish us with the example of any monarch with whom the lives of innocent or even meritorious subjects ever appeared to be of much weight, when put in the balance against such considerations.”

Mr. Rose, in his observations on the historical works of the late Charles James Fox, says, “ On the subject of the popish plot, there can now be hardly two opinions in the country; although the believers in it, when the trial took place, and long afterwards, were both numerous and respectable. Reflecting on the fatal effects of the public credulity in this instance, what a lesson does it afford to guard our minds against giving a too ready belief to stories likely to have currency from popular prejudices!”

If there cannot be two opinions in the nation upon the subject of the gunpowder-plot, there surely cannot be two opinions for continuing the act to disgrace our Statute Book, and the Book of Common-Prayer, with a service founded upon falsehood. There is something in human nature which recoils at the thought of approaching Infinite Wisdom under false pretences, and especially in acts of religious worship. Though thanksgiving and praise are always due from a dependent creature, like man, to his great Creator and Preserver, yet pretended favours to answer bad purposes should never be countenanced when known. When the touching for the evil was found, by experience, to be inefficacious, and the folly of the practice was laid aside, the service for the occasion was omitted in our Prayer-Books; and if our legislators would take this sub-



ject under their serious consideration, they would find it necessary to follow the example of their ancestors, and do the same now. If Mr. Fox was now living, he would certainly (if applied to) make a motion for leave to bring in a bill to prevent our offering thanksgiving to the Almighty on feigned pretences; also against the ringing of bells, the bonfires, and the collecting of money by the children, that the gunpowder-plot might gradually sink into oblivion, and be found only in the annals of the reign of James the First.

#### MORAL CHARACTERS.

**I**T is common in the world to give the title of an honest man or a person of merit to him, whose prudent activity so influences his conduct as to procure him credit, ease, luxuries, pleasure, and the liberty of living as he pleases.

Crito, since the twentieth year of his age, has lived upon his estates unmarried and unincumbered with officious relations. He has the reputation of being a man of merit; he receives his friends with affability, betrays a great anxiety to please, and the whole country denominates him happy. He is never without some occupation, and he has no time to yield to those excesses of which idleness is the source. Every morning he presides over the labours of the country. He instructs himself fundamentally in every thing which is useful and valuable. In his undertakings he spares no pains, and they are, in general, crowned with success. He amasses riches, and purchases the fields of his poorer neighbours, but without taking any advantage of their poverty or misery; and, in the course of twenty years, he has joined three noble estates to the very ample ones which he inherited of his father. He never offended any one designedly. He pays his labourers most exactly, and there is no parish in his whole domain which does not feel his liberality. If a church requires for its decoration an altar or an organ, he regards not the expense. His guests are received with great urbanity, and particularly if they have any taste for the pursuits of the country. He sel-

dom partakes of the sports of the field, as they would rob him of a considerable portion of time which he might employ more advantageously. He forms his own contracts, overlooks every account which is presented to him; he has a constant eye over his labourers, and, as he expresses himself, he builds for posterity. Where the ground is not favourable to agriculture, he forms his plantations, or he forms a road which may prove advantageous to his property. He is never unoccupied; from morning to night he is seen assiduous and attentive to his concerns. He lives on the most cordial footing with his neighbours, by whom he makes himself beloved, and who express their admiration of and delight in his well regulated and happy life. Indeed, of what is there to complain in his mode of life? Apparently little or nothing. Is not every thing well adjusted, and does it not accord with the perfection of one principal aim? But what is this principal aim? For what does he live? In what does he occupy himself, and to what do his labours tend, so methodically arranged? Perhaps he himself knows not. He yields himself up to a confused sentiment of that which can make him happy. It appears to him, that it is always proper to be occupied, to do more than others in the same condition of life, to acquire daily additions to his property, and to act with rectitude and probity. Are these true felicity, and the aim for which life was given to him? To convince ourselves of what Crito has performed to render himself happy, let us regard his pretended happiness with the eyes of reason, let us view him on his bed of death. He expires with the title of the lord of this place and that place.—Was it then the vocation of his life to labour to enrich himself? and at his death to leave behind him six princely estates? Did they, who were dependant on him, find in him a supporter and a friend? Did he rescue them from danger or distress by his unsolicited advice? Did he shew any disposition to provide for the support of his faithful domestics? Did he lay out his superfluous property with as much goodness as prudence? He was laborious only to enrich himself,

attentive to and regular in all his proceedings, that he might have a comfortable house, and a table conformable to his taste. He was never addicted to any excess, that his health might remain unimpaired, and no impediment thrown in the way of his occupations. With all his punctuality he lived only for himself, and not for society; for his own profit, and not to fulfil his duty. He lived in a manner methodically sensual, and it is a mode of life adopted by the generality of men. If Crito had made a proper use of his reason, would he have lost sight of the aim for which he was placed in the world? Could he be ignorant that his soul was superior in dignity to his body; that the good qualities of the heart are preferable to the acquisition of extensive estates, to a well served table, and to the admiration of his neighbours?—that there is more wisdom in procuring for himself those benefits which live after death, than those which he is constrained to quit after the course of a few years; that it is a very different labour in being a wise and benevolent man, than in being the richest man in the country. Finally, that there is infinitely more merit in fulfilling the duties towards God and our neighbours, than in shewing ourselves the most rigid observer of the rules of a well extended administration.

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*EUPHEMON, or the Character opposed to Crito.*

Euphemon lives in a situation nearly equal to that of Crito, and he knows how to preserve his property and to enjoy it. He is laborious, consistently with his station, and he considers assiduity in labour to be an obligation imposed on him by God, to provide for his own subsistence and that of other people. The aim of all his occupations is to render himself and others more enlightened, more contented and happy. If the desire of amassing riches enter his mind, it is only with that force consistent with his duty towards God and man. He rises early in the morning, and his first care is to commence the day by the exercise of piety, which is salutary to his soul, and proper to draw

down upon him the benediction of Heaven. He then repairs to his daily occupations. There is not a moment of the day in which he is not employed in something useful: but his ardour for labour does not carry him to the same extreme as Crito, who imposed occupations on himself, which his labourers were more able to perform. He watches over the interests of his tenants; he offers the hand of assistance to the laborious poor, and he excites those to labour who are inclined to indolence. Without detracting from the respect which is due to a superior, who, consistent with his duty, preserves order and subordination: he knows how to familiarize himself with those who are in dependance, and they love him whilst they honour him. The care which Crito expended in decorating the churches of his different parishes, is employed by Euphemon in the support of schools, which he provides with pious and skilful masters, to whom he gives a salary in proportion to the pains which they bestow in the instruction of youth. He bestows still greater attention in choosing enlightened pastors for the churches which are in his nomination, whose zeal he encourages by the rectitude of his proceedings, by the gift of books and other things necessary for their comfort and instruction. He yields not to Crito in hospitality; but, independant of the friends whom he receives at his table, and to whom he tries to make his company and conversation agreeable, he supports several faithful domestics, whose age or infirmities render them incapable of labour, and he takes a delight in succouring and assuaging the sick. He has a confidential person, whose particular employment it is to gain information of those who are in a state of suffering and want, and who are in necessity without daring to reveal it—to them he sends succour by a secret hand. Euphemon erects edifices for utility and convenience, but always with the laudable design of providing work for the diligent, and also for those whom circumstances have driven from employment. He does not, however, exercise his benevolence in a manner which supports the idleness or indiscretion of those who



might be attempted to abuse it. He is circumspect in his liberality, and sometimes even by a principle of goodness he shews himself severe and difficult to please. He understands exactly those labours which are painful or difficult for his servants; and as prudence permits him not wholly to dispense with them, he alleviates their yoke by timely presents of money or grain, or by a remission of part of their rent, and thus tempers the rigour of his laws by equity. In the quality of proprietor of the place he gives an example to all those by whom he is supported: he is the soul of his house, and all his cares, all his application tend to establish as much good as lies within the sphere of his action. Although a stranger to the blissful name of father, he has provided for the education of several of the younger branches of his family. The conduct and the manners of his domestics are to him an object of attention, in which severity and goodness are wisely blended; and, in diverting them from idleness and vice, he encourages them, by his example, to be assiduous in the exercise of piety. Euphemon has now continued this course of life for more than twenty years. During that time he has not enlarged his estate; on the contrary, in some years he encroached on his capital: but compare his management of it with that of Crito, and it must be confessed that it is infinitely better managed. He has not only well conducted his domestic affairs, but he has made use of his fortune and his credit, according to the dictates of his conscience, in making himself happy by being the founder of the happiness of others. How many are they in the world who could be an Euphemon? But, alas! how few Euphemons do we find!

R. H.

[To be continued.]

*An INTERESTING ACCOUNT of the  
MODE pursued by FENELON in  
educating the DUKE of BURGUNDY,  
Grandson of LOUIS XIV.*

*For the Universal Magazine.*

"THE Duke of Burgundy," says M. de St. Simon, "was, by nature, formidable, and, in his earliest

youth, gave cause for terror. He was unfeeling and irritable, to the last excess, even against inanimate objects. He was furiously impetuous, and incapable of enduring the least opposition, even of time and the elements, without bursting forth into such intemperate rage, that it was sometimes to be feared the very veins in his body would burst: *this excess I have frequently witnessed.* His obstinacy was beyond all bounds; he was passionately addicted to every kind of pleasure; to the luxuries of the table; to the chase with extraordinary avidity; music he delighted in with a sort of extacy; he was also fond of play, but he could not endure to be conquered; and they who played with him ran much risk. In short, he was the prey of every passion and the slave of every pleasure: he was often ferocious and naturally inclined to cruelty. In his raillery he was unfeeling, employing the force of ridicule with a precision which completely overwhelmed the object; inordinately proud, he looked upon men only as atoms with whom he had no sort of similarity whatever. Even the princes, his brothers, scarcely seemed, in his estimation, to form an intermediate link between himself and the rest of mankind, *though it had always been studiously endeavoured to educate all three of them with perfect equality.* But the brilliancy of his mind and his penetration were at all times evident, and even in his moments of greatest violence. His replies created astonishment in all who heard them: his observations were never without justness, even in his most fierce anger; the most abstract branches of knowledge cost him little trouble to acquire; the extent and vigour of his mind were prodigious, and prevented him from steady and individual application."

Such was the prince who was confided to Fenelon. There was every thing to be feared from such a character, and every thing to be hoped from a soul possessing such energy. Let us hear, once more, St. Simon.

"So much mind, and such power of mind, joined to such sensibility, and to such passions; every quality, in fact, partaking of such ardour, must, necessarily, have rendered his

education no easy process. The Duke de Beauvilliers, who was fully aware of its difficulties and its consequences, surpassed even himself in his application, his patience, and the variety of his remedies. Fenelon, Fleury, and the other persons connected with his education, were all brought into action; and they all, with one accord, acted under the instructions of the duke, whose plan, were it minutely detailed, would furnish a curious and interesting work. The prodigy was, that, in a very short time, grace and devotion transformed him into quite another man, and changed such fearful vices into perfectly opposite virtues. From that abyss issued a prince, who was affable, mild, humane, moderate, patient, modest, humble, and austere towards himself; wholly occupied with his future obligations in life, which he felt to be great; and thinking only of uniting the duties of the son and the subject with those which he saw himself destined afterwards to fulfil."

But, what incessant vigilance, what art, what industry, what skill, what variety in the means adopted, and what delicacy of observation, must have concurred to produce such an extraordinary alteration in the character of a child, of a prince, and of an heir to a throne! Nay, had not his tutors been the most virtuous of men; if their pupil, possessed as he was of such intellectual perspicacity, had discovered in them the smallest appearance of weakness or tergiversation, all their skill, all their care, and all their assiduity, would have been ineffectual. They were, in fact, less indebted for their success to their genius and their talents, than to their virtues and their dispositions.

Fenelon soon perceived that that part of education which generally excited the greatest zeal in teachers, and the most self-love in parents, was, what would give him the least trouble. He foresaw that his pupil, possessing from nature such rare gifts of mind, would make a rapid progress in every branch of knowledge; but the most difficult task would be to subdue that fiery soul which he possessed; to preserve all its noble and generous qualities, and to extirpate all its undue passions: to form, in

fact, a new moral being; to form a prince, such as the genius of Fenelon had conceived, for the welfare of human nature. He wished, indeed, to realize upon the throne an ideal beauty of virtue, as the artists of antiquity endeavoured to impress upon their works that ideal beauty, which gave to the human form a celestial appearance.

The child that was confided to the care of Fenelon was destined to reign; and Fenelon saw, in that child, the whole of France awaiting its happiness or misery, from the success or failure of his endeavours. To obtain this success, he prescribed to himself no precise rule of action; he watched, each moment, the dispositions of the young prince, and followed, with a calm and patient attention, all the variations of his intemperate nature, and always extracted the lesson from the fault itself.

Such an education consisted rather in action than in instruction. The pupil never could anticipate what was to be his lesson, because he could not anticipate what faults he might commit; and thus advice and censure became the necessary result of his own excesses.

They who wish to know the method which Fenelon adopted in educating his pupil, may read his *Fables* and *Dialogues*, which he wrote for him. Each of these fables, each of these dialogues, was composed at the very moment when the preceptor judged it necessary to remind his pupil of some fault which he had committed, and to inculcate, at the same time, the necessity and the means of amendment.

These fables and dialogues have been printed, but without any attention to a consecutive series. Such an attention, indeed, was not necessary. Fenelon composed them without order; and yet, it would be easy to ascertain their chronology (so to speak) by comparing them with the gradual progress which age and instruction must have produced in the education of the Duke of Burgundy. It is immediately discernible that these fables and dialogues relate only to a prince, and to a prince destined to ascend the throne. Every thing in them is made to connect itself with



this almost exclusive object. The precision, the simplicity, and the perspicuity of some of these fables, (which were probably the first that were written), evince that they were addressed to a child whose mind should not be overburthened, and to whom such things only should be presented as could easily be apprehended. Others possess a more elevated character; and they contain allusions to history and mythology, according as the young prince became better able to comprehend and to apply them.

The fables which Fenelon wrote for the Duke of Burgundy had, almost always, an allusion to some circumstance that had previously happened, and the impression of which being yet fresh upon his mind, he could not mistake the application.— They formed a mirror in which he could not help beholding himself, and in which he sometimes appeared, in a manner little gratifying to his self-love. But, then, the tenderest wishes, the mildest hopes, were added to these humiliating pictures, lest the child should naturally imbibe an aversion to a species of instruction which merely recalled to him painful recollections, or which contained severe reproaches. It was thus, with such delicate propriety, and with such imperceptible advances, that Fenelon gradually rendered his pupil susceptible of the first dictates of reason and of the first lessons of virtue.

But it was not in the power of Fenelon to subdue, all at once, so imperious a character. It too often resisted the paternal hand which sought to restrain its impetuosity.

When the young prince broke forth into those violent excesses of passion, which were so habitual to him, the governor, the preceptor, the sub-preceptor, the gentlemen in waiting; and all the servants in the house, concerted together to preserve towards him the most profound silence. They avoided answering any of his questions; they waited upon him with averted looks; or, if they directed their eyes towards him, it was with an expression of fear, as if they dreaded to be in the company of a being who had degraded himself by bursts of rage which were incompatible with

reason. They appeared to attend to him only from that kind of humiliating compassion which is shewn towards persons who are insane. They merely performed those offices about him which seemed to be simply necessary for the preservation of his miserable existence. They took from him all his books and all his means of instruction, as if they would be henceforth useless to him, being reduced to such a deplorable state. They then left him to himself, to his own reflections, to his own regret, and to his own remorse. Struck with such an entire desertion, and the distressing solitude to which he was consigned, the penitent prince, convinced of his fault, was eager to fly, once more, to the indulgence and goodness of his preceptor. He threw himself at his feet, confessed his errors, and declared his firm resolution of avoiding them in future; and he watered with his tears the hands of Fenelon, who pressed him to his bosom with the tender affection of a father, compassionate, and always open to the repenting child.

In these violent contests between an impetuous disposition and a premature reason, the young prince seemed distrustful of himself, and he summoned honour in aid to his promises. The originals of two contracts of honour which he placed in the hands of Fenelon, are yet extant. They are as follow :—

*I promise, on the faith of a prince, to M. the Abbé de Fenelon, to do immediately whatever he shall order me; and to obey him the moment he forbids me to do any thing. If I fail in this, I will consent to any kind of punishment and dishonour. Done at Versailles, the 29th of Nov. 1649.*

*(Signed) LOUIS. who promises again, to keep his word better. This 20th of Sept. I entreat M. de Fenelon to take care of it.*

The prince, who subscribed to these engagements of honour, was only eight years old, and he already felt the force of those magic words, *the faith of a prince, &c.*

Fenelon himself was not always secure from the exacerbations of his pupil. We have an account of the manner in which he conducted him-

self on a very delicate occasion.\* The effect which he deduced from it was, a lesson to the Duke of Burgundy, which no time could efface from his heart and mind. The conduct of Fenelon in this affair may serve as a model to all those who have to exercise the same functions towards the children of princes, and noblemen.

Fenelon saw himself compelled to speak to his pupil with an authority, and even a severity, which the nature of his offence required; but the young prince replied, *No, no, Sir: I know who you are, and who I am.* Fenelon answered not a word; he felt that the moment was not arrived, and that in the present disposition of his pupil, he would be unfit to listen to him. He appeared, therefore, to meditate in silence, and contented himself with shewing how deeply he was hurt, by the seriousness and solemnity of his deportment.

On the following morning, the Duke of Burgundy was hardly awake when Fenelon entered his room. He would not wait until the usual hour of meeting, in order that every thing he had to say to him might appear more marked, and strike, more powerfully, the imagination of the young prince. Fenelon addressed him with a cold and respectful seriousness, very different from his usual manner.

"I know not, Sir," said he to him, "whether you recollect what you said to me yesterday, that *you knew who you were and who I am.* It is my duty to inform you, that you are ignorant of both one and the other. You fancy, Sir, I suppose, that you are greater than I am; some servants, no doubt, have told you so; but I, I do not fear to tell you, since you force me to it, that I am greater than you are. You will easily understand that I do not mean to speak of superiority of birth. You would regard that man as mad, who should aspire to any merit, because the rains of heaven had fertilized his field, and had not watered his neighbour's. But, you yourself, would not be much wiser if you sought to derive any importance from your birth,

which can add nothing to your personal merit. You cannot doubt that I am far above you in knowledge and in mind. You know nothing but what I have taught you: and what I *have* taught you is nothing compared to what I *could* have taught you. As to authority, you have none over me, but, on the contrary, I have an unbounded authority over you. This, you have often been told by the king, and the prince, your father. You think, perhaps, that I account myself happy, in being appointed to educate you; but undeceive yourself, Sir; I undertook the office, only in obedience to the king's commands, and to please your father; not for the laborious advantage of being your preceptor; and, in order to convince you of this, I am now come to conduct you to his Majesty, and to beg of him to appoint you another tutor; whose endeavours, I hope, will be more successful than mine have been."

The Duke of Burgundy, whom, a whole night passed in painful reflections and self-reproach, added to the cold and formal deportment of Fenelon, had overwhelmed with grief, was astonished at this declaration. He loved Fenelon with all the tenderness of a son; and, besides, his own self-love, and a delicate deference towards public opinion, made him immediately anticipate what would be thought of him, if a preceptor, of Fenelon's merit, should be forced to renounce his education. He burst into tears, while his sighs, his shame, scarcely permitted him to utter these words:—"Oh! Sir; I am sincerely sorry for what passed yesterday; if you speak to the king I shall lose his friendship; . . . if you desert me, what will be thought of me? I promise, . . . I promise you, that you shall be content with me; . . . but promise me . . ."

Fenelon would promise nothing; he left him the whole day in a state of anxiety and uncertainty. It was not until he was well convinced of the sincerity of his repentance, that he appeared to yield to fresh supplications and to the entreaties of Madame de Maintenon, whom he had persuaded to interfere in the business, in order to confer upon it more effect

See Life of the Dauphin, father of Louis XV. by the Abbé Provart.



and solemnity. It was thus, by continual observation, patience and care, that Fenelon was gradually enabled to subdue the violent dispositions of his pupil, and to calm his intemperate passions. To this important object both he, and M. de Beauvilliers, directed all their efforts, and they were amply rewarded by their success.

The literary education of the Duke of Burgundy caused but little trouble. The precocity of his intellect, and the brilliancy of his imagination, gave him an aptitude for acquiring whatever it was wished he should acquire. In looking over the papers which have passed into my hands, I could not behold, without emotion, all the different fragments in the hand writing of Fenelon, and of the Duke of Burgundy, and which formed the first endeavours towards his literary instruction.

At that time there were few elementary books of education, if we except some that had been produced by the *Messieurs de Port-Royal*, and Fenelon did not consider it as derogatory to his genius or to his situation, as preceptor, to draw up, with his own hands, such introductory works as were necessary. He even compiled a sort of dictionary of the Latin language, which exhibited the definitions of each word, and the degree of affinity which they had to the French word that was to be translated. And this dictionary he composed under the eyes of his pupil, and during the time of the lesson. This mutual labour served to excite the attention. Sometimes, Fenelon pretended to seek for a word which he knew was not yet effaced from the memory of the pupil, and the pupil triumphed in the idea of being able to suggest, to his master, a more accurate or more felicitous expression.

Fenelon, however, never forgot that this pupil was the heir to a throne. Hence, he always contrived to take his themes and versions from mythology, which he considered as a pleasing embellishment of the mind, or from some events of modern or ancient history, which he judiciously turned to his moral instruction. He particularly endeavoured to mingle with them the most remarkable facts of sacred history. He thus fixed

deeply in the heart of the young prince, those important truths of religion, which can, alone, repress the pride of kings, and interpose a check upon the abuse of absolute power; and thus, while he appeared to be instructing him in merely human science, he familiarised him, in fact, with that knowledge which is intimately combined with religion and public morals.

After having given to his pupil, models of composition, he excited him to elicit subjects of the same kind from his own imagination, and to discuss them, with such materials only, as could be within his power from the natural progress of years and instruction. Many of these attempts are yet extant, and they display more connection of ideas, than would be supposed to belong to a child of his age. Some of them are fables, and others, themes and versions.

It must not be supposed, however, that the vanity of self-love induced the preceptors of the Duke of Burgundy to exact from him performances which were beyond his age and power to produce; nor did they wish to make his education remarkable for a premature degree of success which would exalt their own skill and labour. Fenelon himself relates (after the death of the young prince\*) "that he was always careful to make him relinquish his studies whenever he shewed any inclination for discourse, or when he could acquire useful knowledge, and this often happened. There was still time enough for study, for he was naturally inclined to it; but his preceptor had also to give him a taste for rational conversation that he might become sociable; and to accustom him to contemplate and to know mankind as they appeared in society. In these conversations his mind continued to make a perceptible progress upon questions of literature and politics, and even of metaphysics. All the evidences of religion were also made to form a part, by a natural and easy transition. His character was meliorated by these conversations: he

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\* Letter to Père Martineau, by Fenelon, 1712.

became tranquil, affable, gay, and interesting; every one was delighted with him: he had no haughtiness, and he was more entertained than with his own childish amusements, for, during them, he was often angry without a cause."

It was during the pleasing familiarity of these conversations, that he used sometimes to say, "I have left the Duke of Burgundy behind the door, and now I am only little Louis with you." These were remarkable words in the mouth of a child only nine years of age: they shewed how sensible he was of the rank to which he was born, even at the very moment when he wished it to be forgotten.

"He has frequently said to us," adds Fenelon, "that he should never forget the delight which he felt in being permitted to study without constraint. He has often desired to be read to during his meals, such was his fondness for whatever he needed to learn. I never knew a child who understood with such celerity, and with so much propriety, the most refined parts of poetry and eloquence. He conceived, without any difficulty, the most abstract principles: whenever he saw me doing any thing for him, he always began to do the same, and continued at it without being bidden so to do."

This young prince entered, with

such enthusiasm, into the situations and feelings of those persons with whom he became acquainted in the course of his reading, that Fenelon delighted to recall, after the death of his pupil, the first emotions that had agitated his youthful bosom. "I have seen," says he, in his letter to the French Academy, "I have seen a young prince of eight years old, filled with terror, as he contemplated the danger of *Joux*; I have seen him angry because the high-priests concealed from him his name and his birth; I have seen him weep bitterly as he heard these lines:—

*Ah! miseram Eurydice anima fugiente  
vocabat,*

*Eurydice toto reserebant flumine ripæ.*

When we consider the premature intellectual powers of the Duke of Burgundy, we shall not be surprised to learn, that in his tenth year he was able to write, elegantly, in Latin, to translate the most difficult authors with a precision and with a felicity of style, which astonished every one; that he could explain Horace, Virgil, and the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid; and feel all the beauties of Cicero's Orations. At eleven years, he had read the whole of Livy; he had translated the Commentaries of Cæsar, and begun a translation of Tacitus, which he afterwards finished, but which was subsequently lost.

## CRITICISM. —

"Nulli negabimus, nulli differemus justitiam."

THE VILLAGE CURATE, and other POEMS, including some Pieces now first published. By the Rev. JAMES HURDIS, D.D. late Fellow of Magdalen College, and Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford. 1810.

[Continued from p. 48.]

WE are well aware of the fallacy of an opinion which has long prevailed, that an author is best read in his works. Yet, we would almost venture to hazard the remark, that Mr. Hurdis was a great admirer of the female sex, for he never misses an opportunity of celebrating them. Whatever inferences he deduces either from the moral or the physical

world, he applies to them, and sometimes, indeed, not very skilfully. The apostrophe "ye fair," is thickly scattered through his pages.

The following lines are an evident imitation of Beattie:

"Persuade me not, insulting dispirited,  
That I shall die, the wick of life consum'd,  
And, spite of all my hopes, sink to the  
grave,  
Never to rise again. Will the great God,  
Who thus by annual miracle restores  
The perish'd year, and youth and beauty  
gives  
By resurrection strange, where gone was  
ask'd,  
Leave only man to be the scorn of time  
And sport of death? Shall only he one  
spring,



One hasty summer, and one autumn see,  
And then to winter irredeemable  
Be doom'd, cast out, rejected, and despised?  
Tell me not so, or by thyself enjoy  
The melancholy thought. Am I deceiv'd?  
Be my mistake eternal. If I err,  
It is an error sweet and lucrative.

For should not Heav'n a farther course intend

Than the short race of life, I am at least  
Thrice happier than thou, ill-boding fool,  
Who striv'st in vain the awful doom to fly  
Which I not fear. But I *shall* live again,  
And still on that sweet hope shall my soul feed.

A medicine it is, which with a touch  
Heals all the pains of life; a precious balm,  
Which makes the tooth of sorrow venomless,

And of her hornet sting so keen disarms  
Cruel Adversity——"

These lines immediately recal the beautiful stanza in the Minstrel, commencing

Shall I be left forgotten in the dust? &c.

The thought is somewhat amplified by Hurdis, and though he has not equalled Beattie, he is yet very pleasing.

There is much excellent advice in the following lines: advice, which, when duly followed, will tend more to the melioration of society and the happiness of mankind, than seems to be generally supposed:

"Unwedded maiden, is there yet a man  
For wisdom eminent? seek him betimes.  
He will not shun thee, tho' thy frequent foot

Wear out the pavement at his door. Ye fair,  
Be sedulous to win the man of sense;  
And fly the empty fool. Shame the dull boy,

Who leaves at college what he learn'd at school,

And whips his academic hours away,  
Cas'd in unwrinkled buckskin and tight boots,

More studious of his hunter than his books.  
O! had ye sense to see what powder'd apes  
Ye oft admire, the idle boy for shame

Would lay his racket and his mace aside,  
And love his tutor and his desk. Time was  
When ev'ry woman was a judge of arms

And military exploit: 't was an age  
Of admirable heroes. And time was  
When women dealt in Hebrew, Latin,

Greek;

No dunces then, but all were deeply learn'd.  
I do not wish to see the female eye  
Waste all its lustre at the midnight lamp;  
I do not wish to see the female cheek

Grow pale with application. Let your care  
Be to preserve your beauty; that secur'd,  
Improve the judgment, that the loving fair  
May have an eye to know the man of worth,  
And keep secure the jewel of her charms  
From him who ill deserves. Let the spruce

beau,  
That lean, sweet-scented, and palav'rous fool,

Who talks of honour and his sword, and plucks

The man, who dares advise him, by the nose;

That puny thing which hardly crawls about,  
Reduc'd by wine and women, yet drinks on,  
And vapours loudly o'er his glass, resolv'd

To tell a tale of nothing, and outswear  
The northern tempest; let that fool, I say,  
Look for a wife in vain, and live despis'd.

"I would that all the fair ones of this isle  
Were such as one I knew. Peace to her soul,

She lives no more. And I a genius need  
To paint her as she was. Most like, methinks,

That amiable maid the poet drew  
With angel pencil, and baptiz'd her Portia.

Happy the man, and happy sure he was,  
So wedded. Bless'd with her, he wander'd not

To seek for happiness; 't was his at home.  
How often have I chain'd my truant tongue  
To hear the music of her sober words!

How often have I wonder'd at the grace  
Instruction borrow'd from her eye and cheek!

Surely that maid deserves a monarch's love,  
Who bears such rich resources in herself  
For her sweet progeny. A mother taught

Entails a blessing on her infant charge  
Better than riches; an unfailing cruse  
She leaves behind her, which the faster

flows  
The more 'tis drawn; where ev'ry soul may feed,

And nought diminish of the public stock.

"Show me a maid so fair in all your ranks,

Ye crowded boarding-schools. Are ye not apt

To taint the infant mind, to point the way  
To fashionable folly, strew with flow'rs

The path of vice, and teach the wayward child

Extravagance and pride? Who learns in you

To be the prudent wife, or pious mother?  
To be her parents' staff, or husband's joy?

'Tis you dissolve the links that once held fast

Domestic happiness. 'Tis you untie  
The matrimonial knot. 'Tis you divide

The parent and his child. Yes, 'tis to you  
We owe the ruin of our dearest bliss.

The best instructress for the growing lass  
Is she that bare her Let *her* first be taught,  
And we shall see the path of virtue smooth  
With oft en treading. She can best dispense  
That frequent medicine the soul requires,  
And make it grateful to the tongue of  
youth,

By mixture of affection. She can charm  
When others fail, and leave the work un-  
done.

She will not faint, for she instructs her own.  
She will not torture, for she feels herself.  
So education thrives, and the sweet maid  
Improves in beauty, like the shapeless rock  
Under the sculptor's chisel, till at length  
She undertakes her progress thro' the world,  
A woman fair and good, as child for parent,  
Parent for child, or man for wife, could wish.  
Say, man, what more delights thee than  
the fair?

What should we not be patient to endure,  
If they command? We rule the noisy  
world,

But they rule us. Then teach them how  
to guide,

And hold the rein with judgment. Their  
applause

May once again restore the quiet reign  
Of virtue, love, and peace, and yet bring  
back

The blush of folly and the shame of vice."

When the period comes that the  
female mind is duly cultivated, then  
it will be found that folly, weakness,  
and ignorance are unprofitable quali-  
ties: but how can we expect that a  
woman should have a relish of that  
which she has never been taught to  
understand?

We quote the following with much  
pleasure:

"O undeserving parent, who neglects  
To train the infant boy to deeds humane.  
See how his sports, his pastimes, dearest  
child,

Are all to be indulg'd, whether he choose  
To whip his nurse, to lash the sleeping  
puppy,

Or pinch the tail of unoffending puss.  
Go, catch the surly beetle, and suspend  
The harmless pris'ner by the wing or tail,  
To make the booby laugh. But if, so loud  
His well-deserv'd rebuke, the timid child  
Stands off alarm'd, then let him see thee  
crush

The thing he fears. Or give it liberty,  
Not unconstrain'd, as Heav'n bestow'd it.  
No,

Set the gall'd pris'ner free, but lock his  
chain

Full-fast about him. Bid him to the field,  
But pluck no arrow from his side. He's  
gone,

And feels that liberty is wond'rous sweet,  
Tho' the crook'd pin fast fix'd, and trailing  
thread,

Admit no remedy. A while he lives—  
His thread clings fast—he famishes, and dies.  
Go, Tom, a ladder bring, and reach the nest,  
'Tis but a chirpin sparrow's, and 'twill  
serve

To pacify the boy. What if the dam  
In patient expectation sit, and hope  
Another day shall all her cares reward,  
And bring to light her helpless progeny?  
Forth from her high maternal office dragg'd  
With rude indignity, behold she comes  
A joyful victim to the callous boy.  
He with delight her ruffled plumes surveys,  
Seizes her nest, and the dear charge pur-  
loins;

Then with a frantic laugh down drops the  
eggs

And blindfold hops to crush them as he  
goes.

Ah! hapless bird, yet happy still, if this  
Be all the pain thy cruel foe intends.  
Nothing avail'd thy labour of an age  
To weave the genial nest, with many a root  
And many a straw far-fetched? 'Twas all  
in vain.

Half-starv'd Grimalkin claims thee for his  
prey,

And in his cruel paw fast-clutch'd devours  
Relentless. Or the boy aware, himself  
Cuts short existence, and allots to puss  
Only the sever'd head. Hard-hearted lout,  
Steel'd executioner, behold the blood  
Of parent and of offspring. Burn with  
shame; ●

For thou hast done a deed which Heav'n  
abhors.

Let the wise parent laugh, to see how well  
His looby boy has learn'd to be humane.  
Let him applaud the bloody deed, and spare  
The well earn'd rod. In thee, great state,  
Eternal glory of the Gentile world,  
Just Athens, had the beardless youth pre-  
sum'd

A deed so villainous, the public arm  
Had the mean wretch chastis'd, till it had  
wak'd

A soul humane and sensible of wrong.  
Behold and mark the sturdy fool, at length  
Grown up to man, (if such he may be  
deem'd,

Possessing nothing human but the shape),  
What are his sports? and how delights the  
dunce

From morn to night to spend the live-long  
day?

"Can the swarth Ethiopian change his  
skin?"

Or can the leopard at his will be white,  
And lay his spots aside? From morn to eve  
See how he toils with generous intent  
To be the murd'rer of the tim'rous hare,  
To win the brush of Reynard nobly skill'd,



To vex the badger; or with cruel joy  
Stoops o'er the cock-pit, eager to behold  
The dying struggles of poor chanticleer  
'Twas nature taught the gen'rous bird to  
fight,

And drive the bold intruder from his roost,  
In care for thee, mean wretch, who hast  
supply'd

The weapon nature kindly had refus'd,  
Or made to strike in vain. Now mark his  
gait,

When morning hardly dawns, and from the  
hutch

He lets the full-ear'd pointer loose to range.  
Well arm'd is he, within with morning  
dram,

Without with old surtout, thick shoes, and  
hose

Of leather, button'd to the buckskin'd  
knee.

So forth he fares, brave knight; but first  
he primes

And crams his musket, then suspends his  
pouch,

His powder-horn, and whip with whistle  
tip,

On his broad shoulders. Let me not forget,  
What he might well forget, th'important  
bag,

To be ere long (for so he thinks) well lin'd  
With pheasant, partridge, snipe, or taidy  
quail.

So mounts the popping Hudibras or stile  
Or crackling hedge, or leaps the muddy  
ditch,

His armour clatt'ring as he goes. I see  
Where he has swept the dew away  
Across the pasture. Now he climbs the  
gate,

And heys his dog to run the stubble round,  
While he stands still, or scarcely moves a  
pace.

So have I seen the hasty minute-hand  
Run round and round, while th'other idly  
stood,

Or seem'd to stand, and with commanding  
tone

Bray'd loud to instigate his race again  
Take heed, take heed. With nose infal-  
lible

The silent pointer winds toward the game.  
Now motionless he stands, one foot lift up,  
His nostril wide distended, and his tail  
Uprigg'd. Now speed, thou hero of the  
gun,

And when the sudden covey springs, let fly  
And miss them all. O I rejoice to see

When our amusements are so innocent  
They give no pain at all. But spare the  
whip,

And if the wary covey spring too soon,  
Let Sancho still be safe; and let not rage  
Prompt thee to stamp upon his guiltless  
neck

Till the blood issue from his lips and nose:

Much less let fly upon the faithful cur  
The volley fate has spar'd, for he is staunch,  
And true to thee as thou art false to him."

[To be continued.]

INTOLERANCE *the* DISGRACE of  
CHRISTIANS, *not the* FAULT of  
*their* RELIGION. By the Rev.  
CHRISTOPHER WYVILL. pp. 112.  
8vo. 1808.

[Concluded from p. 53.]

MR. WYVILL, though convinced that the arguments which he advances are founded in reason, that his cause is just, and that his pleas will satisfy the friends of humanity and religion, yet is by no means sanguine in his hopes, that the supporters of intolerance will suddenly abandon their system. "It must not be forgotten," he says, "how difficult, how nearly impossible, it has been usually found to convince men of any truth which is opposed by their interest, or the violence of their passions. Our adversaries may feel that it would be vain to deny that toleration is the duty of christians; but they may still hope to preserve their credit without renouncing their intolerance; and they may endeavour to alarm the fears of the public, when they despair of convincing their reason. The struggle with panic feats will be long and arduous; arguments that are sound, and ought to overcome those fears, will be urged and re-urged, for years perhaps, without success; but neither let the friends of toleration be dismayed; for, at last, time, patience, and the Gospel will conquer all."—p. 66, 67.

Our judicious author "anticipates the false terrors, the specious but hollow plausibilities, which the advocates of intolerance probably may oppose again and again to the dictates of policy and humanity, to the commands of social justice and religion;" and the remaining part of the treatise is given to the task of stating and exposing them.

He supposes that they, who are hostile to a full toleration, will endeavour to alarm the nation with apprehensions of the danger it will threaten to religion, especially to the church of England, and of a demand for some further church-reformation as the con-

sequence of it: "for the enemies of toleration," Mr. W. observes, "are usually the enemies of all improvement in the church." He subjoins, with ingenuous frankness: "we do not hesitate to acknowledge, that ecclesiastical reformation is not, in our judgment, an event to be deprecated; but rather most earnestly to be wished by every friend of rational religion. And no fitter time probably could be chosen for rectifying what is amiss in our religious forms, than that when liberty of conscience shall have been granted; when the grant shall have promoted peace and good will throughout these islands; and when the government itself, with the concurrence of the leading ministers of religion in England, shall be disposed to accede to the proposal." p. 89, 90.

"Some," Mr. Wyvill anticipates, "will presume to say, that the repeal of the test-laws would be no less than an infringement of the oath taken by the sovereign at his coronation; and that the king would refuse his assent to the repeal on that account." In answer to this objection, among other remarks, it is replied, "The objection is advanced too late; or brought forward, at least, under circumstances most unfortunately suspicious. After the establishment of popery in Canada, and the repeal of the test-laws in Ireland in this reign, the imputed scruple cannot pass currently for more than a mere politic pretence, a false and fabricated scruple, never really felt by the royal mind."

"Others," Mr. Wyvill grants, "have declared, that they are willing to tolerate dissidents; but, with serene complacency, have added, that they have learned to distinguish power from toleration; and therefore they cannot consent to the repeal of the test-laws, by which the dissidents would acquire both. And this verbal subtlety," he adds, "no doubt, will be repeated." He first asks, "What then is the power the dissidents crave? The power, for they already have the right, to exercise their private judgment in matters of religion, to embrace and profess what may appear to them to be the truth, without being punished for it, either by death, by corporeal infliction, or by fines, imprisonment, and infamy. We con-

tend, that innocent persons cannot be punished for their conscientious dissent from the national religion in any of these ways; which are but variations of intolerance, more or less severe, without a breach of social justice and civil duty." p. 97, 98. It is then shewn, that the objection is on the grounds of social justice, of our duty as Christians, and of policy, indefensible.

Lastly, Mr. Wyvill foresees, it may be said, "that the test-laws were passed in the immediate prospect of the crown devolving on a catholic head; and though such an event at present be utterly improbable, yet still it is a possibility, and against its fatal consequences the nation would do well to guard by retaining laws so wisely provided by our ancestors." This objection is fully considered. We shall content ourselves with quoting one remark, founded on fact, namely, "that, in 1688, the test-laws did not prevent the necessity of a revolution; their efficacy, in the time of need, therefore, was of little avail." This remark is illustrated and confirmed by other facts in connection with it; and from the series of facts adduced, Mr. W. justly concludes, "Our church and our civil liberties were saved, not by the test-laws, but by the general zeal for the constitution and for the protestant religion, more especially for the established religion." p. 103, 105.

It may be justice to add, that no objection, which false fear may create against the object of this tract, is more amply discussed by an appeal to reason and fact than that drawn from the supposed danger to which it would expose the church; from p. 71 to p. 84. Mr. Wyvill's reply to the plea for intolerance set up by those who affect a fear for the honour of christianity, as it lieth in a small compass, and is a fair specimen of our author's manner, shall be given at length.

"Leave Christianity to the free choice of men," says Mr. W. "and in every region of the world ignorant and superstitious unbelievers would open their eyes, and hail the spreading light of the Gospel; they would hear the voice of reason speaking in



the name of Jesus, exhorting them to abandon the follies of superstitions, and to learn from his precepts to be virtuous and happy; they would listen to rational arguments fairly and candidly stated; they would be gained by zeal benevolently and disinterestedly exerted; and would adore the Gospel as truth revealed from Heaven. Even learned and philosophical infidels, so long disgusted by the faults of ambitious and intolerant Christians, too truly to be lamented as the faults of our nature, committed in contradiction to the commands of our religion, would learn to blame the inconsistent christian but to acquit the Gospel. They would also listen to the plain and honest reasoning of our advocates; their prejudices and their subtleties would gradually yield to the joint effect of candour, generosity, and reason; at last, convinced of its truly benign tendency, by its happy effects on the temper and conduct of its disciples, and satisfied, on an impartial examination of its widely-extended proofs, they would embrace the Gospel, and acknowledge Jesus to have been indeed a messenger commissioned by God to instruct and reform the world." p. 69, 70, 71.

Mr. Wyvill, even under an apprehension that groundless fears, narrow jealousies, and the spirit of secularity, hypocrisy, and intolerance will be successfully opposed to his liberal reasonings and generous wishes, yet concludes his pamphlet with a strain of animated anticipation of the final prevalence of the true Gospel, very expressive of the comprehension of his views, and in itself highly pleasing:

"Disappointed," says he, "we may be: but we shall remain fixed in our belief, that the age of candour, charity, and rational christianity is fast approaching. In different ages, in countries of greater or less civility and knowledge, the progress of christianity has been sometimes more, sometimes less rapid; but it has been constant. From its continual advancement in past ages, under all the disadvantages which have arisen from unsettled governments, barbarian conquests, and illiberal establishments of religion, its efficacy to attain that great purpose, for which alone a mi-

raculous interposition can be admitted, appears to be fully established; and the conclusion of christians is just, that the Gospel will ultimately be the religion of mankind. It is the same treasure of celestial truth now, as it was in the age of Christ and his apostles; it is still the same precious gift of the Almighty as it was then; it has been and will be, in all ages, equally worthy of our most grateful acceptance: Christ has founded his religion on a rock of adamantine proofs, and neither time, nor force, nor craft, can prevail against it."—p. 111, 112.

BLACK ROCK HOUSE, or *Dear Bought Experience*. 3 vols. 12mo. 1810.

WHEN a writer of novels is found to keep in view the cause of morality and religion, severity of criticism is deprecated. The author of the volumes before us, in the progress of her story, illustrative of the high price at which experience may be bought, has evidently intended to promote both: therefore we shall touch as lightly as possible upon those parts that appear to us faulty; observing, at the same time, that our object is not to check rising merit, but to lead it into the right path, from which it would not otherwise, perhaps, have been conscious it had swerved.

The heroine of this tale is involved, by one false step, in sorrows and difficulties, from which she is relieved only by death. In order that this step may not appear unnatural, *Gertrude Wallace* (the heroine) is made the perfect contrast to her half sister, *Catherine Holford*, who is represented as formal, regular, and precise; the "life, spirit, and soul-subduing vivacity" of the former naturally inclines her to love one of the other sex, characterised by similar shewy propensities: they propel her, also, to unite with him, without the sanction of parental authority. But, suddenly, and without sufficient cause, she changes to a character as totally opposite as that of Miss Holford. This is unnatural; for, though her father's interdiction of all intercourse between them, till her marriage shall receive

the sanction of her husband's father, must necessarily make a strong impression upon a mind endued with sensibility, it could not totally change the very nature of her being, especially when strong hopes existed of such sanction being obtained. In short, from the period of her marriage till her death, instead of the "gay and vivacious," we see only the staid and discreet matron, unvaried by one unbending moment or a single trait of the original character. We have no objection to Gertrude in this character: we mention it merely as inconsistent with that laid down for her, and strongly marked by contrast.

The character of Miss Hawely is particularly ill managed. The daughter of a manufacturer in a great town, and in a great line of business, could not, in our times, be so ignorant as to use *equestrian* for *aquatic*, and *vice versa*. Very few authors succeed well in what is called *slip slop* language: there should be at least a similarity of sound in the word misused to that which ought to be used. The original slip slop of Fielding uses *assinnate* for *insinuate*, *convicted* for *convinced*, *commensuration* for *commiseration*, *specious* for *species*, &c.—Smollett improves upon it; as he includes, in the mistake, some ridiculous meaning contrary to that intended. Tabitha Bramble desires her housekeeper to send her the *Bum-daffy*, instead of the *Beaum-da-vie*: and also, "the *easings* of Dr. Hill's dock water," for, we presume, *Dr. Hill's essence of water dock*. Speaking of Clinker, she says he is an *impotent* (impudent) rascal. *Winifred Jenkins* says "the servants in Bath are devils in *garnet*," (incarnate), and that Clinker "produced blessed fruits of generation (*régénération*) and repentance," &c. But *injection* and *solution* for *selection*, *humbug* for *humdrum*, *epithalamium* for *encomium*, &c. &c. are mistakes not likely to be made by persons of any degree of education or in any situation in life.

We would recommend to novel writers to avoid the peculiar idiom of any particular country or county, unless they are in complete possession of the niceties and peculiar turn of expression, belonging to that which

they put in the mouth of a character. When it is done well, it certainly assists to realize the event. But it is injurious in a greater degree when defective, as in the latter case the delusion of the scene suddenly vanishes, and we contemplate the author alone. The effect is the same as on the stage. If a man were to represent a Frenchman; and speak a few lines with tolerable pronunciation; then, suddenly, to thunder out half-a-dozen words in rank cockney dialect, the effect must be ridiculous, and the reality of the scene destroyed. Our author is defective in her Scotch and Irish characters. Even her Irish name is faulty; it should be *O'Flaherty*, and not *O'Flarty*. Mrs. *O'Flarty* uses "that there"—decided cockney; and "knowed," which belongs to our northern counties—not to Ireland.

Mrs. Falconbridge is a character not to be found, we hope, in nature. An attempt to introduce a female *Zanga* into this species of composition has been observable of late years; and it should seem as if the hint for the Mrs. Falconbridge, in the book before us, was taken from a similar character in a modern novel, called *Falconbridge Abbey*. In both, the authors have rather created demons than erring mortals; and the attributes, when applied to a female character, can create no other sentiment in the mind of the reader, than loathing and disgust. And we think it would require very little argument to prove, that they must tend to injure, rather than to serve, the cause of morality. No individual, however vicious and contaminated, can believe it possible that a female could exult in the violent and untimely end of a brother; or in the agony of mind thence arising to him who gave her being; more especially as the former never injured her; and the neglect of the latter arose from laws, imposed by custom on the titled father of illegitimate children.

We will finally add, that the work is defective in poetical justice; as misery and death are too high a price for Gertrude to pay for her *experience*: while the demon in woman's form is suffered to go unpunished.

J. M.



## ORIGINAL POETRY.

## QUATORZAINS.

[Continued from Vol. XII, p. 224.]

No. III.

**O**H night! I love to ponder on thy form,  
When not a star illuminates the sky;  
And much I love to hear the winged storm,  
Howl from the cloudy battlements on high:

Yet, if the moon shou'd beautify the scene,  
And light the meadows with her holy ray,  
Still would I ponder on thy charms serene,  
Still thro' the woods with meditation stray:

Or there, alone, beneath some oaken shade,  
Pore on the stream that babbles as it flows;

Catch the bright vision of the lovely maid,  
Who leaves the tomb to listen to my woes;

Or, while the nations in oblivion lie,  
Talk with the genius of eternity.

IV.

TO THE MOON.

**MOON!** thou dost seem with melancholy eye,  
To watch the changing character of things;

And as thou walkest thro' the starry sky,  
To list the anthem that the night-bird sings.

'Tis twelve! and hark! how gently on the gale

The numbers echo of the distant clock!  
A solemn stillness reigns throughout the vale,

Save where the spirits of the warriors flock,  
In marshal'd lines, o'er yon monastic height,  
Hurrying their pennons to the neighboring green:

Lo! where beneath the canopy of night,  
Their lances glitter in the streamlet sheen!

Yet, lovely moon! when all around is mute,  
I'll soothe thy sufferings with my vagrant flute.

Grafton Street, 1810.

J. G.

## IRREGULAR ODE TO EVENING.

*Now came still ev'ning on, and twilight grey  
Had in her sober liv'ry all things clad.*

MILTON.

**N**OW adown the western sky,  
Sol proclaims th' ev'ning nigh;  
Bland as nature's calm repose,  
Adown the vale the zephyr blows.  
The warbling birds now sink to rest,  
While lovely eve, by fancy drest,  
Comes tripping o'er the verdant lawn,  
As pure as th' effulgent morn.

Th' herdsman now from labour freed,  
His weary cattle onward low;  
And as they amble o'er the mead,  
Their length'ning shadows seem to grow.  
Descending now (Aurora's king)

To western seas, his chariot's driv'n;  
While sweetly now his beamings fling  
Their last expiring rays to Heav'n.

Now the rivers, rills, and fountains,  
In a silent cadence flow;  
From the hills and from the mountains,  
Health reviving breezes blow.

Now the twitt'ring swallows fly,  
And circumambulate the stream;  
And where the youngling ravens cry;  
O now I hear the owlet scream,

And now, to guide her mate to woo,  
The glow worm trims her lamp anew.

The weak ey'd bat renews his flight,  
To welcome in th' approaching night;  
Amidst these scenes I love to roam

While nightingales their notes attune,  
When autumn's clear and full orb'd moon

Foretels a grateful harvest home.  
For then, led on by sprightly eve,  
The rosy nymphs their chaplets weave;  
With music sweet the plains resound,  
The happy rustics dance around.  
No mental cares their minds annoy,  
But what kind Heav'n ordains to come,  
With one accord of general joy;

To him they raise  
A song of praise,  
Who blest their fruitful harvest home.

And when mild eve her reign renews,  
To circumfuse prolific dews,  
And cherish drooping flow'rs;  
I'll seek again the verdant plain,  
And shun the bitter throes of pain  
That dissipation pours.

Then come, sweet Eve! and with thee bring  
Thy halcyon balm, to soothe life's sorrow.  
But, blest with health, to thee I'll sing,  
And chaunt anew thy praise to morrow.

Homerton.

REUBEN VERITAS.

## THE INJUNCTION.

**H**ASTE, Sir Knight, Oh haste to save!  
Haste thee warrior, bold and brave;  
Deep within yon darksome walls,  
Chained to earth a father calls!  
Calls for mercy on a son;  
Haste thee ere the deed be done!  
Grimly furrow'd in thy face,  
Savage lines of blood I trace;  
Fury in thy eye-balls glare,  
Matted is thy ebon hair;  
Sable is thy armour too,  
Black as Hell or night to view!

Reeking fresh from slaughters fane,  
 Now you scour the peaceful plain;  
 Then haste, Sir Knight, oh haste to save,  
 Haste thee, warrior, bold and brave!  
 Choak'd with brambles is the way,  
 Yet let not that your soul dismay;  
 Spur your steed, and, ere 'tis night,  
 Reach the castle in despite;  
 Reach it ere 'tis set of sun,  
 Haste thee ere the deed be done!  
 For parricide its front uprears,  
 Bathed in blood and orphan's tears!  
 Dripping warm with human gore,  
 Insatiate still, still craving more!  
 There he drugs the poison'd bowl—  
 Furies seize and rend his soul!  
 There beneath the welcome smile,  
 Murder dwells and hellish guile.  
 Hark! I hear the dreadful cry!—  
 Haste thee, warrior! fly, O fly!  
 Hark! the rising tempest growls,  
 Boreas from his cavern howls;  
 The sun forsakes the lurid sky—  
 Forked lightnings 'gin to fly  
 All Heaven trembles at the deed:  
 Good Sir Bertrand shall not bleed.—  
 Then haste thee, warrior, haste away,  
 And sweep him from the eye of day!  
 Feb. 1810.

## ODE TO SOLITUDE.

CONTENTED nymph! that lov'st to rove  
 In daisied vale, in darkling grove;  
 Or near the circumfluent rill,  
 That bubbles by the furze-clad hill;  
 Or on the mountain's rugged brow,  
 While foaming waters rush below.  
 Whether afar or near I stray,  
 At ev'ning hour or dawn of day,  
 In dreary wild or arbour rude,  
 Be thou my guest, sweet Solitude.  
 O lead me where the billows rise,  
 And dash their spray to frowning skies;  
 To listen to the Peterell,  
 That sportive roves, while whirlwinds yell.  
 That hears, unmov'd, dread thunders roll;  
 (Pure emblem of a tranquil soul,  
 Which braves the ill's Pandora gave,  
 And builds its hope beyond the grave)  
 In gloomy cave, where none intrude;  
 With thee I'd muse, dear Solitude!  
 When plaintive Philomela sings,  
 And thro' the grove the owl wings,  
 To thy retreat, Oh let me stray,  
 And on my dulcet flageolet play;  
 To waken echo from her cell,  
 Sweet goddess of the vocal shell!  
 Whose notes, when borne in circling air,  
 Seraphic soothe the list'ning ear.  
 Enchanting maid! in dell or wood,  
 Be thou my guest in solitude.  
 At midnight hour, O with me hie  
 Where Henry's slumb'ring ashes lie;

While on the yew that shades his urn,  
 'Midst vernal gales that sighing mourn,  
 I hang my airy, soft-ton'd lyre,  
 Whose wild notes soothe as they expire.—  
 Yet as by æther they are driv'n,  
 They sweetly trill—as if in Heav'n  
 The angel choir endcav'ring, stood,  
 To bless the hour of solitude.

A. K. RUSTICUS.

LOVE LETTERS to my WIFE. By  
JAMES WOODHOUSE.

## LETTER XI.

[Continued from page 55.]

HERE, Hannah, stretch thy intellectual  
 view,  
 And look the various haunts of nature  
 through.  
 With philosophic sense the difference trace,  
 Betwixt herbivorous beasts and beasts of  
 chace,—  
 What herds and flocks subsist on plants  
 and seeds,  
 With scanty numbers of carnivorous breeds!  
 Mark the ferocious quadrupeds of prey,  
 How they avoid the very dawn of day!  
 Throughout the hours of sunshine secret  
 lurk,  
 In darkness to pursue their sanguine work!  
 Lions and leopards hide in privy den,  
 Hyænas, tigers, and fraternal men!  
 The hypocritic fox and crafty cat,  
 The filthy fitches and the mongrel bat;  
 All squint, and scowl, and sculk, in open  
 light,  
 But slily prowl, and pounce their prey by  
 night!

In public love no fierce flesh-eaters dwell,  
 But growl and gormandize in separate cell.  
 Each pamper'd savage acts a savage part,  
 No kind emotions thrilling thro' the heart,  
 But lust and hatred, policy and pride,  
 The stormy mansions of their breasts di-  
 vide—  
 And while the beasts and birds of gentle  
 race,  
 With softest soothings court the kind em-  
 brace,  
 These grin, growl, scratch, and bite, and  
 squeak, and squall,  
 Ferocious still 'mid love's most tender call;  
 And while they live a life of fraud and strife,  
 These live a peaceful, free, and loving life.

Behold the passive horse and patient ass,  
 Which draw their sustenance from grain  
 and grass,  
 Submit to sovereign man with useful toil,  
 To bear his burdens or to till his soil.  
 The burrowing rabbit, bounding hare and  
 deer,  
 Betray no passions but fond love or fear;



Nor e'er with furious looks, or feigning voice,

Attempt to terrify or falsely tice.

The inoffensive sheep and harmless ox  
Gregarious graze in friendly herds or flocks,  
And, with meek visage and a virtuous mien,

Sleep on the plain or gambol o'er the green;  
Quaff the cool spring, or crop the wholesome herb, [disturb;

Nor neighbouring man distress, or beast  
But with nutritious juice or fostering fleece,  
Sustain his strength or kindly warmth increase!

With nightly howl no vicinage annoy,  
But bleat, or bellow out, their fear or joy;  
Or utter warm desires, in love's true tone,  
To make their simple pains and pleasures known.

The feather'd groups that feed on fruits  
or grain,  
Cheer with bright plumes each woodland,  
hill, and plain—

Form fond assemblages or friendly throngs,  
For mutual converse, love, or social songs;  
And, like the peasant race, with pure delight,

Labour and sport by day and sleep by night. [drear

But note carnivorous kinds, how dark and  
Their looks, their manner, and their plumes appear!

In act ferocious, in seclusion sly,  
They hide in solitude, or singly fly  
In sullen silence; when not wholly mute,  
Whoot, shriek, and scream, to fright like fellow brute.

The man who simplifies his daily food,  
Keeps all his vital pow'rs in proper mood;  
His moral motions in grammatic tense,  
Thro' reason's labyrinths led by logic sense;  
Propels with quickening pace the tardy flood,

Or checks the gallop of the rampant blood.  
He needs no chemist's or physician's art,  
To brace the vessels or impel the heart.  
Nature, by instinct urg'd, employs her pow'r  
With God's prescriptions—drugs his common dow'r.

Should heat relax, or shivering cold alarm,  
Ambrosial bread will brace milk's nectar warm.

If herbs or fruit sharp flatulence produce,  
He tenders med'cines form'd for common use;

While instinct points out no compounded things,

But simple water from the limpid springs,  
If sudden sickness rise from fumes impure,  
The doors or windows open'd yield a cure.  
If hro' intemperate rest obstructions reign,  
Traverse the room or range the open plain.  
Or if, thro' toil or travail, strength's depress'd,

The remedy is always ready—rest.

But should some unforeseen afflictions rise,  
From earth's foul vapours or inclement skies—

From colds or heats above, or damps below,  
Catarrhs, consumptions, fevers, agues, grow;  
Essential evils, separate or combin'd,  
Disturb the body or unman the mind—

Whether the changeful elements around  
Unwind the strength, or constitution wound,  
Or deeper mischiefs mar the deathless part,  
Miseries that melt, or wrongs that wring the heart;

Temperance may still procure in every place  
Sufficient aids to help each hapless case.  
Superfluous draughts which drunkenness destroys,

Might furnish life with force and genuine joy—

The noxious dishes gluttony devours  
Might yield re-toratives in starving hours—  
The countless articles consum'd in waste,  
Which cramm'd satiety scarce deigns to taste—

Expensive spoils which long have luxury cloy'd,

That pomp and fashion offer up to pride—  
The luscious liquor and the curious cate  
That hatch disease, and forward awful fate—  
The simple or the amalgamated draff,  
That vanity or vicious custom quaff;  
Or plainest mess in poisonous mixtures found,

That folly furnishes or pimps compound;  
Producing death or misery premature,  
Beyond the course of help or kope of cure,  
Might furnish'd mortal's feeble frame sustain,

Subdue each sickness and repress each pain;  
And things oft thrown away by wealth or whim,

Make strengthening treats or cordial drops for Him.

[To be continued.]

## TRANSACTIONS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES.

### ROYAL SOCIETY.

THREE successive evenings have been occupied in reading a very long and important paper on the comparative strength of British and foreign culinary salt, by Dr. Henry, of Manchester. After stating the po-

pular prejudice in favour of the supposed superior strength of foreign salt, compared with British, Dr. H. proceeded to detail the general process of preparing salt in different parts of England and Scotland, compared with the sea or bay-salt from St. Ubes,

which is vulgarly believed to preserve meat better than English bay-salt.— To ascertain whether there could be any reason for this belief, Dr. H. analysed specimens from all the mines and manufactories of the common salt of commerce, and found their results so analogous as to render any great difference in their curative powers almost impossible. The results of his experiments he drew up in a tabular form, exhibiting the constituent principles of the salt of various places; in 1000 parts he found the quantity of muriate of soda to vary only from 935 to 938, the lowest and highest in any muriatic salt. In the foreign salt he found, generally, two or three parts more of muriate of soda than in the British; but this advantage was more than counterbalanced by the extra quantity of sulphates of lime and magnesia in foreign salt: the latter substances also exist in British salt, but generally in much less proportions, particularly the sulphate of lime. Hence Dr. H. concluded that our native salt is, in every respect, equal to foreign salt for the preservation of provisions, and that the vulgar prejudice against it should be instantly removed by every rational and practicable means, as injurious to the commerce and prosperity of the kingdom.

In the process of manufacturing, he observed, that in the north of Scotland, where the fire to the pans is allowed to become low by neglect on Sundays, a species of a very strong salt has been produced in consequence, which has obtained the name of "Sunday salt," which he thinks even more powerful than any foreign salt. The cause of this superiority he attributes to the slowness of evaporation, which makes the grain of the salt larger. Large grained salt is best for curing dry meat, as it dissolves more gradually, and always affording fresh supplies of saline moisture; small-grained, on the contrary, is best for making brine. The decrepitation of salt Dr. H. found nearly alike; the water of crystallization being in very small quantities, not exceeding two or three per cent. in salt dried at the usual temperature of 212. The specific gravity is also very little different; that

of St. Ubes was 19—68, while the British varied from 20—23 to 20—88.

In concluding, Dr. H. related some of the tedious and complex operations which he adopted in these researches. Luna cornea, or muriate of silver, was one of his principal tests; but the experiments to detect the sulphates of magnesia and of lime were the most tedious of all, especially in ascertaining the presence of an ammoniacal sulphate of magnesia. Among many other curious experiments, he ascertained the *compatibility* of sulphate of soda and sulphate of magnesia, in the same liquid, contrary to the chemical axiom laid down by Mr. Kirwan. It was not, however, till after two days digesting, that a very small quantity of these salts was found to be partially united; and from this experiment Dr. H. did not seem disposed to question the truth or utility of Mr. Kirwan's position, in regard to salts in their natural state.

#### ROYAL ACADEMY.

MR. SOANE commenced his course of lectures on architecture in the great exhibition room, Somerset House. His first lecture was introductory, and he began with a powerful appeal to the students on the importance of the art, and the necessity of a close and attentive study of its principles. He detailed the origin of building in a clear and comprehensive manner, elucidating his remarks with a numerous display of beautiful and elegant drawings, exhibiting general plans and details of some of the earliest architectural works of the ancient world, and the probable invention of the various modes of building adopted by different people.

Mr. Soane, it is admitted, deserves the highest praise for the zealous and indefatigable industry and liberality with which he has embellished his lectures, and for the learning and science which he has shewn in their composition. The architectural students, who, for eight or nine years, have been left without a guide, must be gratified in receiving instructions from an architect of such experience, practice, and ability. The professor



took occasion, when dilating on the many absurdities of the present time, viz. Egyptian shop-fronts, miserable and miniature copies of Egyptian monstrosities, whose gigantic style is appropriate to its age, its soil, its uses, to lash severely the attempts of many men, called surveyors, of the present day, being builders, paper-hangers, &c. but arrogating to themselves the title of architects, and uniting both the designer and executor of one work, which certainly has done more to the corruption of true architectural taste, than any other of the many abuses this art has suffered.

The Royal Academy celebrated the anniversary of her Majesty's birthday, at the Crown and Anchor tavern, Mr. Flaxman in the chair, deputed by Mr. West, who was indisposed. Among several appropriate toasts, was 'The Proprietors of the British Institution.' The day was spent with that harmony and conviviality which might be expected from men, whose occupations are among the highest in the scale of human intellect, and whose works are the arts of peace.

#### SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

THE Right Hon. Sir J. Banks, Bart. communicated a curious parchment roll, exhibiting the marks made on the beaks of swans and cygnets in all the rivers and lakes of Lincolnshire, accompanied with an account of the privileges of certain persons keeping swans in those waters, and the duties of the King's swan-herd in guarding these fowls from depredation, and preventing any two persons from adopting the same figures or marks on their swans' bills. The number of these marks extended to

219, all different, and confined to a small extent of the bill of the swan. The outlines of them are an oblong square, circular at one end, containing dots, notches, and arrows. So late as the 12th of Elizabeth, laws were enacted for the preservation of the swans in Lincolnshire.

Some curious particulars as to the former perquisites of the Board of Green-cloth, and the conduct of Sir Gilbert Talbot, keeper of the King's plate, during the reign of William III, were read: but they only shewed that a love of intrigue, and a violent passion and love of places and perquisites, have prevailed in every reign, less or more.

Mr. Douce exhibited to the Society a French marriage-token, never used as a coin. On one side it bore the circular inscription, "*Pour Epouse*," round *fleurs-de-lys* with a "D" at the bottom; and, on the other, "*Deuirs de Foy*." These tokens were formerly given in betrothing brides. Mr. D. quoted several decrees and ceremonies relative to the performance of marriage, and among them, a decree of the council of Toledo prohibiting the Queens of Spain from marrying a second time.

#### LINNEAN SOCIETY.

DR. MATON, vice-president in the chair, read a description of some new species of plants from New Holland, by Edward Rudge, Esq. F.L.S. Part of a paper, by William Spence, Esq. F.L.S. was also read, on a genus of insects named *Choleva*, by Latreille, with a description of eighteen British species, which was prefaced by some remarks on the comparative merits of the different systems of entomology.

## VARIETIES, LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL;

*With Notices respecting Men of Letters, Artists, and Works in Hand, &c. &c.*

HE who can penetrate the councils of the enemy and conceal his own, must be successful. Such a person is Bonaparte; but the mask will, in a few days, be stripped off, and his whole system exposed; as Mr. Byerley, in the Introduction to his Translation of Machiavelli's "Prince,"

has shewn that every step he has taken, and every measure he pursues, originated in that author. So curious an analysis of Bonaparte's system, as this is likely to prove, must excite the curiosity of all ranks, from the prince to the peasant.

Mr. Benjamin Travers, demonstrator

tor of anatomy, and surgeon to the Honourable East India Company, has, nearly ready for publication, an *Experimental Enquiry concerning Injuries to the Canal of the Intestines*, illustrating the Treatment of penetrating Wounds and mortified Hernia.

Robert Steele, Esq. of the Royal Marines, is preparing for the press a *Tour through the Atlantic, or Recollections from Madeira, the Azores, and Newfoundland*; including the period of discovery, produce, manners, and customs of each, with memorandums from the convents visited, in 1800, in his Majesty's ship *Vestal*.

The Rev. D. Davies, of Milford, Derbyshire, is writing a new historical and descriptive *View of the Town and County of Derby*, in one large volume octavo, and has solicited communications relative to the antiquities, natural history, and recent improvements of that county.

Dr. Watson will shortly publish a *Theoretical and Practical View of the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb*, containing hints for the correction of impediments in speech, together with a vocabulary; illustrated with copper-plates, representing the most common objects necessary to be named.

Mr. Parkinson has withdrawn the *Introduction to the Knowledge of Fossils*, announced at the end of his first volume of *Organic Remains of a former World*, considering its publication as entirely superseded by Mr. Martin's excellent systematic *Outlines of the same subject*. The third volume of *Organic Remains* is in considerable forwardness.

The author of the *Husband and Lover* has, in the press, a romance, entitled the *Daughters of Isenberg*.

Mr. Parkes has further improved his *Chemical Catechism*, and a fourth edition is nearly ready for publication, with numerous additions.

The Rev. Mr. Phelps's *Botanical Calendar*, will very shortly make its appearance.

New and interesting Discoveries in Horticulture, as an improved system in propagating fruit-trees, hardy American and other ever-greens, with deciduous ornamental trees and shrubs, by Mr. Thomas Haynes, an experienced propagator of trees, shrubs, and plants, will appear early in the spring.

Dr. Scott, late oriental professor at the East India College, is preparing a splendid edition of the *Arabian Nights Entertainments*, to which he has added a new volume, comprising thirty-five tales, now first translated from the Arabic copy brought into England by Edward Wortley Montague, and deposited in the Bodleian library, with an introduction, and notes illustrative of the religion, manners, customs, and domestic habits of the Mahummedans.

Mr. Elmes's *Dictionary of the Fine Arts* is in the press.

The Rev. Thomas Comber is compiling, from unpublished manuscripts and other authentic sources, the *History of the Parisian Massacre of St. Bartholomew*, which will contain the most minute particulars.

Mrs. Rundell of Percy House, Bath, has completed a *Grammar of Sacred History*, including the Old and New Testaments, with maps.

Major Samuel Dales has nearly completed an *Essay on the Study of the History of England*, in one octavo volume.

Dr. Lawrence is preparing for the press, from the papers of his late brother, a volume of *Critical Observations, on the New Testament*, particularly on the Prophecies of the Revelations.

Mrs. Pelham has, in the press, *Seven Letters to a Young Woman under Dejection of Mind*.

Mr. Nichols has undertaken the republication of Fuller's *Worthies*, and who, in addition to many valuable materials in his own possession, has been favoured with many useful hints from gentlemen of the first distinction in literary research. The text of Fuller, as an English classic, will be preserved, and with the correction of the ancient errors of the press, the whole will be occasionally illustrated by brief notes.

A new edition of Purchas's *Pilgrims*, in quarto, are in the press, printed in uniformity with the recent editions of the *English Chronicles*.

A translation of the *Civil Architecture of Vitruvius*, in an imperial quarto volume, and illustrated by numerous engravings, executed by Lowry, from the pen of Mr. William Wilkins, author of the *Antiquities of*



Magna Græcia, will appear in the course of the spring.

#### ARTS, SCIENCES, &c.

Notwithstanding the part Mr. Spencer Smith has lately taken, in introducing the valuable plant which produces the Turkey madder roots, it appears that Mr. J. L. Philips, of Manchester, twenty years since, imported seeds from which the same plants were produced, and that he still retains plenty of plants for the same purpose, and that he has, in his possession, cotton dyed from roots of his own growing fifteen years ago; though he allows that some later improvements in the art of dying would probably produce a finer colour now.

*New virtue of the load-stone.*—Henry Hinde Pelly, Esq of Upton, Essex, a gentleman advanced in years, and who used to be laid up annually for three or four months with a violent fit of the gout, having read in some old book, that a load-stone, worn next the skin, was a sure preservative against that excruciating disease, and knowing that some of the most powerful magnets are found in Golconda, employed an agent in India to procure him one from that province. This stone chipped into a convenient size, it is said he constantly wears in a little flannel case suspended from a black ribbon round his neck, next his skin. It is about two inches long, an inch and a half broad, and two tenths of an inch thick. Mr. Pelly found its virtue so great, that he thought he might lay it by with safety, but many days had not passed before he was convinced of his mistake; he awoke one night in torment, but calling for his old safeguard, he threw it about his neck, and escaped for that time with a slight attack; this has induced him, never to be without his load-stone, and hence, it is said, he enjoys perfect freedom from all the pains, inflicted by his old enemy.

#### America.

A large body of warriors, hunters, &c. all well armed and equipped, took their departure a few months ago from Louisville, in the United States, on a

three years expedition to join the Missouri company, who design to establish themselves not only on the river Columbia, but to enlarge the sphere of their commerce to the East Indies.

A cluster of seven islands has been recently discovered in the south seas, by Captain Bristow. They are in 50° 40' south latitude, and 160° 35' east longitude. The largest of them contains a fine harbour abounding with fish. Fowl, wood, and water may be easily procured. Captain Bristow has called them Lord Auckland's group.

#### France.

The imperial conservatory of music at Paris have made a very favourable report on the new musical instrument, denominated the Clavi-cylinder, invented by M. Chladni. This report describes it as resembling the flute and clarionet in the high notes, and the bassoon in the lower keys; it admits, however, that the instrument is not so well adapted for lively strains as to solemn music; but its effects in the crescendo and diminuendo are highly praised. M. Chladni himself gives the following account of his invention:—The clavi-cylinder contains a set of keys, and behind this a glass cylinder, seven centimetres in diameter, which is turned by means of a pedal and a loaded wheel. This cylinder is not the sounding body, but it produces the sound by friction on the interior mechanism. The sounds may be prolonged at pleasure, with all the shades of crescendo and diminuendo, in proportion as the pressure on the keys is increased or diminished. This instrument is never out of tune. It contains four octaves and a half from *ut*, the lowest on the harpsichord, up to *fa*.

Two pyrotechnical machines are said to have lately been invented by a Frenchman of the name of Rouy, at Ahlan. The first consists of a fulminating barrel, by which an army ranged in order of battle can be thrown into confusion. An experiment was made before many distinguished officers, and the result was satisfactory. —The barrel was hurled at a great distance in a particular direction, fell on the very point aimed at, and blew up with a tremendous explosion.

scattering its contents far around.—The second, which consists of a new kind of fire-ship, intended to occasion the conflagration of a whole fleet, did not, on account of the deficiency of local advantages, fully answer the inventor's expectations. As its failure could not be attributed to any defect in its construction, no doubt was entertained that the next experiment would prove successful.

The use of copper vessels in cookery is justly dreaded; still various articles are dressed in them—without any injury! M. Proust determined, if possible, to discover the cause of these contradictory effects. He boiled a quantity of strong vinegar, above an hour, in a copper vessel, and which completely filled it. The most active re-agents, such as sulphurated hydrogen, did not discover the smallest effect produced on the liquor by this copper. He found, notwithstanding, that the copper becomes oxidized or rusted only when the vessel is not full, in which case a portion of its surface is exposed to the action of the atmosphere, the oxygen of which combines with it. The heat produced by boiling, greatly dilating the air which comes into contact with the copper, prevents this combination: accidents, therefore, are occasioned by suffering liquids to cool in them, during which time the air has access to the surface of the copper. Hence our housewives will perceive the reason why cleanliness is their security, when culinary vessels become partly untinned by continued use.

A chemist, at Paris, it is said, has made some experiments on tobacco, which if found to be correct, may occasion great innovation in the trade and manufacture of that article. His results were, that the acrid principle of tobacco differs from that of all other vegetables whose properties are known; and that, by an easy process, it may be separated from the plant either green or dried, and in a liquid state, and that the juice thus extracted may be combined with the dried leaves of any tree, and thus form tobacco. The remains of the plant, after the acrid principle is thus separated, have neither smell nor taste.

M. Vaquelin, in the name of the

committee of Chemical Arts, has described the manufacture of tallow for candles, said to be purified from all animal substances of an injurious nature, free from all moisture, and not at all discoloured, demi-transparent, perfectly dry and sonorous, and so very dry, that when a blade of iron is passed over it, a phosphoric light is emitted, extremely lively, and occasioned by all appearance from an electric motion. When this tallow is fresh melted, and the surrounding air extremely dry, the mere passing of the hand on it is sufficient to produce sparks and crackings. The dryness of this tallow is still further illustrated by its perfect transparency when melted; when it is at the temperature of boiling water, neither bubbles nor clouds are discernible. This tallow, it is affirmed, may be kept without any discolouration or rancidity for two years. The candles made of it are very white; their light very pure with little or no smoke; and their price about 5 per cent above the common sort.

#### *Germany.*

The Franckfort Gazette has announced a decree from Ratisbon, by which a commission is appointed to visit all pious foundations in Franckfort, to examine their accounts, documents, and charters of foundation, without exception, and to report on the detail of their present state, with the administration and employment of their revenues; adding, as soon as it can be done, a plan of amelioration and economy proper to answer the purposes of their establishment. This plan is to be afterwards submitted to the magistracy and the civic colleges, and to be regulated according to the original intention of the founders, and the benefit of the city of Franckfort.

Since the conscription for the last year has been carrying into effect by the proper officers, the Jews, it is understood, will not be exempted, but a battalion will be formed among these people, on the same establishment as that raised in Holland. Till lately the individuals of that religion here, have paid a sum of money by way of exemption.

The Royal Society of Friends to the Sciences, at Warsaw, have requested



the concurrence of the learned in collecting materials for a complete history of Poland, down to the present period.

The famous gallery of pictures, which had been transferred to the fortress of Koningstein, during the temporary incursions of the Austrians, have been brought back, and since Christmas, has again been opened to the public.

The most discerning men in the kingdom of Prussia, it is said, are of opinion that the total ruin of that country can only be averted by a system entirely agricultural; and such has been the numbers of officers recently out of employment, that as they have persisted in petitioning to the king, notwithstanding the repeated prohibitions issued on that subject, his Majesty has been obliged to declare that such petitioners shall, in future, be punished with the utmost rigour, in the same manner as those officers, who being in service, do not execute the orders they have received.

The following were among the works most in request during the last Leipsic fair. The History of the French Revolution, by M. Bakzo, of Koningsberg; a History of Poetry and Eloquence, by M. Bouterwerk; a Journey from Holstein into Franconia

and Bavaria, by M. Eggers; M. Eickhorn's, of Gottingen, History of Literature; Fernow's Life of Ariosto; Lectures on Natural Philosophy, by M. Lichtenberg; Travels by M. Nemnick, of Hamburg; Private Letters from Vienna, by M. Reichard, the author of Private Letters from Paris; Sermons by M. Reinhard, of Dresden; M. Schrieber on the Belles Lettres; Travels into Upper Austria; Vater on the Population of America; Weinbrenner on Theatrical Architecture; besides several excellent works on Philology, by Schutz, Hager, Zimmermann, &c.

#### *Spain.*

By a recent decree of Joseph Bonaparte, King of Spain, he cedes to the commerce of Madrid, the church of Good Success, with all its buildings, in order that an exchange may occupy the site of it. For the many demolitions and openings that have already been made in Madrid, and are daily making, the reason given is, the salubrity of the air. The proprietors of the houses taken down receive equivalents in national domains. By another decree, the King has made over the hospital of the royal residence at St. Ildefonso, with all its medical establishment, to the poor and infirm of that place.

## MEMOIRS OF REMARKABLE PERSONS.

### DR. PIKE.

**T**HIS gentleman, lately deceased, was born in King Street, near the Seven Dials, in the parish of St. Giles, in September 1745. His father died when he was scarcely four years old; and when the family affairs were settled, the widow found herself in very narrow circumstances. This might have been fatal to the plan which his parents had intended to adopt for their son. But genius will force its way. He was intended for one of the universities; and, after being taught to read correctly, he was, at five years old, placed under a clergyman, a friend of his mother, and before his sixth year he began learning Latin. With this gentleman he continued ten or twelve years; after which the writer of his memoirs seems to have lost the clue of his progress

till 1766, when he was a classical assistant at a considerable boarding-school at Guildford, and afterwards at a grammar-school in Kent. The natural turn of his mind, at this time, led him to critical theology and to medical studies, which might be called his hobby-horse. He attended medical lectures in London during the vacations. He rose early, and sat up late at his studies. Even his walks for exercise were solitary, and his pockets were always stuffed with books. He was fond of sitting in Catharine Hill Chapel, a fine old piece of ruins, near Guildford, where he could remain undisturbed for hours; and afterwards, when in Kent, he had some sequestered retirement on the banks of the Medway.

He commenced his clerical career as a minister in the church of England,

and was recommended to his bishop by a most respectable number of clergy, to whom he was well known.— Among the subscribed names, were those of Dr. Sumner, the master of Harrow school; Mr. Gibson, a relative to the Bishop of London; Dr. Burdett and Dr. Hill, of Guildford; Dr. Wilson, of Deptford, &c. He was well known to Dr. Secker, the archbishop; Dr. Terrick, then Bishop of London, and Dr. Thomas, Bishop of Winchester: with the latter he spent many pleasant hours in his study at Chelsea. But, notwithstanding all this, he did not continue many years in the establishment. He soon began to doubt of many things, and strongly to dislike others. He repented his subscription to the articles; yet, from the narration of his life, it is not clear whether he ever undertook any stated clerical duty while in the establishment. He was once, however, offered a grammar-school in the Weald of Kent, to which two good curacies were annexed; but the water of the place was bad, and he did not embrace the offer. After this, his memorialist says that he was offered a comfortable rectory, which conscience would not allow him to accept. This offer to a man, who had never shewn any public specimens of his abilities, is truly strange! But, there are a certain class of dissenters, who seem as if they wished to monopolize conscience among themselves! But the narrator proceeds, “The more he read (controversy it is supposed), the more he thought; the more his difficulties increased. He had prejudices hanging about him respecting schism, and was therefore not clear, that to secede from the church was innocent. He was unacquainted with dissenters, and thought that the great majority of them were merely ranting enthusiasts. His views opened by little and little, and therefore he then thought Dr. Priestley went too wide. At length, it is said, by the reasonings of a very intimate friend, a curate of a neighbouring parish, he was freed from the apprehension of guilt in separation. ‘Go,’ said this wonderfully liberal-minded friend, ‘if your conscience cannot be satisfied with us, let not your talents lie idle; go, hear Kippis, Price, Farmer, Pickard, Join that body of

christians, for other dissenters will not suit you; among them you may be useful.’ About 1777, he decidedly renounced the establishment, and soon after preached his first sermon for Dr. Kippis. He was afterwards intimate with the London ministers, called presbyterians, and all their pulpits were open to him.

“About this time he kept a boarding-school in town, which he afterwards removed to Stoke Newington, and soon after to Edmonton: when, there, he married a Miss Gregory, the daughter of a Russia merchant, deceased, by whom he had a large family. In a few years he gave up his school to her brother, accepting an invitation to a congregation somewhere in the west, through the medium of Dr. Savage. But whether he found things disagreeable there I cannot say; for his stay in that part was not long. Here then,” says the relator, “is again a break in the information, as I then left England for five years. At my return, in 1791, he was practising medicine in London.”

Here we may endeavour to fill up the information which the relator is unable, or unwilling, to give. It is manifestly his object to represent the Socinian dissenters as the most perfect patterns for conscientious integrity; and that the preachers are so in particular! If these, however, dissent from the church for conscience sake, they very frequently find their congregations can dissent likewise; and for conscience sake too, render the situations of these conscientious ministers so very uncomfortable that, like Dr. Pike, in the present instance, they very frequently renounce the ministerial charge altogether. But to return.

The Doctor's diploma was supposed to have come from Scotland or America. However, as his own health was always tender, he was obliged to live at a small distance from town. And one reason why he was never extensively known, as a physician, was, that he could never push himself into notice. He hated all little arts. Nevertheless, when he declined practice, he had acquired some comfortable property, on which he supported his large family with economy for several years. The late Dr. Buchan, with



whom he was very intimate, spoke with great respect of his medical abilities; but he thought him too fond of the shade and the back ground. About this time, this unknown and unfortunate man, according to his memorialist, "had a tempting offer, if he would return to the establishment; but his views were not altered."

At length, it appears that a bitter and most infamous persecution was commenced against him, by a set of persons acting in a confederacy, which compelled him, with a broken spirit, at the age of sixty, to quit a comfortable situation and all his connections. Nobody knew to what part he had retired: some said to Holland, others to Ireland, others to Yorkshire. But his memorialist thinks he went westward, as he saw him, in 1805, at Bridport and at Exeter. He did not speak to him, as he thought his feelings might have been hurt by it, if he wished for concealment. From that time he heard no more of him, till he read his death in the daily papers, between two and three years ago.

He was a very valuable and worthy man, unassuming in his disposition, bland in his manners, and strict in moral principle; his heart was friendly, and he was sympathy itself towards all kind of distress. He was an able classical scholar, a good biblical critic, a very pleasing poet, and deep reader from his youth in medical lore, which was his peculiar delight. As a preacher he was clear in his instruction, and powerfully impressive. There is a sermon against drunkenness, in a volume which he published many years ago, supposed to have been a masterpiece.

When young, he had some peculiarities of opinion: it is probable that, as he was a thinking man, he might either drop some of them or adopt others as he grew older. From former conversations with him, the narrator of his life, and from what he had since heard, thought, though the Doctor did not lightly adopt any peculiarity of sentiment, he held the following opinions:—

I. That the inspiration of the scripture was partial only; for that divine inspiration was not necessary to dictate the narration of facts, or those

historical books which appear to be extracts from the Jewish registers.

II. That the mosaic account of the fall of man is probably allegorical; but if not, that in that and the history of the creation, the facts were collected by Moses from tradition, and embellished in a way something like the machinery of poetry, by the fancy of the writer. It could not be supposed he would say that God actually walked in the garden, and chose the cool of the day, as if he could be affected by heat. Many similar matters he considered as embellishments.

III. That Adam was asleep when Eve was placed by him, and he dreamed that she was taken out of his side.

IV. That there is no proof that Abel killed his cattle for sacrifice, but that it is more probable he brought them on a day appointed for solemn worship by his father, and presented them before the Lord as a grateful acknowledgement, and perhaps poured out a libation of the milk or the cream, which Dr. P. thought is mistranslated *fat*.

V. That human sacrifices were not uncommon prior to the days of Abraham; and that, having them familiar to his mind by report, he dreamed he was commanded to sacrifice his son; which supposed command, judging the dream to be divinely impressed on his mind, he hastened to obey.

VI. That the ceremonial part of the Jewish law, &c. was not given by God, but only suited, by the prudence of Moses, as a wise legislator, to the Jewish people at that time.

VII. That the story of Balaam's ass was only an impressive dream of the prophet, but perhaps under divine direction.

VIII. That the books composing the sacred volume having been written at very different times, and upon very different occasions, may sometimes be difficult to be understood; but that no part of scripture has a double or hidden meaning.

IX. That the Psalms were written by several persons, and on particular occasions. That the sublimest devotion and all the beauties of fine writing are to be found in them. But he denied them any inspiration, excepting poetical inspiration. That no one of

them can be found wholly applicable to the Messiah; and that therefore (notwithstanding what Jews or Christians may have thought to the contrary) no one of them is prophetic, or has any reference to Jesus Christ. The passage in Luke xxiv. 44. "and in the Psalms," he thought he could prove to be an interpolation.

X. That what are called types in the Old Testament, were never intended as such; but are only fanciful applications by the Jews and Christians.

XI. That the Canticles were merely love poems, admirable indeed for their tender beauties. That they were not written by Solomon, but by some one of his courtiers, and placed in the canon by Ezra, to please the Jews, and in compliment to their favourite Solomon.

XII. That the book of Jonah is probably a Jewish legend, like that of Tobit. That our Lord's notice of it did not establish the facts in it, but only spake to the general belief and current opinion of the Jews. The impossibility of a man being so long in the stomach of an animal, where he could not breathe, and must have been ground to chyle, he thought an insurmountable objection. That it was miraculous was not to be supposed; because miracles were not wrought but for some weighty reasons, and to answer some great ends; but no such reasons or ends are apparent. If therefore the narrative be true, he supposed there must have been some hill near the shore commonly called the Great Fish, perhaps from some resemblance in its form, (as the long hill between Guildford and Farnham is called the Hog's Back); and that under or in this hill was a cavern, where Jonah might be confined for the whole time mentioned. But he judged the former supposition the most probable.

XIII. That history affords the best comment on the writings of the prophets; for, that though there are many clear predictions of the Messiah given, no doubt by the highest inspiration, yet, that many other passages, supposed by some to be such also, have nothing to do with that subject, but only relate to other persons and things.

XIV. That the book of Job is a poetical allegory, founded chiefly on

some ancient facts, embellished by the machinery of poetry; and that it was written by Moses.

XV. That the bodies of Adam and Eve were created mortal by nature; and that the sentence of death passed on them related to the death of the soul.

XVI. That the inspiration of the New Testament is partial also. That there was, no doubt, a superintendancy according to the promise of our Lord, to bring all necessary facts proper to be recorded to the remembrance of the writers; but there is no proof of any thing more.

XVII. That it is an injury to the Christian cause to assert more authority than can be proved. That its internal evidence is abundantly sufficient to prove its divine origin. That the discourses and parables of our Lord are so infinitely superior to any thing else in the world, that they prove divine wisdom to have been given to him in abundance, because he spake as never man before him spake.

XVIII. That the orthodox doctrines of the Trinity, the divinity of Jesus, original sin, the imputation of Christ's righteousness, his vicarial satisfaction, unconditional personal election and reprobation, irresistible grace, necessary final perseverance, and the eternity of hell torments, were not in the Bible.

XIX. That to suppose the great Father of all furious and severe, till Jesus made him propitious, is contrary to the plain declaration of the apostles, as well as to reason.

XX. That there cannot be guilt in mistaken opinions; and that to suppose God will punish his creatures for these, is forming most unworthy notions of the great and gracious Father of all.

XXI. That Christianity is entirely a moral system, sanctioned by future rewards and punishments.

XXII. That the wicked and impenitent will hereafter be punished, according to, and in proportion to their guilt, and then will be put out of being.

XXIII. That the second death, and the destruction so frequently mentioned in the scripture, is the extinction of a wicked soul; and eternal



life the great prize and gift of God to the righteous.

XXIV. That the whole body which is laid in the earth is not to arise, but only the original stamina, which had been expanded by adventitious nourishment. That the matter of this nourishment will be left behind, and that the real original body will be expanded and made, perhaps, as subtle as light itself, and filled with a glorious splendour, if the final allotment be happiness.

XXV. That notwithstanding the corrupt practices of multitudes of Christians, it is idolatry to worship, as God, any being, except the Great Spirit, the Father of all. That our Lord never ordered divine worship to be paid to himself; and that he is not the right object thereof, but only the Great Universal Parent.

XXVI. That in the present state of the Christian church, ignorant and uneducated ministers are its disgrace, and never truly useful. That a distinct order, carefully educated, and separated from secular employments, is absolutely necessary for the true understanding of the Gospel. Nevertheless such an order is not divinely appointed, and any one who understands Christianity may teach it: any Christian may baptise another, and any number of Christians may celebrate the Lord's supper, either with or without a clergyman.

XXVII. That baptism of infants is absurd, because they cannot repent or believe; and that, in the baptism of adults, it is immaterial in what way the water is applied, whether by immersion or sprinkling.

To conclude, if Dr. Pike made no secret of all or most of these sentiments, in his most singular creed, his want of a permanent establishment among the religious is not very hard to account for.

JANE STUART,

*Natural Daughter of James II.*

A STRANGE story, apparently grounded upon some tradition, has lately been disseminated, of a young woman (the person here described, after her supposed father had

abdicated the throne) suddenly leaving London, and strolling into Cambridgeshire, in harvest-time, and asking for employment of a Quaker, a farmer; after which it appeared she grew attached to those people, and resided in a singular manner at Wisbeach, to which place, when she first came, she sought employment by standing (as usual with labourers at this day who want work) at the foot of the bridge, where, in hay-time and harvest, the farmers resort every morning to hire. She afterwards selected for her abode, a cellar, in a part of the town called the Old Market, where she spun worsted, to dispose of which she regularly had a stall on the market-day. Being once thus employed, she is said to have recognised a coach by the arms and the livery, which was going to the Rose and Crown, the principal inn. Upon this she hastily packed up her worsted, retired to her cell, and carefully concealed herself. The Duke of Argyle, who came in this carriage, is said to have endeavoured to find her, but without effect. The house under which she lived, it is added, has been since rebuilt, and part of it is now occupied by Lady Mary Knollis, aunt to the present Earl of Banbury. She constantly attended, when in health, the meeting of the Friends in Wisbeach; was humble and exemplary in her conduct, well esteemed by her neighbours; she invariably avoided all conversation relative to her family connections; and when, in the freedom of intercourse, any expression inadvertently escaped leading to an enquiry, she stopped short, seemed to regret having disclosed so much, and silenced further research. She read the New Testament in Greek, but even this was discovered. She died, according to the Friends' register, the 12th of 7th month, 1742, aged eighty, and was buried in the Society's graveyard in Wisbeach; where, it is added, (but the circumstance admits of much doubt) out of respect to her memory, box has been planted round her grave, with her initials, age, and date, that still remain to mark the spot of her interment.

## THEATRICAL RECORDER.

## COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

A NEW drama exhibition, arranged by Mr. Farley, was represented on Thursday, Feb. 8, for the first time, at this theatre, entitled *The Free Knights; or, The Edicts of Charlemagne*. The following is a sketch of the story:

Scene, *Westphalia*—Time, in the *Fourteenth Century*.

Agnes, the infant daughter of the late Prince Palatine, upon her father's death, being at some distance, Count Manfredi is dispatched by her uncle to escort her to court, but with secret instructions to destroy her, and thus make way for his usurpation. The Count seemingly consented, the better to preserve the Princess, and on their journey he dismissed her train, to bear her secretly to some foreign friendly court: in this attempt they are attacked by a banditti, and Manfredi believing Agnes was slain, fled. The young princess being supposed dead, her uncle usurps the throne, and to destroy Manfredi's evidence, aims at his destruction; but the Count, in disguise, and under the assumed name of Bellarmin, sought and obtained protection in Corbey Abbey, built by Charlemagne, to commemorate his victories, and by him endowed with gift of sanctuary, and its abbots with the prerogative of pardon. At Baron Ravensburg's castle, where the prince is on a visit, to be present at the celebration of young Ravensburg's nuptials, he sees, and recognises, in the person of Agnes Lindorf, his niece, whom he long thought dead. He conceals his knowledge of her, demands of the Baron her history, and is by him informed, that about fourteen years back he had found her exposed on the banks of the Danube, that he had adopted her, and from that time brought her up as his daughter. The Prince appears satisfied, but secretly dispatches Walbourg to the court of the Free Knights, who soon returns, accompanied by some of its members, summoning Agnes Lindorf to appear before them. Young Ravensburg, who had just been elected a Free Knight, and had witnessed, with dismay, the horrid proceedings of a

court, which spread terror throughout Germany, would openly have protected the Princess, but is prevented by the Prince Palatine, who threatens him with the vengeance of the brotherhood, should he persist. The youth (between whom and Agnes a mutual inclination subsists) has recourse to stratagem, and, at the trial of the Princess for an attempt to poison the usurper, he is one of the most forward to accuse her, by which means he stifles suspicion, and is chosen to convey to Agnes the warrant for her execution, and to see her sentence put in force. Instead of the warrant, Ravensburg delivers to her a paper, explaining his designs, and pointing out the means by which she may escape, which she, in consequence, effects, and flies for sanctuary to Corbey Abbey. She is there protected by the abbot (Bellarmin), who, finding her accused as the daughter of Manfredi, and that her accuser is the Prince Palatine, is convinced of her innocence. He dispatches Ravensburg to his father for information respecting the fugitive; and, by the intelligence he receives, finds his sovereign under his protection. The Prince Palatine, thus foiled, attacks the abbey, forces its gates, commands Agnes to be dragged from the sanctuary, and is on the point of sacrificing the Princess, when the abbot proclaims her his lawful sovereign. The Prince, appalled, drops his sword, and, stung with remorse of conscience, acknowledges his guilt—The Princess accepts the hand of Ravensburg, and the drama concludes with the ceremony of the installation of the abbot.

The piece, we understand, is from the prolific pen of Mr. Reynolds. The plan of it is somewhat similar to that of *The Exile*, that is to say, it is neither more nor less than a melo-drame. There is much stamping and starting in it; but it is not without interest, while it abounds in spectacle, and is heightened with some pleasing music. It was announced for a second representation with general applause.

On Friday the 16th, a farce was produced at this theatre, entitled *A*



**Budget of Blunders.**—The principal persons of this *pétite* drama were

Mr. Growley .....	Mr. MUNDEN
Dr. Smugface .....	Mr. LISTON
Dr. Le Blanccour .....	Mr. FARLEY
Captain Belgrave .....	Mr. BRUNTON
Sophia, (ward to Growley)	Miss BOLTON
Deborah .....	Mrs.
Maid .....	Mrs. GIBBS.

Waiters, Postillions, Servants, &c.

This whimsical trifle opens with a view of a country ale-house, the sign of the Bell, where Dr. Smugface is discovered discoursing with a waiter: we are soon taught to understand that he is the tutor of Sophia, who is secretly enamoured with Captain Belgrave. A servant delivers a letter to Dr. Le Blanccour, who keeps a house for the reception of lunatics, situated near the Bell.

Old Growley and his ward Sophia are discovered at a table, where the proposed union between Sophia and Dr. Smugface is mentioned by Growley, and opposed by the maid. When Growley leaves the chamber, a sound of drums and fifes is heard in the street, and the maid intimates that a regiment is marching through the street, to which it is probable that Captain Belgrave may belong. In her trepidation she drops some utensil out of the window, which is supposed to have struck the Captain, who enters the chamber in anger, but is immediately soothed on beholding his beloved Sophia. A noise is heard, and the Captain, to avoid being discovered, puts on the cap and *robe de chambre* of Growley. Old Deborah now enters, and announces the approach of a gentleman, who proves to be Dr. Smugface. He addresses the presumed guardian of his Sophia with a letter of introduction, but, not receiving an articulate answer, supposes Mr. Growley to be in an apoplexy, and runs out for a surgeon. In this interval Captain Belgrave escapes, and Growley enters, and puts on his cap and gown; but he is scarcely seated in his chair, when Dr. Smugface comes in, attended by Dr. Le Blanccour, and they proceed to bleed Growley, when Le Blanccour discovers his mistake. In the consternation that ensues, Growley suggests to Dr. Le Blanccour that Smugface must be a patient of his,

who had recently jumped out of the Doctor's window, a circumstance which the French physician had previously made known.

A plan is now laid to surprise Smugface, which produces some merriment in the audience. After a variety of comic incidents, Smugface is discovered sleeping in a chair, having had a soporific administered to him by Le Blanccour, with the Frenchman and Growley cautiously watching his symptoms. At length he recovers his senses, and frightens his companions, but eventually escapes from the window into a garden, where he is much alarmed on hearing Captain Belgrave scaling the wall to meet Sophia. Here the Captain mistakes Smugface, in the dark, for his servant who had neglected to obey his orders, and chastises him; then the Captain and his mistress escape through the garden-gate, and the maid enters with a bonnet and shawl, and puts them on the unfortunate Doctor.

Growley, on hearing a tumult, comes into the garden, and is alarmed at the appearance of Smugface, when the Captain and Sophia enter, and an *eclaircissement* takes place, by which Smugface resigns his claims, and the lovers are rendered happy.

There were some symptoms of disapprobation manifested by some persons towards the conclusion of the piece: but we cannot avoid thinking this resistance a little fastidious, as we have witnessed a cloud of absurdities in a first piece, that have been swallowed in the wholesale, without any signs of public nausea; and why they should be averse to admitting absurdity by retail in a farce, is what creates our surprise.

We understand that *The Budget of Blunders* is the production of a commercial gentleman in the city, who is the author of *Is he a Prince?* On the occasion of his receiving 100l. from the treasury of Covent-Garden theatre, as his portion of the profits, he generously presented it to the fund established for decayed actors.

The performers exerted themselves with great zeal and success, particularly Mr. Munden and Mr. Liston.

**LYCEUM THEATRE, STRAND.**

**O**N Saturday, Feb. 3, a comedy, in five acts, called *Riches, or The Wife and Brother*, was presented for the first time. This piece was originally the production of Massinger, a very eminent dramatic writer of his day; but it has, in the present instance, been entirely re-modelled by Sir James Bland Burgess, a gentleman of unquestionable literary talent and judgment. The scene of action lies in London, in the beginning of the 17th century, and may be thus briefly described:—

Sir John Traffic, a city merchant, with a young wife, and two daughters nearly her own age, takes into his house an extravagant and wicked brother, who had reduced himself into distress, but avows his determination to reform: but Sir John, still doubting him, resolves to satisfy himself.—For which purpose, he, with the assistance of his friend, Sir Maurice Laoy, propagates an account of his having committed suicide, and leaving his brother his sole heir, and his wife and two daughters entirely dependant on him for support. This has the desired effect; the real character of the brother is developed, he throws off the mask, and treats the supposed widow and daughter with every species of indignity, and is only stopped in his career by the arrival of his supposed dead brother. The piece terminates

with his banishment, the reformation of Lady Traffic, who, by the bye, had been a great shrew, and the marriage of the two young ladies.

Though in the progress of the scene there is a want of diversity and incident, still is there no material lack of interest in any part; and its defects in other respects are considerably compensated by the excellent language and sentiments which pervade the whole. The characters, though in some instances rather unnatural, are very strongly marked, and bear many features which arrest the attention and interest the feelings of the audience. The part of Lady Traffic is particularly well drawn, and is admirably sustained by Mrs. Edwin; and the depraved, revengeful, and avaricious Luke has a most able representative in Mr. Raymond. In the other characters there is nothing particularly novel or striking; but Powell, Wrench, Holland, De Camp, and Mrs. Orger, made the most of their respective parts.

The piece, on the whole, was favourably received. Towards the conclusion some dissentient voices were heard; but, on the question for its repetition, the ayes decidedly carried it.

A sprightly and diverting Epilogue, from the pen of Mr. Arnold, was delivered with great effect by Mrs. Edwin. Every point told, and the applause was universal.

## STATE OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

**T**HE eyes of England are turned towards its legislature, and a most melancholy scene has been displayed, capable of rending the hearts of its inhabitants. The disgraces of the summer expedition to Walcheren were open to the whole world. The extent of our losses, the waste of national treasure, the causes of the failure of the expedition remained to be developed by the grand tribunal of the nation. It is not a question of party. It is not to decide, whether this or that description of persons is to be intrusted with the management of public affairs. Not the interests of ministers only are concerned, the honour of our army and navy is involved in this melancholy controversy.

It had been declared, in a speech from the throne to the city of London, that no enquiry into the conduct of the commanders of the navy or the army employed in the expedition to Antwerp was thought expedient or necessary. On the meeting of parliament, it was evident that so great a disaster as had befallen the British troops could not pass unnoticed; and, on the first motion for an enquiry, the minister was left in a minority. This was a presage, that the enquiry, at least, would be carried on with a considerable degree of vigour, and the nation has not, in this respect, been disappointed: but several circumstances have attended it which were but little expected. The first was,



that the nation was excluded from the oral testimony, as the galleries were cleared on the house going into the committee for the examining of witnesses: and of course there were no short-hand writers to commit the incidents that might arise in the course of the examination. This is in a great degree compensated by the printing of the evidence for the use of the members, and the reprinting of it in all the papers.

The motion for excluding strangers is open to any individual member, and when made, cannot, according to the standing orders of the house, be opposed. It is not, of course, a popular measure; and the member who makes it must be of strong nerves, and expect to hear, both within and without the walls of the house, some unpleasant allusions to his conduct. The member, upon this occasion, who nightly puts the standing order in force when the Walcheren witnesses are to be examined, is Mr. Charles Yorke, the member for Cambridge-shire, a gentleman of a family distinguished in many respects. His grandfather was the celebrated Lord Hardwicke, who, from very low circumstances in his native town of Dover, was, by his abilities and some peculiarly fortunate occurrences, raised to the dignity of Chancellor and an earldom. His children all attained considerable honours. One of the younger sons was made a baron; and another, the father of this gentleman, had a patent of a peerage made out for him, whilst he held for a few days the dignity of Chancellor: yet, though it waited only for his own signature, he expired, leaving this designed honour to him and his family, unenjoyed by himself and unattainable by them.

Mr. Yorke has been in places of trust, and has shewn talent in a considerable degree, united with that spirit which enables him to support any measure that he has undertaken. It was to be expected that he should find occasion for this spirit, and an opportunity was soon given; but previously to it the house had divided on the propriety of the measure of shutting the galleries, and had decided in his favour. The question was brought on by Mr. Sheridan, in a motion for considering the standing order of the

house, with a view to set it aside in this particular case, and it gave rise to an extraordinary debate; in which the sentiments of Mr. Windham excited considerable animadversion from the language which he held on the reporters of debates, and his apparent indifference to popular censure or applause on the speeches which he delivered in that house. The conduct of the two members of the house (Mr. Yorke and Mr. Windham) was seized upon by the conductors of a place for popular debate, as a subject for discussion, and doubtless it was likely to draw together a crowded audience. Their names appeared, in large capitals, in placards about the city, and the question was put in strong language, Which was the most deserving of censure, the one for shutting up the galleries, or the other for his contempt of the liberty of the press? Little effect was, however, we believe, produced by these placards, except in the petty forum, where the question was agitated. We should have known nothing of them, but for the debates in parliament and the accidental sight of one of the placards on the walls, which, from the notice taken of them in the preceding evening in the house, we had the curiosity to read.

Mr. Yorke brought the matter before parliament, complaining of a breach of privilege. The printer was, in consequence, ordered to the bar, where he expressed his sorrow for his concern in an act that displeased the house, and gave up the name of the writer of the placard. This was Mr. Gale Jones, a celebrated popular orator, who was ordered to be brought before the bar; and, in the mean time, the poor printer, who had made the *amende honorable*, was placed in the custody of the serjeant-at-arms. The next night the author was brought before the bar of the house, and confessed the writing, expressing regret at the inconvenience suffered on his account by the printer; and adding, that it was not his intention to infringe on the privileges of the house, or asperse the character of any member. He looked upon public character as a sort of public property; and when he first drew up the paper, he was not aware that he had done wrong; but, on again recurring to it, he found he

had transgressed the bounds which ought to limit public commentary upon the proceedings of the house: for this he expressed his concern, and threw himself on the compassion of the house. On Mr. Yorke's motion he was, by a Speaker's warrant, committed to Newgate, and the printer was discharged without paying his fees.

On the propriety of debarring strangers from being present at some discussions of the house there can be no doubt: and, if we might have hesitated in the first instance to concur with Mr. Yorke, circumstances that have since occurred would incline us not to disapprove his measure. The enquiry before the house becomes, every day, of a more serious nature, and it involves a variety of characters. It may happen, in the warmth of attack or defence, much may be said which should not, if possible, get abroad among the public: we allude particularly to the discussion, as it relates to the army and navy, between whom (as a member said) the apple of discord has been thrown in a very extraordinary manner. It may be recollected, that soon after the great ends of the calamitous expedition were given up, and our troops were lying in a most deplorable condition in the island of Walcheren, it was said, that the Earl of Chatham had had an audience with his Majesty, to whom he presented a narrative of the proceedings of this disgraceful campaign. This report has been laid before the House of Commons; but, if we believe its date, it was not presented to the King till nearly four months after the time at which he was understood to have done it. In this report he completely exculpates himself, and throws the whole blame, in a very strong manner, upon the admiral, leaving to him to account for various parts of his conduct. The delivery of this paper will be attended with very curious consequences.\*

Lord Chatham is a cabinet minister. He either kept within his own breast the contents of his report till the day of the date of its presentment, or he did not. If he did not, then

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\* For a copy of the narrative, see *Historical Chronicle*.

blame attaches to the ministers for putting the answer which they did into the King's mouth to the city of London: for assuredly, upon this paper from the commander-in-chief, it is evident that an enquiry at least is necessary, if not a court-martial, upon the commanders of the army and navy. But another consideration was justly stated: Is it justifiable in a commander-in-chief to lay before the King a paper in private, reflecting upon the conduct of officers, who may never have an opportunity of defending themselves? And, in this case, it is evident, that if the House of Commons had not taken up the question, our admiral might have laboured under an undeserved censure, without any means of justification. For our own part, we hold the character of an admiral of the navy in too high estimation to listen, for a moment, to the insinuations of any one who has not given decisive proofs of his ability to censure. The paper is now before the public: the characters of the commanders of the navy and of the army are at stake. We hope that justice will hold her even scales upon this important question.

But the question relative to the army and navy forms but a small part of the important enquiry, which may be divided into two general heads, namely, of the plan and the execution of the expedition. For the plan of the expedition the ministers only are accountable; and here a variety of facts has already appeared, and many more will be brought forward. Some very curious ones have occurred relative to the medical department, which it seems, was not consulted on the peculiar disorders to which the troops might be exposed. The evidence of several officers of the army and navy, who were consulted upon the plan has been given, and from their evidence, with that of medical men, it does not appear that any one thing has occurred which might not previously have been expected. Allowing the plan to have been a good one, the praise or blame attached to the time of undertaking it belongs to the ministers; and it has transpired, that it was not expected by Austria to operate materially in its service. With respect to the part belonging to ministers, the blame will



be divided among different persons; for the two duellists are accountable only for that part which took place whilst they were in office; unless, by their abrupt departure, they left things in confusion, and then they will be deserving of a double censure.

On the details of the expedition there will be many grounds of enquiry; but, as it is generally allowed, that both navy and army were well appointed, the enquiry from the time the ships left the Downs to the return of the Earl of Chatham, will form a separate account, which will necessarily occupy the attention of all who are well acquainted with military matters. Here a plain question occurs—Would Bonaparte, with such a force, have been contented with his officers if they had just come in sight of the place of their destination, and had not even hazarded the taking of the forts before it, on which they might have judged of ulterior operations? As to all the operations in the island of Walcheren, we look upon them as of no consequence, as the army might have moved forward without taking Flushing, the fleet being perfectly competent to prevent that island from interfering with the objects of the expedition.

A melancholy enquiry now occurs: When Lord Chatham had retired from his troops and their complaints, what was the conduct of the ministry as to the cure of those complaints, or the withdrawing of the troops from the unhappy island? This question belongs solely to ministers. On this there is somewhere an awful responsibility. Such distressing scenes have seldom occurred in any army, and an enquiry cannot restore to life or health the thousands that have fallen a sacrifice to the Walcheren disease.

Whilst the nation has been looking with great anxiety and attention to the proceedings of its great council, on a calamitous expedition, meetings have been held in which the interests of part of our fellow-subjects have come under discussion, and produced a manful appeal in a petition to the legislature on the grievances under which they suffer. It is one of the curious circumstances attending the preaching of Christianity, that that religion, which was intended by the

Great Teacher to be the religion of love, has been perverted, by his followers, into a system of deadly hatred. These islands were formerly of a peculiar description of Christians: the majority change their minds, and attribute to the minority the most odious crimes, such that their oath cannot be taken, and, in consequence, deprive them of a great number of civil privileges. The majority forget, that almost every thing they possess that is valuable was obtained for them by ancestors who were of the opinions which the sons now hold in such extreme contempt. But it is more remarkable, that these islands affect to be more enlightened, and to have a purer insight into Christianity than their neighbours on the continent; and yet, on the other side of the water, religious distinctions are abolished, whilst here we are attached to them, and not only attached to them, but deny to the majority of the population of the country a participation in civil privileges. For it must be recollected, that the members of the church of England are the privileged cast, and this cast does not contain a fifth part of the population of the two islands.

The question must come to an ample discussion in both houses. The petition presented to them brings the case of the Catholics fairly before the public: this will lead, we hope, to a complete revision of all the laws on religion; and, whilst the rights of the churches of England and Scotland are recognised, we trust that, in civil matters, the members of them will not be allowed a superiority over their fellow-subjects. As to the articles of faith of these societies, they are scarcely worthy of a moment's notice: they either agree with scripture, or they do not. In either case, if the members are contented, let them retain their opinions; but why should they wish to thrust their system down other people's throats? We are persuaded, that the state will find no difficulty from religion, but what is created by itself. The established churches have immense revenues settled upon them: let them enjoy, in quiet, their comforts; no one will interfere with them:—but to throw a stigma on their fellow-citizens, who do not go into their churches, is a thing so absurd, and so

ridiculous, and so mischievous, that we are astonished that any persons, enjoying the advantages of education, can give them encouragement.

Whilst we are enquiring into the history of an expedition, and part of our fellow-subjects are claiming the rights of citizenship, Bonaparte is employed in the continuance of his designs,—in giving laws to his new empire, removing every kind of intolerance, enlarging the bounds of his kingdom, and removing his troops from the past scenes of glory to a country which they will awe by their presence. The marriage that has been so much talked of, has not taken place. Demurs, it is said, have arisen at St. Petersburg, and the lady fixed on shields herself under a prior engagement. It will not, however, be difficult to find a partner to his bed; and he may perhaps renew the Persian system, which, however foreign to European politics, was better adapted to improve a royal breed. Holland is not yet incorporated, but a great part is placed within the limits of France; and Walcheren, renowned for our calamities, is become a sub-prefecture of the great empire. The value of Antwerp is made known to the world by our futile attempts to destroy its navy, and both sides of the Scheldt are French. The naval arsenal is receiving daily accessions of strength; and the time is altered since we had a commissioner at Dunkirk to see to the demolition of the fortifications of that town. But the great point on which the enemy has been employed is the withdrawing of his troops from various quarters, and marching them into Spain. Immense bodies have crossed the Pyrenees; and, as might be expected, the King of Spain has begun his operations, and marched from Madrid to terminate the war.

Of all the histories of conquered nations, this of Spain will be most remarkable. A large population, with great resources, has seen, within its bosom, its enemies, who have been permitted, after being once driven back, to recruit their strength at one extremity of the kingdom, then to advance again into the middle of the country, and, whilst their attention was occupied with a distant warfare, they

were unassailed in the capital, and waited very composedly till they could advance forward, with increased strength, to subdue the whole country. To render this history the more remarkable, the inhabitants were assisted by a powerful island that had the complete command of the sea, and could convey troops to any part it pleased; but which, from the confusion either of its own or of Spanish councils, never sent its forces to any place where they could make an effectual impression. Talavera will be renowned for giving a peerage and a pension to an Englishman, who left his sick and wounded to the mercy of the enemy, and carried the remainder of his troops with great rapidity out of their reach. After that battle, the French were perfectly secure, they discomfited the Spaniards in several inferior engagements, and prepared themselves for putting a complete end to the contest.

The time arrived for the great struggle. The junta at Seville had long shewn its inability to carry on with honour the affairs of the nation. They were low minds, who could not look to the new order of things, but, under the name of Ferdinand, governed with all the petty intrigues of his father's weak and vicious court. Their flight, in great confusion, gave to the inhabitants of Seville the first intelligence of their impending fate. The mountains of La Mancha were supposed to be impenetrable barriers between them and Madrid, and the passes were guarded by so large an armed force of Spaniards, that no apprehensions were entertained of the security of the south of Spain. On a sudden the truth was blazoned out at Seville,—the barriers were forced, the Spanish troops were dispersed in every direction, the French were marching into the vallies of the south, and there was nothing to impede their progress to Cadiz.

Nothing could be more evident than that, on the settlement of the affairs of Austria, a great force would be sent into Spain. As they passed the Pyrenees, the north of Spain would soon be secured, and the troops in the middle of the kingdom would be at liberty to move forward. No time was lost by the king. As soon



as he had secured the middle of the kingdom, and had troops sufficient for ulterior operations, he marched southwards, and, by one of those well-combined operations of which the French are such masters, he attacked every post on the mountains at the same time, and the defenders disappeared as it were by enchantment, leaving their country entirely at the mercy of the enemy. Nothing, in the plains, could resist his impetuosity: a large body of troops, under the command of the Duke of Albequerque, escaped to Cadiz; and here are placed the last hopes of resistance. The Spanish navy in that port is placed out of reach of every attack, and the fortifications are put into a state of defence. The inhabitants seem determined to resist to the utmost; but, in the mean time, the King is reducing to subjection all the interior of the country; and will be enabled to bring such a force against the town, that, though the place may exhibit proofs of valour, it will be only a useless expenditure of blood, and tend not in the least to alter the destinies of Spain.

A total want of policy has been exhibited by Spain and its allies. Spain had been most miserably governed. Its abominable inquisition had destroyed the energies of the nation.—What was a Bourbon to them? and particularly a Bourbon whose right to the crown was disputable: a son, who had intrigued against his father, and seized the crown before his time?—Tied up in formalities, the junta never proposed any grand measure to unite the people, and to stir up enthusiasm. They called indeed the Cortez; but at what time—when half the kingdom could not possibly send deputies. In short, the whole is such a history of imbecility in council, as no nation ever before exhibited.

Portugal is in a peculiar situation. England is debating on the propriety of taking thirty thousand Portuguese into its service at the moment that several French corps are entering into Portugal; and probably before our money can reach that unhappy country, it will again be in possession of the French. The titled and the to-be-pensioned Lord Wellington is in that country with the remains of his Eng-

lish army. We have not the least doubt of the valour of our troops. In retreating to their ships, as their comrades did under General Moore, they will not disgrace their country, though they must excite regret, that the efforts of our land-forces have, in so many instances, of late years been unavailing.

The rest of Europe affords little matter for observation. The Turks and Russians seem to be resting on their arms; and at St. Petersburg, various alterations are taking place in the arrangement of their different boards of administration, probably suggested by the improvements in the executive government at Paris. We are still far from a complete account of the transactions in Sweden: but their late king is travelling through Germany, and the declared heir to the crown has made his public appearance at Stockholm. Holland is waiting in fear and anxiety for its future destiny. It has still a king; but whether he will long remain so, or what will be the fate of his kingdom, time must determine. The peninsula of Spain and Portugal will probably afford him a happy retreat from the embarrassments of his present kingdom.

At home, the petitions from the city of Westminster to the King and the House of Commons were carried unanimously, and they express truths so often repeated to the nation, that it will hear them as things of course, and they will then fall into neglect. They gave occasion, however, to Sir F. Biddett and Lord Cochrane to meet their constituents, and to receive from them unbounded applause for their conduct in parliament.—The Common Council of London also petitioned parliament against Lord Wellington's pension bill; the motion for the petition being carried without a division. Such a petition cannot fail of meeting our most cordial approbation; for we see, with extreme regret, a man loaded with honours, who ran away from the enemy as fast as he could, leaving his sick and wounded in their possession; whilst Sir Robert Wilson, a far more meritorious officer, is so little noticed for his gallant services.

The House of Commons has pre-

sented very extraordinary scenes—the ministers in repeated minorities. The Walcheren expedition is a millstone about their necks; and Lord Chatham's paper, with his examination, gave rise to a debate of the greatest importance. This took place on the 23d, when Mr. Whitbread moved for whatever papers, memoranda, reports, &c. relating to the Scheldt expedition, which might have been presented by Lord Chatham to his Majesty. His Lordship had been questioned on this subject; but, after long delay, had declined to give an answer, and consequently gave ground for the presumption that such papers were in existence. In his Majesty's speech it was said, that orders had been given to lay on the table such papers on the subject of the expedition as would be thought satisfactory. Of the narrative of Lord Chatham ministers could know nothing, and his evidence confirmed that point. As it was ascertained that a paper had been presented to the King, of which they knew nothing, their ignorance with respect to similar papers was not an argument against the demand for their production. As to the delivery of the narrative to the King by Lord Chatham, it was unnecessary to dwell. The theory of the government did not warrant it, and business could not go on if such things were allowed. In his Lordship's official dispatches the services of the navy had been spoken of with unqualified approbation; but in the narrative an imputation was cast upon it, which must be substantiated or removed. Had not this enquiry taken place, there would have been in the King's closet an accusation of an admiral, which he would never have had the opportunity of repelling. By such a system of favouritism, his Majesty's best subjects might be calumniated without the possibility of the accused being heard in his defence.

Mr. Rider admitted the right of calling for these papers, but upon the ground of discretion, he should oppose the motion; asking whether they could search the private *escrutoire* for them?—Mr. Ponsonby asked whether it would be discreet in the House to allow a military commander and a privy counsellor to resort to such prac-

tices as these? If such plots and machinations were to be carried on without responsibility on the part of ministers, our government would differ in nothing from an absolute monarchy. — The Chancellor of the Exchequer stated that it was impossible to answer the address of that House without a personal application to the crown; and he stated that when the answer was given to the city of London, they were not in possession of Lord Chatham's narrative; and if they had been so, the answer would not have been altered. — Sir Home Popham, with great feeling, addressed the House on the wrong that would accrue to Admiral Strachan, if the motion was not agreed to. That papers do exist of the kind described in the motion we are warranted in believing, from the circumstance that none of his Majesty's confidential ministers deny the fact, and of course it follows that the admiral's conduct may have been still more misrepresented. If no other papers were presented, why did not the noble Lord, when questioned, give a candid answer to this purpose? As to the admiral, what security can he have that other papers of accusation do not exist against him? He is not the only sufferer; every officer in his profession sympathises with him. It is a question of justice. With what face could any one who voted against this address return to his constituents? Make me your representative, who denied to a brave officer the opportunity of repelling charges derogatory of his honour, and secretly and clandestinely conveyed against him to his sovereign.

Mr. R. Ward asserted, that if there was any proof of the existence of the papers called for, he should vote for their production; and Sir S. Romilly reminded him of the practice of the courts he had quitted, where, if a witness refused to answer to a question on the presentment of a paper, it was taken for granted that such a paper was in existence. As to the production of the papers called for there could be no doubt, since his Majesty would cheerfully produce them to his faithful Commons. The House would recollect the means resorted to for the production of a paper from Captain Huxley Sandon, and it could not refuse to address for documents most



important to the interests of justice and the good order of the navy and army.—Sir J. Amstruther contended, that unless they wished to shelter the accused parties behind the King's name, they must accede to the address.—The Attorney-General vindicated the demurr of Lord Chatham in not answering the question.

Mr. Canning was for the motion, whose necessity he urged from their being now in an important part of an enquiry, knowing that an important document did exist, and therefore they were bound to ask for its production. Lord Chatham, from the moment he took the command, became as responsible to his country as any other soldier; and he had no right to cut out for himself, and his representations, a royal road to the King's ear. He ought to have made his communications in the regular channel. The King can do nothing without an adviser. Here was an unofficial paper made official, and by whose advice? Some one must have advised it, and the same person might make the other communications official.—The Solicitor-General asked whether, if a private let-

ter upon a public subject were addressed to the King, that letter was to be laid before the House, if it had any allusion to this motion?—Mr. Whitbread, in a very masterly manner, summed up, and was peculiarly, though not improperly, severe in his conclusion upon the conduct of ministers; and he had no hesitation in saying that, if they retained their places, England must be the victim of their discordance between each other and their general mismanagement. It was impossible to look upon any part of their conduct without indignation. How was their answer to the city of London to be accounted for? Were they in the habit of consulting with each other? They met indeed at cabinet dinners; but their cabinet supper, this evening, they might eat with what appetite they may.—On the division were found for the motion 178

against it - 171

Majority over ministers 7

We congratulate the country on this division, and expect, ere long, an impeachment.

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*Copy of the Earl of Chatham's Statement of his Proceedings; dated the 15th October, 1809. Presented to the King, 14th February, 1810.*

**I**N submitting to your Majesty a statement of my proceedings in the execution of the service your Majesty was graciously pleased to confide to me, and of the events which occurred in the course of it, it is not my intention to trouble your Majesty with any further details of the earlier parts of our operations, which, having terminated in the speedy reduction of Walcheren by your Majesty's troops, and the occupation of the adjacent islands, and of the important post of Batz, received at the time your Majesty's most gracious approbation; but to confine myself principally in the narrative, which I am anxious to be permitted to bring under your Majesty's view, to the consideration of the two following points, as most immediately applying to the conduct and final result of the expedition to the Scheldt:—1st, The ground upon which, after the army was at length assembled near Batz, a landing in prosecution of the ulterior objects of the expedition was not deemed advisable:—2dly, Why that army was not sooner there assembled, in readiness to commence further operations.

With respect to the former proposition, I am inclined to think that it is so clear and evident, that no further operations could at that time, and in the then sickly state of the army, have been undertaken with any prospect of success, that it would be unnecessarily trespassing on your Majesty to enter into much more detail on this point than has been already brought before your Majesty, in my dispatch of the 29th of August: and the chief object of this paper will be directed to shew to your Majesty, that the second point, namely, why the army was not brought up sooner to the destination from whence its ulterior operations were to commence; is purely a naval consideration, and that the delay did in no shape rest with me, or depend upon any arrangements

in which the army was concerned, every facility, on the contrary, having been afforded by their movements to the speedy progress of the armament.

In doing this, it will, I conceive, be necessary, for the sake of perspicuity, that I should take up the consideration of this business from its commencement.

Your Majesty will permit me here to recall to your recollection, the change which took place in the original project formed for the attack of Antwerp, and of the French fleet in the west Scheldt, in consequence of the opinions of the General and Staff Officers, to whom this question was referred; and a combined operation of the army and navy; the whole, with the exception of the force to be left for the reduction of Walcheren, to proceed up the west Scheldt, was accordingly determined on.

Upon the practicability of such an operation being at once carried into execution, which was, however, the groundwork of the expedition, and which alone, in the opinion of all persons consulted, seemed to afford any prospect of success, even in the most sanguine view of the subject in all other respects, I must confess I entertained great doubts, till the communication of a distinct official opinion, given on this point by the Lords of the Admiralty, decided, in the affirmative, this important question.

At the same time it is to be remarked, that the occupation of Walcheren, which by some persons it had been thought possible to leave behind us, and the reduction of Flushing, which it had once been proposed only to mask, were deemed indispensable to the security of the fleet, in case of disaster; and accordingly a considerable separate force was allotted to this service; and, in this view, it was besides distinctly agreed upon, that a vigorous attack by the navy, upon the sea front, should be made at the same time that the troops, after effecting their landing, advanced to invest Flushing; it being hoped, that, by a powerful co-operation from the sea, at the moment the troops presented themselves before the place, the labour and delay of a regular siege might

have been avoided, and a considerable portion of the force allotted to this service set at liberty, to follow the army up the Scheldt. How far this expectation was fulfilled, or whether the assurance given that the whole of the armament (the part to be landed at Walcheren excepted) should be at once transported up the Scheldt, in prosecution of the ultimate objects of the expedition, was carried into effect, or was wholly disappointed, the information already before your Majesty will have in a great measure shewn, and which it will be my duty to bring more particularly under your Majesty's view, when I detail the subsequent course of our proceedings.

From what cause this failure ensued, whether it arose from insufficient arrangements on the part of the Admiral, or was the unavoidable result of difficulties inherent in the nature of the expedition itself, it is not for me, considering it entirely as a naval question, to presume to offer any opinion upon to your Majesty.

It may, however, be here proper to remark, that, in all the projects which have at various times been brought forward on the subject of an attack upon the island of Walcheren and the Scheldt, the necessity of having a wind a good deal to the westward, with moderate weather, has always been insisted on. Without these advantages, in the one case, the passage would be difficult; in the other, the surf would prevent a landing on the points deemed most favourable in other respects. In the present instance, owing to the wind blowing strong from the westward, the surf was actually such as to prevent a landing on either of the points first fixed on for that purpose by the Admiral; and the situation of the gun-boats and transports, at anchor in the Stone Deep, becoming very critical, and the gale increasing, he found it necessary to carry such part of the fleet as was arrived, for safety, into the Room-pot, and by which means the division of the army destined for the attack of Walcheren was enabled to effect its landing from a more sheltered anchorage on the Bree Sand, to the westward of Fort den Haak. At this time, the division under Lieutenant-General Lord Rosslyn, as well as that

under Lieutenant-General Grosvenor, also the cavalry, artillery, &c. were not arrived; but they were afterwards, on their making the island, ordered by the Admiral into the Veer Gat. It is, however, particularly deserving of attention, that this measure, though in itself one of great advantage, as far as it applied to the division destined for the attack on Walcheren, by placing the transports, storeships, and small craft in security, was, if carried further, certainly not a little at variance with the leading purpose of the expedition, namely, the running with the right wing, and the advance of the army at once up the West Scheldt, at the same moment that the attack upon Walcheren was proceeding; but that even this need have delayed it for more than three or four days, unless on account of naval difficulties, which it will be for the Admiral, not for me, to explain, I deny; for as soon as Ter Veere and the Fort of Rammakins fell, which happened on the 3d of August, the passage of the Sloe was open to the transports and gun-vessels; or they might have entered by the Durloo or by the Zoutland passages, the batteries of Dyskook, of Vygeeter, and the Nolle, having been all carried by the army, early on the 1st of August; and on the same day the battery of Borslen, at the south-west end of S. Beveland, was abandoned on the movement of a detachment from the corps under Sir John Hope; and I know of nothing (but this, of course, is a point for the Admiral to speak to) to have prevented the line-of-battle ships and frigates from coming in and passing up above Flushing, in the first instance, according to the plan originally decided upon.

Before, however, I pursue further the details of the proceedings of the army, governed as they necessarily were (until a footing should be gained on the continent) by the movements of the navy, I must for a moment refer to two separate operations; the one under Lieutenant-General Lord Huntley and Commodore Owen, and the other under Lieutenant-General Sir John Hope and Rear Admiral Sir Richard Keats; but both directed to assist and insure a rapid progress up the Scheldt, had the Admiral found it



practicable in other respects. With respect to the former, which was destined to destroy the Cadsand batteries, and particularly that of Breskens, had it been carried at once into effect, and that the Admiral could have availed himself of it, to take the ships up the West Scheldt by the Wheeling Passage, it would have been of the utmost advantage; but it was certainly rather fortunate it did not take place at a later period, as, after all the transports, storeships, &c. were ordered into the Vere Gat, and the plan of running at once up the West Scheldt by the Wheeling Channel seemed abandoned, the object of destroying the Cadsand batteries ceased, and a landing there would only have been an unnecessary risk, and a very inconvenient separation of our force, and of course occasioned great delay in collecting it for ulterior operations. It must not, however, be forgotten, that the difficulties here turned out to be much greater than had been at all foreseen before we sailed. In the first place, the beach was so exposed, that in blowing weather it was found impossible to land; and, from what cause I know not, the Marquis of Huntley's division could not be taken up, in the first instance, high enough to attack the Breskens battery, the only one, from its situation, of much importance. In addition to this, the enemy, who had been represented by all the intelligence communicated to me to be very weak, almost actually without troops in that quarter, appeared to be well prepared, and in considerable force. Under these circumstances, according to Lord Huntley's report, Commodore Owen appears to have experienced great disappointment in not having the support of Lord Gardner's fleet and of his boats; but his lordship, as I believe, could never enter the Wheeling channel at all; nor indeed was I ever acquainted with what instructions were given to him on this head.

When it was found that Lord Huntley's division could neither land nor proceed by the Wheeling Passage up the Scheldt, as I had intended they should, it was determined to withdraw them; but from the boisterous state of the weather, it was some days before this could be effected. As soon as it

was accomplished, they were passed over to South Beveland.

With respect to Sir John Hope's operation, it was more prosperous. The object of it was this:—In the original arrangement, for carrying the army at once up the West Scheldt, Sir John Hope's division was included; but just before we sailed, the Admiral received intelligence that the French fleet was come down abreast of Flushing, and seemed to threaten to oppose our passage up the Scheldt.

In this view, it was conceived, that, by a landing on the north side of South Beveland, the island might be possessed, and all the batteries taken in reverse, and thereby the position of the French fleet, if they ventured to remain near Flushing, would be, as it were, turned, and their retreat rendered more difficult, while the attack on them by our ships would have been much facilitated; and, for this object, the division of Sir John Hope rather preceded, in sailing from the Downs, the rest of the fleet.

The navigation of the East Scheldt was found most difficult; but, by the skill and perseverance of Sir Richard Keats, this purpose was happily and early accomplished, though the troops were carried a great way in schuyts and boats; and this division was landed near Ter-Goes, from whence they swept all the batteries in the island that could impede the progress of our ships up the West Scheldt, and possessed themselves on the 2d of Aug. of the important post of Batz, to which it had been promised the army should at once have been brought up.

Sir John Hope remained in possession of this post, though not without being twice attacked by the enemy's flotilla, for nine days before any of the gun-boats, under Captain Sir Home Popham, were moved up the Scheldt to his support.

But it will be recollected that both these operations tended directly to forward the original purpose of a rapid progress up the Scheldt; the former by opening the Cadsand Channel, could the landing of Lord Huntley's division have been effected; the second, by covering the progress of our fleet along the coast of South Beveland; while this division under Sir John Hope, was at the same time so

far advanced towards the destination at which the rest of the armament was to be assembled.

It will now only be necessary for me to bring before your Majesty the dates at which the several parts of the armament were enabled, according to the arrangements of Sir Richard Strachan, to pursue their progress up the Scheldt. In this place, however, it may be proper that I should previously advert to the grounds on which the 3d division, under Lieut.-Gen. Grosvenor, as well as the two light battalions of the King's German Legion, (composing part of the force destined in the first instance to proceed against Antwerp) were landed at Walcheren, and employed before Flushing.

Your Majesty will be pleased to recollect, that the troops which sailed from Portsmouth, under Lieut.-Gen. Sir Eyre Coote, were destined for the service of Walcheren, and had been considered as sufficient for that object, according to the intelligence received, and the supposed strength of the enemy; though, at the same time, certainly relying, for the first efforts against Flushing, on the promised co-operation of the navy, and on their establishing, as was held out, in the first instance, a naval blockade, except on the side of Veer and Rammakins. Unfortunately, however, this did not take place, and for several nights after the army was before Flushing, the enemy succeeded in throwing from the opposite coast, probably from the canal of Ghent, considerable reinforcements into the place, which enabled him constantly to annoy our out-posts and working parties, and finally to attempt a sally in force, though happily, from the valour of your Majesty's troops, without success. This proving very harrassing, particularly from the great difficulty of communication between the several parts of our line, I determined, in order to relieve the troops, and press forward the siege with as much vigour as possible, to avail myself for the time of the services of these corps; but it is to be remembered, that this was only done because I saw no movement making to push forward a single vessel up the West Scheldt; and it therefore seemed more advisable to

have their assistance before Flushing, than that they should lie inactive in the Veer Gat; and they might at any time be re-embarked from Rammakins in a few hours, whenever their transports could be brought up from Veer, and there was the least chance of our proceeding to our ulterior destination.

I have already stated, that Rammakins surrendered on the evening of the 3d of August.

Immediately upon this event, feeling, as I did, great uneasiness at the delay which had already taken place, and at the departure from the original plan, I wrote a letter to the Admiral, then at Ter Veer, expressing my hope, that the ships would now be able to enter the West Scheldt by the Sloe Passage, and that no time should be lost in pressing forward, as speedily as possible, our further operations; and I requested, at the same time, that he would communicate to me the extent of naval co-operation he could afford, as well for the future blockade of Flushing, as with a view to protecting the coasts of South Beveland, and watching the passages from the Meuse to the East Scheldt, as this consideration would govern very much the extent of force I must be obliged to leave in South Beveland, when the army advanced. To this letter he did not reply fully till the 8th of August; but I had a note from him on the 5th, assuring me the transports should be brought forward without delay; and I had also a very long conversation with him on the morning of the 6th, on the arrangements to be taken for our further operations; when I urged, in the strongest manner, the necessity of not losing a moment in bringing up the cavalry and ordnance ships, transports, store-ships, victuallers, &c. &c. in order that the armament might proceed without delay to its destination; and I added my hope, that they would receive the protection of the ships of war, none of which had yet entered the West Scheldt.

To all of this, and to the several arrangements explained to him in detail he fully assented.

In his reply to my letter on the 4th, on the 8th of August, he acquaints me that several of the smaller vessels of different descriptions had passed through the intricate passage of the



Sloe, and that he had ordered the frigates to pass up the West Scheldt, to be followed by the line-of-battle ships; and he gave hopes that he should be able to go up the river with the flotilla, on the 10th of August, at furthest, and that the frigates, and line-of-battle ships, should follow, as they came in, in succession.

The frigates however did not pass Flushing till the evening of the 11th, and the line-of-battle ships only passed to the anchorage above Flushing on the 14th, the second day of the bombardment.

These ships began to proceed up the river on the 18th, and arrived on the 19th; one division as high as the Bay below Waerden, the other off the Hunsvent, where they remained; the *Courageux* passed above Batz; the cavalry ships only got through the Sloe Passage into the West Scheldt from the 20th to the 23d, and arrived off Batz on the 22d and 24th; the ordnance ships and store-ships passed through from the 22d to the 23d, and arrived at their destination off Batz on the 24th and 25th; the transports for Lieutenant-General Grosvenor's division only came up to receive them on the 19th, on which day they embarked; and those for Major-General Graham's division on the 20th and 21st; and they arrived off Batz on the 24th. The corps of Brigadier-General Rottenburgh, and the light battalions of the German Legion proceeded to join the Earl of Rosslyn's division in South Beveland.

From this statement, your Majesty will see, that notwithstanding every effort on my part with the Admiral, the armament was not assembled at the point of its destination till the 25th, and of course that the means of commencing operations sooner against Antwerp was never in my power.

It now became at this advanced period my duty to consider very seriously the expediency of landing the army on the continent. On comparing all the intelligence obtained as to the strength of the enemy, it appeared to be such as to leave (as stated in my dispatch of the 29th of August) no reasonable prospect of the force under my command, after accomplishing the preliminary operations of reducing

Fort Lillo as well as Liefkenshoeck on the opposite side of Antwerp, without the possession of which the destruction of the ships and arsenals of the enemy could not be effected; and in addition to this, the sickness which had begun to attack the army about the 20th, and which was hourly increasing to an alarming extent, created the most serious apprehensions in the minds of the medical men, as to its further progress, at that unhealthy season, and which fatal experience has since shewn to have been but too well founded.

Your Majesty will not be surprised, if, under these circumstances, I paused in requiring the Admiral to put the army on shore. That a landing might have been made, and that any force that had been opposed to us in the field would have yielded to the superior valour of British troops, I have no doubt; but then, any such success could have been of no avail towards the attainment of the ultimate object, and there was still less chance that the enemy would have given us the opportunity. Secure in his fortresses, he had a surer game to play, for if ever the army, divided as it must necessarily have been in order to occupy both banks of the river, exposed to the effects of inundation on every side, and with all its communications liable to be cut off, while the force of the enemy was daily and hourly increasing, had once sat down before Antwerp, it is unnecessary for me to point out to your Majesty how critical must in a short time have been their situation. But when, added to this, sickness to an alarming extent had begun to spread itself among the troops, and the certain and fatal progress of which, at that season, was but too well ascertained, it appeared to me, that all further advance could only tend to commit irretrievably the safety of the army which your Majesty had confided to me, and which every principle of military duty, as well as the direct tenor of my instructions, alike forbade.

In this state of things, I considered that there was left me no alternative, but to pursue the course I have already stated, for your Majesty's information, in my dispatch of the 29th of August; and that conduct I now most humbly, but at the same time with perfect

confidence, submit to your Majesty's judgment.

I shall here close this report; which has, I fear, already detained your Majesty but too long; by observing that wherever it has been necessary for me to advert to the disappointments experienced, through the arrangements of the Admiral, in the naval co-operation I had been taught to expect, I have confined myself to stating the facts; abstaining, as it became me, from all comment, and leaving it to the Admiral, in such report as he may make of his proceedings, to bring under your Majesty's view the circumstances which may have occasioned them, and, above all, to account for the difficulties which prevented the investment of Flushing (a point never even doubted of before) as well as shew the obstacles which presented themselves to the early progress of the armament up the West Scheldt, which operation I had always looked upon as the primary object of his instructions, and on the accomplishment of which our best hopes of success in any of the ulterior objects of the expedition principally, if not wholly depended.

(Signed) CHATHAM, Lieut.-Gen.  
October 15th, 1809.

Presented to the King,  
14th Feb. 1810.

#### GAZETTE INTELLIGENCE.

*Admiralty-Office, Feb. 13, 1810.*

Dispatches have been received at this office, by John Wilson Croker, Esq. from Vice-Admiral Bertie, Commander-in-Chief of his Majesty's ships and vessels at the Cape of Good Hope, addressed to the Hon. W. Wellesley Pole:

Admiral Bertie's letter, dated on board *La Bourbonnais*, Table Bay, Nov. 16, 1809, contains the following inclosure:—

*Raisonné, St. Paul's Road,  
29th Sept. 1809.*

SIR,—Having acquainted you, by my letter of the 28th of August, with the reason which induced me to request the assistance of Lieut.-Colonel Keating, commanding the troops at Roderique, to co-operate with his

Majesty's ship in an attack on St. Paul's, I have now further to acquaint you, that being joined by the *Nereide*, *Otter*, and *Wasp* schooners, having on board a detachment of the 56th regiment, and of the 2d regiment of Native Infantry, amounting in the whole to 968 men, under the command of Lieut.-Colonel Keating, and the *Sirius* having joined, we proceeded at dusk on the evening of the 20th for the Isle of Bourbon: the force intended to be landed were the detachment of his Majesty's and Company's troops, re-inforced by the marines of the squadron, and a party of about 100 seamen from this ship and the *Otter*, under the command of Captain Willoughby, whose zeal induced him to volunteer the command of so small a party. As secrecy and dispatch were essential to the success of the expedition, the whole of this force, amounting to 604, were embarked with five additional boats on board the *Nereide*, Captain Corbet, who, from his perfect acquaintance with the coast, as well as his known skill and activity, was intrusted with this important service.

On our approach towards the Bay of St. Paul's, to prevent suspicion, the *Nereide* preceded the other ships, and being anchored close to the beach, the whole of the detachment were landed with the greatest celerity, without any alarm being given to the enemy, and proceeded towards the batteries, which were successively stormed and carried with the greatest gallantry, and several of the guns pointed on the ships in the Roads; in the mean time the squadron stood into the Bay, and according to the plan agreed upon, when the movements of the troops enabled them to act, opened their fire on the shipping, which was warmly returned by *La Caroline* frigate, the *Indiamen*, her prizes, and those batteries which, from their distance from the first point of attack, were enabled to continue their fire; but these being finally carried, our ships preparing to anchor, and the *Sirius* having already taken a close raking position a-head of *La Caroline*, they found it necessary to surrender, having made an honourable resistance, and by nine o'clock the whole of the batteries, town, and shipping, were in the pos-



session of his Majesty's troops and squadron.

The squadron having anchored in the Roads close off the town of St. Paul's, immediate exertions were made to secure La Caroline and the rest of the shipping, whose cables being cut, had drifted on shore, and they were hove off without material injury.

The guns and mortars at the different batteries and on the beach being spiked, their carriages burnt or destroyed, and magazines blown off, under the directions of Capt. Willoughby, the whole of the troops, marines, and seamen, were embarked soon after dark on board of the different ships: thus, Sir, have we completely succeeded in the objects of the expedition, by the capture of the enemy's shipping, the destruction of all the defences of the only safe anchorage in the island, and which has always been a place of shelter for the cruizers and prizes when prevented from entering the ports of the Isle of France, besides the rescue of property to an immense amount out of the hands of the enemy.

J. ROWLEY.

A return of the killed and wounded, states the former at 15, the latter at 58.—The officers wounded are, Lieut. Grant, 2d battalion Native Infantry; Lieut. Lloyd, of the 4th; and Lieuts. Howden and Pye, of the Marines.

A dispatch from Lieut.-Col. Keating, of the 56th, gives the details, but which have already been laid before the public. Lieut.-Col. Keating bestows great praise upon the King's and Company's troops, as well as upon the officers, seamen, and marines, employed in this service. He mentions, in warm terms, the exertions of Capts. Willoughby, Corbet, Forbes, Inlack, and Hannon, (of the 56th), Lieut. Remond of the Bombay Engineers; and Ensign Pearse, of the 56th.

[By the articles of agreement, a mutual suspension of arms was immediately to take place; and public property to remain in the possession of the English, who are not, however, restrained from attacking any other part of the island either by sea or land.]

A list of ships and vessels captured and destroyed in the road of St. Paul's, Isle of Bourbon, Sep. 21, 1809:—La frigate, of 46, guns (22 long

18-pounders, eight 36-pounder carronades), and 360 men; commanded by Mons. Ferretier, Lieutenant de Vaisseau.—Grappler brig, pierced for 16 guns, 11 on board; six 18-pounder carronades mounted, three long six-pounder carronades in the hold.—Merchantmen captured and destroyed, Streatham, ship, of 30 guns, and 819 tons, partly laden with saltpetre, the rest of the cargo landed.—Europe, of 26 guns and 820 tons, ditto.—Fanny, brig, of 2 guns and 150 tons, laden with a little rice and corn.—Trois Amis, of 60 tons, laden with slaves and rice.—Le Creole, schooner, of 50 tons, in ballast.—Three vessels, names unknown, destroyed.—One ship, name unknown, burnt on the stocks.

J. ROWLEY.

*Admiralty-Office, Feb. 17.*

Admiral Lord Gambier has transmitted a letter from Captain Kerr, of his Majesty's ship Unicorn, stating the capture, on the 3d instant, of Le Gascon French privateer, of 16 guns and 113 men, out two days from Bayonne without making any prize.—And also two letters from the Hon. Capt. Aylmer, of the Narcissus, giving an account of his having captured on the 19th of last month, the Duguay Trouin French privateer, of 14 guns (thrown over-board) and 75 men; and on the 5th inst. another called the Amiable Josephine, of 14 guns and 105 men; a brig which had been captured by the former was also retaken by the Narcissus.

The brig Berlin, of Jersey, was captured about the 21st of Oct. by the Decide, French privateer; who took out all the hands except two men and a boy, and put on board a Prize Master and seven Frenchmen, who remained in possession of the ship until the 8th of Nov. when the two men and the boy rose, and succeeded in throwing over-board the prize master, and driving the other seven to the fore-cabin, where they battened them down, and kept possession of the ship for five days, when the Frenchmen forced their passage, killed the two English sailors, leaving the boy to tell the fate of his unfortunate companions, which he soon had an opportunity to do, as the ship was re-captured two days afterwards.

**THANKS of the CITY of LONDON to COLONEL WARDLE.**

Colonel Wardle attended at Guildhall, on Tuesday, Jan. 30, to receive the thanks and the freedom of the city, in a gold box of the value of 100 guineas, voted to him by the corporation. He was introduced to the Chamberlain by Mr. Alderman Goodbehere and Mr. Waithman, attended by several of the Livery. After administering the oath, the Chamberlain addressed him in the following words:—

“ Gwyllim Lloyd Wardle, Esq. I give you joy, and in the name of the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Commoners of the city of London, in common council assembled, and agreeably to their unanimous resolution, admit you to the freedom of the metropolis of the British empire.

• “ The Court has likewise unanimously resolved, that you ‘ having, unawed by ministerial threats, exhibited serious charges against the late commander-in-chief, which have been clearly substantiated, and which have, in fact, induced his Royal Highness to resign a situation, of which, in the opinion of the Court, he is unworthy,’ are entitled to the esteem and gratitude of this Court and the country.

“ I am, therefore, Sir, to return you the thanks of the Court, together with a memorial of your admission to the freedom of this city, in a gold box of the value of 100 guineas, ‘ in grateful testimony of the high sense they entertain of, the zeal, intrepidity, and patriotism, which are so eminently evinced in that arduous and laudable undertaking.’

“ The Court having so fully expressed their sense of the importance of the late Investigation, and of your meritorious conduct and perseverance, there is nothing left for me to add upon that subject: but, Sir, allow me to express a wish for your health and happiness, and that you may live to witness the good which we may hope will result from your exertions; and may mankind in general, and especially those of exalted rank and in confidential situations, be deeply impressed with the truth of what has

been declared by the prince of historians, that

*Mulier amiste pudicitia haud alia abauert.*”

Mr. Wardle then, on receiving a copy of the thanks and the box from the Chamberlain, addressed him as follows:—

• “ Sir,—With sentiments of the highest respect and gratitude I accept the freedom of the city of London. I am little capable of saying how much I feel honoured by so high and proud a mark of distinction; for, however strong my nerves may be when my duty calls me forth in defence of the rights and liberties of the people, still, when so highly respected a portion of that people are conferring upon me such an invaluable pledge of their approbation, I feel myself unequal to do more than offer my plain but heartfelt thanks. And yet, Sir, it is not alone this mark of favour that I am bound to acknowledge; but I have also to express my gratitude for that uniform and steady support given me by the citizens of London, during the progress of those unexampled attacks that have been made upon me, in consequence of that very conduct which has been so distinguished by their approbation. That support, Sir, has enabled me, successfully, to defend myself against my enemies—the enemies of every public man who dares to expose and attack corruption. By continuing to expose and attack it, wherever it may offer itself, I trust to having continued to me the confidence and support of the first city in the world.

“ It is no small satisfaction to me to receive my freedom during the mayoralty of a gentleman, who has already shewn himself the firm friend of the rights and liberties of the people and of our excellent constitution—such as it once was; and such, as I trust, it once more will be.

“ To you, Sir, for the handsome and flattering manner in which you have conferred this high honour upon me, much is due; and I beg leave to thank you kindly.”

A woman devoid of chastity is devoid of every thing.



## DEATHS IN AND NEAR LONDON.

In John Street, Bedford Row, in his 68th year, Nathaniel Newnham, Esq. alderman of the city of London, and colonel of the West London Militia. —His abilities, integrity, and manly firmness of character, early brought him into public life, and raised him to situations of the highest trust and dignity in the city. In 1774, he was chosen alderman of the Vintry Ward; in 1776, he served the office of sheriff; in 1780, he was returned one of the members for the city; in 1783, he was chosen Lord Mayor; in 1781, he was again returned for the city of London; and in the next parliament he sat for Luggershal, in Wiltshire. He afterwards withdrew entirely from parliamentary business, and divided his attention between his regiment and the extensive concerns of his banking-house. He was likewise president of St. Thomas's hospital.

Mrs. Jane Ridley, aged 68, widow of B. Ridley, of Little Mary-le-bone Street. She died almost for want of the common necessities of life, although in the midst of plenty. Her property was left to two sisters, one of whom, on hearing of her death, died in a few hours afterwards.

At Millbank, Westminster, John Vidler, Esq. by whose persevering attention the mail-coach manufactory was brought to its present improved state.

In Ely-place, Holborn, suddenly, aged 37, J. C. Saunders, Esq. late demonstrator of anatomy at St. Thomas's hospital, and surgeon to the London Infirmary for curing diseases of the eye.

At Kensington, aged 89, Mrs. E. Middleton, widow of D. Middleton, Esq. and daughter of the Rev. T. Fairfax, of Eynesbury, Huntingdonshire. This lady was the last descendant of the brother of the celebrated General Fairfax.

In Cleveland Row, Westminster, after a long illness, the Rev. C. De Guiffardiere, rector of Newington Butts, Middlesex, and of Great Berkhamstead, Herts, one of the French preachers at the chapel at St. James's, and a prebendary in the cathedral church of Sarum.

In Wells-str. Oxford-str. Tiberius Cayallo, Esq. F.R.S. This gentle-

man was the son of an eminent physician of Naples, where he was born in the year 1749. His original destination was to be initiated at London into a mercantile profession; and he came to England with that view in the year 1771. But the study of nature displaying superior attractions, he was seduced from the accompting-house to embrace the leisure of a philosophical retreat. In the year 1779, he was admitted a member of the Neapolitan Academy of Sciences, as well as of the Royal Society of London. —The publications of Mr. Cavallo have been as follows: A Complete Treatise of Electricity in Theory and Practice, with original Experiments; 1 vol. 8vo. 1777, (enlarged to three volumes in 1795). —An Essay on the Theory and Practice of Medical Electricity; 1 vol. 8vo. 1780. —A Treatise on the Nature and Properties of Air, and other permanently Elastic Fluids, (with an Introduction to Chemistry); 1 vol. 4to. 1781. —The History and Practice of Aërostation; 1 vol. 8vo. 1785. —Mineralogical Tables; folio, (accompanied with an octavo explanatory pamphlet), 1785. —A Treatise on Magnetism, in Theory and Practice, with original Experiments; 1 volume 8vo. 1787. —Description and Use of the Telescopic Mother-of-Pearl Micro-meter, invented by T. C. a pamphlet, 8vo. 1793. —An Essay on the Medicinal Properties of Factitious Airs, with an Appendix on the Nature of Blood; 1 vol. 8vo. 1798.

In St. George's hospital, in consequence of her clothes taking fire, Mrs. Seymour, wife of the keeper of Hyde-Park.

Mr. Tattersal, of Hyde-Park Corner, one of the oldest horse dealers in the metropolis.

In Hill Street, Berkeley Square, Sir Henry Strachey, Bart. master of his Majesty's household.

## LIST OF THE NEW SHERIFFS.

*Sheriffs appointed by his Majesty in Council for the Year 1810.*

*Bedfordshire*—Sir G. O. Turner, of Battlesden, Bart.

*Berkshire*—P. Green, of Crookham, Esq.

*Buckinghamshire*—Sir W. Clayton, of Harleyford, Bart.

- Camb. and Huntin.**—G. W. Leeds of Croxton, Esq.  
**Cheshire**—R. Viner, of Bidston, Esq.  
**Cumberland**—Sir H. Fletcher, of Clea Hall, Bart.  
**Derbyshire**—J. Crompton, of Derby, Esq.  
**Devonshire**—Sir M. M. Lopez, of Maristow, Bart.  
**Dorsetshire**—H. Seymer, of Ilanford, Esq.  
**Essex**—J. Rigg, of Walthamstow, Esq.  
**Gloucestershire**—P. Wathen, of Lyplat Park, Esq.  
**Herefordshire**—R. Higginson, of Bucknill Park, Esq.  
**Hertfordshire**—T. Haworth, of Boreham Lodge, Esq.  
**Kent**—J. Burton, of Mabledon, Esq.  
**Leicestershire**—The Hon. T. Bowes, of Higham-on-the-Hill.  
**Lincolnshire**—E. Turner, of Panton, Esq.  
**Monmouthshire**—T. Pilkington, of Hillstone, Esq.  
**Norfolk**—N. Micklethwaite, of Beeston, Esq.  
**Northamptonshire**—W. Sawbridge, of East Haddon, Esq.  
**Northumberland**—J. Reid, of Chipchase Castle, Esq.  
**Nottinghamshire**—Postponed.  
**Oxfordshire**—W. H. Ashurst, of Waterstock, Esq.  
**Rutlandshire**—W. Gillson, of Wing, Esq.  
**Shropshire**—W. Lloyd, of Aston, Esq.  
**Somersetshire**—T. S. Horner, of Mells Park, Esq.  
**Staffordshire**—H. Webb, of Forebridge, Esq.  
**County of Southampton**—Sir J. W. S. Gardener, of Roche Court, Bart.  
**Suffolk**—J. Grigby, of Drinkstone, Esq.  
**Surrey**—H. E. Auston, of Shalford House, Esq.  
**Sussex**—R. Wyatt, of Courtwick, Esq.  
**Warwickshire**—J. West, of Arlescote, Esq.  
**Wiltshire**—A. Ludlow, of Heywood, Esq.  
**Worcestershire**—J. Smith, of Sion Hill, Esq.  
**Yorkshire**—T. W. Belasyse, of Newburgh Abbey, Esq.

SOUTH WALES.

**Carmarthenshire**—T. Stepney, of Danyralt, Esq.

**Pembroke**—J. Myrehouse, of Brownslade, Esq.  
**Cardigan**—W. E. Powell, of Nanteos, Esq.  
**Glamorgan**—T. Lockwood, of Dan-y-graig, Esq.  
**Brecon**—J. Jones, of Lanthomas, Esq.  
**Radnor**—H. J. Hague, of Bailey House, Esq.

NORTH WALES.

**Merioneth**—J. Davies, of Aberllefeni, Esq.  
**Carnarvonshire**—H. R. Jones, of Ystimllyn, Esq.  
**Anglesey**—H. Evans, of Henblas, Esq.  
**Montgomeryshire**—E. Heyward, of Crosswood, Esq.  
**Denbighshire**—R. Lloyd, of Bronhaelog, Esq.  
**Flintshire**—F. R. Price, of Brynypys, Esq.

At a Council of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, held at Carlton-House on the 1st day of February, 1810, Richard Oxnam, of Penzance, Esq. was appointed sheriff of the county of Cornwall for the year 1810, by his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales in Council.

*Answer of BONAPARTE to a Congratulatory Address of the Legislative Body.*

"Gentlemen, President and Deputies of the Legislative Body! I accept the sentiments which you express. I know the attachment of your body to my person. France stands in need of a moderate but strong monarchy. The present epoch ought to be distinguished not only by the glory of the French arms, but also by the prosperity of its commerce, the wisdom of its laws, and the brilliancy of arts, of science, and of letters. I have overcome many obstacles to conduct France to its actual situation. Both myself and family will always sacrifice even our dearest affections to the interests and welfare of this great nation. With the assistance of God, and the constant love of my people, I shall overcome whatever shall oppose my great designs. I wish still to live for 30 years, that I may serve 30 years more my subjects, consolidate this vast empire, and see this dear France embellished by all the prosperities which I have conceived."



## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have great pleasure in informing *Mr. Burdon*, that the continuation of the *Life and Travels of Vogel* will be resumed in our ensuing number. For its authenticity we can answer thus far, that it is translated from a German work in three volumes, published at Leipsig, 1797.

The "Acrostic," by *Juvenis*, is very incorrect.—He can do better. Why does he trifle, when he might be serious?

"Olim Oxoniensis," shall appear next month.

To the proposal of "R. H. J." of Bedford-square, we can say nothing, unless we were favoured with some specimens of his plan, which has some merit.

"Reverie," by *Reuben Veritas*, next month.

Mr. Brewer's communications have been received, and shall appear in the ensuing number. His suggestions respecting Mr. Scott's poems require a reply. Nothing can be more certain than that those poems derive *all* their transitory popularity from the fashion of novelty, which, like every other fashion, has its day, a short day, and is forgotten. The thoughts will not endure analysis. Yet, we shall be glad to see Mr. B.'s decomposition of them, of which a specimen shall be inserted, and the continuation will depend upon the utility that may then appear.

## PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES.

## CUMBERLAND.

**A** SCHOOL was lately opened at Rally-green, solely instituted and supported by the Rev. Mr. Myers, of Shipley-hall, rector of Edenham, in Lincolnshire, for the instruction of twenty girls, in succession for ever, in all the necessary and useful branches of female education, whose parents (sober and industrious labourers) belong to the united parishes of Milton and Thwaits.

About a year ago, a few individuals in Kendal established a society, under the name of the Kendal Female Society, for visiting and relieving the sick poor; and by the report of the committee, just published, it appears that the society has distributed, in provisions and clothes, to 145 persons, the value of 67l. 5s. 6½d. exclusive of three casks of wine, which cost 6l. 1s. 6d. and that the general supply of clothing in use, and resumable, consists of blankets, sheets, bolsters, shirts, flannel bed-gowns, &c.

## DEVONSHIRE.

**Shocking Catastrophe.**—The following tale of woe should serve as a caution to parents not to permit their children to witness scenes of cruelty of any description whatever:—Mr. Hall, a miller at King's Bridge, having employed a butcher to kill some pigs for him, during the absence of the latter to get some refreshment, having

left his knife behind, four young children, who had been witnessing the operation, agreed to play at *kill-pig*; the youngest was to be the pig, when one of the others, who acted the part of the butcher, stuck him in the throat and killed him on the spot: the other three alarmed at what they had done, ran into the adjoining mill, and hid themselves under the wheel, which was not working at the time, but was set going almost immediately afterwards, and crushed them all to death!

*Died.*] At Lymptone, on Friday, Feb. 9, Lady Charles Fitzroy, in the 31st year of her age. She appeared to have a fair prospect of recovery from a complaint in her lungs, and daily gained strength, when she was suddenly attacked by a violent inflammation, and subsequent mortification, in the bowels.—Her last hours were marked by the most singular composure and pious resignation.

At Weston House, near Sidmouth, aged 95, John Stuckey, Esq. — He was a gentleman of superior understanding and ability, of great integrity, and highly esteemed by all who had the pleasure of knowing him. He has left the bulk of his fortune, above 6000l. per annum, to his relative, B. Bartlett, Esq. of the General Post Office, nephew to Mr. Palmer, of Bath, to whom the public are so much indebted for the great improve-

ments in that department. — Mr. Stuckey has likewise left 3000*l.* per annum to another relative, Vincent Stuckey, Esq. of the Treasury.

## KENT.

A serious occurrence lately happened at Gravesend. — The *Tigris*, Indiaman, was about to be paid off, when a slop-boat went alongside to supply the crew with cloathing. While the ship's company were engaged in purchasing, three of the seamen, with the intention to desert, seized the slop-boat, and were making to the shore; when Mr. Upham, the chief mate, hailed the deserters, and threatened to shoot them if they did not immediately return to the ship. No attention being paid, he fired and killed one of the deserters. The other two were taken.

## LANCASHIRE.

*Shocking Accident at Liverpool.* — On Sunday Feb. 11, in the forenoon, a few minutes before the commencement of divine service, while the bells of the parish church of St. Nicholas were ringing the second peal, a portion of the congregation being already assembled in the church, and more collected in the yard, and just as the officiating clergyman was about to enter the building, the key-stone of the tower gave way, when the north-east corner, together with the adjoining walls, and the whole of the spire which was erected on the tower instantly burst through the roof, and falling along the centre aisle, buried beneath the ruins the greater part of those who had unhappily entered the church. The ruins extended nearly to the communion rails, bearing down and demolishing the western gallery, the organ, the reading desk, and such of the seats in the body of the church as they encountered in their progress. — The first impulse of astonishment and dismay occasioned by the sudden and tremendous shock were succeeded by a scene of confusion, grief, and anguish, which language is unable to describe; in the midst of which the activity and humanity of the Mayor and Magistrates, the gentlemen of the faculty who gave their assistance, and the subordinate officers of the police, are deserving of the highest applause. — A falling stone, which struck the fifth bell, warned the ringers of their

danger, and they were enabled to escape unhurt: but 22 bodies were dragged mangled and lifeless from the ruins; many who survived were severely bruised, one since dead. — Of the unfortunate sufferers there were eighteen girls of the Sunday and daily charity schools, the eldest not above fourteen years of age.

The tower of St. Nicholas' church is the oldest erection in that town, and in consequence of the fall of the spire is likely to be taken down, but the spire and upper part of the tower were modern. The old tower on which these were erected is supposed to have been built, at least, as early as 1360, 450 years ago. The new erection was completed in the year 1750, the payment for which is entered in the church disbursements 310*l.* in addition to which 22*l.* 1*s.* was paid for chipping the old tower, to which circumstance the accident may probably be attributed.

The Rev. L. Pughe, the officiating minister for the day, was in the act of entering the great south door, when he was stopped for a few seconds by the children of the Moorfields School, who were pressing into the church at the same time. Upon his appearance, a young woman, a teacher in the school, and one of the unfortunate sufferers, began to separate the children on each side to afford him a passage, when he heard a person exclaim, "for God's sake, Mr. Pughe, turn back." He stepped back, and looking up, perceived the spire sinking down towards the east. Immediately the whole fell in.

The Rev. R. Roughsedge, the rector, was at that time turning the north-west corner of the tower, and proceeding to the vestry, which is also at the west end of the church. His lady was already in the vestry, as were also Mr. Coventry the clerk, and the sexton. The worthy rector appears to have owed his safety to the circumstance of his taking the way on the outside of the church to the vestry, in preference to the more direct one through the south door and the west aisle. — Mr. Knowles, one of the churchwardens, was passing from the vestry to the south door, and was within a few paces of being buried under the ruins.



A person of the name of Martin experienced an escape almost miraculous — The pews around him were broken to atoms, and heaped with stones, but that in which he sat sustained but little injury, and he himself got out of the church unhurt. — John Brandreth, one of the singers, was the only person in the organ gallery, which is placed in the south-west corner of the church, immediately joining the inside of the tower. The organ and front of the gallery were brought down and dashed to pieces, and Brandreth was buried in the wreck. The incumbent weight was, however, sustained by the timber which surrounded him in cross directions, and he was dug out with no other hurt than a slight cut in his forehead.

#### NORFOLK.

*Died.*] At Gunton, in the 77th year of his age, the Right. Hon. Harbord Harbord, Lord Suffield, Baron of Suffield, in the county of Norfolk. — His Lordship was elevated to the peerage in the year 1786, under the administration of Mr. Pitt. He was one of the numerous instances that existed in that day, and subsequently, of persons bartering their popularity as representatives of the people for a seat in the upper house of parliament. After having, in several contested elections, represented the city of Norwich, and always brought in with a high hand, at little expense, by great majorities in the independent interest, he no sooner obtained the summit of his ambition, than he endeavoured to kick down the ladder by which he was elevated, ever after exerting his interest in favour of the court party, in opposition to his original connections. — He is succeeded in his title and estate by the Hon. W. Asheton Harbord, (now Lord) Lieutenant of the county.

Aged 75, greatly lamented, Mr. J. Mitchell, of New Houghton. — His favourite mule, now 34 years old, at the request of the deceased, went in procession to the grave, and was to have been shot immediately afterwards; but, through the intercession of his grand-daughter, Miss Young, the life of this excellent animal was saved, with a promise never to suffer it to be again used by any one.

Mr. Reynolds, surgeon, of Massingham. — He was called upon to attend the above Mr. Mitchell, and, while at his house, Mr. R. expired by a similar fit to that which proved fatal to his patient.

#### OXFORDSHIRE.

Lord Grenville has intimated his intention of adding a third prize to the two which were before given by the Chancellor of the University of Oxford. This prize, we understand, will be for the best composition in Latin prose.

#### SOMERSETSHIRE.

*Extraordinary Family.* — Andrew Pearse, a very industrious man, who works at Messrs. Hare and Son's floor-cloth manufactory, Bristol, was married Jan. 20, 1801, to Hannah Taylor, by whom he has had 14 children in little more than six years, with a speedy prospect of a farther increase to the family. The children consist of three boys, born October 1, 1801; two boys, Oct. 3, 1802; one boy and a girl, July 16, 1803; two boys, May 13, 1804; one boy and a girl, Feb. 14, 1805; one boy and a girl, Jan. 14, 1806; one boy, Nov. 16, 1807.

#### SUFFOLK.

The following interesting particulars, in addition to what has already appeared in our Magazine, fully establishes the efficacy of Capt. Manby's invention for rescuing persons from shipwreck. — *Published by the Committee of the Lowestoft Life-Boat.*

On Saturday, January 13, the hoy Elizabeth Henrietta, of Pappenburgh, Capt. Vanderwall, from Liverpool to Rotterdam, sprung a leak, and after fifteen hours of incessant toil at the pumps, the men were obliged to run the vessel on shore, near the signal-house in Kessingland. The distance from Lowestoft is nearly four miles; the wind was at east, and blew very strong; a very heavy surf was upon the shore; it was evident, that unless a communication could be secured, by throwing a line from the shore to the ship, according to Capt. Manby's judicious plan, the crew must inevitably perish; all the apparatus was at Lowestoft; every possible exertion was applied to facilitate its removal. The crew consisted of the captain and seven men. The captain betook himself to the shrouds about 3-quarters

of the way up the mast, the seven men secured themselves on the bowsprit. The deck was under water; the whole ship ready to sink. In these circumstances the mortar was fired; the shot and line reached the bowsprit, and fell in the midst of the seven men. The line was only one inch and a half in circumference. To this the seven men fastened themselves, about two yards distant from each other. They then dropt in succession into the sea, and sunk till the line was hauled tight from the shore. Sometimes they were seen—sometimes covered with the sea. In this manner they were dragged about 30 yards through the water, and then all safely landed: six out of seven lowered themselves into the sea free from entanglement, but the 7th, by accident, threw himself on the wrong side of the rope attached to the bowsprit. In this situation they would have perished, had not the rope fastened to the bowsprit broken, when the line from the shore was hauled tight. The feelings and painful anxieties of the persons on shore, who were aware of the extent of the pending calamity, can better be imagined than described: but the most afflictive part of the narrative remains to be stated. Captain Vanderwall was still in the shrouds, and saw all his people safe on shore. The signs he made shewed the anguish of his mind.—All was done for his relief that could be done—A second shot was fired, and the rope attached to it was thrown on the yard of the ship where the captain was standing. He looked earnestly at the rope, but from some cause, made no attempt to reach it. The deck was then broken up, and all communication with every other part of the ship was cut off. Another shot was fired, and the rope passed very near the unhappy sufferer. At this instant all the masts gave way, and the captain was buried in the wreck. The greatest praise is due to the pilots and seamen of Lowestoft and Pakefield for their zeal and exertions upon this occasion. No sooner were the poor shipwrecked Dutchmen landed, than the persons present seemed to vie with each other who should render them the greatest service; the wet clothes were stripped off and dry ones of those on the beach

put upon them, and to each sufferer, two supporters were immediately assigned who conducted them to the inn at Pakefield, where every possible care and attention was afforded them. As soon as opportunity would allow, a fresh stock of clothes was provided to supply the loss of those that had sunk with their vessel.

About the same period, during a strong gale of wind, the Dutch galliot, *Hope*, Jacob Johnson Lust, master, from Embden, bound to London, was driven on shore at Happisburgh, Norfolk. Lieutenant Dennis, commanding the signal station at that place, on seeing her inevitable fate and the perilous situation of her crew, seven in number, with a zeal and alacrity that did him the highest honour, hastened down with the mortar, ropes, &c. to save the unhappy sufferers according to the instructions left by Capt. Manby.—The vessel soon parted in the middle, but most providentially the crew were assembled at the stern that still remained whole. A rope, with a barbed shot to it, was soon thrown to them, and, by the shot securely fixing itself on the wreck, a boat was hauled over the surf; five of the crew and a passenger instantly availed themselves of it, and were brought in safety to the shore; nothing could induce the other remaining person to be their companion in the boat, as the sea was running so tremendously high, preferring to rely on his strength and expertness in swimming for safety; but alas! no sooner was the attempt made than he was dashed by the following surf, and seen no more; nearly at the same instant the vessel went entirely to pieces.

On the same morning, the vrow *Maria*, from Delszyl to London (that had beat over Happisburgh great sand, and there lost three of her crew) was driven, with only three hands on board, on Horsey outer bank, at a distance of 200 yards from the shore. The Sea Fencibles of Winterton repaired with all possible expedition to their assistance, with the mortar, &c. but from no officer being present, or accompanying them to see the directions fully attended to, their efforts nearly proved abortive, by a shot, rope, and preserver being fired away



without effect: reduced to an only shot, they at length effected a communication. The master immediately made fast the rope round his son, and then secured himself by the same, as did the passenger; thus prepared, they lifted up their hands either as a signal of being ready to be hauled by the rope, or to implore the goodness of Providence, and then consigned themselves to the infuriated waves. In the attempt the passenger became entangled with some part of the rigging that was hanging to the wreck. No language can here describe the distress of the scene to all who were present, by the struggles of the father and son, and the efforts of the parent to save his child. At last, by a presence of mind scarcely credible, the father took a knife from his pocket and disengaged himself from the passenger, when himself and son were hauled in safety to the shore. The vessel soon after went into a thousand pieces, and the unfortunate passenger was buried in its ruins.—Twenty-seven persons have now been saved within one month by this system. *Cui libet arte sua credendum est.*

A petition is intended to be presented to parliament for the purpose of obtaining leave to bring in a bill for the removal of the assizes from Bury to Ipswich; a measure that will be strongly opposed by the western side of the county.

*Died.*] In the 66th year of his age, Mr. James Chapman, of Bungay, impropriator of the rectory of Ilketshall St. Lawrence, in this county. In all the relative duties of life he was exemplary, and in every part of his conduct consistent. As a Christian, he was sincerely pious without bigotry, and charitable without ostentation.—His memory will be long cherished and revered by that congregation for whose prosperity and welfare he was active and zealous.

At Ipswich, Mrs. Parish, a maiden lady, whose benevolent disposition induced her to relieve every one whose necessities appeared to call on her charity; she actually had twenty pensioners living at her house when she died, besides children supported at different schools, and numbers relieved by her occasional donations.

## SUSSEX.

The Jubilee has given rise to a new, but praise-worthy species of benevolence, at Brighton. It is to be called the Accumulating Fund; and the unfortunate of the fishermen, at that place, who, during the inclemency of the season, are exposed to uncontrollable misfortunes, are to be the primary objects of relief.—It is intended, however, for general purposes of benevolence.

## WARWICKSHIRE.

A bronze statue, the production of Westmacott, erected in the Market-place, Birmingham, in honour of Admiral Lord Viscount Nelson, was lately opened for public inspection. In this work, intended to perpetuate the greatest example of naval genius, simplicity has been the chief object in the arrangement. The hero is represented in a reposed and dignified attitude, his left arm reclined upon an anchor; he appears in the costume of his country, invested with the insignia of those honours by which his sovereign and distant princes distinguished him. To the right of the statue is introduced the grand symbol of the naval profession; to the left is disposed a sail, which, passing behind the statue, gives breadth to that view of the composition. Above the ship, is the fac-simile of the flag-staff struck off the *L'Orient*, fished up by Sir Samuel Hood the day following the battle of the Nile, presented by him to Lord Nelson. This group is mounted upon a pedestal of statuary marble; a circular form has been selected, as best adapted to the situation. To personify that affectionate regard which caused the present patriotic tribute to be raised, the Town of Birmingham murally crowned, in a dejected attitude, is represented mourning her loss; she is accompanied by groups of Genii, or children, in allusion to the rising race, who offer her consolation by bringing her the trident and rudder.—On the front of the pedestal is the following inscription:—

This Statue  
In Honour of  
ADMIRAL LORD NELSON,  
Was erected by the  
Inhabitants of Birmingham.  
A.D. MDCCCIX.

*Died.*] At Birmingham, in his 52d year, James Belcher, printer and bookseller, a man who, to use the language of a very eminent scholar concerning him, "had diligence, integrity, and the true spirit of a Christian." With so much personal merit, it was his least honour to be descended from worthy ancestors. His paternal grandfather was, for many years, minister of a dissenting congregation at Henly in Aiden; and, judging from some of his manuscripts which are in the hands of the family, he appears to have been a man of considerable knowledge and observation. Mr. Belcher served his apprenticeship at Coventry, and, at the expiration of this service, went to Litchfield, to assist and superintend in the office of a gentleman, whom, from that period, he ranked among his friends. With the view of improving himself in his art, he visited London, and, during his residence there, worked but in one office: it had been the celebrated Richardson's, of whom its master was formerly the apprentice, and its overseer the servant. Mr. B. quitted the metropolis in consequence of a contested election at Coventry, of which city he was a freeman; and here he very soon afterwards formed a matrimonial connection that added greatly to his happiness. His next and last removal was to Birmingham, his native town, where he entered into the employment of the late Mr. Pearson. About the year 1790, he began business for himself, and printed Dr. Priestley's Sermon, occasioned by the death of Mr. Robinson. An Authentic Account of the Riots in Birmingham, on the 14th, 15th, 16th, and 17th days of July, 1791, &c. &c. was the production of his own pen. This pamphlet, which contains the only succinct and faithful narrative of the scenes, &c. that it professes to describe, reached a second edition, and is a very favourable specimen of the compiler's temper and abilities. In 1792 he took a house in a more public part of the town, and, during the following year, was selected for prosecution, in consequence of his selling Paine's works at a time when they were sold by all the booksellers in Birmingham. The sentence, though comparatively light, was of serious

importance to a man who had not been long in trade, and the support of whose family depended chiefly on his own exertions. However, the prosecution, and his conduct under it, strengthened the attachment of those who knew him; and he was in the highest degree gratified by their friendly efforts and spontaneous aid. His release from confinement was followed, naturally enough, by a serious illness. For many years before his death his health was weak; and, having for the last two months of his life, experienced an affection of his lungs, he sunk tranquilly under the pressure of disease. He was a man of thought and reading: his feelings were remarkably kind, his manners gentle and unassuming. As a tradesman, he was skilful, assiduous, upright: and his pure and independent mind revolted at every thing like selfishness and mere worldly wisdom. Hence, as well as for his general character, he obtained the esteem of the very learned and able person whose testimony to his worth has already been adduced: hence he is unaffectedly regretted by all who knew him, whether intimately or otherwise; and, thus distinguished by habits of religious virtue, he has left to his family and friends

"A fair example how to live and die."

#### YORKSHIRE.

At the late quarterly meeting of the Holderness Agricultural Society, the question discussed was, "The value of straw for sale, or for manure, and the effect of stubble before and after ploughing being estimated.—Is it the best husbandry, to mow, or to shear white corn?" As to the general question, whether it is the best husbandry to mow or to shear white corn, the majority were in favour of shearing. Some important communications were made by Thomas Grimston, Esq. of Grimston Garth, for which the Society voted him their cordial and unanimous thanks.

As some workmen were cutting down an elm belonging to Mr. Jenson, of Conisbrough, they discovered, in the heart of the tree, a horse-shoe, with a nail in it, in excellent preservation. It is supposed that it must have lain in the tree for fifty years. The elm is five feet in circumference. Mr.



Green, of High-street, Sheffield, has the shoe in his possession.

#### SCOTLAND.

According to the Aberdeen Journal, the executors of a gentleman, recently deceased, are by his will empowered to offer a sum not less than 1200*l.* for the best treatise on "The Evidence that there is a Being, all-powerful, wise, and good, by whom every thing exists; and particularly, to obviate difficulties regarding the wisdom and goodness of the Deity; and this, in the first place, from the whole, to point out the inferences most necessary for and useful to mankind." The Ministers of the Established Church of Aberdeen, the Principals and Professors of King's and Marischal Colleges of Aberdeen, and the Trustees of the Testator, are appointed to nominate and make choice of *three Judges*, who are to decide, after the first of January 1814, upon the comparative excellencies of such treatises as shall be laid before them. There is also left, by the same testator, a further sum, not exceeding 400*l.* for the treatise on the same subjects, which shall be thought, pursuant to the same decision, next in merit to the first premium treatise.

The Trades' House of Glasgow have unanimously voted their thanks to James Neild, Esq. late High Sheriff for the county of Buckingham, as a mark of their respect for his philanthropic character, and for the many recent proofs he has given of his humanity, in suggesting important improvements in the structure and management of the jails in Scotland.

#### IRELAND

The mills in the town of Newport, county of Tipperary, with a quantity of flour and corn therein, were lately consumed by fire. The cause of this conflagration and destruction of pro-

perty, is attributed to the malignity of some persons as yet unknown, who at the dead of night (an unusual flood then prevailing in the river), opened the sluice, by which the machinery was set in such rapid motion as to cause ignition.

A most barbarous murder was lately committed at Carrigavantry, in the county of Waterford, on a poor man of the name of Hearn. This unhappy victim of cruelty, on having, some time since, taken a few barren acres, was threatened with a night visit. On its being repeated, he went for some time to Tramore, as a place of safety; but, having returned to his humble dwelling, his door was forced open, and on being dragged into the open air, he, by six assassins, was at the same moment shot, through the head and belly. He expired in a few hours; but in his last moments mentioned the names of two men in his neighbourhood, as the perpetrators of this horrid crime.

*Died.*] At Dublin, Thomas Fleming, Esq. one of the aldermen of that city. He was preparing to make a summer excursion to Wexford, and was examining his travelling pistols, when one of them went off, and the ball entering below his nostrils, produced immediate death. He died in very affluent circumstances, and was a very upright and active magistrate. During the dreadful year 1798, he was Lord Mayor of Dublin, and eminently serviceable to his fellow-citizens in that period of peril and difficulty.

#### DEATHS ABROAD.

*Died.*] At Kingston, Jamaica, Brig.-Gen. French, whose levy occasioned so much discussion during a late investigation.

In India, Dr. Anderson, late Physician-General; and B. Roebuck, Esq. late Paymaster-General to the Army.

### ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES.

JAN. 24, to FEB. 20, 1810, inclusive.

*Extracted from the London Gazette.]-----The Solicitors' Names are between Parentheses.*

**A**TKINSON W. Paradise-street, Rotherhithe, broker, (Martin, London-street). Ambler J. jun. Islington, horse-dealer, (Jones and Co. Covent-garden Church-yard). Appleton W. A. and E. Smedley, paper manufacturers, (Ellis, Chancery-lane). Audley W. Bristol, linen-draper, (Vizard & Co. Lincoln's-Inn). Ashley J. G. Gloucester-terrace, merchant, (Wild, jun. Castle-street). Barlow T. Strand, mercer, (Beetham, Bouverie-street). Bovil B. and Hanbury C. Catherine-court, Tower-hill, (Druce, Billiter-square). Bingham T. Bath, tailor,

(Highmore, Bush-lane). Brown J. Bermondsey, tanner, (Gale and Son, Bedford-street). Barron T. late of Great St. Thomas Apostle, warehouseman, (Foulkes & Co. Holborn-court). Barber N. Cursitor-street, stationer, (Bennet, Dean's-court). Bacon J. Earl of Chatham public-house, Deptford, victualler, (Whitton, Great James-street). Brookes J. Whitechurch, shoemaker, (Blackstock, St. Mildred's-court). Birket R. Gloucester-street, tailor, (Mills, Vine-street). Binns J. Oxford-st. founder, (Hannam, Great Piazza, Covent-Garden). Babb J. Leadenhall-street, hosier, (Collins and Co. Spital-square).

Common R. North Shields, grocer, (Seetree, St. Mary Axe). Collier R. Bond-court, Walbrook, wine-merchant, (Alliston, Freeman's-court). Chinery F. Oxford-street, linen-draper, (Wadson, and Co. Austin-friars). Clowes J. Birmingham, jeweller, (Baxters & Co. Furnival's-Inn). Croose T. Pickett-street, linen-draper, (Sweet, King's-Bench-Walks). Cooper W. H. Walworth Common, surveyor, (Hughes, Christchurch-passage). Chiddell J. Southampton, porter-merchant, (Dafman and Co. Romsey). Carroll J. Hoxton-square, victualler, (Darby, Gray's Inn-square). Chambers S. Maidstone, corn-merchant, (Druce, Billiter-square). Clough G. Derby, grocer, (Baxters and Co. Furnival's-Inn). Coward T. Bath, linen-draper, (Jenkins & Co. New-Inn).

Duncan W. Thatched-house court, working-jeweller, (Gaines, Hart-street). Duckworth J. B. Ashford, Kent, wine & brandy-merchant, (Taylor, Field-court). Davis J. K. Edgeware-road, dealer, (Rogers and Son, Manchester-buildings). Davies T. Tarwin, Chester, cornfactor, (Huxley, Temple). Downing J. Harwich, grocer, (Taylor, Southampton-buildings). Doyle J. Covent-garden-market, china and glassman, (Naylor, Great Newport-str.). Dunsford J. Plymouth, cutler, (Alexander, New-square). Donnithorne I. Truro, victualler, (Edwards, Truro). Dore F. High-st. upholder, (Pearse, Salisbury-square). Dixon W. & H. Rotherhithe, timber-merchants, (Courteen, Walbrook).

Elliott E. Lambeth, victualler, (Few, Henrietta-street).

Fleming J. Blackburn, Lancaster, cotton-manufacturer. (Milne and Co. Temple). Flude C. Fenchurch-street, hardwareman, (King, Castle-street). Forge W. Witham, Sutton, threshing-machine maker, (Rosser and Son, Bartlett's-buildings).

Gibson J. Liverpool, tailor, (Shepherd and Co. Bedford-row). Goodwin W. Gosport, baker, (Bleasdale and Co. New-Inn). Gissing T. Borough-road, shop-keeper (Isaacs, Bevis Marks, St. Mary-Axe). Griffiths J. Hill, Millbrook, Southampton,

slater and builder, (Ridding, Southampton). Green W. Brown's-lane, Spital-fields, dyer, (Freame, Great Queen-street). Gibbs R. Bristol, dealer, (Meredith & Co. Lincoln's-Inn).

Harrison J. Stoke-upon-Trent, potter, (Willis and Co. Warnford-court). Houl-den R. St. Margaret's-hill, (Foulkes and Co. Holborn-court). Hyde J. White-chapel, tin-plate worker, (Hodgson, Surrey street). Hirst H. Lingard's-wood, Aldmond-bury, clothier, (Battye, Chancery-lane). Hood D. Sun-street, (Harding, Primrose-street). Herbert W. jun. Llanidloes, draper, (Taylor, Exchange-street, Manchester). Hills J. Leeds, miller, (Webb, St. Thomas's-street, Southwark). Hill O. Shoreditch, cheesemonger, (Adams, Great Russell-street). Hey T. Lombard-street, Fleet-street, dealer in spirituous liquors, (Robinson, Charter-house-square). Haynes T. Bristol, chemist, (Gahell, Lincoln's-Inn).

Ivory J. Mark-lane, broker, (Murray, Birchin-lane). Jones J. Whitechapel-road, cordwainer, (Metcalf, Basinghall-st.). Jacob J. Isle of Wight, miller, (Clarkes & Co. Newport). Jackson S. J. Birmingham, button-maker, (Johnston, Temple).

King W. Newport, miller, (Griffiths, Newport). Keyse T. and Wyatt C. P. Langbourn-Ward-Chambers, merchants, (Hodgson, Surrey-street).

Lindsay A. and Irvine J. Manchester, dealer in cotton goods, (Edge, King's Bench Walks). Lowton E. Mark-lane, merchant, (Day & Co. Lime-str.). Lock P. Nailsworth, Gloucester, yarn-maker, (Shepherd & Co. Bedford row). Lyon J. North-place, Gray's-Inn-lane, money-scrivener, (Isaacs, St. Mary-Axe). Lewis J. Fashion-street, victualler, (Godmond, Bride-court). Leeds S. Great Massingham, miller, (Trenchard, Swaffham).

Morrish W. Bath, cheesemonger, (Nethersole & Co. Essex-str.). Moss J. jun. Newbury, timber-dealer, (Gregory, Clement's-Inn). Metcalf W. Banks Mill, Durham, miller, (Pringle, Greville-street). Malcolm W. Watling-str. warehouseman, (Bovill, New Bridge-street). Mears H. Greenwich, tavern-keeper, (Shepherd, Dean-street). McLeod J. C. Huntley Hotel, Leicester-fields, merchant, (Forbes and Co. Fly-place). Munro J. Clipstone-str. tailor, (Wilkinson and Co. Margaret-str.). Martin J. Millbrook, Cornwall, surgeon, (Blakelock & Co. Temple). Moody H. Saltfleet, All-Saints, Lincoln, jobber, (Barber, Gray's-Inn-square). Marsden W. Leeds, merchant, (Lambert & Sons, Hat-ton-garden). Mowbray A. Durham, wine-merchant, (Fainless, Staple-Inn).

Nicholson H. Charlton-crescent, Islington, merchant, (Harding, Primrose-street).



Nicholls T. Bradford, Wilts, linen-draper, (Jenkins and Co. New-Inn). Niven A. Great Prescot-street, master-mariner, (Nind, Throgmorton-street).

Ockenden R. Bopeep, near Hastings, (Turner, Bouverie-street).

Patterson J. Woolwich, grocer, (Mangnall, Warwick-square). Phillips T. Plough-court, merchant, (Sherwood, Cushion-court). Parmeter J. Borough, Aylsham, Norfolk, miller, (Shaw, Aylsham). Paulden E. Cateaton-street, warehouseman, (Hurd, Temple). Purnell R. Newent, tanner, (James, Gray's-Inn). Perry F. Tower-street, merchant, (Palmer and Co. Copthall-court). Palmer G. Plymouth, haberdasher, (Street and Co. Philpot-lane). Parker H. Halifax, merchant, (Palmer and Co. Copthall-court). Preston W. Leeds, merchant, (Lambert and Sons, Hatton-garden). Pass W. T. and Bailey J. Dockhead, Bermondsey, brewers, (Lee, Three Crown-court). Parsons J. Bread-street-hill, callenderer, (Payne and Co. Aldermanbury).

Rifey J. Mutton-lane, Hackney, baker, (Bond, Seething-lane). Robinson R. Kendal, coal-merchant, (Fothergill, Clifford's-Inn). Richardson J. Birmingham, dealer and chapman, (Stevens and Co. Old Jewry). Ross G. Basinghall-street, merchant, (Wilde, Warwick square). Robinson F. Bordesley, Birmingham, boot maker, (Baxter and Co. Furnival's-Inn). Rutledge T. Reading, hatter, (Williams & Co. Princes-street, Bedford-row).

Sellers R. Sculcoates, York, grocer, (Edmunds and Son, Exchequer-Office). Stephenson T. Rochdale, common-brewer, (Hurd, King's-Bench-Walks). Shepherd W. C. Nottingham, iron-merchant, (Taylor, Field-court, Gray's-Inn). Saunders S. Walbrook, wine-merchant. Schofield J. Slaithwaite, cotton-manufacturer, (Battye,

Chancery-lane). Stelling R. Norton, York, wool-dealer, (Williams, Red Lion-square). Sunnoks T. Ratcliffe-highway, carpenter, (Hughes, Christchurch-passage). Salts T. Preston, plumber, (Ellis, Chancery-lane). Slade T. and T. jun. Bartholomew-close, oil-merchants, (Tilson, Chatham-place). Stone J. Bride-road, seedsman, (Clutton, St. Thomas's-street). Stokes T. Chepstow, money-scrivener, (James, Gray's-Inn-sq.). Spottiswoode J. Tokenhouse-yard, money-scrivener, (Watson and Co. Lamb's-buildings). Syme G. Vine-street, merchant, (Wild, jun. Castle-street). Seabrook S. Bowling-alley, millwright, (Parton, Walbrook).

Taylor J. Great Tower-street, woollen-draper, (Toulmin, Aldermanbury). Tetley J. Horton, Bradford, calico-manufacturer, (Ellis, Chancery-lane). Tucker J. Tiverton, watchmaker, (Lys, Took's-court). Taylor J. Ware, oat dealer, (Bond, Seething-lane).

Verrall W. Uckfield, grocer, (Turner, Bouverie-street).

Watson M. C. Charlotte-street, laceman, (Watkins, Stone-buildings). Winch R. press maker, (Lee, Castle-street). Wallis J. Croydon, tailor, (Jones, Martin's-lane). Wainwright J. Sheffield, builder, (Blake-lock and Co. Elm-court). Walker J. Blackman-street, linen-draper, (Hartley, New Bridge-street). Wilcox W. Parson's Green, Fulham, victualler, (Bousfield, Bouverie-street). Wright R. Watling street, warehouseman, (Bovill, New Bridge-str.). Whitaker J. Francis-street, book-binder, (Hurd, Temple). Worr J. Little Cheapside, butcher, (Palmer and Co. Copthall-court). Wilkes J. St. James's-street, gun-maker, (Parry, Charlotte-street). Willis J. Pudding-lane, merchant, (Swain and Co. Old Jewry).

## PRICES OF CANAL, DOCK, FIRE-OFFICE, WATER- WORKS, BREWERY SHARES, &c. &c.

Feb. 19, 1810.

London Dock, 135*l.* per cent.  
West-India ditto, 182*l.* ditto.  
East India ditto, 135*l.* ditto.  
East Country ditto, 84*l.* per share.  
Commercial ditto, 90*l.* per share prem.  
Grand Junction Canal, 243*l.* per share.  
Grand Surrey ditto, 81*l.* ditto.  
Kennet and Avon ditto, 49*l.* ditto.  
Wilts and Berks ditto, 52*l.* ditto.  
Huddersfield ditto, 42*l.* ditto  
Lancaster ditto, 25*l.* ditto  
Croydon ditto, 50*l.* ditto  
Rochdale ditto, 44*l.* ditto  
Leeds and Liverpool ditto, 190*l.* ditto

Thames and Medway ditto, 43*l.* per share prem.  
East London Water Works, 228*l.* per sh.  
West Middlesex ditto, 142*l.* ditto  
Kent ditto, 35*l.* per share prem.  
Portsea Island ditto, 57*l.* ditto  
Portsea and Farlington, 36*l.* ditto  
Strand Bridge, 10*s.* ditto  
Vauxhall ditto, 10*s.* ditto  
Globe Insurance, 129*l.* per share  
Albion ditto, 61*l.* ditto  
Imperial ditto, 75*l.* ditto  
Rock Life Assurance, 6*s.* per share prem.

L. WOLFE and Co. Canal, Dock, & Stock Brokers.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

**T**HOUGH the late frosts have occasioned the surface of the lands, in some districts, to work with difficulty, yet none have proved better than those that were well fallowed in autumn. A promising and healthy appearance is seen in most of the spring crops; but winter tares, rye, and grass are much in want of warm and more genial weather.

The ploughing of lays and stubbles has been much retarded. Turnips, cabbages, and other green crops have been so much injured by the wetness of the autumnal months, that the animals that fed upon them do not thrive as usual. Potatoes, though an abundant crop, do not keep well this season, but very speedily fall to decay and dissolution. The large sorts are more hollow and bad within than at any former period. Lean stock continues heavy of sale, but pigs increase in price.

Price of meat in Smithfield Market:—Beef, 4s. 8d. to 6s. 0d.;—Mutton, 4s. 6d. to 6s. 4d.;—Veal, 5s. 6d. to 7s. 8d.,—Pork, 6s. to 7s. 6d.

Middlesex, Feb. 25.

AVERAGE PRICES OF CORN,

By the Winchester Quarter of 8 Bushels, and of OATMEAL per Boll of 140lbs. Averdupois, from the Returns received in the Week ended Feb. 17, 1810.

INLAND COUNTIES.

	Wheat		Rye		Barley		Oats	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Middsx.	94	8	51	8	99	10	29	11
Surrey	105	8	50	0	44	0	35	8
Hertford	94	11	53	0	46	4	32	4
Bedford	101	10	62	0	46	10	29	6
Huntin.	98	4			43	0	25	2
Northa.	97	10	66	6	41	2	22	10
Rutland	92	9			44	4	24	0
Leicest	92	2	58	4	45	2	25	7
Notting	98	8	59	9	45	2	26	10
Derby	92	2			49	1	28	4
Stafford	102	3			51	11	31	1
Salop	102	3	69	0	59	11	33	1
Herefor	105	0	54	4	51	2	31	3
Wor'st.	102	3	53	4	54	10	38	10
Warwic	108	0			55	5	35	9
Wilts	105	6			41	8	33	8
Berks	105	0			41	0	30	7
Oxford	105	8			40	3	29	11
Bucks	100	10			42	11	29	8
Brecon	113	8	89	6	52	9	27	2
Montgo.	105	7			56	0	27	5
Radnor.	118	3			55	10	30	4

MARITIME COUNTIES.

	Wheat		Rye		Barley		Oats.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Essex .....	95	4	45	0	44	8	29	8
Kent .....	94	0	59	0	43	9	31	0
Sussex .....	100	0			41	0	28	2
Suffolk .....	94	4			40	0	27	3
Cambridge ....	97	10	47	0	38	3	20	3
Norfolk .....	89	2	44	9	35	0	25	6
Lincoln .....	92	9	57	0	38	11	21	1
York .....	84	10	56	10	39	10	23	0
Durham .....	85	2			52	8	26	0
Northumberland	79	9	64	0	39	3	26	2
Cumberland ..	93	10	59	0	47	11	28	2
Westmorland ..	94	2	58	7	51	4	26	11
Lancaster ....	97	10			55	3	30	9
Chester .....	93	4			58	0		
Flint .....	106	7			54	8		
Denbigh ....	105	3			56	1	26	7
Anglesea .....					40	0	20	0
Carnarvon ....	96	0			46	8	24	8
Merioneth ....	101	5			54	6	27	6
Cardigan .....	98	6					20	8
Pembroke ....	79	9			43	4	16	8
Carmarthen....	104	9			47	9	17	8
Glamorgan ....	107	8			49	8	22	8
Gloucester ....	111	8			52	4	31	1
Somerset .....	114	7			51	6	28	0
Monmouth ....	119	8			53	9		
Devon .....	101	2			44	6	22	7
Cornwall .....	101	1			43	2	20	2
Dorset .....	109	8			45	9	28	3
Hants .....	104	9			47	1	31	6

Average of England and Wales.

Wheat 99s. 11d ; Rye 57s. 11d.; Barley 47s. 1d.; Oats 27s. 4d.; Beans 52s. 7d.; Pease 56s. 5d.; Oatmeal 54s. 4d.

BILL of MORTALITY, from JAN. 24, to FEB. 20, 1810.

CHRISTENED.		BURIED.		Between	2 and 5 - 175		60 and 70 - 215	
Males 766	} 1492	Males, 900	} 1834		5 and 10 - 57	70 and 80 - 150		
Females 726		Females 934			10 and 20 - 69	80 and 90 - 70		
Whereof have died under two years old 405		20 and 30 - 114			90 and 100 - 16			
		30 and 40 - 164						
		40 and 50 - 209						
		50 and 60 - 190						

Peck Loaf, 5s.5d. 5s.3d. 5s.2d. 5s. 2d.  
Salt, 20s. per bushel, 4½ per lb.



PRICE OF STOCKS, from JANUARY 26, to FEBRUARY 22, 1810, both inclusive.

Days Bank 1810 Stock.	3 p Cent. Reduc.	5 p. Cent. Consols.	4 p. Ct. Cons. 5 p. Cent.	Navy 5 p. Cent.	Long Anns.	Imperial 3 p. Cent	Imperial Anns.	Irish 5 p. C.	India Stock.	India Bonds.	S. S Sto.	S. S Anns.	Exche. Bills.	Lottery Tickets	City Fresh Ticks.	Om- nium.	Cons. for Acct.	
Jan. 26	276	68 1/2	67 1/2 68 1/2	84 1/2	99 1/2	18 1/2	67 1/2	—	188 1/2	15s. pm	—	—	10s. pm	22	15 8	15	2 pm.	68 1/2
27	276	68 1/2	68 1/2 1/2	84 1/2	99 1/2	18 1/2	—	—	—	18s. pm	—	—	11s. pm	22	15 8	15	—	68 1/2
29	—	68 1/2	68 1/2	84 1/2	99 1/2	18 9-15ths	67 1/2	—	—	18s. pm	—	—	11s. pm	22	15 8	18	—	68 1/2
30 holiday	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
31	276 1/2	68 1/2	68 1/2 67 1/2	84 1/2	99 1/2	18 9-16ths	67 1/2	—	—	17s. pm	—	—	10s. pm	22	15 8	15	—	68 1/2
Feb. 1	276	68 1/2	67 1/2 1/2	84 1/2	99 1/2	18 1/2	—	—	187 1/4	—	—	—	7s. pm	22	15 8	15	—	68 1/2 68
2 holiday	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
3	—	68 1/2	67 1/2 68 1/2	84	99 1/2	18 1/2	—	—	187	14s. pm	—	—	9s pm	22	15 8	15	—	68 1/2
4	—	68 1/2	67 1/2 68 1/2	84	99 1/2	18 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	8s. pm	22	15 8	15	—	68 1/2
5	—	68 1/2	67 1/2 68 1/2	84 1/2	99 1/2	18 1/2	—	—	186 1/2	12s. pm	—	—	9s. pm	22	15 8	15	—	68 1/2
6	276	68 1/2	68 1/2 67 1/2	84 1/2	99 1/2	18 9-16ths	67 1/2	—	—	12s. pm	—	—	10s pm	22	15 8	15	—	68 1/2
7	275 1/2	68 1/2	68 1/2 67 1/2	84 1/2	99 1/2	18 1/2	—	—	186	11s. pm	—	—	9s. pm	22	15 8	15	—	68 1/2
8	275	68 1/2	68 1/2 67 1/2	84 1/2	99 1/2	18 9-16ths	—	—	187	11s pm	—	—	10s. pm	22	15 8	15	—	68 1/2
9	275	68 1/2	68 1/2 67 1/2	84 1/2	99 1/2	18 9-16ths	—	—	—	12s. pm	—	—	10s. pm	22	15 8	15	—	68 1/2
10	—	68 1/2	68 1/2 67 1/2	84 1/2	99 1/2	18 9-16ths	—	—	186 1/2	—	—	—	10s. pm	22	15 8	15	—	68 1/2
11	276 1/2	68 1/2	68 1/2 67 1/2	84 1/2	99 1/2	18 1/2	—	—	185 1/2	11s. pm	—	—	9s. pm	22	15 8	15	—	68 1/2
12	276 1/2	68 1/2	67 1/2 67 1/2	84 1/2	99 1/2	18 7-16ths	66 1/2	—	185 1/2	10s. pm	—	—	8s. pm	22	15 8	15	—	67 1/2
13	—	68 1/2	67 1/2 67 1/2	83 1/2	99 1/2	18 7-16ths	66 1/2	—	185 1/2	5s pm	—	—	5s. pm	—	—	—	—	67 1/2
14	—	67 1/2	67 1/2 67 1/2	83 1/2	99 1/2	18 7-16ths	—	—	—	11s. pm	—	—	8s. pm	—	—	—	—	67 1/2
15	275 1/2	68 1/2	67 1/2 67 1/2	83 1/2	99 1/2	18 7-16ths	—	—	—	13s. pm	—	—	9s. pm	—	—	—	—	68
16	276 1/2	68 1/2	67 1/2 67 1/2	84	99 1/2	18 1/2	—	—	—	11s pm	—	—	9s. pm	—	—	—	—	68
17	276	68 1/2	67 1/2 67 1/2	84	99 1/2	18 1/2	—	—	—	11s pm	—	—	8s pm	—	—	—	—	67 1/2
18	—	68 1/2	67 1/2 67 1/2	84	99 1/2	18 7-16ths	—	—	—	11s pm	—	—	8s pm	—	—	—	—	67 1/2
19	—	68 1/2	67 1/2 67 1/2	84	99 1/2	18 1/2	—	—	186 1/2	11s pm	—	—	8s pm	—	—	—	—	67 1/2
20	276	68 1/2	67 1/2 67 1/2	84	99 1/2	18 1/2	66 1/2	—	186 1/2	12s. pm	—	—	8s. pm	—	—	—	—	67 1/2
21	276	68 1/2	67 1/2 67 1/2	84	99 1/2	18 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
22	276 1/2	68 1/2	67 1/2 67 1/2	84	99 1/2	18 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—

N.B. In the 3 per Cent Consols the *highest* and *lowest* Price of each day is given; in the other Stocks the *highest* only.

PORTUNE and Co. STOCK-BROKERS and GENERAL AGENTS, No. 13, Cornhill.

# THE UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.

Nº LXXVI.—VOL. XIII.]

For MARCH, 1810.

[NEW SERIES.]

“ We shall never envy the honours which wit and learning obtain in any other cause, if we can be numbered among the writers who have given ardour to virtue, and confidence to truth.”—DR. JOHNSON.

## ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

ACCOUNT of some REMARKABLE CIRCUMSTANCES in the KINGDOM of New Spain. By ALEXANDER DE HUMBOLDT and AMIE BONPLAND. (See *Universal Mag.* for Sept. last, p. 177.)

### OF THE LAKES OF THE VALLEY OF MEXICO.

THE valley of Mexico, or of Tenochtitlan, is situated in the centre of the Cordilleras of Anahuac, at the back of the porphyric and basaltic mountains, which range from the S.S.E. to the N.N.W. This valley is of an oval form, and surrounded by mountains of considerable elevation. It is eighteen leagues and a half in length, and twelve and a half broad. Its surface is 244 square leagues, of which 22 square leagues are occupied by different lakes. The largest is that of Tezcuco, near Mexico: its waters are brinish, and contain muriate and carbonate of alkali. Its elevation is 2277 metres above the sea. All the waters which fall into this vast basin flow into the lakes, and they gradually disembogue themselves by the river of Tula or Rio Desague.

But, when the rains are abundant, the waters cannot discharge themselves with sufficient rapidity; the level of the lakes is raised, and they inundate Mexico and a part of the valley. The ancient inhabitants had erected several important works to obviate these inconveniences.

But these works have been continued by the Spaniards, and have been conducted with more skill. They saw that the only means was to facilitate the discharge of these waters by the river de Tula or Rio Desague.—The first Spanish engineers who were employed upon them, opened a canal under the mountain Noohistongo;

but the continual falling down of matter which took place in this subterranean canal, compelled them afterwards to dig it on the surface. They gave it the name of Desague Real de Huchuetoca. This canal gives passage to a sufficient quantity of water to lessen, considerably, the level of the waters of the lake of Tezcuco; and consequently the city of Mexico is farther removed from it than hitherto.

It was in digging the bed of the Desague, that they found the fossil bones of elephants.

Only the lake of Tezcuco has its waters brinish; those of the other lakes in the valley are fresh,

### OF THE FLOATING GARDENS.

Plants and vegetables are very abundant in Mexico. The greater part of them is cultivated on the *Chinampas*, which the Europeans designate by the name of *floating gardens*. There are two sorts of these: the one is moveable, and driven every way by the winds; the others are fixed and joined to the banks. The former alone merit the name of floating gardens, but their number is daily diminishing.

The ingenious invention of the Chinampas may be fixed at about the conclusion of the fourteenth century. It arose from the extraordinary situation of a people who, surrounded with enemies, and forced to live in the middle of a lake that had but little fish, refined upon the means of providing for their own subsistence. It is even probable that nature herself first suggested to the Aztecs the idea of floating gardens. On the marshy banks of the lakes of Xochimilco and of Chalco, the water which is agitated at the time of a large influx, raises up clumps of earth which are



covered with gravel and intertwined with roots. These clumps or hillocks, floating about from place to place at the mercy of the winds, unite sometimes together and form small islands. A tribe of men, who were too weak to maintain themselves upon the continent, thought to avail themselves of these portions of earth thus offered to them by chance, and the property of which no enemy disputed with them. The most ancient *chinampas* were only clumps of turf artificially united, dug up, and sown by the Aztics. Similar floating islands are formed under all the zones.

Simple clumps of earth, removed from the banks, gave rise to the invention of the *chinampas*; but, the industry of the Aztec nation has gradually brought this system of cultivation to perfection. The floating gardens, which the Spaniards found to be very numerous, and many of which are still existing in the lake of Chalco, were rafts formed of reeds (*tolora*), of rushes, roots, and the branches of briars. The Indians covered these light and intertwined substances with black mould, which is naturally impregnated with the alkaline muriate. This salt was gradually disengaged by watering the soil with the water of the lake; and it became more fertile in proportion to the more or less frequent repetition of this lixiviation. This process was successful even with the brackish water of the lake of Tezcucó, because, far removed from the point of its saturation, that water is still proper for the solution of salt, in proportion as it filtrates through the mould. The *chinampas* sometimes contain an Indian hut, which serves as a guard for a whole set of floating gardens. They tow them, or push them with long poles, to convey them, according to their wish, from one bank to another.

In proportion as the lake, of fresh water is distant from that which is salt, the moveable *chinampas* become fixed. Of this latter class they may be seen all along the canal of the *Viga*, in the marshy ground contained between the lake of Chalco and the lake of Tezcucó.

#### OF THE PYRAMIDS.

The only ancient monuments which, in the Mexican valley, can strike, by

their grandeur and their magnitude, the eyes of Europeans, are the remains of the two pyramids of Jam Juan de Teutihuacan, situated to the north-east of the lake of Tezcucó, consecrated to the sun and moon, called *Tonatinth Ytzaqual*, house of the sun, and *Mextli Ytzaqual*, house of the moon. From an admeasurement made in 1803 by a learned young Mexican, Dr. Oteyza, the first pyramid, which is the most southern, has, in its present state, a base of 645 feet in length, and 171 feet in height. The northern front of the *Hotel des Invalides* is only 600 feet. The second pyramid, that of the moon, is 31 feet lower, and its base is much less. The people whom the Spaniards found established in New Spain, ascribed these pyramids to the Toultec nation; they must have been constructed, consequently, in the eighth or ninth century, for the kingdom of Tōllan flourished from 667 to 1031. —The interior of these pyramids is composed of clay and small stones, and this is covered with a thick wall of porous amygdaloid. A staircase, formed of large hewn stones, formerly conducted to the top of them; and there, according to the accounts of the early travellers, were found statues covered with very small plates of gold.

It is impossible to speak, with certainty, of the interior of these pyramids. The Indian traditions, from which we should account them hollow, are very vague and ambiguous.

One thing is very remarkable, (especially when we recollect the assertions of Pocock, on the symmetrical position of the small pyramids of Egypt), that all round the two large pyramids may be traced a system of small pyramids, not more than thirty or forty feet in height. These monuments, of which there are many hundreds, are scattered through large streets, which follow precisely the direction and the parallels of the meridians, and which terminate at the four sides of the two large pyramids. The small pyramids are more numerous towards the southern side of the temple of the moon, than towards that of the sun. Hence they were, according to the tradition of the country, dedicated to the stars.

It seems to be sufficiently certain that they served as burial places for the chiefs of the tribes.

The Toultec people, who constructed these pyramids, were they a Mongol race? Did they descend from one common stock with the Chinese, the Hiongnu, and the Japanese?

Another ancient monument, well worthy of a traveller's attention, is the military entrenchment of Xochicalco, situated to the S.S.E. of the town of Cuernavaca, near Tetlana, belonging to the parish of Xophitepeque. This is a hill of about 117 metres\* in height, surrounded with ditches, and divided, by the hand of man, into five lays or terraces covered with masonry. The whole forms a truncated pyramid, of which the four sides are exactly arranged according to the four cardinal points. The stones of porphyry, on a basaltic base, are regularly hewn, and ornamented with hieroglyphic figures, among which may be distinguished crocodiles spouting water, and men sitting cross-legged in the manner of the Asiatics. The platform of this extraordinary monument is near 9000 square metres, and presents the ruins of a small square building, which served, no doubt, as the last retreat for the besieged.

There is also a great pyramid on the side of Vera Cruz, in the northern part of that government, near the large village of Papantla. It was discovered above thirty years ago, by some hunters, in the midst of a thick forest; for the Indians carefully concealed this monument, which was the object of a long standing veneration. This pyramid of Papantla is not constructed, like those which we mentioned above, of clay mixed with stones and covered with a wall of amygdaloides. The only materials that have been employed in it are immense hewn blocks of porphyry. Its base is exactly square. Each side is 25 metres long. Its perpendicular height is from 16 to 26 metres. The covering of stone is ornamented with hieroglyphics, in which may be seen serpents and crocodiles, engraven in *relievo*.

\* A metre is about three feet, eleven lines and a half.

#### OF VOLCANOS.

Volcanos are, as is well known, very numerous in the whole of America. Their peaks are the most elevated summits on the whole globe. Chimborazzo, in Peru, is near 6600 metres in height, according to Humboldt.

At the extremity of S. America there are peaks equally elevated.

Mount St. Elie, in the north-west of N. America, in 60° 12' of latitude, is 2797 toises high, according to Malaspina, and 1980, according to Lapeyrouse.

The volcanic mountains, in the centre of New Spain, are also very elevated.

To the west, is the peak Oribaza, which constantly emits smoke, and very often flames. Its height is 2717 toises, or 5295 metres.

The Popocatepeil, the height of which is, according to Humboldt, 2771 toises, or 5400 metres.

The Istaccihuatl, or the white woman, is 2455 toises in height, or 4783 metres.

The Nauhcampatepetl is 2089 toises.

The Nevado-de-Toluca, the height of which is 2370 toises.

The volcano of Colima, the height of which is estimated at 2800 metres.

The volcano of Jorullo, which first appeared in 1759, is not so high.

#### FRESH WATER IN THE MIDDLE OF THE SEA.

Along the whole coast of Yucatan, from Campeachy, or from the mouth of the Rio de San Francisco, as far as Cape Catoche, the navigator does not find a single source of fresh water; but, near this last cape, nature has repeated the same phenomenon as is to be found to the south of the island of Cuba, in the bay of Xagua. At the mouth of the Rio Lagarto, about four hundred metres from the shore, there are springs of fresh water issuing from the middle of the salt water of the sea. They call these remarkable springs, *the Mouths (boccas) of Conia*. It is probable, that, by a strong hydrostatic pressure, the fresh water, after having broken the sides of the calcareous rock, between the fissures of which it flows out, rises above the waves of the sea.



## THE PASSAGE OF THE ASIATIC PEOPLE INTO AMERICA.

The author examines the manner in which the people of Asia have passed into America. In a preceding article in our Magazine, (see last volume, p. 177), he has expressed his opinion, that Toultecs and the Aztéc's were perhaps Tartarian colonies who have passed into America. The large pyramids of New Spain have many affinities with those of Egypt. Many learned men, also, have discerned striking similarities, in the physical structure, between the Tartars and the natives of North America.

As it is more than probable, says Humboldt, that Asiatic or American colonies have passed the ocean, it is worth while to examine the breadth of that arm of the sea which separates the two continents under  $65^{\circ} 50'$  of north latitude. From the most recent discoveries made by Russian navigators, America is, more than elsewhere, approximated to Siberia, on a line which crosses the strait of Behring, in the direction of S. E. and N. W. from the Prince of Wales' Cape to Cape *Tschoukotskoy*. The distance between these two capes is  $44'$  *en arc*, or  $18\frac{1}{6}$  leagues *au degré*. The island of Imaglin is almost in the middle of the canal. It is about one-fifth nearer to the Asiatic cape. It appears, besides, that in order to conceive how the Asiatic tribes, fixed in the plains of Chinese Tartary, have passed from the old to the new world, there is no need to recur to a transmigration made in such high latitudes. A chain of neighbouring islands extends from the Corea and from Japan, to the southern cape of the peninsula of Kamtschatka, between  $35$  and  $51^{\circ}$  degrees of latitude. The large island of Tchoka, united to the continent by an immense bank of sand, (under the  $52^{\circ}$  of latitude), facilitates the communication between the mouths of the Amour and of the Kurille islands. Another archipelago of small islands, which is formed to the south of the great bay of Behring, advances, from the peninsula of Alaska, four hundred leagues towards the west. The largest of the Aleutian islands are not more than 144 leagues distant from the eastern coast of Kamtschatka, and that distance is divided into two nearly equal parts by

the islands of Behring and Mednoi, situated under the  $55^{\circ}$  degree of latitude. This brief detail sufficiently proves, that the Asiatic tribes might have proceeded from island to island, and thus from one continent to the other, without ascending higher in Asia than the  $55^{\circ}$  degree; without turning the sea of Ochotsk to the west, and without ever performing a longer voyage, at a time, than twenty-four or thirty-six hours. The north-west winds, which, during a great part of the year, blow in these parts, favoured the navigation from Asia into America, between the  $50$  and  $60$  degrees of latitude. We do not intend to establish any new historical hypotheses, or to discuss those which have been repeated for these last forty years: we are satisfied with having displayed in a clear manner the proximity of the two continents.

The author observes, that travellers of different nations, who have visited these countries, have given different names to the same places, which causes much confusion in their descriptions. Without an exact knowledge of geographical synonymy, the Spanish, English, Russian, and French works, which treat of the coast of north-west America, become almost unintelligible, and it is only by a scrupulous comparison of maps that this synonymy can be fixed.

There is a phenomenon at Mexico which is worthy the attention of the philosopher. It is known that epidemias attack, in general, only animals of the same species. Thus, in Europe, an epidemia which attacks men, does not attack domestic animals; and, reciprocally, the epidemias of our domestic animals do not attack men.

It is observable, also, that epidemias which attack particular species of our domestic animals do not attack other species. Thus, the *epizootie* of our oxen does not attack horses or sheep; and the *epizootie* of our sheep does not attack oxen, &c.

In Mexico, the yellow fever, or the *black vomit*, attacks the whites or Europeans, but does not attack the Indians or ancient inhabitants of the country.

But these Indians are subject to a disease which is peculiar to them, and which they call the *matlaxahuatl*. It

was particularly fatal in 1545, in 1576, and in 1736. The Spanish authors call it a pestilence, or plague. The last epidemia having taken place at a period when, even in the capital, medicine was not considered as a science, we have no exact details respecting the *matlazahuatl*. It doubtless has some affinity with the yellow fever, or black vomit; but it does not attack white men, whether Europeans or indigenous descendants; while, on the other hand, the yellow fever rarely attacks the Mexican Indians.

Some white, or European Mexicans, observed, in consequence, to Delametherie, that it was probable the Indians were a particular race of people.

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CHARACTERS in IMITATION of BISHOP EARLE'S MICRO-COSMOGRAPHY.

[Continued from Vol. XI. p. 594]

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*The modern Patriot*

APPEARS to be a cousin-german of the ancient stoics, for he affects to disclaim all the weakness that leads ordinary men to bestow a tender preference on ties of blood. Listen to him on the hustings, and he would fain persuade you that he has a deeper regard for the interests of the thousands whom he never saw, than for the merits of those whom he knows closely, and who naturally depend on him. The words "country! freedom! and the rights of the people!" are the bells on which he rings the changes of his musical elocution; but it would require some practice to qualify him for the band "of college youths," for to the nice ear his ringing is woefully apt to be out of time.

He certainly is an aimer at wit, for his whole study is to express, in new terms, what was often thought and said before. He is a great stickler for old times, but proves the doubtfulness of his meaning by crying out, meanwhile, for new measures. He mightily affects to deride the consequence of riches; but his remarks on this head come under a suspicious character, for he is usually too poor to understand the nature of affluence.

Most men are so fond of novelty, that his pretensions are generally put

to the touchstone, and then it is found that, by a natural association of ideas, he had joined the love of himself with the love of country; but has so much increased his wit by the study of fine speeches, that his memory is shortened, and he forgets his country as he goes forward, and only takes care of himself.

Behold him now in office, and ask him what new light has occasioned him to discover that the subject of his former declamation is of a different colour, and he will answer you (if not too busy) from the history of Pope Gregory,—“Being lifted higher, I see more clearly!”

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*The good Woman*

Is a picture designed by the hand of a cherub, to shew mortals how the angels look. And this portrait is drawn in fading colours, lest the world should turn to idolatry, and believe there is no greater perfection than that attainable on earth.

However fashions vary, the good woman is always admired, for she appeals not to the eyes, but to the heart. She is not loquacious, but says just enough to make every hearer wish she was talkative; and yet, when she is silent, there is such a persuasive charm in her look, that we wonder how we could think her more admirable while speaking.

Though every word is expressive of the stores treasured in her mind, the nursery is her study; and her chief care is, so to correct the little volumes arranged there, as to prevent a list of errata from appearing at the end.

She is no satirist, and yet her reproof is more dreaded than the severest line in Juvenal; for she shames by example, and the sting of her remark lies in the superiority of her demeanor.

Her virtue would not be complete without trial; and thus is she often neglected, and smiles like the sun over Kamtschatka, on a churlish and steril soil. But it is no matter; she holds her course so near to the Heavens, that the failings of the earthly may grieve, but they cannot interrupt her. She now directs her efforts entirely to the little spotless souls which



have sprung from her, and strives to amend her husband by rearing him children free from the defects to which he is subject.

Her death is the strongest argument in favour of immortality; for who can believe that so much virtue was made to perish? She dies, without a pang, in the arms of her descendants, and leaves behind her the exalted praise of being a woman whom the world talked very little about.

### *The Critic by Profession*

Is one who, if he be honest, has tried to write a book and failed, and therefore believes in his conscience that no man can do it well, and censures accordingly. Thus he never examines a tome thoroughly, and often takes the data of his ridicule merely from the title-page. He prides himself on the variety of his strictures, and the number of authors destroyed by the venom of his quill, as if he believed, with the tribe of fanciful savages, that a man inherits the virtues of the slain, and imbibes vigour in proportion to the number of scalps in his possession.

As he constantly labours in a mask, he escapes personal remonstrance; and passes with the multitude for a man of prodigious acumen, unless he happen to blame, in his journal, the bad English of a book which is written in Latin; or stakes his credit for an author being a vain arrogant fellow, when in the course of the work the writer is acknowledged to be of the feminine gender.



### *The successful Provincial Pettifogger*

Resembles a cenotaph of brass, which stands on the ground, once occupied by the solid marble pillar of old English gentility. He considers himself so necessary an appendage to the knight of the shire, that he feels entitled to write esquire after his name, though his father was footman to the lord of a neighbouring manor. He often entraps the wise as well as the unthinking, for men find him so shallow a reasoner, when out of his office, that they cannot comprehend he has power to over-reach them.— But they forget that he may draw a

very strong argument from an act of parliament, though he has not logic to defend it.

A character of this sort resembles the pike in voracity, but devours his prey rather in the manner of the trout, for the current is generally against him; and yet he delights in troubled water.

He lives in a large house, and is much renowned for hospitality: but, in his very dinner, contrives to find the weak side of an act of parliament; for he invites a neighbour only to gain a client, and regularly places the expenses of entertainment under an "item" in his bill of costs, and thus takes advantage of the law to sell wine without a license.

He does not strive to conceal his contempt for the decayed gentry; for whom, indeed, he has a mortal aversion, because their estates passed through the hands of more ancient conveyancers. And he has no other idea of a perfect gentleman than such as is conveyed to his mind by the appearance of a huge bundle of parchment title-deeds.

This man is the oracle of a meeting of justices, who believe him to be always in the right, because he never contradicts them. No man has so few unpleasant things spoken to his face, since it was known to be a point of law that the greater the truth the greater the libel.

He advocates warmly the wisdom of that act which precludes all improper persons from admission to the honourable fraternity of solicitors; but his auditors always take leave to recollect that he was admitted before the regulation was carried into effect.

### *The perfect Gentleman*

Is a Corinthian column in the temple of society, which embellishes the rustic work that supports it. Of all men living he is the least subject to pride, for he believes nothing worthy of esteem that is not the purchase of his own exertions, and has so refined a feeling, that he is never entirely satisfied with what is done by himself. His neighbours think of him with awe; but his smile banishes all fear, and makes every man feel himself his friend.

His acquaintance learned to bow from the same master, and yet own that his manners have more ease.—Such a grace does philanthropy lend to his deportment!

He gives no more than others, and yet his charity is more extolled, for he adds the look of benignity to his alms. In the chair of justice, pity dwells on his brow; yet the guilty tremble to behold it, for he has so truly learned to walk with his God, that it seems the pity of a superior being. His rebuke humbles the obdurate; for the deformity of vice stands self-confessed before his glance.

His ancestors were illustrious, and they are venerated for his sake; but are little thought of,—for all direct their chief attention to those who are to descend from so good a man.

His usual residence is in the country, though he is sometimes seen at court, but there is so much noise that he seldom makes a long stay. You will look for him in vain at a subscription house, though Sir Arthur, and my lord marquis, and the duke are there. He has a seat in the *house*, but is of no faction, and is not famed for raising “laughs” in a *débate* on the affairs of the nation.

His estate comes much improved to his son, but the legacy of his reputation is the most valuable bequest he makes to his successor.

#### *A Methodist.*

He usually goes to the tabernacle from want of wit, or from want of money, and has, at least, the comfort of finding a fellowship in necessity when he arrives there. He soon assumes a long face, and learns to sing love distiches to the tune of a popular catch, on which he becomes one of the elect, who may be said to resemble the whale, which, though it had a narrow faculty, was capable of swallowing a large body; and the hierarchy is in danger of proving a second Jonas.

He now forms a rosary from the list of exposition nights, and terms himself a saint when he has counted all the beads.

Provided he be a bachelor, he soon feels called to make approaches to some toothless devotee with a long

purse, to whom he reveals his passion with one side of the face, while the other seems devoutly attentive to the preacher. He then builds a tabernacle on speculation, and repays his piety by letting out the pews.

But, if he carried simplicity with him to chapel, and is suited with a wife, it is ten to one that, within a twelvemonth, he prove preacher or madman; if the latter, it is a consolation that he is furnished with an excuse for his fanaticism.

[*To be continued.*]

#### *On the EXPENSIVENESS of the DRESS of the GENTLEMAN COMMONER of OXFORD.*

*Sir,*

**Y**OUR correspondent has stated, in a very able manner, the disadvantage and impropriety of the costliness of the Cantab's dress: in his observations I must, in common with every reasonable person, heartily concur. Permit me also, as a lover of useful reform, to make a suggestion through the medium of your widely circulated pages, relative to the necessity which exists of an alteration in the garb of the gentleman commoner of Oxford. It is doubtless an unpleasant circumstance to parents of rank and consequence, to be compelled to enrol two or three sons, destined for the university, among the second class of gentlemen, from the expensiveness of the dresses worn by the first. Distinctions should indisputably, for obvious reasons, be carefully maintained; but they should be maintained at a less expense: and they should be so simple as to prevent the excitation of envy. Surely the black gown of the commoner would, if ornamented with a purple binding, be sufficiently distinguishing for the gentleman commoner, and a purple tassel in the cap instead of the black one. The subject, Sir, though to some it may appear trifling, is nevertheless of considerable importance to those concerned with it, and should certainly be attended to by the gentlemen in whose power the regulation of the matter rests. Trusting that it may speedily be looked into, and that some one of the present “sojourners on the banks



of Isis" may, in due time, "report progress" to your readers, is the earnest desire of your well-wisher and constant reader,

OLIM OXONIENSIS.

## REPUBLICATION OF SCARCE TRACTS.

No I.

*A new DISCOVERY of a LITTLE SORT of PEOPLE, anciently discoursed of, called PYGMIES.*

[Continued from p. 99.]

**A**FTER this favourable farewell, the residue of our supper was taken away, in the same order as it was all brought in, and immediately, upon the ringing of the golden bell, the priest, which they call a *Dramesco*, i. e. a representative of Christ, returned in the same habit and manner as before, who, mounting on the aforementioned ivory basis, returned the thanks of the guests to the supreme Deity in these words: "O thou ineffable Being, whose goodness is as boundless as thine empire, in the name of these strangers, I, thine unworthy substitute, return thee deserved thanks for this present comfortable repast, as well as thy daily favours to them; besecching thee, that, as their weak bodies, through thy mercy, are nourished with daily food, so their immortal souls may continually be satisfied with the spiritual banquets of thy grace, that both their souls and bodies may join in a pure life, to the glory of thy great name and the health of their own souls: grant this of thine unspeakable clemency. So be it."

Having so said, he blessed us, and bid us rest in peace; adding, that he would see us the next morning, and confer with us; at which saying we all rose up and bowed to him, which he seemed to take no notice of, but went directly out of the hall: after which there came in four damsels, (who were of the hundred before-mentioned,) with lighted tapers in their hands, who approaching to me first, as being the chief, beckoned to me to follow them, which I did, (leaving the rest behind on their cushions, as the custom of the country

required,) till they brought me into a fair chamber, wherein there was a large couch, standing on four feet of ebony, and covered with a rich mantle of silk, quilted with wool, on which there seemed poppies to grow: they pointed to the couch, and set the tapers in sockets of silver, which were purposely placed on each side the couch, and so left me to my repose, closing the door after them.

No sooner was this done but the most fragrant scent imaginable began to allure my yielding senses to a retirement; it proceeded from a smoke of burnt spices and perfumes, which I suppose the maids, by some tube, transfused into my chamber through the hole of the door. I was thinking what a rare subject that would prove for Encompsus to exercise his poetry on; but, indeed, the virtue of this sweet fumigation was so effectually soporiferous, that I had no sooner laid myself on the couch, and covered me with the mantle, but the irresistible charms of Somnus locked up my wearied senses in the cabinet of rest. And so I lay, till a knocking at my door awaked me with this tetrastich:

Arise, O man, for what is sleep  
But death's effigies right?  
The Fates will once thy vitals steep  
In a more lasting night.

At which serious apt memento, I saw the tapers began to confess themselves useless at the approach of Aurora, and seeming desirous to resign their office to a brighter luminary; they hid their dying heads in the sockets, and yet in their very snuffs left an odoriferous savour behind them. Then I arose, and having taken a turn or two in my chamber and viewed the delectable and costly furniture thereof, the four former maids came in, and beckoning me to follow, they reconducted me into the same hall, where, having left me, four others came in with Eucompsus, and so every one in the order they sat at supper was conducted in by four maids, till we were all met, and then it was found that all of us had a like ceremony used in all respects. But, while we were debating on the past occasions, applauding their magnificence and hospitality, the venerable *Dramesco* came in according to his promise, and, desiring us to sit down

on our cushions, he himself mounted on a step of ebony, opposite to the ivory basis, and made this following discourse to us:—

“ Friends and brethren, first of all, as Englishmen, I bid you welcome; but, as Christians, I embrace your society. That basis of ivory being consecrated to holy uses, I never stand on it unless while I am praying or praising of God; but this whereon now I am is the place where I usually discourse, and it is of this colour, to signify, that all other talk is as much below that as black is contrary to white. But these things are obvious, and of themselves explicable enough.

“ I suppose you may all wonder to hear me speak so readily your language in so remote a country; but you must know that our Dramesco's, whom you call priests, are taught, from their infancy, all the most known languages of the world, which, for the most part, we pretty well attain to, notwithstanding the brevity of our lives, which never exceeds forty years; nay, we count twenty a sufficient age, though many attain to thirty; but forty, as I said before, is the highest apex to which our life can or did ever climb. And yet, some among us have been found able in all the sciences, and skilled in fifty-four languages; a thing which, to the Europeans, may seem incredible, but as soon as they know our circumstances, it will not prove so difficult to believe.

“ The nature of our climate is so providentially disposed, as if Heaven intended to compensate the deficiency of our time in a more vigilant aptitude to industry; for he that is most wearied with labour among us, in the space of twenty-four hours, requires but one three hours sleep, by which only he is sufficiently invigorated and refreshed. Besides, we have the presence of the sun two hours and an half sooner than any in Europe, and find him setting but one hour sooner; so that our day gains of them one hour and an half; moreover, nature has enriched this soil with a sovereign plant called Anthypuum, the berries whereof being made into a drink, do refresh us as well as any sleep, and save us the loss of time; so that though our bodies are so inconsider-

able, and of years so few, yet our life may be justly reckoned the longest and most proper life, because it is hardly ever, and then but for a small time, deprived with its operations by that silent unactive interregnum of sleep. And I remember to have heard of such a drink among you in England, which is called by that improper name of coffee; you count that a great help to vigilancy, and so I grant it may be, but I can assure you, it is made of a plant which is the bastard to our anthypuum, and has scarce one scruple of the virtue which belongs to ours.

“ I suppose it is the way of Heaven to bless each soil with those fruits which are more congruous and agreeable to the disposition of the inhabitants, and most profitable and necessary for the sustenance of the country. Our people are, for the most part, husbandmen, gardeners, and keepers of cattle; only two hundred thousand of the commonalty are specially employed in digging of mines, which abound here, and coining the gold and silver; though there are but fifty thousand of them work at it yearly. Others make it their trade to work in all kinds of silk, to make tapestry and quilted works, and to make apparel for the rest of the nation. Others, that are of the militia, are sent every spring to the sea-side to break the eggs of the young cranes, and kill the old ones, as many as they can. Thus every one is helpful to another, one sort manures the ground, another defends the country; another clothes us, another feeds us, and another helps us to barter for what we want, by enriching our coffers; so that every one being content with his profession, and every profession being sufficiently gainful, as we are all industrious, and know not those luxurious ways of spending money which others practice, those that have much have but enough, and those that have little want nothing. Now, the desire of riches being unnatural to our constitution, and the ways of deceiving being unknown, while every one enjoys his own, nobody is in want, and our own soil yields as much as the whole world could. Hence, having no need to fall into base practices, we are all exercised in our own vocations, and, when we are old, we leave the



practice and gains of our trade to our children, who, as we wrought before to maintain them, are now, by the law, both of nature and our land; forced to nourish us, which they do most dutifully; but if any neglect it, as I never yet could hear of more than two, the judges that go about to look to such things, bring them from their father's house, and, having caused their eyes to be pulled out and branding them with the figure of a viper in their foreheads, they send them forth thus helpless into the fields, and so those who refused to nourish their parents are now incapable of finding nourishment for themselves; but, being hated and abhorred of all who see them so stigmatized, they wander about till they die deservedly miserable."

And here the good man having made a pause, and looking stedfastly on me, I thought fit to make some reply; and, thinking nothing could prove more acceptable than if I should retaliate him by a narration of our customs, I prepared to answer him in that kind, though I was ashamed to see how these small ones exceeded us; but yet, because I doubted whether he might not have attained to the knowledge of them as well as of our language, I first chose to ask him, —Whether he had ever yet been acquainted with our ways of government, or would desire to hear any news from us? To which he thus returned:

"About 2,660 springs past, (for we commonly use that part of the year in discourse for the whole, it being the only memorable time for action with us) there came into our country an Indian Brachman, for so their wise men are called, the first stranger that our annals make mention of, called Melesigenes, of a comely personage, tall, and long visaged, his eyes black and sharp-sighted, his hair and beard as white as goat's milk, his complexion sanguine; and, in short, his aspect such, as could allure men's love and enforce their respect.

"He was no sooner seen by some of our nation but they received him as a God, adoring him and offering him presents; but when the King Gerania, which is the name of our

country, heard of him, he came himself to do him honour, and carrying him into the temple of Jupiter, who was then god of the land, made there a sumptuous feast for him; at which he, having eaten little and drank less, came to the king, and spake to this purpose in the Indian language, which was scarcely then understood by our ancestors. 'O king, I am no God, nor person that merit such divine honours, but a Grecian born, and a man that have travelled most parts of the known world to increase knowledge. I have been in Egypt, and seen the wisdom of their priests and magicians; I have been in Persia, and conversed with their Magi. I have noted the holiness and religion of the Jews, and read the poetical writings of their learned King David. I have also examined the skill of the Chaldeans in the stars; but, preferring the strict and temperate life of the Indian gymnosophists, I have conversed with them above this ten years, so that now, by my speech, habit, and profession, I seem a native of that country. But of all the people I ever met with, none as yet have appeared to me to live so irregularly as your people do, who, though they are naturally well inclined to hospitality and a sense of religion, yet, being destitute of a sufficient law-giver, they live among themselves more like brutes than rational creatures. In short, give me authority, O king, and I shall so employ my skill in cultivating their manners by wholesome laws, and in modelling your government by good policy, that you shall have cause to remember me for ever.' At this saying the king fell down at his feet, and testifying his ready acceptance, committed all his affairs to the discretion of this stranger; but would suffer him to reside no where but in the temple of Jupiter, with the priests of that God, partly because he esteemed him next that deity, and partly because no place beside in that province was big enough for the reception of such a man. Here then he abode; and, after he had instituted all those very laws whereby this land is yet governed, he devised, for increase of knowledge, two places, which he called Leschas, the one for the Dramasco's, or holy men, the other for

the Talcomummi, which you call laymen; and added this difference, that the Dramesco's should be bred there, and trained up from their childhood in all the known languages, and, after the attainment of them, in the mysteries of theology, ethics, metaphysics, astronomy, and geometry only; and that the Talcomummi should only know the most proper dialect of the Indian tongue, and in that find out the secrets of nature, studying logic, mathematics, music, and ethics, which comprehend all the liberal sciences; and to this intent he left us forty volumes, every one in a several language, which he ever bore with him, being light rolls of parchment, one whereof contained the writings of Moses, David, and Solomon; adding, that they had been servants of the true God, and that by their writings he had persuaded himself how the heathen gods should shortly be demolished, and the true God, manifesting himself to the world, should teach men a way to serve him; in the mean time he left us in our Lescha this wonderful prophecy,—

Χῖ πρῶτον, ῥὼ ἑπαιτα τότ' ἴσεται θεθὼν ἰῶτ  
Σῖγμα-τάυ, ὁ σμικρὸν καὶ ἄλλον σῖγμα ΣΑΣΤΗ'Ρ.

Which I may thus English to you,

Six hundred first, one hundred then,

And, after ten,

Six, seventy, and two hundred more,

Will bring you to the SAVIOUR.

“ He said, when this number of years was complete, which is 986, we should understand the prophecy.— Now, which is strange, those letters in Greek which make this number, being joined together in that order he placed them, do constitute the word Χρῖς-Θ (Christ), who was preached to us in that year, which this prophecy foretold. After this he ordered such castles as these to be made in such places that may most annoy the cranes; and shewed us the nature of three most useful things, the one of the tree which he called Geranophon, which signifies a crane-killer; for, if a crane doth but touch it, it makes the claws, or bills, or any other part that touches it to fall off, and soon destroys that enemy of ours.— Then he shewed us the use of an herb, called Moly by us, but by him

Cynocephalea, which, being beat to powder and drank in wine, is a sovereign remedy against witchcraft and poison. But this most profitable antidote, whose chief virtue lies in its root, is so deeply and strongly radicated in the earth, that we ought to use our utmost care in digging about it for fear of breaking the root.

“ And lastly, he taught us the manner of making that drink, which we use instead of sleep, and therefore he called it Anthypnum. And, having done all these things of love for us in the space of eight or nine years, he told us he would depart for Greece; and promised to mention us to the world, in the writings he intended to publish, which, he said, should comprehend the vigour of the body and the strength of a wise mind, as a means to eternize his name, which, though first he said was Melesigenes, he afterwards acknowledged to be Homer, that is blind, because his countrymen seeing him not overcome, as others, by vain pleasures, which begin at the eyes, they counted him as blind, and therefore called him Homer, never considering that the quick eye of reason and virtue had purposely closed the eye of concupiscence, with which, as long as men see, they themselves are no better than blind. But when our king heard of his intended departure, after all his prayers, persuasions, and promises proved ineffectual to stay him, he offered him many large favours, which, when he refused to accept, the king begged of him to say what he should do for his sake, that had done so much for our country. He only desired him to do three things: first, to erect a temple, bigger than that of Jupiter, and dedicate it to Τῷ ἐλουσμένῳ Θεῷ, to the God that was to come, and to honour him with no other sacrifices than those of continual prayer and praises; and, to that end, institute a choir, with songs and music, to bless and magnify him.— Then he desired him to give his mind to hospitality; and, to that purpose, to provide two hundred chambers in every castle, and to furnish them after the manner you saw your lodgings furnished. And, lastly, he desired him to transmit his laws to posterity, and to choose out every year some of



the most grave and just Talcomummi to expound the law to the people, and to select out of them two judges for every province in his dominions of Gerania.

“ First, for the province of Gadozolia, (so called from that King Gadozal,) where is the chief city, and the largest men of all the pygmies, who are also the longest lived and best learned.

“ Secondly, for the province of Homeria, which took its name from that gymnosophist, where the people delight chiefly in caverns and cottages, built of mud, and adorned with feathers and whites of eggs.

“ Thirdly, for the province of Calingi, where the pygmies are the smallest of all, marrying at five years of age, and not living beyond twelve; who chiefly feed on fish, which they take from the river Arbis, that runs through their province. And, lastly, for the province of Elysiana, so called for its wholesome air and pleasant situation. All this the King Gadozal promised, and thereto swore by his sceptre, which was made of wood and platted over with gold: and so that god-like man left our country, and left an eternal memory of his acts with us, which the grateful king strove to increase several ways; as first, by a golden image, representing Homer giving laws to the pygmies, with this motto,—

Ἄνδρασι Πυγμαίοισι νόμον καὶ θεσμόν  
ἔθηκεν.

To pygmies I their laws did give,  
And precepts made, by which they live.

“ Moreover, he instituted an order of Greek-Talcomummi, who are only permitted, beside their mother tongue, to learn the Greek, both verse and prose, which they were much assisted in by several admirable poems of his, which he wrote for them, chiefly three; his Thesmophoron, which contained all his laws in verse; a small one called Epicichlides; and his Margites, which it may be, have never come to your hands, because he left them wholly here, except some few fragments of them, which he took with him. And this Greek order from him are called to this day *Homeridae*. But I forgot to tell you, that in that temple, which he wished

to be built to the God that should come, there was an adytum, called the Proseucha, over which Homer left his distich to be wrote in golden characters, for we soon had learned to make letters by his assistance.

Ἵνι θεῷ, τὰ μὲν ἐσθλὰ καὶ εὐχομένοις καὶ  
ἀνέγκτοις

Ἄμμι δίδε, τὰ δὲ λυγρὰ καὶ εὐχομένον ἀπράλαβε.

Which I thus English for you, because every one may understand me:

O Son of God, give us what thou seest fit,

Whether we pray for it or no;

But as for evil, never give us it,

Though foolishly we wish it so.

“ And thus, by this man's means, we have not only lost our barbarism, but have arrived to a tolerable degree of knowledge, and have a way to understand the language, customs, and government of all countries, especially since these Indies have been so open; for the Indians learn of English or Dutch merchants the affairs and transactions of other countries, and from them the Brachmans learn the same; and they, in memory of Homer, send to us every year with writings of those matters.”

Here he paused again; and Eucompus, being a great admirer of Homer, began to be altered in his countenance, with a more than perhaps moderate joy, which I verily believe came but little short of a rapture, and would have soon extemporized an ode, had not the three young squires come, who making very low reverence to the Dramesco, he went straight out of the room, bowing to nobody; for it is a law to the priests, never to bow their bodies to any but God, as being above all others by virtue of their function; likewise, they are never to be seen in public, unless standing, to put them in mind of the uprightness of their lives, and to make them more watchful and diligent.

[To be continued.]

#### REMARKS on a CRITIQUE in GODWIN'S ENQUIRER.

SIR,

OF all cants, says Sterne, the cant of criticism is the most tormenting. It is natural to recur to this observation when we peruse the strictures made by Mr. Godwin, in his

Enquirer, on one of the finest passages of *Paradise Lost*. "Milton," Mr. G. says, "is often glaringly ungrammatical, and his periods are broken off, abrupt, and unfinished. Instances of this last frequently occur in his *Paradise Lost*. One that ought to be singled out is in, perhaps, the finest passage of the whole poem; Satan's speech to his companion, in the opening of the work, before he has yet raised himself from off the burning lake. The speech begins with a hypothetical clause, 'If thou beest he;' but the hypothesis is finally left without a consequence. The sentence is suspended through the whole speech, interspersed with parenthesis upon parenthesis, and left imperfect at last."

There is an evident want of feeling in the texture of this critique. Satan is described by the poet in a position of all others the most unfavourable to grammatical precision or regularity of oratorical arrangement. He viewed himself in a

"situation wretched and wild,  
A dungeon horrible on all sides round  
As one great furnace flam'd;  
a place

where peace  
And rest can never

He contemplated (if the wild agony with which he viewed his brethren in misery can be expressed by that word)—

"the companions of his fall o'erwhelm'd  
With floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous  
fire."

Thus circumstanced, with confused ideas and half-formed indistinct wishes, he addresses the being "next himself in power and next in crime," and can it be expected that he should address him in connected language, and with consistency of rhetorical embellishment?—Assuredly, the confusion of ideas and the want of perspicuity evident in the first speech of Satan constitute its most prominent beauties. If speeches of passion are to be reformed by the cavils of verbal criticism, what will become of three parts of the finest passages in the great Shakespeare himself?

I am, Sir,

Your constant reader,

J. N. B.

CATALOGUE RAISONNÉE; or a CONCISE and CORRECT ACCOUNT of the STATUES, BAS-RELIEFS, and BUSTS, in the GALLERY of ANTIQUES, MUSEUM of NAPOLEON, at PARIS.

[Resumed from p. 113.]

60. *Ariadne*, known under the name of *Cleopatra*.—Stretched upon the rocks of Naxos, whence the perfidious Theseus is supposed to have recently departed, Ariadne appears to be buried in profound sleep, as she is feigned to have been when Bacchus beheld her for the first time and became enamoured of her. Several ancient pieces of sculpture and the works of the heathen poets represent her in a similar situation. Her tunic partly loosened, her veil negligently thrown over her head, and the disgraceful disorder of her drapery, indicate the agonies which preceded her temporary calm. On the upper part of the left arm a bracelet, in the form of a small serpent, which the ancients denominated *Ophis*, is observable. This bracelet was supposed by many to represent the asp with which Cleopatra effected her dissolution, and hence has arisen the error with respect to the name of the statue. This statue, wrought in Parian marble, was, for the space of three centuries, one of the principal ornaments of the Belvedere of the Vatican, where it had been placed by Julius II. It served to adorn a fountain, and gave its name to the grand gallery constructed by Bramante.

61. *Flora*.—Flowers crown the head of the youthful goddess, and in her left hand, which is modern, she also holds bunches of flowers, which complete the characteristic appearance of Flora. Nevertheless, the resemblance which the head bears to that of the muse Polyhymnia, together with some other circumstances, leads us to conclude that it was originally designed to represent a muse, and not the goddess of spring. This statue of Pentelic marble was discovered at Tivoli, among the ruins of the villa Hadriana. Benedict XIV. caused it to be placed in the museum of the capitol.

62. *A Funereal Genius*.—Standing erect, with crossed legs, the arms etc.



vated and resting upon the head, and the back supported by a pine-tree; this genius forcibly expresses by his attitude the eternal repose consequent upon death. The ancient sarcophagi frequently present us with similar figures placed beside that of Bacchus, whose mysteries, in the opinion of the ancients, were analogous to death. It was also to this God and to Cybele, who participated in his ceremonies, that the pine was sacred.

63. *Trajan the Elder*.—This bust, which is perfectly naked, bears some resemblance to the portraits of Trajan the Elder, struck upon some rare medals in the time of the emperor, his son. Trajan the Elder was a native of Spain, served the office of consul, and distinguished himself in the east while he was proconsul of Syria.

64. *Philip the Elder*.—Some resemblance in the physiognomy and attire of this bust has caused it to be denominated the portrait of the Emperor Philip the Elder. It comes from Villa Albani.

65. *Vibius Volusianus*.—A bust. The physiognomy of this emperor is supposed to be recognised in the present piece. It was brought from Villa Albani.

66. *Almilian*.—The very rare medals of this emperor bear some likeness to the portrait which the bust presents. This is likewise the produce of Villa Albani.

67. *A Bust of some unknown Personage*.—It is supposed to represent a general, or a provincial governor, in the time of Antonius. The cut of the beard and hair tends to corroborate this supposition, and the cuirass is indicative of a military character.

68. *A Bust of Nero*.—The last of the Cæsars of the Augustan race bears a radiant (*radiata*) crown upon his head, that ornament of mortals, which was usually assigned to deified emperors, and which Nero made use of even in his life-time, as the generality of his medals attest. Underneath the rays of the crown we notice certain little cavities, square and oval alternately, and which were probably set with precious stones. The portrait of the monster is not flattered in this bust, as is the statue of which mention has been made in a former paper. The

head is of Parian marble; but the greater part of the bust, wrought in Pentelic marble, is due to an ancient restoration. It was brought from the Lesser Trionon. There exist some copies of the bust in bronze, modelled from the original since the sixteenth century.

69. *A Roman Lady*.—A bust of Parian marble, the head of which presents us with the portrait of a Roman lady. The head dress is that which prevailed towards the commencement of the second century. The bust is remarkable, on account of a figure which appears to be worked into the texture of the tunic. This figure represents Victory in an erect posture, holding a crown in one hand, and a branch of palm in the other. We conjecture that this symbolical figure denotes the bust of a woman to whom the prize of music has been adjudged. Trials of skill in this charming science frequently took place at the capitoline games, and in different parts of the Roman empire. Several ancient remains, and especially the medallions called *contornii*, exhibit females with singular emblematical devices of victory. This bust, which is perfectly *unique* by reason of the appendage just described, was formerly in the gallery of the Chateau de Richelieu.

70. *Lucius Cæsar*.—A bust. The medals of Lucius Cæsar, the son of Agrippa, and grandson of Augustus, have a very near resemblance to the head of this bust. A cross belt (in the form of a St. Andrew's cross) is brought over the breast, and from it depends the small sword called *parazonium*.

#### THE HALL OF ILLUSTRIOUS MEN.

The three pictures seen in this hall are allegorical representations of the arts, of peace, and of commerce.—There are eight marble pillars in the hall, which were brought hither from the church of Aix la Chapelle, that contains the tomb of Charlemagne.

71. *A Philosopher*, known under the name of *Zeno*.—This statue having been discovered in the ruins of Marcus Aurelius' villa, was at first supposed to be that of Zeno of Cyprus, the head of the sect of Stoics, who reckoned the emperor in the number of its proselytes; but ever

since the Vatican has been put in possession of a well authenticated bust of Zeno, with features widely different from that under consideration, this opinion has been deservedly scouted. However, the square garment which envelopes this fine figure, the form of the beard and hair, and the *scrinium* of the feet, clearly prove that it was designed to represent a Grecian philosopher; it possibly represents some other celebrated stoic, such as Epictetus or Cleanthes. This statue, wrought in that species of Grecian marble which is called *Grechetto*, was discovered, in 1701, at Lanuvium, or Civita-Lavinia, in the same spot as the beautiful faun described under No. 50. Benedict XIV presented it to the museum of the capitol. The right arm and the feet are modern.

72. *Demosthenes*.—Seated and clad in a simple mantle he here appears with a volume lying open upon his knees, to the perusal of which his whole attention is directed. Several other portraits of Demosthenes, authenticated by genuine inscriptions, prove that the present is an excellent likeness of the prince of orators. This statue was formerly to be seen at the Villa Montalto, afterwards called Negroni, situated upon the Esquiline Hill, whence it was removed to the Vatican by order of Pius VI. The antique head of Demosthenes has been subsequently added. It is not a little remarkable, that the under-lip evidently falls back into the mouth, a natural defect, which probably produced that difficulty of utterance under which this celebrated orator laboured.

73. *Trajan*.—Clad as a philosopher rather than an emperor, Trajan is here represented in a sedentary posture, sustaining a globe with his left hand. The head, which is an antique, evidently presents us with the likeness of this prince, whose medals are so generally known. It is necessary to observe that the present head did not originally belong to this statue, and that the restoration of the hands took place in consequence of the accession of the head. Before Clement XIV placed this statue in the Vatican, it was to be seen at Villa Mattei, on Mount Calius, at Rome.

74. *Sextus of Cheronea*.—The name

of Sextus of Cheronea, the uncle of Plutarch the historian, and one of Marcus Aurelius' preceptors, was given to this statue on the strength of a pretended resemblance between it and an ancient Greek medal. The beard, the hair, the tunic, and the mantle (*pallium*), are in the Grecian style, and accord with the fashion of those times in which the philosopher flourished. This statue, wrought in Grecian marble, is brought from the Vatican. The antique head was subsequently restored.

75. *A Warrior*, denominated *Phocion*.—The figure is erect, the feet are bare, the head is defended by a helmet, and the body partly covered with a *chlamys*, which appears to be formed of coarse stuff. The extreme simplicity of the attire is, perhaps, the only reason for bestowing upon this statue the name of a warrior ever distinguished by his unaffected modesty. The opinion of those who imagine that the figure represents Ulysses in disguise, and reconnoitring the Trojan camp in company with Diomedes, is built upon far more plausible grounds. This statue of Parian marble was discovered at Rome about the middle of the last century in the foundations of the Gentili palace, at the foot of Quirinalis Mons, near to the scite of the temple of Archemorus. Pius VI had it placed in the Vatican. The legs are modern.

76. *Menander*.—Seated upon a couch, called a *hemicyclus*, on account of the semi-circular form of its back, Menander, who was honoured with the title of "The Prince of Modern Comedy" by the Greeks, appears to rest from his literary labours, and bask in the sunshine of fame. He has no beard, and is clad in the tunic, and *pallium*, or square mantle of the Greeks. The name was doubtless to be seen in former times upon that part of the plinth which is now broken. In default of this, an ancient bas-relief representing this celebrated poet, with an authentic inscription, serves to prove that the statue presents us with a correct likeness. This fine figure, in Pentelic marble, as well as that of Posidippus, which may be considered as its companion, was discovered at Rome, in the 16th century, upon Mons Viminalis, in the garden



of the convent of St. Lawrence, in *panisperna*. Both one and the other were deposited in a circular apartment, which formed a part of the baths of Olympias. Sixtus V had them placed in the Villa Montalto, whence, under the pontificate of Pius VI, they were removed to the Vatican.

77. *Posidippus*.—A native of Cassandrea, in Macedonia, was accounted one of the best authors among the Greeks in the line of modern comedy. He is clad nearly in the same manner as the poet Menander, and, like him, he is seated upon a *hemicyclus*. He has rings on his fingers, and his feet are ornamented with clasps. The name of ΠΟΣΕΙΔΙΠΠΟΣ, engraven upon the plinth, leaves no doubt as to the identity of the person represented. This production unites a capital imitation of nature with extreme simplicity of execution. The statue was found in the same place, and was successively removed to the same situations as the foregoing. It is necessary to observe, that the mask of the two statues were formerly removed by the rust of an iron pin fixed on the top of the heads, and which probably served to support a sort of shade (*meniscos*), with which the Greeks usually provided such of their statues as were destined to remain in exposed situations, in order to protect them from injury by rain, &c.

78. *Minerva*.—The daughter of Jupiter is here represented in an upright posture. The figure is clad with that sort of double *chlamys*, called *diplax*, which is brought over the tunic, and fastened, as was customary, to the right shoulder. The head is defended by a helmet, and the bosom by the *ægis*, which is surrounded with serpents, and centered by the head of Medusa. This statue, wrought in Pentelic marble, was brought from the ancient hall of antiques. The head and arms are modern.

79. *Alcibiades*.—A hermes. Although this head is not finished, being merely rough-chiseled, it bears so strong a resemblance to the authenticated portraits of Alcibiades as to entitle it to its present designation. This piece is valuable on account of its preserving those traces of the mechanical method which the ancients pursued

in modelling their sculptures. It is wrought in Pentelic marble.

80. *Mercury Enagonios*.—A hermes. This head, wrought in Pentelic marble, displays some of those traits which characterise the figures of Mercury. The ears, marked with horizontal scars, are peculiarly appropriate to the inventor of gymnastic exercises. This piece of sculpture comes from the Chateau de Richelieu.

81. *Hypocrates*.—A hermes. The portraits of the coryphæus of physicians were multiplied *ad infinitum* among the ancients: that which is now under consideration bears strong marks of authenticity. It was found at Villa Albani. The name of Xenocrates engraven upon the frame is a modern addition.

82. *Quintus Hortensius*.—A hermes. This piece presents us with a Roman head, very nearly resembling the portrait of Quintus Hortensius, a celebrated orator, of whom a bust exists at Rome, authenticated by an undeniable inscription. This hermes, wrought in Pentelic marble, comes from Villa Albani.

[To be resumed in our next.]

THE LITERARY LIFE and TRAVELS of  
BARON HOLBERG. Written by  
Himself. Extracted from the Latin  
Edition of Leipsick, in 1743.  
By W. HAMILTON REID.

[Continued from p. 110.]

I SHOULD have mentioned that the entertainment to which I was invited was a wedding, and that the only desert which I saw among Irish nobles consisted of kisses; for we all kissed the new bride, and this even in the church, a thing common among the Irish. I did not much like the custom for my part: for the bride in this case was of that description, that

*Quali per mediam nobis occurrere  
noctem.*

But most of the Irish at Paris subsist upon public contributions, and make no hesitation to acknowledge that they have left their country on account of religion. They all talk of the considerable estates, the rank of their families, and the privileges which they have cheerfully given up on account of their steadfast adherence

to the catholic cause. But, as to their conduct in general, there is no kind of distinction between them and the lowest sort of people, if we except the pride with which they seem to be plagued. Their mode of living, also, I found to be so coarse and slovenly, that at length I left them entirely, and renewed my intimacy with the French; for light and inconstant as they certainly are, their obliging manner, and their cheerfulness, constrain us as it were, to like them against our will. But, as there are no rules without exception, so, among many of the French, I could still discern, some remains of barbarous manners; and particularly in the house where I lived, it seemed to me that French gaiety and good humour were quite excluded. The whole of them, the hostess excepted, were at times gloomy and hypocondriacal. Partaking, in some degree, of this disposition, I imagined, at first, there might be something contagious in the house; and I thought that if a comparison were made between the hypocondriacs in any of the streets of Paris and those of this house alone, that the superflux would be found here. Among others, we had a student in theology, who was stiled an *abbé*, at times the most fractious and melancholy that could be imagined; but, in other respects, he was a man of that strict honour and integrity, and apparently so faithful to his friends, that, when I went to Italy, I left every thing I had in his hands without the least scruple.

About this time several of my countrymen arrived at Paris. The first person I saw was Michael Krog, an excellent medallist; the celebrated Lintrup had thought him worthy of being sent to the academy of Copenhagen, after he had been with me some time at that of Bergen. In the course of a very short period he proved himself the best artist. As soon as he had shewn a specimen of his skill at Paris, he was employed for the king of France.

Having been at Paris full six months, I was by no means satisfied with having seen France, Holland, and England; I had still the desire of seeing other countries. The inclination in a traveller to see more and more, is something like the motion which we

feel when descending a precipice: we are impelled by a power over which we have no command. I was told, by a French student, that, with economy, a person might travel to Rome for about twenty rix-dollars. This intelligence to me was the most agreeable in the world; and, after having weighed all the circumstances of the case, I could not divest myself of the idea of travelling to Italy. I knew it was a propensity that I ought rather to contend against than indulge; and to oppose this there were many considerations, such as a light purse, a weakly habit of body, heat, dust, and highway robbers; but all in vain; I decided perhaps as many other travellers had done, that is, to take a vast deal of trouble to see that abroad which they might have equalled at home for a great deal less. Reason in me was also overcome by desire, and I was fixed upon my departure. This gave rise to the report, in my own country, that I had changed my religion, and never intended to return.

In the beginning of August I set out, by water, for Auxerre. The inhabitants of this place seem to be great devotees; for the image of St. Christopher here is much larger than that at Paris, though this is so large as to enclose an altar between its legs. From the large statues at both places, it seems that the people pay St. Christopher great honour. As Auxerre is not more than a day's journey from Paris, the carriage did not cost much. As the voyage was to be continued hence by water, and we were to travel in the night, I had in a manner prepared for my adieu to sleep. However, the variety of the views on the shores of the river, the woods, villages, &c. rendered the whole much more pleasant than I expected.

When we landed, I found that the greatest part of the company had made up their minds to travel on foot; this worthy example I was resolved to follow, and to proceed in this manner to Chalons, in Burgundy. This journey I performed in six days.— Out of my companions I chose those I esteemed to be the best; but I was much deceived, and I found that the poet had rightly observed,

*Nimium ne crede color.*



Of three of my fellow-travellers, I found but one possessing honesty or good manners, and of this one I had at first the most disadvantageous opinion. All the gaiety and levity which the other two had brought with them from Paris did not compensate for their want of principle; and though these gentlemen were catholics, I found that their respect for the honour of the saints, was not much trouble to them; for, while travelling in Burgundy, being overtaken by a very heavy shower, we took refuge in a peasant's hut by the road side; and here the good woman told us that, as rain had been very much wanting in that part of the country, the present shower had been procured by a procession in honour of the patron saint. As the poor woman expressed these words with uplifted hands, one of my companions, who stood at the window drying his clothes, was so much enraged that he most angrily exclaimed—*Que le diable vous emporte avec votre bougre de saint!*—Another of them observed, that if he had it in his power to effect such a reformation as he wished for, he would soon send those gentry (the saints) a packing. The other said, the patriarch Noah should be the patron of his choice, because he had found out the method of cultivating the vine. However, before bed-time, they all three fell upon their knees and prayed most devoutly, and seemed to wonder very much that I did not do the same; but I confess I was the most astonished to see that such worthless livers as they seemed to be, were not sensible of the presumption they were guilty of in thus throwing themselves as it were before the presence of God!

The third, of whom I have spoken before, and whom I looked upon as my protecting genius, was an apothecary, from Lyons. I feared nothing when he was present, as he always had sufficient influence and address to divert the others from any mischief which they intended against me.—One evening, however, through losing my companion, I was compelled to go a considerable way through a defile with these two scoundrels; one of whom was no sooner aware of my apprehensions, than, drawing his

sword, he began to abuse and threaten me in the most scandalous terms.—Now my fears were redoubled: I looked about to see if there were any means of flight, but none offered themselves; besides I knew that my enemy was both swifter and stronger than myself; but as he continued striking the bushes out of wantonness with his sword, it flew out of his hand. This loss of his weapon seemed only to render him more desperate. I took this accident as the most favourable event that could happen for me, though I thought proper to make him believe that I was assisting him in his endeavours to find it: but we sought for it in vain; and soon after, meeting with some peasants, they made us sensible that we had lost our way, and put us once more into the right path.

At length we met with our other companion at a wine-house. I acquainted the honest apothecary, with what had befallen me in his absence, and we formed the resolution afterwards of travelling by ourselves; however, as we were only four miles distant from Chalons, we concealed our intention from the other two, but we put it in execution when we left Chalons, and proceeded to Lyons by water.

During this part of our journey we had a great deal of entertainment in the company of an abbé, a zealous Cartesian, and well skilled in Latin and Greek literature. All his learning was much obscured by his rudeness and pedantic behaviour. He agreed with none in sentiment, and was therefore deemed an object of attack by all. At Lyons I remained some days. This city, for its magnitude, and the handsome buildings within its walls, yields to none in France, if we except Paris. Lyons appeared to me as if I had entered into a new world, so different are its inhabitants from those in the northern parts of France, both in their speech, their manners, and morals. This city was at that time under great concern for the death of Louis XIV; and as the deaths of great men, according to vulgar apprehensions, are generally announced by some ominous event, the people of Lyons had persuaded themselves that the King's apparition

had shewn itself in several parts of their city. All they said on this subject, however, was not intelligible to me, as the dialect of Gascony, which they use, was what I had not been habituated to. This dialect seems to have been derived from Spanish and Italian, but does not bear a perfect resemblance to either, as it possesses something that is common to both. For instance, instead of *lieu* and *poule*, the Gascons say *lega* and *gallina*. It is on this account that the rest of the French do not readily understand them.

From Lyons I went again by water to Avignon, which is a very pleasant passage; there being no need of towing-paths, horses, &c. we descended the Rhone with the stream. The Rhone is sometimes so rapid, that the vessels would easily receive damage without a skilful person at the helm; for often they are not to be governed with their rudders.— Without hoisting sails or the use of the rudder, we made the voyage of forty Gascon miles in two days but it results from the strength of the current that it is sometimes almost out of the power of the crews to work the vessels against it on their return.

We had now only seven miles to proceed before we should have got quite to the extremity of Provence. This part of the country I traversed with the greatest pleasure; for here the number of towns exceeds that of the villages, and the country is so fruitful with corn, wine, &c. that it appears like one continual garden. In fine, I never saw any country more fruitful than this.

After having proceeded to this great distance, the wildness of the undertaking began in a manner to stare me in the face. I considered that a foolish fancy had already exposed me to a number of dangers; but my apprehensions were again allayed when I considered that probably the worst was past, and that perhaps in a very short time I should conquer the whole of my difficulties. At Marseilles, in particular, I was highly gratified, as I there met with a number of objects of which I had no conception. I there saw the natives of several countries in the East, with a number of galleys and many slaves,

both Turks and Christians loaded with irons. Such a spectacle as this might justly have excited my tears; but its novelty overbalanced every other consideration, and excited a pleasure peculiar to itself. Exclusively of the galleys, the port of Marseilles was crowded with vessels lying ready to sail for Smyrna, Constantinople, Alexandria, and other places in the Mediterranean. The mere sight of the Mediterranean awakened in me a peculiar pleasure, as I thought that a very short time would in a manner introduce me into a new world.

Beyond the boundaries of Marseilles, the villages lie so thick that one might almost imagine the whole consisted of a number of towns all lying together. I was particularly pleased with that part of Marseilles where the merchants meet, which is called *Le Loges*; not so much on account of the beauty of the building, as the vast number of merchants who meet there, almost all differing in their speech and clothing from the rest of the Europeans. Still the people here are not so conversible and obliging as in other parts of France; hence the Italians, who are in the habit of giving by-names to various places, have given Marseilles that of *Marsiglia la Brutta*.

After waiting here eight days, I proceeded by sea to Genoa. The port of Marseilles is difficult to enter, and it is equally as difficult to leave, as this cannot be done without sailing as it were in a circle, before we get into the open sea. But, in proportion as this difficulty may be, so the safety of the ships lying there is enhanced. In the most boisterous weather, the port of Marseilles is generally calm. I had a fever during the voyage, brought on, as I believe, by eating of grapes, so that, during eight days, I was confined to the cabin. Some of the passengers, during this period, went on shore several times for refreshments. One of them told me, in a fit of laughter, that the Ligurians, in some place where he had been on shore, made use of a very singular language. He indeed repeated several words which he had heard, that were neither French nor Italian. *Tasa*, for instance, is a name they give a young girl; and the Norwegians to



this day call a young woman *tosa* or *tauxa*, from whence I make no doubt that it originated with the Goths and Longobards, together with these likewise, which are used in the Levant, *tosca*, *stuffo*, *stalla*, *stirala*, &c.

Arrived at Genoa, I flattered myself, with the assistance of medicine, to get well in a short time; but my fever increased so much, that I was compelled to keep my bed. This fever soon terminated in an ague, which the Genoese very comfortably informed me might last the whole winter. A fever in summer, they said, generally produced an ague in autumn, and lasted the winter through; a circumstance which Juvenal had remarked in his time, in the following words,—

*Autumno quartanum operantibus  
aegris.*

I would willingly have submitted to this hard fate, if it had fallen to my lot in any other country than Italy; or any other city than Genoa; for here I learned that the fear of God, mercy, and other Christian virtues, seldom took up their abode among the hosts. Indeed, being denominated *genti senza fede* by the Italians themselves, it was not to be expected that strangers should give them a better character. In these landlords or hosts are by the Genoese compared to ravens, I think strangers may well take the liberty of comparing them to wolves. Mine host was exactly one of this stamp. Like others to whom I had been accustomed, he did not reckon how many nights I had lodged with him, but he seemed to count every hour that I slept; for, it through weariness, I threw myself upon the bed in the afternoon, he would make an additional charge; and, in answer to any objection on this ground, he would exclaim, *Tanto per la notte, e tanto per il giorno*. So much for the night, and so much for the day!

The disease at length increased to such a height, that I somewhat doubted of my recovery. How much I now regretted my foolish journey may be conjectured, by the consideration that I might have passed the winter contentedly at Paris, in the midst of my friends; whilst, here, I was without

help in life, and without a friend to close my eyes in death, or afford a word of consolation to a soul just ready to take its flight. Still, lest the monks should intrude themselves and make a complete end of me with their absurd prattle, I concealed all my apprehension as much as possible: I committed myself devoutly to the hands of the Most High and his providence. This, and the patience I had determined to exercise, bore me up against my fate, till it seemed to relent in my favour; for, as I was one day looking out of my window, seeing a young Frenchman, though a stranger, I begged him to come to me, telling him what I had suffered from my host, &c. Sympathising with my condition, he came in, and told the latter such home truths, that, words arising, the Frenchman followed up his arguments with blows, and, notwithstanding the landlord defended himself, he made his way to my room; when, after informing me what had happened, (indeed I saw a good deal thro' a chink) he left me, but soon returned again, desiring me to get my things together, as he had provided me with fresh quarters.

Being thus happily delivered from this den of robbers, I recovered so effectually, that in a very short time I was able to walk out of the house. And now the beauty and magnificence of the buildings in Genoa excited my astonishment, for they exceeded my expectation, and every thing I had even read on the subject. In the street called *Strada Nuova*, (New Street), the buildings cannot be deemed simply houses, but palaces. In other streets, though inferior to this, there are numbers of fine houses, some of them constructed of marble. In several of the churches, the walls, and even the pavements are the same.

[To be continued.]

#### ANIMADVERSIONS upon the OBSERVATIONS on the GUNPOWDER-PLOT.

SIR,

IN the whole course of my reading, I do not remember having ever met with so gross an error as that committed by your correspondent in his remarks on the Gunpowder-Plot. (See last number Univer. Mag. p. 113.)

He truly observes, that, "in reading the history of past events, great care ought to be taken in examining what we read;" and, had he attended to this admonition, it is scarcely possible that he should have made such a long quotation from the work of a late illustrious patriot, respecting the absurdities of the Popish Plot, 1678, in order to evince the propriety of expunging, from the Book of Common Prayer, the thanksgiving service for the deliverance of this nation from the Gunpowder Treason, 1605!—Confounding these very distant events together, he gravely remarks, "If Mr. Fox was now living, he would certainly (if applied to) make a motion for leave to bring in a bill to prevent our offering thanksgiving to the Almighty on feigned pretences!"

Ignorance, accompanied with modesty, ought ever to be treated with indulgence; but, when it assumes a high dictatorial tone, and censures "those who take things upon trust, rather than be at the trouble of examining for themselves," exposure of such presumption becomes a duty.

It is indeed truly singular that one who thus publicly assumes the office of critic on the reign of James the First, should have transcribed from Fox the names of "Tonge," "Oates," "Lord Stafford," and "the King and his brother," without remembering that those characters did not flourish till long after the Gunpowder-Plot, and that James the First had no brother! The reality of the Gunpowder-Treason might indeed be contested on other grounds, and strong arguments might also be adduced in opposition to those of Fox and Rose respecting the Popish-Plot: but I shall not, at present, occupy your valuable pages by the discussion.

I have the honour to be,

Sir, your's, &c.

J. S.

Newcastle, March 10, 1810.

#### On the NAVIGATION of the ROMANS.

**I**T was in the 493d year of the foundation of Rome, that the Romans began to apply themselves seriously to navigation, and to form a

navy. It is not, however, to be considered, that they had no vessels before that time, or that they had never yet performed any expeditions by sea. The continual wars in which they were engaged with their neighbours, both defensive and offensive, prevented them paying that attention which was necessary to the equipment of a fleet, or to carry on a naval war with the same success as by land.

In the year 493, in which they began to signalise themselves on the ocean, it is certain that their vessels were most rudely constructed; that they were not expert in the management of them; and even in the year 563, in the war against Antiochus, they were not, according to the report of historians, far advanced in the art of navigation.

The Romans did not, like the Carthaginians, apply themselves to navigation with a view of extending their commerce, but with the design of augmenting their power by extended conquests. Rome was not, however, deficient in merchants, who trafficked by sea; and, in the different treaties which Rome entered into with Carthage, it is evident that marine commerce was not wholly neglected.

Polybius says, that before the first Punic war, the Romans had paid little or no attention to navigation. Sicily, he says, was the first foreign country on which they landed, for the purpose of giving aid to the Mamertinians; but, he adds, that it was not in their own vessels, but in those which they had borrowed from the Locrians and the Neapolitans. The Consul Duillius then fought a battle with the Carthaginians, the enemies of the Mamertinians, and captured a covered galley.—It was on the model of this galley that the Romans, in the space of two months, built a fleet of 120 galleys, with which they dared to attack, and defeated, the fleet of the Carthaginians, who, until that time, were the masters of the Mediterranean. Polybius admires, with good grounds, the boldness and the skill of the Romans on this occasion. Notwithstanding, it is not to be supposed that these vessels were anything but little barges; for Polybius asserts, that the naval battle, which the Consuls Attilius and Regulus fought against the fleet of the



Carthaginians, five years after the victory of Dullius, every vessel carried 300 rowers and 20 soldiers. The Roman fleet, which consisted of 330 covered galleys, defeated the Carthaginian fleet, which consisted of 350 vessels.

Notwithstanding the assertion of Polybius, it cannot be denied that the Romans were acquainted with navigation long before the first Punic war. This same author mentions a treaty entered into between the Romans, and the Carthaginians in the 245 of the foundation of Rome, under the first consuls, that is, about 250 years before the first Punic war, by which the Romans engaged, as well as for themselves as for their allies, not to navigate beyond the cape which covered Carthage to the northward;—granted that they were not driven by contrary winds. By a second treaty, made in the year 402, we see the Romans exercising piracy. In another treaty, mentioned by Titus Livy, between Rome and Carthage, in the year 473, it was stipulated, that the Carthaginians should furnish to the Romans vessels in time of need, whether for commerce or for war; whence we may conclude, that the Romans had not, in fact, at that time a marine of any magnitude, but that their thoughts began to be directed to nautical affairs.

In the year 416, that is, 74 years before the first Punic war, the Romans destroyed the port of Autium, and captured 22 galleys, six of which were adorned with a prow, or figured head. The Consul Moenius burned the six galleys, and placed the prows in the Rostrum; and the other galleys he conveyed to Rome up the Tiber.—They who affirm that these prows, which adorned the Rostrum, were captured from the Carthaginians, labour under a very great mistake; for they have only to consult Polybius, and other historians, to ascertain the truth.

In the year 445, the office of Naval Decemvir was created at Rome; the business of which was to equip and maintain the vessels of the republic. From this it is evident, that, before the first Punic war, the Romans were not, in reality, very powerful by sea; but that they were in possession of a

number of vessels, and were engaged in several maritime expeditions: and it is in this sense that the words of Polybius ought to be understood, when he says, that, before the first Punic war, the Romans had paid no attention to navigation, because it is true, that, at that time, they had not studied it with that precision which was so conspicuous in after times, and because they had not, at that time, fought any naval battles.

The Carthaginians were, as has been before remarked, the masters of the Mediterranean, and they shared all the commerce of it with the Tyrians, their allies; and, directing all their views and all their enterprises to the maintenance and success of that commerce, their thoughts were consequently directed to the accumulation of riches; and, on the most trivial pretext, they often ravaged the coasts of Italy. “It is the sea,” (the Consul Marcins said to them, in the time of the third Punic war, in declaring to them the decree of the senate for the destruction of their city), “it is the sea, and your overgrown riches, which are the cause of your ruin; it is the command of the sea which made you invade Sicily, and afterwards Spain. Even in time of peace you attacked our merchant vessels; and, to conceal the horror of your crime, you threw the sailors into the sea.”

By degrees, the Romans, having formed a powerful navy for the safety of Italy, and to favour her commerce and that of her allies, began by disputing with Carthage the empire of the seas, and defeated her in several engagements. It is, however, true, that they, on the other hand, were often defeated; that several of their fleets were wrecked, even to the loss of, at one time, 200 vessels, at another 50, at another 100. It was then that the Carthaginians, reinstated in the empire of the sea, laid waste those parts of Italy most proximate to Sicily. The Romans were then induced to re-establish their marine, to contend with the tyrants of the Mediterranean. They therefore formed a fleet of 200 galleys, and, by the victory which it gained under the command of the Consul Lutatius, in the year 511, put a period to the

war, which had continued for 24 years, and in which Carthage lost 500 galleys and Rome 700; and the treaty which was concluded, confirmed to the Romans the islands of Corsica and Sardinia, and the evacuation of Sicily by the Carthaginian troops.

It was not only with the Carthaginians that the Romans had to contend with at sea: the Illyrians, and especially the Istrians and Liburnians, people who inhabited the eastern coast of the Adriatic gulf, carried piracy at that time to an alarming height. Teuta, their queen, sanctioned them in their lawless undertakings, and permitted them to pillage every vessel, to whatever nation it might belong. As they often attacked the Italian merchants, and treated them in the most inhuman manner, they made themselves odious to the Romans, who were in possession of a great part of Italy, and who had great and numerous allies. The senate therefore began by sending Ambassadors to Teuta, who was a woman of a most ferocious nature. She received the ambassadors in a most haughty and uncourteous manner, and carried her barbarity so far as to order one of them to be put to death, under the pretext that he had used disrespectful language to her. The Romans declared war against her, and carried it on with so much success, that they constrained her to sue for peace. It was granted to her, under the harsh conditions that she should abandon all Illyria, and have only two Brigantines at sea, which should not be allowed to pass the city of Lissus, situated on the confines of Macedonia.

The Istrians, however, remained not faithful to the treaty; they recommenced their ordinary pillages, and attacked the Roman vessels laden with corn for Rome. The Romans had recourse again to arms, and punished them. Demetrius, the Phalerian, put to sea with 50 brigantines. He was defeated by the Consul Emilius, to whom the honours of a triumph were adjudged for the victory.

The peace between Rome and Carthage having continued for 23 years, was at last broken by the siege of Saguntum, a city in alliance with the republic, and which Hannibal, the irreconcilable enemy of the Romans,

ventured to attack, against the faith of the treaty concluded with **Abdrubal**. This gave rise to the second Punic war, which lasted 17 years. Hannibal penetrated into Italy, and having gained several victories, he encamped at the very gates of Rome. To make a diversion, Scipio received orders to pass over into Sicily, and thence into Africa. It is astonishing that, in the course of six weeks, reckoning from the day on which the trees were cut, he succeeded in building 50 galleys, armed, equipped, and placed them in a situation to join the fleet destined for his expedition. Hannibal was recalled to Africa, and conquered by Scipio. — The Carthaginians were obliged to sue for peace; and the treaty which was imposed upon them stipulated, that, henceforth, they should only maintain ten galleys; that the remainder of their galleys should be delivered to the Romans, to whom they were also to restore all the vessels captured from them. Even the size of the vessels was fixed which they were to employ, in future, in the fisheries or in the transportation of merchandise. Scipio burned before their eyes 500 vessels of different sizes, which, it is reported by historians, gave them greater chagrin than if he had burned their city. The Romans then became absolute masters of the sea, after having destroyed the empire of the Carthaginians, their commerce became more flourishing, and brought luxury and superfluity to Rome. R. H.

[To be continued.]

REPLY to INDAGATOR'S ENQUIRY respecting a HALFPENNY of GEORGE THE FIRST.

SIR,

THE enquiry of your correspondent about the Halfpenny of George the First, 1722, is answered simply by saying, that it is merely the *knee and drapery about it* of Britannia, that *resembles*, by accident, a RAT.

George the Second's halfpence, and many since, assume, more or less heightened by the imagination, the same appearance.

Yours, &c.

March 12, 1810.

CLIO.



## THE LOVE FEAST; or, THE SAINT'S CAROUSAL.

Sir,

**S**HOULD you think the following subject possessed of sufficient merit to admit of an insertion in the columns of your amusing publication, it is much at your disposal.

Your's, &amp;c.

A LOVER OF REAL WIT.

**SKETCH** of a dramatic piece, entitled *The Love Feast, or The Saint's Carousal*, intended to have been offered for representation at one of the theatres, but abandoned on account of the fate of Mr. Hook's farce of *Killing no Murder*, a part of which was obliged to be expunged, owing to its containing a satire on methodism.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

## Men.

Rev. Mr. Cantington, (minister of Save-all Chapel).

Mr. Straighthair - - (his clerk).

Weakmind - - (a fanatic).

Allfaith - - (ditto).

Lacknose - - (ditto, but without a nose).

Humdrum - - (a fanatic, but deaf).

Lapstone - - (a cobbler).

## Women.

L—y Sanctity, (Cantington's spouse).

Mrs. Frailflesh, (beloved by Weakmind).

Followers, Visitors, &c. &c.

The first scene discovers Cantington and his clerk busily employed in making preparations for the carousal, which ultimately appears to be the most abandoned and carnal revel that was ever witnessed. Beer is altogether excluded, but wine and all sorts of spirituous liquors are to be had in abundance, under the weak and ridiculous pretext that the former was used at the supper of Capernaum, and that in the latter, the word *spirituous* bears some analogy to the word *spiritual*; when, the clear and obvious reason is, that Cantington anticipates that such commodities cannot fail to be gratifying to the depraved and vitiated palates of his expected visitors.

In the back scene L—y Sanctity is discovered at her toilet, endeavouring

to adorn her faded and withered charms, which, though having lost the lustre and bloom of youth, nevertheless do not fail to "rouse the Venus loitering in the veins" of this pure and immaculate saint, now near sixty years old, the Rev. Mr. Cantington.

The second scene shews Cantington and his spouse waiting, at the upper part of a large room, to receive the company; at the extremity of which appears his clerk, who officiates as door-keeper. In a few minutes the apartment becomes almost inundated by women and numerous babes of grace: amidst the foremost of the crowd are the fanatics *Weakmind*, *Allfaith*, *Humdrum*, *Lacknose*, and *Frailflesh*. The hectic glow of rage tints the cheek of Cantington, on his observing an old cobbler forcing his way through the throng, and carelessly seating himself between two females: but, for reasons best known to himself (but which hereafter appear) he thinks it most expedient to be silent, and allow this disciple of Crispin to remain in the room. The doors being closed, Cantington opens the love feast with giving out the song that is usually sung upon these occasions, which is a compilation of the grossest impurity and obscenity: during the chaunt of this song of a bagnio, which Cantington has the effrontery to term a hymn, the cobbler is observed to be particularly delighted, and is frequently seen tipping L—y Sanctity the wink. *Weakmind* betrays emotions of jealousy at his observing the votary of Venus, (*Lacknose*), casting several amorous glances at Mrs. Frailflesh. The song being finished, the cobbler, without any ceremony, takes from under his coat, a tobacco-pipe. In endeavouring to reach the candle, for the purpose of lighting it, he throws his arm carelessly on the shoulder of the lady who sat on his left, and with the same negligence whiffs a quantity of smoke in the face of the other who happened to sit on his right; who, provoked at this unmannerly conduct, is on the point of appealing to Mr. Cantington; which, the cobbler observing, and wishing for a seat where he could be more at liberty, he calls out lustily, "I say, Master Cantington, suppose I comes and sits by you; we have known each

other these many a year; aye, and many a good game at cribbage have we had together: and as for the matter of that, I don't mind challenging any of the company to play a game at put for a glass of gin." He proceeds in this low and vulgar strain, and talks to Cantington about their old sweethearts, (to which part of his discourse L—y Sanctity seems to pay particular attention), when Cantington, enraged beyond all bounds at his impudent freedom, is about to order him to be kicked out of the room, but, recollecting from a circumstance which occurred, some years ago, that he was entirely in the power of this man, and that the consequence of his chastising him might be the loss of his own reputation, he prudently checks himself, and entreats of the cobbler, in a mild and humiliating manner, to conduct himself more properly, and not to disturb the good order and peace that prevail among those whom he piously terms his "sweet babes of grace," and whom he emphatically calls his "dear and tender flock." Here, several old women turn up their eyes, and exclaim,— "What a fine man! O! he's a dear man!" The health of Cantington is then proposed, and drank with the warmest enthusiasm. Cantington, who had been secretly congratulating himself upon the zeal which was manifested towards him by his deluded followers, rises from his seat, and, after having returned thanks for the honour conferred upon him, enters into a long exhortation; recommending them to be firm and united, and not to be led away by those whom, he admits, are the most dangerous enemies they have to cope with; namely, the avowed advocates of sound reason: but, to be strenuous in their endeavours to persecute the established church, to use all their exertions to bring its ministers into disrepute and contempt, which he acknowledges can only be effected through the means of vilifying and calumniating their characters. This doctrinal and illiberal part of his speech seems to delight *Weakmind* in particular, whose countenance betrays his internal feelings of exultation and satisfaction.— Cantington then enters into a *long and laboured* argument upon the in-

efficacy of good works; he deprecated the system pursued by the moral preachers; and he feebly attempts to turn, into ridicule, all moral and virtuous acts, alleging, that faith has nothing to do with works, nor works with faith; that they are both distinct; and concludes with asserting, that it is *faith* and *faith alone* that they can with safety rely upon. This doctrine, which, in any other company but those of fanatics, would have been despised as contemptuously absurd and meanly illiterate, seems to have great weight with the present audience, who readily imbibe it as the pure and glorious precepts of truth. Its happy effects are particularly observable on the amorous Lacknose, who, having no good works to boast of, is glad to catch at any expedient that will reconcile his enormities to his conscience. An unusual air of gaiety is visible in the countenance of the cobbler, who is frequently seen shrugging up his shoulders, as if congratulating himself upon the expected success of some secret exploit. The company are summoned to the tea-room, upon which the curtain falls, and closes the first act.

The second act commences with a view of the company seated at tea, when they are shortly thrown into the greatest alarm and confusion by a cry of distress from the adjoining room. A natural curiosity occasions them to rise and endeavour to ascertain the cause of the alarm; when the scene draws, and, astonishing to relate, discovers the deaf man (*Humdrum*) almost exhausted by the repeated efforts which he has made to rise from his seat: some attributed this to a visitation for some direful sin that he had committed; others, that he is a hypocrite in Zion; when Cantington, perceiving the effect this incident has upon his deluded visitors, with that dexterity which is his general characteristic, turns it to his advantage, exclaiming, that he verily believes, from his heart, that it is the works of the devil, who has obtained a temporary triumph over their brother in faith; and assures them, that it shall be of short duration, for his master has given him power to counteract all the attempts of Satan. When, applying both his arms to the deaf



man, (and possessing great bodily strength), in a few minutes he *tears* him from his seat. A miracle! a miracle! is called out from all parts of the room; when a shriek from the ladies gives warning of some dreadful disaster; it is then discovered that a part of the breeches of the deaf man, which had stuck by him for so many years, and occasions a posterior view that is rather discomposing to the muscles of the ladies, adheres to his seat. Cantington seizes the moment of confusion, and conducts the deaf man up stairs; whence they both shortly return, and behold, Cantington has lent him an old "pair of leathern breeches." An inquiry is now made into the cause of this ludicrous occurrence, when it appears (from a person who had been an eye-witness to the whole affair) to have been a mere trick of the cobbler, who, enraged at the deaf man incommoding him, (during Cantington's exhortation), in his endeavouring to catch the *dear* words with his ear-pipe, had revenged himself by putting a huge piece of wax under his seat, which, in the course of a little time, naturally prevented him from rising. Cantington approaches the cobbler with the intention of kicking him out of the room, which the cobbler being aware of, rushes towards him and whispers in his ear, "Remember the bastard child." These words have the effect of an electric shock upon Cantington, whose countenance immediately changes, and who, after some conversation with the cobbler, comes forward and apologizes for his behaviour, assuring the company that he had expressed the greatest contrition, and had promised to conduct himself for the future with the strictest propriety.

The affair being thus adjusted, the company again retire to the tea-room, where they remain till supper is announced, to which they sit down; and, after having heartily eaten, or rather gormandized, and the cloth is on the point of being removed, the cobbler, who has been too frequent in taking his dilutions of brandy and gin, unable to stop the effect of the sickness which had been for some time gradually coming upon him, gives a most tremendous heave, which not only deluges the table-cloth, but be-

spatters the dresses of several females, particularly that of L—y Sanctity's. Cantington, at this incident, loses his temper so far as to lay violent hands on the cobbler, who, not relishing the *leathering* he is receiving, calls out lustily, "Remember the bastard child." This he repeated several times, when the fanatics press round him eager to ascertain his meaning. He assures them that he was, in early life, the intimate friend of Cantington, and that he had, on one occasion, bailed him on his being arrested by the parish officers for a bastard child. Cantington, at this exposure, becomes almost frantic; his only means now left of getting rid of this troublesome and, as he feared, fatal guest, was by sending for a constable, which he accordingly does, who takes this disciple of Crispin, this humorous wag, to the watchhouse, where he is left to repose for the night. The company being now no longer under any restraint as to the presence of Cantington, abandon themselves to all kinds of revelry, and the piece concludes, as the curtain descends, with a confused view of the men in amorous dalliance with the women in all parts of the room.

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#### *On some PECULIARITIES of the SCOTTISH RITUAL.*

SIR,

**T**HERE is nothing more humiliating to the pride of man than the reflection that all his institutions, and all his schemes, have a principle of error and corruption in them which intercepts perfection. Swelling with his own importance, and full of the idea of his intellectual capacity, he rears his artificial fabrics in society, bids the world look on and admire, exults in his own greatness, and dies in the soothing idea that he has built for eternity. Another generation comes with curious and inquiring eyes; inspects his labours, shews their faults, and where their weakness lies, wonders at the ignorance of their forefathers, and either puts down the entire structure, or patches it with party-coloured shreds, and leaves the motley whole a spectacle of human folly. It is thus mankind proceed from age to age, each man perfect in fancied wis-

dom, and thinks the horizon which bounds his own eyes the utmost reach of mind. But, the progress of improvement is still going on, and probably will continue to proceed till future ages shall perhaps look back upon the present only as the cradle of invention, and wonder how we lived beneath privations of which we have now no idea.

These reflections have been excited by considering an inconsistency in the Scottish ritual. In adverting to this I wish not be told upon what authority of what reformer, or upon what principle it is founded. I view it as a matter of feeling and of common sense, (for religion is regarded in its best light when it is so regarded), and care not for any abstract notions, or for any subtle refinements which may be adduced in vindication or support. They would only prove that man, when he forsakes nature to follow man, follows a feeble and uncertain light that will lead him into absurdities, which pure and unsophisticated feeling could never be guilty of.

In the Scotch church, neither Christmas day nor Good Friday are observed as festivals. Remember, I do not cavil here from bigotry or superstition; my heart would cleave as readily, my mind would trust as freely, and my confidence grow as strongly, to a presbyterian, (considered merely as such), as to any other sectary. But I wish to consider it in another light. The Scotch are, externally, a very religious people; they affect a most solemn and perennial devotion; the streets on a Sunday morning, about half-an-hour before service, resemble more the avenues leading to some exhibition than to church; all business is suspended; there are some who would shudder with horror at the idea of writing a common letter of business on this day, and every thing, except walking and talking, eating and drinking, which approximates in the least towards the occupations of the week are abstained from with cautious piety. All this is very well; and though I cannot find that, with all this obtrusive publicity and ceaseless continuity of religious zeal, they possess one single virtue above the rest of man-

kind, yet I honour the very name of religion too much not to be pleased with its form. But what is the ostensible cause of all this sacred earnestness? To whom is it directed? By what means are they thus enabled to offer up their devotion to the only true and living God? By him who perished for us; by him whose blood flowed as a propitiation for mankind.

They keep the birth-day of a child; they celebrate their own wedding-day, however little cause they may have for rejoicing; they are outrageously loyal in their tumultuous commemoration of the king's birth-day; yet, they affect to pass by with idle indifference the anniversary of that day on which He was born who brought truth into the world, and that day on which he perished in bitter agonies for revolted man! To all who call themselves Christians, whatever other accidental and schismatic designation they may have, these days ought to be of eternal importance, and I cannot trust the sanctity of that religion which has invented any sophistry by which it is enabled to hush the most natural feelings of every breast. Do we not esteem those from whom we receive the smallest benefit? Do we not love to perpetuate some memorial of any man who has distinguished himself and become endeared to us by his virtues? Do not political views even teach these very people to observe, with boisterous pomp, the virtual natal day of an earthly sovereign?—And yet they can find miserable arguments sufficient to justify, to their own breasts, so glaring a deviation from the most natural dictates of the heart: and to increase the absurdity they have their own arbitrary sacraments; when, for I know not how many days, every shop is shut at a certain hour, and such sanctified faces parade the streets that you would imagine doomsday to be near.

All this is to me, I confess, inexplicable. I may be wrong in my estimate of its impropriety, and grave churchmen may come forth and give me reasons for it; but till they can convince me that it is safer to follow purblind man in his vagaries, and forsake the voice of nature in her unbiassed dictates, I should hear them with contempt. I repeat it, a people



may be neither worse nor better for observing or not observing particular festivals: far be such narrow bigotry from my mind; action, and not precept, is the criterion of man here and hereafter; but I must ever regard such an abdication of innate feeling for any scholastic refinements, for any collusions of sophistry, as an additional proof that reason is a blessing only while she waits on nature. W. M.

Edinburgh, March 4, 1810.

To the Editor of the Universal Mag.  
SIR,

THE following narrative by Madame de Grafigny has never yet been translated. It has undoubted merit. Mr. Mudford, in his life of Madame de Grafigny, prefixed to his translation of her "Peruvian Letters," gives the following account of it.

"Several literary persons had formed themselves into a society, of which she was invited to be a member; and she was compelled to furnish something for the *Recueil* of these literati, which was published in 1745, in one volume duodecimo.

"The offering she presented was the most celebrated in the collection. It was called *Nouvelle Espagnole: le mauvais Exemple produit autant de vertus que de vices*. The very title is a maxim, and the work is full of such. The style of this romance is florid, and sometimes extravagant; but it is not without merit. It did not, however, meet the approbation of her associates, and, indignant at some railery that was directed against her, she produced, as a sort of triumphant vindication, the *Letters of a Peruvian Princess*."

Such being the work, perhaps you will not think a translation of it an unacceptable article for your Magazine: and if so, the following one is much at your service.

I remain, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

London, March 14, 1810.

W.

#### A SPANISH TALE.

*Bad example produces as many virtues as vices.*

ALPHONSO the young, convinced, from the general disorder which prevailed in the kingdom of Castile at

the death of Alphonso the Cruel, that extreme severity is not the best support of law, resolved, when he ascended the throne, to calm the minds of his subjects, to give confidence to their hearts, and to produce as much happiness as his predecessor had produced misery.

Born, like all men, with that inclination to rule, which is called tyranny when abused by monarchs, Alphonso would, perhaps, have been unjust and sanguinary, if he had succeeded to a good king; his taste for society was thwarted by his distrustful and suspicious character; both the one and the other, supported by authority, equally impelled his indignation and his benevolence; violent, absolute, inhuman, he tempered those royal vices by a happy peculiarity of nature, aided by that enlightened self-love which finds a more delicate pleasure in the victory that is obtained over the passions, than in the delight of gratifying them.

It required many years to regain the confidence and to bring back to the court those proud Castilians whom proscriptions, or a lofty spirit of independence had removed.

Don Pedro de Medina was one of the last who made his appearance there: his father had lost his head upon the scaffold by the decree of Alphonso the Cruel; left, at a very tender age, to the guidance of a virtuous mother, he had shared her misfortunes and her affection with an amiable sister, whose upright, noble, and generous character unfolded itself only in the features of simplicity, of mildness, and of confidence.

Contrasts are more frequently the basis of intimate connection than similarity of disposition: we seek, in others, the virtues and the good qualities which do not interfere with our own; indulgence towards those errors which we have not ourselves, gives an appearance of superiority which indemnifies us for what they make us suffer.

The haughty character of Don Pedro inspired his sister with that firmness of soul which is so necessary to the conduct of woman, but which is so neglected in her education. The reason of Elvira, supported by the charms of persuasion, tempered the

proud feelings of her brother. If she found in him what gratified her taste for elegant literature, (which women rarely acquire, and always too late), Don Pedro found, in the unaffected confidence of his sister, the delights of intercourse, which were pure and interesting. Thus, necessary to each other, the ties of blood scarcely formed any part of their mutual attachment; and perhaps it was, therefore, the more solid.

Elvira was eighteen, and her brother twenty-five, when their mother died, and Alphonso recalled them to court, by re-establishing Don Pedro in the official situations which his father had possessed. He did not quit his solitude; he was torn from it out of regard to his amiable sister: his independent character would have led him to prefer that kind of empire which he had established in his retreat, to divided honours with his equals; but, too just to condemn Elvira to obscurity, he did not hesitate to obey the orders of the king.

They were received at court as all that is new is received there. Though there were many very beautiful women, the regularity of their features was soon effaced by the modesty, the dignity, and the graces of Elvira's countenance. She had what is called an interesting figure: curiosity, admiration, and a desire to please her, were the predominant feelings in the hearts of the men: fear, jealousy, and vexation prevailed in those of the women: nobody spoke but of Elvira.

The king knew but the transient emotions of love: hence, he was long deceived in those which he began to feel for Elvira: in honouring the brother with his favour, in overloading him with benefits, he thought he was obeying only the dictates of generosity, instead of yielding to the dawning feelings which his sister had inspired. Don Pedro attributed the king's favour to himself: how could he do otherwise? The fillet which blinds the eyes of presumption is thicker than that which covers the eyes of love.

With regard to Elvira it was not surprising that she had still less penetration: a young girl, upon her entrance into the world, is too much occupied with conciliating the ideas

which she receives with those which she had previously formed, to look beyond appearances.

Elvira reasoned, but her heart was yet untouched by that feeling, which is infallible, which is indefinable, which is superior to reason, and which ought perhaps to be called instinct: it required an opportunity to be developed, and that opportunity soon occurred.

The kingdom began to assume an appearance of such tranquillity, that the monarch was enabled to devote some time to pleasure: he even thought it necessary to his policy: it was of importance to occupy or to amuse indolent courtiers: it was from reasons of state, therefore, that he gave entertainments: but Elvira appeared at court only on those days, and he frequently gave them.

Towards the end of autumn there was a hunt, to which the king invited all the ladies: Elvira, who was not fond of noisy sports, suffered every one to pass her who was eager to follow the prince, in order that she might ramble more easily. When they thought themselves no longer observed, she proposed to Isabella de Mendoza to retire and repose themselves. Having given orders to their attendants to wait for them, they entered into the wood, and sat down at the foot of a tree, whose thick foliage formed a kind of bower.

While Elvira resigned herself to the charms of nature, and was delightfully enjoying the freshness of the air, the gentleness of silence, and the tender obscurity of the forest, Isabella was wholly occupied in arranging a feather in her hat: their occupations were characteristic of each.

It was not that Isabella was without the necessary qualifications to be better: but her mind, dazzled by the fire of her imagination, displaced her good qualities, and even her defects: a coquette with sincerity, her candour was more dangerous than the most skilful art; to serve her friends, she sacrificed every thing, even secrecy; officious, and no less eager than imprudent, she did harm with the best intentions: her kindness procured her friends, and her sincerity gave her lovers: she was every where, and every where she was loved,



Elvira often saw her, not only from friendship, but to gratify the passion which her brother had conceived for her.

The pleasure of conversing with herself would have kept Elvira long silent: but Isabella, who thought only when speaking, soon broke it. "You are dreaming," said she to Elvira, (as she drew from her pocket a small mirror, to see if any thing else needed to be adjusted in her dress). "Ah!" replied Elvira, "who would not admire such beautiful objects?" "What is it you see," answered Isabella with vivacity. "These trees," said Elvira, "this turf, this verdure, this delightful calm which overpowers the senses—" "What!" interrupted Isabella, bursting into a laugh, "are these the objects of your profound meditation?" "Can there be any thing more delightful," said Elvira, "than the works of nature?"—"Yes, much!" answered Isabella; "to me, nothing is so irksome as its eternal sameness: one might live for centuries without hoping to see any thing new: always the same objects produced upon the same plan. Animals differ from us only by a few external shades: it is said, that even plants have some affinities with living beings. If you admire all that, I do not; I think it very ill managed. That order of the seasons, which is deemed so marvellous, appears to me only a succession of a thousand different inconveniences.—The spring would appear to me to be agreeable enough, if it were better understood; but always leaves, always verdure, always grass, is insupportable. I confess, however, that there is in all these things a basis, of which better might be made; with a little taste I would, without changing any thing, render nature almost as beautiful as art.

"For example, I would have the shape of the trees nearly the same as at present, but they should all have their leaves *ex camaieu*, of different colours: one, a rose colour, another blue, a third red. If shades should be wanting, I would imagine so many new ones, that none of them should resemble each other. Instead of this rough, useless, disagreeable bark, my trees should be invested with mirrors: with five or six handsome women,

and as many men, a forest would then be as gay as a ball-room; more ingenious than nature, I would render my forests no less delightful by night than by day, by embellishing all the branches of my fine *camayeux* with those fire insects, which would produce an admirable effect.

"I would have it, also, literally true, that we walked upon nothing but flowers; I would have them all as low as the turf, and of more various colours than my trees; in short, what could I not imagine to give grace to this insipid uniformity of nature?"

Isabella would doubtless have gone still further with the reform of the universe, but she was interrupted by a cry from Elvira, who precipitately arose: Isabella did the same, without knowing what caused the fright of her companion. They were about to depart in haste, when a young man, covered with blood, fell just at their feet.

Compassion succeeded to fear.—"Let us remain," said Elvira, "or this poor wretch might perish for want of help." They approached towards him, but found him senseless. "I believe he has only fainted," said Isabella; "I will restore him."—Immediately she drew from her pocket a small bottle of strong volatile elixir, which she sprinkled over his face; and, as it was principally in the head where the young man was wounded, the excessive pain which this caused soon restored him to his senses.

Elvira was the first object which he beheld: his eyes became fixed upon her, and seemed to acquire new animation: but the blood which he had lost, soon caused him to relapse; his tender, expressive, and languishing looks, had excited a more lively sentiment than pity in the heart of Elvira; she sat down beside him, and, sustaining his head with one hand, she endeavoured to stanch the bleeding of his wounds with her handkerchief: "Go, my dear Isabella," said she, "go and call our servants, they will give more effectual aid than we can to this unfortunate youth: he is surely deserving of all our care."

At the very moment when Isabella was absent, the king, who was looking for Elvira, arrived on the spot, followed by the whole court; she

blushed as she beheld him, gently placed the head of the youth on the earth, arose, and turning towards the prince, "Ah! Sire," cried she, "give orders that this young man may be tended, he is dangerously wounded." "Do you know him, Madam," asked the king, with a manner as cold as Elvira's was warm. "No, Sire," she replied, casting her eyes to the ground, "but, to need help it is sufficient to be unfortunate." "You are right, Madam," said the king, somewhat embarrassed; "you shall be obeyed." At the same time he ordered his surgeons to inspect the wounds of the unknown.

Elvira availed herself of that moment to draw Don Pedro aside. "My brother," said she, "listen to me with indulgence: it seems that the destiny of this unhappy youth has conducted him to my feet: I cannot think of abandoning him: the orders of the king will certainly be badly executed: let him be carried to your house, I entreat you: to feel that he does not merit his fate, it is sufficient to look at him." "I participate in your pity," said Don Pedro; "I will ask the king's permission: —" "But you must ask it with importunity," interrupted Elvira, "that you may not be refused." "You shall be satisfied," replied Don Pedro, as he quitted her to approach the wounded man, whom the king was attentively regarding while his wounds were dressed.

Though the eagerness of Elvira had seemed to displease the king, he could not contemplate the stranger more closely, without feeling interested for him: instinct, which is always true, produces bad effects only in souls of inferior order: besides, the air, the shape, the dignified mien of the youth, which were evident even in the calamitous situation in which he was, sufficiently evinced that his birth and rank were above the common standard. The king would fain have known more about him; but, to all the questions which were put to him, he replied only by signs of respect and gratitude.

As soon as the first bandages were applied, Don Pedro obtained from the king, but not without some difficulty, permission to have him conveyed to his own house. The chace was over:

during their return, the whole conversation turned upon the event of the wounded man; among the courtiers, especially, conjecture was absolutely exhausted; Elvira, thoughtful, without partaking of the conversation, had probably her conjectures; but she communicated them to no one.

Her first care, when she arrived at home, was to give express orders, which were repeated a hundred times, that the unknown should be tended with every care which his condition required: Elvira, for the first time, would be obeyed: the heart is much more imperious than the mind.

It was known, in a few days, that the stranger was out of peril; but he did not speak: the surgeons explained that one of his wounds affected, considerably, the organs of speech and hearing, which were always mutually affected: he was not, however, deaf; but, according to them, he would be, nor could he be cured but by a miracle of art.

This circumstance dashed the joy which Elvira had begun to feel, as she learned that his life was no longer in danger: "he will never speak," said she mournfully; "that is most unfortunate."

From the time when the event took place, of meeting with the stranger, Isabella had not quitted Elvira: she affected to court the notice of the stranger with an ardour of coquetry which plunged Don Pedro into despair, and caused much disquiet to Elvira: but the facility which she thus had of passing the afternoon in the chamber of the sick man, which decorum would have forbade her to do alone, and the pleasure which Don Pedro felt in seeing her so frequently, indemnified both the one and the other for the chagrin which she caused them. These four persons were never apart, except when duty called Don Pedro to the court.

It is natural to think that people, who do not speak, do not hear: this prejudice, added to what the surgeons had said, made them forget that they spoke before a third person.

One day, when Don Pedro was violently reproaching Isabella respecting a long conversation which he had had, at court, with Don Roderigo, his enemy and his rival, he was informed



that a person was waiting from the king, to know the state of the stranger's health. Don Predro left the room to speak himself to the messenger. Isabella, seeing herself free, said to Elvira, "your brother becomes daily more insupportable: were it not for the friendship which I have for you, I would immediately renounce him." "But, is he wrong?" replied Elvira gently. "You know the hatred which Don Roderigo has for us; you know how dangerous he is; and you seem to be most familiarly intimate with him: nay, you carry your coquetry so far as to seem to wish to please this unknown, who," added she sighing, "can never tell you if he loves you: alas! my brother is most unhappy! You pay no regard to his feelings though he adores you."—"Fine reasoning," replied Isabella; "if we are to estimate our love for others by the love which they have for us, then you love the king to distraction."—"You give a wrong meaning to my words," said Elvira, a little chagrined; "the king does not love me; and even if he did love me——" "Well," interrupted Isabella, "if he *did* love you; finish as if it were true: except yourself, no one doubts it: what would you do?" While Isabella was speaking, Elvira, who was seated opposite to the stranger, met his eyes which he cast down with such an expression of sadness, that her vexation increased, and she replied, more forcibly, "if he did love me, I could never love him: there is too much disparity between his character and mine."—"What does that matter in a king," replied Isabella; "it is not of much consequence even in a private individual: do we love every thing in our lover? No: it cannot be: personal qualities and attractions are too much divided. You see that I love, in your brother, the greatness of his soul; his integrity: I might love, in another, his fine person, or the charms of his face; I engage with no one; I tell them frankly whatever pleases or displeases me in them; and, if I were in your place, in telling the king that I loved him——" "But," replied Elvira, "I do not tell him so: your obstinacy drives me mad: I do not tell him so: I never will tell him so."—"So much the

worse," said Isabella; "if you do not accustom your heart to be amused with every thing, you will seriously fall in love, the first time your sympathy is excited."—"That," replied Elvira, "would be the only way I should ever wish to love: as involuntary love alone can be excusable, I should think myself less culpable in loving greatly than in loving indifferently."—"Ah! you will go further," replied Isabella; "once caught, you would fear lest you did not love enough. How I pity you! How wretched will you be, should the defects of your lover sully and destroy the pleasing idol that your heart had formed."—"I should not think myself the more unhappy," replied Elvira; "methinks we should behold the faults of those we love with the same eye as we do our own; the love that is displeased with them, is nothing more than feeble friendship."—"You do not desire a perfect lover, then," said Isabella laughing. "I should not seek for a chimera," replied Elvira: "the virtues which merit general esteem would have the same right over mine: I am, besides, of opinion, that happiness, which consists in the tender union of souls, depends upon an irreproachable sincerity, and the most unreserved confidence: I should exact a great deal, and I should think myself but slightly loved if as much were not exacted of me. I could wish also that my lover should have candour enough not to seek to convince me of his sentiments, until he was convinced of them himself; and I do not know," added she, casting down her eyes, "whether I would not wish him to be unhappy. We cannot bestow so much happiness upon one who is already happy."—"Very well," said Isabella, rising, "with this manner of thinking we may produce the felicity of others, but we certainly shall not produce our own." "You are going," said Elvira:—"No," replied Isabella; "wait a while; I am going into this closet to write a song which I have made upon your brother's humour: I wish to give it to him: I shall not be a moment."

Elvira would have followed her; but, passing near the bed of the stranger, he held her gently by her robe. "Stay, adorable Elvira," said

he in a voice that could be heard only by her; "I am that unhappy being who would have a right to please you, if to adore you were sufficient for that purpose. Your charms have seduced my reason: a just indignation against man had made me resolve to keep eternal silence with regard to them: love alone could have made me break that silence: if the offer of a pure and yet untouched heart, offend you, I will resume my former design: nothing can divert me from it"

Elvira, at the voice of the stranger, was seized with such various and conflicting sensations, that their effects were mutually suspended. She seemed to wish to go, but the stranger still holding her, "Pardon, Madam," he continued, "the violence which I do you; this is the decisive moment of my life: I am not so bold as to hope; but I am too unfortunate to have any thing to fear. I have spoken, charming Elvira; you alone know it; let every one else be ignorant of it: keep my secret, it is the only favour which I demand at present: will you refuse me? Reply, adored Elvira: let me hear from that dear mouth one word addressed to me: whatever it may be, it will be dear to my love."

"I will keep your secret," said she with a timid voice; "only permit me to communicate it to my brother: he should be ignorant of nothing which I know; and you owe him your confidence."

"Your will is my law," replied the stranger. "Tell my secret to Don Pedro; but, adorable Elvira," added he, with tender hesitation, "will you tell him all?"—"I shall hide nothing from him," said she. "Ah, Madam," replied the stranger, "my love touches you but little. How great is my unhappiness!"—"But why," said Elvira, perceiving then, for the first time, that her emotions were increasing. Fearing to say too much, she disengaged herself from the hands of the stranger, so agitated, that she dared not enter the closet where Isabella was; she hastened to retire to her own.

Hardly had she begun to feel that joy of heart which springs from the unexpected developement of an agreeable sensation, when Don Pedro arrived.

[To be continued.]

UNIVERSAL MAG. VOL. XIII.

FOUR LETTERS from — to — Esq. describing his first Interview, and subsequent Passion for —. Never before published.

For the Universal Magazine.

#### LETTER I.

IT is pleasing to reflect how numerous are the channels through which opportunities for the production of human love and affection may flow. Man, as a social being, branches out into endless ramifications; he enters one path, and sees only a few paces before him; he goes on and expects to find it alike; he knows not what pleasures or what woes await him in his course. I, who came here with the sullen intention of merely vegetating, and neither hoped nor wished to give my better feelings play, soon felt my bosom warmed by friendship, and tasted some of the choicest happiness life has to bestow. But this I thought my resting place, nor did the future promise much beyond it.—I was deceived. Another region of delight has opened upon me; and pleasure, tricked in her sweetest garb, gambols round my steps. Hope lights her torch anew, and a thrilling extacy, which springs from promised bliss, trembles through my heart.—Ah! should it be delusion—away with the hated thought.

#### LETTER II.

You are right, my friend; and if there be any excellence in divining what was never meant to be obscure, that excellence is your's. Yes, woman is the chief, is the only figure in the region of delight I have mentioned; nay more, she is a wife, and a mother. Now, methinks, I see you pucker up your nose, and knit your brows, and bite your nether lip, and twiddle with your fingers on the table, and wonder at your poor, unhappy friend. Fear not: dispel all anxiety. I am indeed a man; but the man you know me. Prythee now do not torture me, in your answer, with a tedious lecture about propriety, and danger, and the insidious nature of affection; and how it may lead me astray; and how I ought to reflect on my situation; and a thousand other *hows* that are mighty well from a good-natured old woman to her booby son when he



first begins to sigh for the black eyes of a neighbouring damsel. Mind, I resolutely enter my caveat against all such.

Your curiosity is natural; but may I venture to satisfy it? There is something so ironical in the very form of your request, a sort of mockery in your language, that I hardly know in what manner to reply to you. I know the prejudices of your character, and how little you are inclined to palliate the ebullitions of romantic enthusiasm; the austere gravity of your ideas upon certain subjects, the cynical severity with which you condemn whatever deviates too strongly from the plain road of life, might awe a firmer pen than mine into silence: but I supply the deficiency of natural intrepidity by the armour of moral heroism: I have long since taught myself to believe that nothing can be criminal which has not vice, intended or acted, in its composition; and though I know well that there are many situations in life, and many feelings resulting from those situations which, to minds unwarmed by kindred sentiment, appear frivolous or wrong; yet, the dread of the world's frown, or the world's sneer, shall never hush my voice when it seeks to proclaim what innocence and virtue may avow.

Law, unsupported by power, is but a weak engine; and I fear I shall not bend you to compliance by the caveat which I entered in my last. Do not, however, censure what you cannot judge; suspend your advice till the moment seem to demand it; and avoid the error of common minds, by not exalting yourself, uncalled, into the chair of wisdom and admonition.

The same fortuitous occurrences which led to my acquaintance with Hortensius, has led also to my present connexion with Martha. I have known her already some months, and you will perhaps wonder that I have never before spoken of her; but my acquaintance was little more than nominal, and I ranked her among the nameless objects which help to fill up the blank of life.— You will see, by this, that there were no irradiations of beauty, no ineffable looks, no rosy smiles, and resistless

charms, which won immediate empire over my heart. I differ, therefore, at least from every lover in romance or poetry that ever existed; and common sense being the basis of the superstructure, there is a chance it may outlive the present month. I saw Martha at least fifty times before I considered her as any thing beyond the million of her sex.

An accidental but melancholy event was the cause of what now exists. The death of her youngest child, whom I saw but once, and saw only to admire, occasioned the temporary absence of her husband, to see its remains buried in the vault of its ancestors in its native country. Sorrow, unusual solitude, the loss of one beloved object, and the separation of another, produce that dejected pliancy of feeling which makes us repose on almost any bosom that presents itself. In the hour of calamity, the precision of society is abolished: the eye that is moistened by grief, loves to meet some object on which it may rest, and where it may imbibe comfort.—It was thus with Martha. An intermission of my usual visits, for some time, led me, naturally, at their resumption, to inquire the cause, which I half suspected, and as naturally to attempt consolation when I knew it. I do not believe that I am well calculated to assuage the poignancy of grief: the consciousness which I always feel of the little effect which human commiseration really has in the moments of sorrow, and how much greater the melancholy pleasure is of feeding on our woes, and of gradually kindling ourselves, the torch of hope and comfort anew, seldom leaves me at liberty to pour forth, with accustomed volubility, the well-known topics of consolation.— Yet I did as far as my feelings would permit; and this opened both our bosoms to the influence of some of the best feelings our nature knows.

The character of Martha cannot be delineated by a single stroke; it can be portrayed only by many colours, and much delicate shading. She has a great deal of unsophisticated nature in her system, which, in its various combinations, constitutes the most charming parts of her portrait. She

has the least affectation of any woman I ever knew; indeed, if possible, she has less than I could wish. In the ambiguous construction of society it is not always safe to listen, with too much reverence, to the simple dictates of nature: conscious purity is sufficient for the heart, but it is too little for the world: we must dress according to the fashion of the times, if we would secure the living approbation of man. It is neither our business nor our inclination to inspect the conduct of our fellow creatures for the hidden virtue which may prompt it: it is theirs to shew it in legible characters, and even then they may rejoice if it be read with truth and candour. Martha, in the sweet simplicity of her own feelings, forgets that a captious and malicious world looks on with cold, malign, and jealous eyes; that it loves to pasture on corrupted and offensive garbage; and when a healthier spot is offered to its taste, will even sully with designed filth, and so mix the nauseous compound that the gorge of virtue rises at the sight. To such appetites, depraved by gross indulgence, the fairest parts of nature are sometimes rendered tributary; and it calls for all our vigilance to keep the fences whole, that the ugly monster may not wallow in our own domain. It is a sad reflection that man should so pursue his fellow man; to think that we must dress our actions up in the world's garb, and hide the voice and form of nature beneath a tawdry heap, that fits us to bustle through the masquerade of life, and hardly drop it on the gloomy confines of the tomb; but, since our hard condition is such, it is wisdom's part to yield with grace where it cannot struggle with honour.

I have said that Martha's character is anomalous; but an interesting simplicity is its predominant quality, mixed with a large portion of native vivacity. She passes, with ease, from the pensive melancholy of sentiment to the gaiety of mirth; and she returns, with the same facility, from the greatest exuberance of merriment to the sweetest gloom of moral sadness. This was exemplified in the discourse I have mentioned. It began upon a topic sufficiently sad; it wandered imperceptibly to others less solemn, and

ended, at last, in what might be deemed perfectly gay. But this, my friend, is natural. The deepest sorrow is not that which dresses the face always in tears, nor that which banishes, for ever, from the eye, the sparkling lustre of a smile; this corroding grief is rather the sullenness of despair than the amiable melancholy of a wounded heart. I confess to you, that our conversation was so frivolous during this and some subsequent interviews, that I imagined I had merely formed a superficial acquaintance, which might serve, among other trifles of existence, to amuse the path of life. She has since told me too, that her opinion of me was less favourable than a man's vanity could tempt him to wish. It is pleasing thus to compare the progress of our feelings, to mark their changes, and to note how greatly different they sometimes are to-day from what they were perhaps a month before. But, though I own a revolution has taken place in my ideas respecting her, yet, I thank Heaven, I am perfectly free; she has not yet enthralled my heart, she has not yet made me more than any man of plain, common sense, of an upright, vigorous mind ought to be. You will, perhaps, insultingly demand, how long it will be so?—This is a question you have no right to ask, and consequently I am not bound to answer.

#### LETTER III.

Just as I expected; a tedious homily of moral maxims, concluding with a bitter sarcasm. How can you infer, because vivacity, I may say constitutional vivacity, forms a prime ingredient in the character of Martha, she is therefore frivolous and silly as the rest of her sex? Fye upon you, my friend! I could almost say this is illiberal; at least it is impolite, uncourteous, ungallant, thus to calumniate a lady whom you never saw, and to misrepresent even the picture which has been shewn to you. It is the bounden duty of every knight to maintain the honour of his mistress, nay more, to assert her paramount claims over every other of her sex; but Burke has told you the days of chivalry are gone, and with them too are gone the gallant spirit of amorous emprise. I fear, indeed, that had I



existed in the zenith of their fame, I should have regarded as a lubbard knight, and should have found no high born damsel willing to admit me into her service; but now, in this milder aspect of the chivalrous planet, I can stand up among my peers and vouch my claims to the notice of the fair sex.

In sober truth, though, you have formed a most erroneous opinion of Martha. Her gaiety is a sort of native hilarity, very distinct from the idle mirth and unmeaning vivacity which are so often found in her sex. It is an innate quality which pervades her general conduct, but serves rather to shade and adorn by its consonancy with the other parts: it never rises into obstreperous mirth; it never sinks into simpering inanity. It allures by the fine and interesting harmony which it preserves with the other features of her character. In the very dayspring of life, it becomes her more than the austere gravity of wisdom does the reverend brows of scholastic pedantry: it is the clear azure of a temperate sky, over which dark clouds sometimes pass, but leave behind the empyrean blue unsullied. — But gaiety is attractive only when it knows how to yield; the face that is for ever distended by a smile is but a cunning mask to hide a heart steeled in apathy's unscarred mail. — Martha has nothing of this; nay more, they were qualities the very reverse of this that first impressed my mind with the sentiments I now feel. You know very well, that there is not a man breathing, who has a firmer contempt for those smiling mortals, who carry their hearts on their faces, and let you read, at once, the materials it is composed of. I could sooner mingle souls with a savage, and learn his vocabulary to tell him so, than I could feel real esteem or love for such a shallow being. Yet, Heaven knows how many hundreds such I have met with: beings who meet you with a smile and leave you with a smile; who speak with a smile, and nod with a smile; who tell you with a smile upon the bed of sickness, that they hope you will soon recover; who console you with a smile in the hour of affliction, by telling you that we are all born to calamity. It would

be curious to get a sight of these vapouring empty shades when they are asleep, to see if that muscular contortion yet dwell upon their smirking faces. Oh! it is fulsome, such practised gaiety; it makes the heart sick to behold the human countenance so habitually distorted.

But I tell you Martha is none of these. Discourse, which brings the heart into play, has greater charms for her than that of which the highest ambition is to raise a laugh. I do not absolutely say that she is free from a certain failing of her sex, which leads them, all, to nourish and protect that breed of animals so numerous in our isle, who are seen fluttering about females, uttering a sort of sweet things, and frisking in their sight like monkeys in sunshine; a sort of breed to which naturalists have assigned no name yet; and seem, like the phoenix, to rise from their own ashes, for they have rarely been known to leave an offspring behind them. I even suspect that she would thus far vindicate the privileges of her sex in the maintenance of this equivocal species of animals; but, I can forgive her that she resembles them in one thing, when I see her tower above them in so many. She has a heart, than which I never knew a more amiable; her principles are scrupulously delicate and correct; her sense of female worth and honour is simple but dignified; her ideas of her situation as a wife and mother are those of a Roman matron, free from the spots that too often sully both; religion in her is a graceful handmaid, not a repulsive tyrant; her opinions of the moral fitness of life, and the boundaries of connexion between the sexes, are those of a chaste and erect mind, free from prejudice and above disguise. In her company I have already passed some hours of such unmingled pleasure, that I should look forward with sorrow if I thought they were never to be renewed. I feel myself, every day, more conscious of her merits, and find, every day, a stronger consonance in our ideas, which, you will easily conceive, forms no small part of the basis on which I have erected my admiration. I do not, however, assume this congruity as the sole principle by which to estimate her;

there are others less liable to error, and which tell me powerfully that she is something more than her sex in general. Recant, therefore, thy most heretical opinions!

As you have only done your duty, and that not until it was pointed out to you, I do not think you are entitled to any exuberant commendation.—You were reduced to the dilemma of either abjuring your heresy, or virtually contemning my word by an obstinate perseverance in it; the latter, from its implied consequence, you would hardly dare to do; and the former has become only a measure of prudence. Pardon me, therefore, if I only give you the same commendation that I would a man who resigns a deposit he has no right to keep.

#### LETTER IV.

I can bear raillery. It bespeaks the playfulness of a mind half approving what it half ridicules. Of that nature is yours, my friend: indulge it, therefore under every shape if it give you pleasure, but spare your morality, for that levels with the ponderous severity of a club.

You tell me I am like every novel hero; my mistress is all perfection, and you wonder I have not yet given a florid picture of sparkling eyes, rosy lips, winning smiles, graceful shapes, love-inspiring words, and angelic tones of voice. Perhaps I have not done this, because I am not caught with the outward decorations of nature; perhaps because no such charms exist; perhaps because I am not expert at hyperbole and language, strutting into figures that offend the mind; in fact, you may divine any "perhaps" you think proper for the omission. You ask me too, more explicitly, Is "my Martha" one of the faultless heroines of romance? To this I can answer with somewhat greater precision, though you hardly merit the condescension. She is human: she is formed of passions, appetites, prejudices, feelings, like every other being; but they are tempered by a greater fund of propriety, good sense, and judgment, than is usual; she is young, and has the vanity of youth; but this too is tempered by the feelings of the mother and the wife. Rest satisfied: she is what her sex very seldom is.

### CRITICISM.

"Nulli negabimus, nulli differemus justitiam."

**CURSORY REMARKS ON CORPULENCE.** By a Member of the Royal College of Physicians. pp. 44. Price 2s.

**T**HIS is a *fat* subject discussed in a *thin* book; and truly it is commendable in the author, considering the adipose nature of his pursuit, that he did not extend it to more obesity of bulk. He will have little to fear, however, from our criticism, for, having but one corpulent member in our whole fraternity, we sent him the pamphlet; and it reached his hands just as he had stuck his fork into a shoulder of mutton, that had been dissevered from the carcase of one of the prize sheep. Casting an indignant glance at the title, he tucked up his belly into the waistband of his breeches, left his fork in its position, turned over a few pages, grunted out something about drinking vinegar and living upon vegetables, twisted up the

pamphlet, put it in his pocket, and began his dinner. But this was mere bravado: for the next day he was seen measuring his waist, and was heard to inquire of the servant about the price of cabbages; and, on the afternoon of the third day, he sat down, after a dinner of boiled turnips, to write the subsequent remarks.

The motive which induced the author of this pamphlet to compose it was to gratify the wish of a gentleman who had grown fat, and who requested the author to give him a reference to such writers as might satisfy his curiosity or give him some information on a subject which so much engrossed his thoughts. The present work was, in consequence, produced, which consists of little else than a collection of the opinions of different medical men upon the causes and the cure of corpulence. But "doctors



differ;" for none of them agree as to the best mode of remedying the disease. The only remedy upon which they seem to be almost unanimous, is vegetable diet and exercise.

Our author, in his Introduction, says that his pages will probably fall into the hands of those whose "embon point" appearance "denotes good temper," and truly he might well bespeak their good temper, when he proceeds to talk about "sprinkling them with sand, and rubbing them with a coarse dry towel," "sweating" and "salting them." (see pp. 19, 20). —We think such a seasoning would preserve them from any future adipose inclination. Dr. Radcliffe's recipe was, after all, the most efficacious: "keep your eyes open and your mouth shut."

There is more philosophy in the following observations than we can find out:

"The predisposition to corpulency varies in different persons. In some it exists to such an extent, that a considerable secretion of fat will take place, notwithstanding strict attention to the habits of life, and undeviating moderation in the gratification of the appetite. Such a disposition is generally connate, very often hereditary; and when accompanied, as it frequently is, with that easy state of mind, denominated 'good humour,' which, in the fair sex, Mr. Pope tells us,

teaches charms to last,  
Still makes new conquests, and maintains  
the past.

Or when, in men, the temper is cast in that happy mould, which Mr. Hume so cheerfully congratulates himself upon possessing, and considers as more than equivalent to a thousand a year, 'the habit of looking at every thing on its favourable side' — corpulency must ensue."

For the benefit of our fat country gentlemen, who have not yet learned "to purge and live cleanly," we will extract a few modes of reformation.

"Few things have been more generally administered in the cure of corpulency than acids of various kinds. The emaciating properties of acid liquors, particularly vinegar, are very well known. It is said, that the fa-

mous Spanish General, Chiapin Vitellis, well known in the time he lived for his enormous size, reduced himself solely by drinking of vinegar, to such a degree that he could fold his skin round his body. In countries where cyder is drank as a beverage, the inhabitants are leaner than in those where beer is the common liquor.

"Soap is strongly recommended by Dr. Flemyng, on account of its diuretic properties. After making some observations on the quantity and quality of food, and enforcing the necessity of abstinence; he considers what is the most effectual method of increasing the evacuation of animal oil, which, he says, is to be done, with the greatest safety, by diuretics. For this purpose he recommends soap, considering it as a specific. Purgative medicines, he observes, are dangerous; and little is to be done by perspiration. But where there is no morbid obstruction, mild diuretics, particularly soap, will, he thinks, effect a cure, without inconvenience or danger to the constitution.

"A worthy acquaintance of mine," says Dr. Flemyng, "a judicious and experienced physician, in his younger days had been very active, and used much exercise, both on foot and on horseback, and for many years seemed as little liable to corpulency as most people. By insensible degrees, as he diminished his daily labours, fatness stole upon him and kept increasing, insomuch, that when I met with him about six years ago, I found him in the greatest distress, through mere corpulency, of any person, not exceeding middle age, I ever knew. He was obliged to ride from house to house to visit his patients in the town where he practised, being quite unable to walk an hundred yards at a stretch; and was, in no small degree, lethargic. In other respects he seemed pretty clear of any remarkable disease, except gout, of which he had felt some, not very violent, attacks. I warmly recommended the inward use of soap, in order to reduce his corpulency, as the safe and effectual remedy in his case, and a remedy which he might continue to use the longest; I enforced my advice by the reasonings above urged, of which he was too good a judge not to perceive their full co-

gency: accordingly, he began to take it July 1754, at which time he weighed twenty stone and eleven pounds, jockey weight; a vast load for him to bear, who is little above middle stature, and withal small boned. He took, every night, at bed time, a quarter of an ounce of common home-made castile soap, dissolved in a quarter of a pint of soft water; in about two or three months he began to feel more freedom and an increase of activity, which encouraged him to persevere; and that he did with success; that in August 1756 (as he informs me in a letter now lying before me) his bulk was reduced two whole stone weight, and he could walk a mile with pleasure. He had continued the use of the soap all the time between June 1754 and August 1756, with very short interruptions, in the manner and quantity above-mentioned; it operated remarkably, without ever producing the least troublesome effect. And now, while I am sending these pages to the press, (April 1760), I am certainly informed that he is hearty and well.

“The author of ‘*Zoonomia*’ is of opinion, that the eating of much salt, or salted meat, is more efficacious than soap, as it increases perspiration, and produces thirst, by which, if the patient can bear it, the absorption of his fat will be greatly increased, as in fever. He advises that one entire meal should be omitted, as supper; to drink as little as possible of any fluid, but aerated alkaline water, which he recommends from an idea of its rendering fat more fluid.

“Dr. Cullen, however, well observes, ‘that the inducing a saline and acrid state of the blood,’ (which are supposed to be the effect of vinegar and soap), ‘may have worse consequences than the corpulency it was intended to correct, and that no person should hazard those while he may have recourse to the more safe and certain means of *abstinence* and *exercise*. The diet,’ he adds, ‘must be sparing, or rather, what is more admissible, it must be such as affords little nutritious matter; it must therefore be chiefly, or almost only, of vegetable matter, and at the very utmost, milk. Such a diet should be employed, and generally ought to precede exercise, for

obesity does not easily admit of bodily exercise, which, however, is the only mode that can be very effectual.’

“The theory of the celebrated Brown naturally led him to prefer and recommend the free use of animal food in our general diet; but he agrees with Dr. Cullen in the chief points, ‘that as animal food is the principal noxious power, the quantity should be reduced and more exercise taken. These means,’ he observes, ‘are sufficient for the cure.’

“Dr Fothergill, to whom we are indebted for two curious cases of corpulency, holds the same language.—‘A strict vegetable diet,’ says the doctor, ‘reduces exuberant fat more certainly than any other means I know. Perhaps a reasonable use of wine, not a generous one, should here be allowed, lest the strength should be diminished too much in proportion. All the means of increasing the thinner secretions are evidently pointed out as necessary, if to these we join small doses of chalybeates, or other medicines; and an abstinence from animal food, so far as the patient’s health, situation, and manner of life will admit of it; we are, perhaps, rendering all the reasonable assistance we can, till future discoveries make us better acquainted with the real causes of this singular distemper.’

“The cure of this disease, according to the opinion of the late Dr. Beddoes, consists in giving to the constitution a greater quantity of oxygen, independent of the mechanical effects of exercise, which increases absorption. The doctor asks, ‘May it not also, by introducing more oxygen into the system, by diffusing it more widely, check the formation of a substance containing little oxygen, while the fat, with the other fluids and solids, is absorbed?’

“Salivation, decoction of guaiacum with sweating, have been proposed; and, in cases of enlarged omentum, a bandage has been recommended, that might be tightened and relaxed at pleasure.

“These, I believe, are the principal articles that have been resorted to in the medical treatment of this disease; and the person who depends solely on the benefit to be derived from the use of any of them, will, I



fear, find himself grievously disappointed."

Thus then it seems that, after all this profusion of medical prescriptions, no material benefit is to be expected, except from a vegetable diet and exercise, or, in the elegant language of the epigraph to the work,

Think not, ye candidates for health,  
That ought can gain the wish'd-for prize:  
(Or pill or potion, power or wealth),  
But temperance and exercise.

We were surprised to find no mention of Dr. Arbuthnot's rules for the reduction of corpulency in his *Practical Rules of Diet*. They seem to be as judicious as any that are here brought forward.

The author's concluding paragraph will shew what are the bounds of his wishes; and we can safely assure him, that *we* wish also that he may be successful in his.

"To enlarge on the common advantages of temperance is unnecessary. I am only desirous to shew, by this cursory view, that the diminution of the secretion of fat, when in excess, *may be attempted with safety, and has been attended with success.* If by what has been advanced I should in the least contribute to the removal of what appears to me to be a prevailing prejudice, I shall feel the satisfaction of having fully attained my object."

POEMS, consisting of TRANSLATIONS from the GREEK, LATIN, and ITALIAN. With some Originals. By Mrs. WARE, of Ware Hill, Herts. 1 vol. 1809.

WE announce the present work with much pleasure; not merely from a consideration of its general respectability, but because it is an honourable testimony of female superiority. We are among those who earnestly hail an intellectual woman. Its infrequency may be some cause for our joy, and a strong motive for our approbation. Any thing which approaches to reason in the fair sex is entitled to that reception which is usually given to a prodigy, though anxiously wished for as a truth. Let not this opinion be deemed severe. Look on woman: count her qualities: to what do they amount?—Ex-

ternal decoration. To sing, to play, to dance, to dress: to breed children, and rear them: to be a domestic drudge, a creature of homely economy, who can descant upon the excellence of meat, sauce, and pies, get through a washing-day with dexterity, but not with good humour, scold the maids and perplex her husband, are her prime endowments: she is indeed the servant, but can rarely aspire to be the companion of men. We speak of rational men; of men, whose minds must be fed. There are men, indeed, to whom any woman is a fit companion: as, in a nation of blind people, a one-eyed man would be king. Let them not deplore, then, an evil of which they are the cause. While women place their chief empire in the eye of the other sex, they can expect to reign only till the eye is satiated: when that takes place, they sink, never to rise again. External attractions never vary; mental ones are boundless: and when they are combined in woman, they form a creature worthy of love; we would almost say (if it may be said without profanity) of adoration. But, for those feline ladies, who are emphatically styled good *housewives*, though the race is numerous, we are far from saying *Esto perpetua!*

Non sic prata novo vere decentia  
Æstatis calidæ dispoliat vapor,  
Sæviti solstitio cum medius dies;—  
Ut fulgor teneris qui radiat genis  
Momento rapitur, nullaue non dies  
Formosi spoliū corporis abstulit.  
Res est forma fugax. Quis sapiens bone  
Confidat fragili? SENECA.

Mrs. Ware will understand this; and perhaps, as the immediate cause of the preceding remarks, she may incur the odium of some of her female friends, who hate the excellence they cannot reach.—We pass now to the consideration of her volume, and shall quote her preface, as a proof of what industry may effect, when the inclination and the will are sincere.

"The following poetical attempts were written at different times and places—some to beguile hours of solitude—some to allay those of uncertainty.

"My education was that of most females; and, if I have any where

mistaken the poets' sentiments, from whom I have attempted to translate, (though I have *endeavoured* to follow them), I hope it will be attributed to my not having had the advantages of a classical initiation. As far as my knowledge of the dead languages extends, it has been acquired purely from private study, without instructor or assistant. Under this candid exposition of facts, I trust I may deprecate the blasts of severe criticism, which would not fail to founder my fragile, and perhaps too venturesome, bark. Though I arrogate not fame, if the public voice does not condemn me, I shall feel gratified, and, in the experience of this indulgence, be more than repaid.

"The *original* subjects I have added will, I trust, be honoured by as favourable a reception as the translations may aspire to.

"MARY WARE."

The writers from whose works Mrs. Ware has given translations, are Homer, Theocritus, Moschus, Anacreon, Ovid, Horace, Ariosto, Guarini. A better selection, we think, might have been made. Virgil ought to have found a place among the Latins, and Tasso among the Italians.

The first piece is a translation of Homer's *Battle of the Frogs and Mice*, not very skilfully nor very harmoniously executed. Such lines as the following deserve reprehension:

"Give me in language proper to relate."

"Whence, and what art thou? *prithæe*,  
*truly say.*"

"The horrid spectre made *both* worthies  
*shake.*"

Such a rime as the following is quite inadmissible:

On the frog's back, to see his dreary home,  
Whose pallid body floats the waves among.

We will copy her translation of Theocritus as a fair specimen of her powers:—

Roving Cupid was tempted to pilfer one day,  
From a honey-stor'd hive, as it lay in his way,  
When a little impertinent bee, on the wing,  
Fix'd deep in his finger his sharp-pointed  
sting;

Soon the venom inflam'd it, and, swelling  
with pain,

Cupid fretted and stamp'd, and would loudly  
complain,

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'Till he hied him to Venus his rage to impart,

That so paltry an insect created such smart.  
The goddess, all smiling replied, Little elf,  
You exactly resemble this insect yourself;  
Insidious, tho' trifling, you flutter around,  
But you deep fix your sting, and you wide  
make the wound.

Mrs. Ware is not very successful in her versions of Horace. The commencement of that beautiful ode

Eheu! fugaces, Postume, Postume,  
Labuntur anni, &c.

she translates by

The years, my friend, glide on apace,  
The fleeting years their constant race  
Insensibly maintain, &c.

We consider her translation from Ariosto as the best in the volume.—  
We will extract the conclusion:—

Whilst thus he spake, Olympia's sorrows  
rise,  
And the big tears stand trembling in her  
eyes.

So, o'er the face of Heav'n, in varying spring,  
The gathering clouds unlook'd-for darkness  
bring

But through the partial gloom, the beaming  
ray,

The all-enlivening sun restores the day;  
The nightingale, in plaintive music, grieves  
Amidst the starting buds and opening leaves;  
So, in the fair one's tears love bathes his  
wings,

And joy, exulting, from the radiance springs;  
At her bright eyes, the golden dart inflames,  
But tempers in the trickling tear its beams,  
That cours'd its way along her lovely face,  
Which both the rose's tints and lily's grace.  
Love draws with magic force the pointed  
dart;

What double mail or shield can guard the  
heart?

The youth resistless gazes on her charms,  
Nor knows what power his senses thus dis-  
arms.

The beauty of Olympia's form to paint,  
Defies expression, for all words are faint;  
The eyes, the mouth, the nose, the flowing  
hair,

Shoulders and neck as polish'd ivory fair;  
All that the waving drap'ry should enfold  
Was perfect form'd in Nature's choicest  
mould.

This symmetry of form had Paris seen,  
Doubtful his judgment for the cyprian  
queen—

Or, had his eyes once met this beauteous  
dame,

His heart had gloried in a spotless flame:  
No perjurd guest bright Helen had ador'd,  
But, innocent, had blest her lawful lord.



When Zeuxis for dread Juno's sacred fane  
 Perfection sought from one fair form in vain,  
 And for the semblance of the goddess stole  
 From different beauties to combine the  
     whole,  
 Had he beheld Olympia, unadorn'd,  
 His picture from her likeness had been  
     form'd.  
 This matchless form, in native beauty  
     dress'd,  
 Bireno's faithless eyes could ne'er have  
     bless'd,  
 Or, on the desert isle, his cruel mind  
 Had never left her to despair consign'd.

Oberto now the force of passion proves,  
 And every action marks how much he loves.  
 By every tender and consoling word,  
 He checks despondence, where his heart  
     ador'd;  
 Infuses hope that this distress may end,  
 And future time restoring comfort lend;  
 He promises, with heartfelt warmth and zeal,  
 Her perjur'd foe his just revenge shall feel:  
 He swears her lost possessions to reclaim,  
 Re-conquer all Olanda in her name;  
 His kingdom's strength he pledges for the  
     deed,  
 Fires with his words, and vows to act with  
     speed.

Now to the ruin'd mansion they repair,  
 And choose fit garments for the lovely fair,  
 Which soon were found, for in abundance lay  
 The robes of victims, late the monster's prey.  
 And yet Oberto thought, how rich so'er  
 The vest, she merited one still more rare:  
 For what the glossy silk, or ivory white,  
 Embroidery rich, or gold, tho' dazzling  
     bright;  
 What work of fancy or of art combin'd,  
 Could heighten charms by nature's hand  
     design'd?

Orlando joy'd to see the monarch prove  
 This early dawn of a resistless love;  
 For fair Olympia's cause alone delay'd  
 His active search for his own lovely maid.  
 Oberto now her champion stood confest,  
 Whose ready oath reliev'd his anxious  
     breast,  
 That dark Bireno's guilty life should pay  
 For faith profan'd, and ill usurped sway.

They spread their canvas to the fav'ring  
     gale,  
 And for Hibernia's land impatient sail.  
 Orlando, destin'd to another coast,  
 Thought every day and hour too idly lost:  
 No pray'rs avail'd his mighty mind to shake;  
 Love urg'd to go, and friendship's plea was  
     weak.  
 But ere he left this hospitable shore,  
 He fail'd not for Olympia to implore.  
 Alas! the love-sick King no prompting  
     needs;  
 His passion urges to heroic deeds.

England and Scotland, to revenge her,  
     fought,  
 And soon Orlando to submission brought;  
 No sword was sheath'd till every foe was  
     slain,  
 And present joy wip'd off the former pain.  
 Olympia now Oberto's wife was seen,  
 No more a countess, but a powerful queen.

Among the originals we noticed a grammatical error, which is very frequent among the best writers:

"Nor art nor force its fate *delay*." p. 176.

"Yet, what *are* their fragrance or beauty to me?"—192.

In both these lines the verb should be in the singular, the nominatives being disjoined by the disjunctive conjunctions *nor* and *or*.

We noticed also some lines of which the harmony is defective; but, instead of collecting them, we will extract the following verses to the memory of a father:—

Shall thy lamented shade, Oh! much-lov'd  
     sire,  
 Unnotic'd, to the silent tomb retire?—  
 No—rather let thy sorrowing child rehearse  
 Thy worth, thy Christian death, in hum-  
     blest verse.  
 Check'd is the tear that mem'ry bids to flow  
 In thanks, that Heav'n retarded long the  
     blow,  
 Till, years enfeebling, Nature's strength  
     gave way,  
 Tho' sense and reason to the last bore sway.  
 For ling'ring life no anxious prayer ascends,  
 "Let me not live a burthen\* to my friends."  
 From early years the Gospel truths he own'd,  
 And at his death its glorious comforts found.

Come, recollection, tho' thy poignant dart  
 Awakes the keenest feelings of the heart,  
 Give me, in mem'ry's eye, my sire to see,  
 His actions trace—who lives no more to me.

In early youth, allur'd by martial fame,  
 He felt its ardour, and pursu'd the flame;  
 In battle firmly for his country stood,  
 And gash'd, in Preston field, lay drench'd in  
     blood.†

'Twas there that Providence its power display'd—

An arm unseen diverts the rebel blade—

\* A favourite wish he often expressed, to the last hour of sensibility.

† He was left for dead upon the field of battle, with eleven wounds. It will be recollected, that the rebels were chiefly armed with swords and dirks, and gave little quarter. He was captain of grenadiers, and a very young man.

The tender texture of the brain defends\*—  
And thro' the folded sash the poinard  
bends,†

Nor le s acknowledg'd its directing power,  
In disappointment's black and heavy hour.‡

Long could my verse the fav'rite theme  
pursue,  
Thro' all the chequer'd scenes of life's re-  
view.

With manly fortitude its ills he bore,  
'Too wise each trifling evil to deplore  
With sense, good temper, and a cheerful  
heart,

In each convivial hour he took his part;  
But ne'er forgot his life's great aim and end,  
'To shine as subject, husband, father, friend.

When, with the weight of years his  
strength declin'd,  
No weak complaints disgrac'd his placid  
mind;

Resign'd to life or death—as the Most High  
Might deem it right, the Christian's faith to  
try.

The last dread scene was short. My heart  
be still,

Tho' horrors rise—submit to Heaven's high  
will.

We cannot conclude without strong-  
ly applauding Mrs. Ware for the lau-  
dable employment of her time, so  
preferable to the usual occupations of  
a female mind, which consist of an  
agreeable mixture of scandal, folly,  
and ignorance.

THE VETO: *a Commentary on the  
Grenville Manifesto. By CORNE-  
LIUS KEOGH, Esq. 1810.*

THIS pamphlet is considered, by  
the author, to be worthy of a  
dedication and a preface, which, with  
the dedicated matter, we should cer-  
tainly have thought little worthy of  
notice, were not the subject of it one

\* A piece of his scull was cut off by a  
broad sword, close to the brain, which hung  
by the skin, and it is now in his daughter's  
possession.

† His sash was cut through and through  
by a blow aimed at his body. In the hurry  
occasioned by the sudden approach of the  
rebel army, it was tied round the waist,  
instead of being put over the shoulder, as  
was the manner of wearing it at that time,  
and by that change saved his life. His  
daughter has the sash.

‡ He quitted the army, upon a younger  
officer being put over his head, who imme-  
diately joined the regiment in Flanders, and  
was killed in the first action.

which, at this moment, occupies, in  
a great degree, the attention of the  
public.

The dedication is to the English  
people, and exhibits as great a mix-  
ture of rhapsodical fustian and vulga-  
rity, as any speech or publication  
which issued from the most infuriated  
efforts of the French Revolution. It  
casts a fulminating and indiscriminate  
censure on *all* men and *all* measures,  
leaving the reader in the utmost asto-  
nishment and consternation, from  
which he can recover only to conje-  
cture that we are involved and sunk in  
such a state of desperate anarchy and  
ruin, as we can be redeemed from by  
the self-created and immaculate judge,  
Cornelius Keogh, Esq. alone. In the  
Dedication, page 3, he says to the  
people of England, "Mistake not  
your disorder; it is not a palliative it  
requires, but a prompt and efficacious  
remedy." When writers indulge in  
mere rant, it is difficult for the sober  
and temperate to elicit their meaning,  
supposing them to have any; but, if  
this sentence *have* a meaning, it is,—  
Trust not, my friends, to the reform  
or the improvement of the present  
system, it would be unavailing; make  
a bold effort; destroy the old edifice  
and build a new one. He continues  
this strain of declamation in pages 6  
and 7, by telling us, that "an invader  
(to assist you in this pious purpose) is  
looked for, *not as a despoiling con-  
queror, but as a welcome deliverer;*  
and *France how near, how fearfully  
near!*" Mean hypocrisy! why not  
say, in plain words,—We wish for  
revolution, and consequent bloodshed,  
to obtain our supremacy; and to  
France we look for assistance: how  
conveniently near she is for that pur-  
pose: for, if they even despoiled us  
of our political liberty, still we should  
have a Catholic king. "At home,"  
he continues, "we have an ill coun-  
selled king; a coachman-like; pugi-  
listic, profligate peerage." Here too  
we behold the political demagogue:  
so, because, out of five or six hun-  
dred peers, we find some three or  
four who indulge in the pleasures of  
driving four in hand, (it is not neces-  
sary to inquire into the right or wrong  
of this practice), and some two or  
three more who prefer the natural  
weapons of man to the artificial ones,



because of these carnal propensities, which must, from the nature of the *diversified opinions of man*, arise in the same proportion from the same number, indiscriminately chosen among all classes of his Majesty's subjects, Mr. Keogh must, for the errors (granting them to be such) of half-a-dozen, indiscriminately censure and stigmatize the whole body of one of the essential branches of our glorious constitution, the aristocracy, and by the term "coachman-like and pugilistic," plunge the whole peerage into contempt. "Will you then," he says, "by a generous effort, worthy of your ancient glory, *deliver, at once, your king and yourselves* from the connected, persevering, and successful conspiracy of hirelings, jobbers, speculators, panders, and prostitutes? !!!" Here is alliteration! We cannot call it harmony; for folly is always discordant. Why did you not, Mr. Keogh, crown all by the more sounding epithet, murderers? Perhaps Mr. Keogh would whisper,—"because it does not begin with a P!" Such, however, is the jargon of the revolutionists of our times. The sacred name of majesty is called in as a palliative to revolutionary measures, and as a blind to the anti-monarchical doctrines of factious demagogues. Flimsy declaimer! you would sound the trumpet of rebellion and place the king at your head! When your plans were completed, what would you do with your king? Look to France, and learn the answer.

"Beware of the delusion of believing that *any* measure of regeneration, *any* system of organization, which can enable you to resist the gigantic force of your enemy, is *intended* or even *contemplated* by the expectants of office." Here is a sweeping admonition! Beware of all your countrymen; they are all rogues and cheats: I, Cornelius, am the only honest man among ye.

We shall just touch upon the preface, and then say a few words on the body of the work. "I do not mean in this writing to offer any vindication of the Catholic religion. Such a task, *to which I am but little suited*, by inclination, *would interfere with the province of the preachers and teachers* charged with the duty of expounding

the doctrine." So then, after all this violence, our author confesses himself to be but "little suited" to the subject which he sits down to write upon; and to prepare the minds of his readers for which, he indulges, in a dedication to the people of England, in a most rancorous abuse of all those whom he finds disinclined to grant the supreme power to that religion to which he professes to belong, and which is of minor importance in the state, by its being acknowledged by the much smaller proportion of his Majesty's subjects. "I merely urge that he (the Catholic) is justified, *because he is born one*; because it is the general religion of his country; because it is prominent among the characteristic marks of the Milesian or *more* ancient race of Ireland."—The Catholic is justified, certainly, in following the religion of his conscience, but not in reigning paramount over other sects of higher consideration in the state. Though it is the general religion of that island (Ireland), it is not the general religion of the state. If the Isle of Man, or Isle of Wight, were entirely inhabited by Jews or Mahometans, they might, with equal propriety, claim an equal share of power, because they were the general religion of the respective islands. If the claim be good, because Catholicism is prominent among the characteristic marks of the Milesian or *more* ancient race of Ireland, why should not Paganism have a higher claim, because characteristic of the *most* ancient race of that country? "Sarenah (a Saxon) means, indifferently, an Englishman, a Protestant, or an enemy, while Turk, Jew, or Pagan, Frenchman, Spaniard, Asian, African, or American, are never used in Ireland as terms of reproach." If this is true, can there be a stronger argument brought to prove the intolerance of the Catholic with respect to the Protestant? But, we are disposed to doubt the allegations of Mr. Keogh; we think better of his Catholic (if he *be* a Catholic) brethren. Indeed, if it were not for the imbecility displayed in these sheets, we should suppose Mr. K. to be the underhand opponent of the Catholic claim; but if, on the contrary, he be sincere, he exhibits himself their very

worst counsellor. "Thus the Irishman, (the Catholic Irishman), naturally indulgent and kind to all nations and to all religions, entertains an exclusive dislike to one race and to one religion; in as much only as connected with a yoke he bears with *daily augmenting reluctance*." This is the same as if an ass were to entreat his keeper to take some pounds from his load, then further to request some few pounds more, till all was taken away, except the panniers that contained it, and he should then ungratefully turn upon his master with the reproof, that he had augmented instead of lightening his burthen!

Mr. Keogh opens his animadversions on the *Veto* by the stale trick of abusing *all the talents*: and he then indulges in an allusion to the succeeding one: "Next appeared a ministry so combined as if it were intended to devote the *English name* to infamy." It might be supposed, that an administration which devoted the English name to infamy was the worst of the two; but, Mr. Keogh, with his usual inconsistency, in a few pages more, throws the greatest odium on the former, for, in p. 20, he says, "In justice to this *now falling party*, it must be avowed, that *their predecessors* are actually more disapproved of by the Irish public!" But hear him in support of this opinion: "The Duke of Richmond is by far more fitted, than the taciturn viceroy who preceded him, to please in a land of conviviality; he is good humoured, good natured, social, and jovial. Lord Manners as chancellor, Mr. Sawin as attorney-general, Mr. Burke as solicitor-general, Sir Charles Saxton as under-secretary to the lord-lieutenant, *can never be replaced* without exposing *their successors to appear to a disadvantage*; not to speak of the men alone; several of their measures *are well calculated for conciliation*. The insulting celebration of the anniversaries of the Irish subjugation by William III is put out of fashion; the sheriffs of Dublin have been induced to call a proportion of Catholics to the two last city grand juries, from which, though legally admissible, they were hitherto factitiously excluded. The Duke, in his late vice regal tour, did much to repress the turbulent in-

solence of the orange conspiracy. The Catholic body affronted the Duke on his landing in Ireland, by a refusal of the accustomed complimentary address. Whenever he may be recalled, it is likely that his entire conduct will be acknowledged by the Catholics in a *sincerely amicable farewell*." So, after all his abuse, Mr. K. informs us, that the persons he has just calumniated, appointed men of such high character and abilities to fill the great offices of state in Ireland, that *any one* coming after them *must appear* to a disadvantage, or, in other words, that the very best among the good men of Ireland were placed over them to govern them! An undoubted grievance it must be confessed: and he continues by a confession of actions corresponding to what even the Irish Roman Catholics expected of them!!!

But these great and good men cherish and foster an establishment (Maynooth college), raised by the liberality of a generous public, for the express purpose of lifting their priesthood out of the mire of ignorance, and qualifying them for their sacred duties by a liberal education—another infamous grievance, which Mr. K. does not like: he would rather they should remain in ignorance: for ignorance is the handmaid of mystery and superstition. Let us hear him on the subject. "But, the total contrivance of the institution at Maynooth is for the manifestly intended purpose of replacing the clergy by a set of *ignorant, pedantic*, (learned), *unpatriotic* priests." Unpatriotic priests! What are patriot priests? Are they such priests as were found with arms in their hands in the rebellion of 1798, encouraging the ignorant multitude by their voice and example to deeds of unexampled atrocity, leading the innocent into rebellion by the mysteries of fanaticism, by making the "worse appear the better cause," by monkish impostures, tending to impress them with a belief that the Almighty sanctioned their bloody deeds? Is there an enlightened man in the universe that would wish such a system of religious education to exist among any set of people; that would wish to behold the layman united to his priest by such arbitrary, fanatical power on the one hand, and on the other by ignorant



and slavish credulity? Is it better that a Catholic priest shall receive his education in the bosom of his own country, associating with his countrymen, imbibing, with his learning, an attachment to the spot that gave him birth, and the laws that gave him protection, increasing the natural love of country, implanted in our very nature for the wisest purposes, by social attachments and by social intercourse, increasing and maturing every hour, till the germ of patriotism grows and expands by such genial culture to a perfection and beauty that will, at length, bid defiance equally to foreign subjugation or domestic treason?—Or, is it better that he shall, by receiving his education among foreigners, and by consequent and long absence, have the principles of alienation implanted in his heart, to have the love of his country shaken by men interested in our destruction, or at least in our humiliation, to imbibe perhaps, with his learning, an admiration of foreign policy, of foreign manners, and of foreign customs, entwined by habit and strengthened by friendship so completely into his nature as nearly, if not entirely, to destroy that love of country and every thing connected with it, which is the true and only incitement to great actions; which infuses itself through every channel to the rising generation, and, without which, no nation, however extensive her resources, can ever aspire to the rank of a great nation?

Our author comes next to the consideration of the *Veto*, and, in the course of a very few pages, involves himself in such a tissue of contradictions as it is extremely difficult to unravel. He says, “During the spring of 1808, Lord Fingal arrived in town as the bearer of a petition of the Catholics. It was in his lordship’s discretion to intrust the care of the petition to such members of parliament as he might find it most adviseable to select: and he received no further instructions.” He held some conferences with Lord Grenville, Mr. Gratton, and Mr. Ponsonby, to whom he confided the petition. So far all was right. *But Lord Fingal thought fit to trespass beyond his powers*, and, while his lordship played the envoy extraordinary, Dr. Milner acted the

resident ambassador. It appears that this coterie of five gentlemen \* \* \* \*, this self-appointed junta, thought fit, without any the least sanction or even suspicion on the part of the people, to conclude upon a Veto for the king in the election of Irish (Catholic) clergymen from the parish priest to the primate.” He proceeds to say, that after the *coterie* had “cheated parliament,” that Dr. Milner endeavoured to ensnare the Irish prelacy into a confirmation of the treaty, by circulating a pamphlet “among the superior clergy only, and with an injunction of secrecy, in order to surprise them into an acquiescence without the knowledge of the laity. *One honest ecclesiastic*, indignant at the attempt to cheat his country, forwarded his copy to a newspaper, and immediately the whole manœuvre was blown up. The *synod*, *cowed by the menacing sullenness of the people*, rejected the *Veto* by a majority of 23 to 3.” But now, he acknowledges, for the first time, p. 26, that 10 of the superior clergy “had formerly agreed to the Veto, seven of these ten now excused themselves, on the ground of delusion and fear; expressed their compunction, and voted against it; the other three, more *consistently corrupt*, composed the minority; and after all this, (so ‘prone to trick are church dignitaries’!) *the synod passed a vote of thanks to Dr. Milner, recognised him, and to this hour continues him in an agency which can have no other possible object than some further intrigue*, which time will bring to light.” In the next page he says, “The goodness of disposition and the suavity of manners of this nobleman (Lord Fingal) render him a favourite among all classes of society. In deference to his private worth, not only his *numerous and egregious* political sins are forgiven, but he *was never even called to account for his conduct*.” Thus then it appears, that the man who erred so egregiously as to involve the dignitaries of the Catholic church in the most palpable tergiversation, and the church of which he was a member, in a “conflict of opinions,” (page 27) was, through consideration “of his private worth, never called to account for his conduct.” What is to be inferred from this?—Either that

Lord Fingal obeyed the instructions given to him; or, that the point on which he differed from his Catholic brethren was considered by them, at that time, of little moment. But this is not all: the despised Dr. Milner receives a vote of thanks, and is continued, to *this hour*, in an agency he is said to have so much abused! though sanctified by no (avowed) private worth, nor enveloped by the imposing shield of hereditary nobility. And, he is continued in it by the great body of men whose trust he has so much abused! Again: these Catholic ecclesiastics are so immaculate, that the king is not allowed the power to reject a single man of them; yet, their strenuous advocate acknowledges that but *one* could be found among the chosen few (chosen by themselves) honest enough to expose their intrigues to public view; and now that their intention is known, they are obliged to vote against that, which their deliberate judgment approved, because the "sullenness of the people" threatened them. Which is the most worthy of admiration? The immaculate perfection of these priests, their imbecile and dastardly fears, or their happy propensity to change sides according to the frenzy of popular opinion! Yet, *these* are the men that government is called upon to put unlimited confidence in, and whom even Mr. Keogh, their staunch friend and advocate, cannot trust; men, whose latest acts give, even to him, a suspicion of nothing but "some further intrigue, which time will bring to light—so prone to *trick* are church dignitaries!" Can a protestant government look, with any other than a jealous eye, upon a set of men *the best* of whose representatives are objects of unqualified abuse to the most strenuous advocates of their own sect?

We shall dismiss the comments on Lord Grenville's letter with a very few remarks. "This is at best but an attempt to excuse delinquency by ignorance. Before he risked the Catholic cause and his own character, Lord Grenville should have first ascertained the sentiments of the people of Ireland." Lord Grenville could gather the opinion of the people of Ireland only through their organs,

their deputies, or agents; if *they* betrayed their trust (did they?) the fault lay not at Lord Grenville's door.—"Now, really, England has her quantum sufficit of *peers like Lord Fingal*." Compare this with the eulogium on his lordship.—"An effectual negative is somewhat more than papal authority! The usual practice of his Holiness, is to *institute the first* clergyman in the list of candidates sent from Ireland." If the interference of the Pope be of so little moment, why make so much clamour about it?—"How would you, my Lord Grenville, answer to a tender of this nature? The barter of a royal Veto on the election of Irish Catholic bishops against an Irish popular *Veto* upon the nomination of English protestant bishops." Ridiculous absurdity!—"Suppose that period arrived, if the fates intend it should ever arrive—when England, having done ample justice to Ireland & proceeding with her in an amicable sister-like intercourse, should become entitled to attention, not in her *real dangers alone, but even in her unfounded fears*: suppose England not convulsed by the ex-ministerial traitor cry of no foreign influence—that refinement on the brutal, yet less culpable war-hoop of No popery—but actuated by the desire, affectionately expressed and reciprocally intended, of *rendering attachment to the empire a QUALIFICATION FOR THE PRIESTHOOD*: then indeed might the synod of Ireland be impelled, both by honour and inclination, to *abdicate* a part of the prescriptive episcopal rights in ecclesiastical promotions." If this jargon mean any thing, it means, 'Give us our way and we will *condescend* to give up the contested point; put yourselves at *our mercy*, and we will not avail ourselves of our power.' If the disputed point be of so trifling importance, why disturb your Catholic countrymen with the agitation of the question?

We shall conclude this article by observing, that much less notice would have been bestowed upon this ill digested production, had it not been for the importance of the subject.

J. M.



## ORIGINAL POETRY.

## REVERIE.

**WHEN** my sad breast shall heave no  
sighs

But what shall from sweet Pity flow;  
When my weak head and languid eyes  
Shall cease to feel th' effects of woe,  
And when I'm grown both good and kind,  
And ev'ry thing I ought to be,  
Fancy shall paint a happy mind  
In glowing tints of reverie.

And should the retrospect to me  
(As I awhile from mem'ry borrow)  
Seem of an aspect light and free,  
I'll not repine at grief and sorrow;  
For oftimes 'ere the circling hours  
Brought sober eve in youthful glee,  
I'd wander in my native bow'rs,  
Enrapt in sweetest reverie.

Perchance I'd soar above my sphere,  
Upborne on airy fancy's wings,  
I'd future plains and prospects cheer,  
And dive into the deepest things.  
When, ah! how soon may sorrow flow;  
The very things I thought to be  
Some childish incident of woe,  
Would prove them nought but reverie.

When I've forgot the time to know  
That *Mary* prov'd unkind to me,  
When I can ne'er a boon bestow  
In aid of helpless misery;  
And when sweet Pity left no trace,  
Tho' all the world's forsaken me,  
Still in my mind thou'lt find a place,  
For I'll indulge thee, Reverie.

When Britain's sons shall yield to fight  
Against a common enemy;  
When sordid souls shall seek delight  
In doing acts of charity;  
When foreign foes our land invade,  
(Tho' Britain's rulers disagree),  
And I refuse my country aid,  
Do thou forsake me, Reverie.

Tho' sycophants shall fawn and lie,  
And friendship's basis undermine;  
Tho' villains may from justice fly,  
Who dar'd to injure virtue's shrine;  
Tho' all the world's to envy prone,  
Content in calm serenity,  
Thou o'er my mind shalt reign alone,  
Thrice welcome then, sweet Reverie!  
HOMERTON, 1810. REUBEN VERITAS.

**LOVE LETTERS to my WIFE.** By  
JAMES WOODHOUSE.

## LETTER XI.

[Continued from page 132.]

**THUS** might each cupboard's wasted stock  
produce  
Complete catholicons for penury's use;

The cellar, larder, and the stillroom store  
Might minister unnumber'd med'cines  
more;

Might, without scrawls of Galen's pupils,  
quaint,

Stop, or destroy each chronical complaint;  
Or would, as pure specifics, doubtless drive  
Acute complaints, and make weak bodies  
thrive,

And set aside the crudities unclean  
On their deceitful shelves and windows  
seen;

Whose tints terrific might fierce heroes  
fright,

Reflected from man's countenance at night,  
While all the horrid passengers that pass  
Find others' features glare like colour'd glass.  
Such dreadful forms should any friend sur-  
vey,

He'd feel confusion, horror, and dismay:  
Beholding every rose and lily fled,  
And stains prismatic painted in their stead.  
Worse than an executed culprit's face,  
Or foulest sprite in fancy's spectrey race;  
Feller than form of once-departed soul,  
That moment from Hell's deepest prison  
stole.

How few reflect what mighty mischiefs  
dwell

In substances that shew such aspects fell!  
By whose discharge more frequent deaths  
are done

Than dire explosion from the fatal gun;  
And from whose wounds more mortals pine  
and die,

Than swords and daggers mangle and de-  
stroy.

From ills like these frail man might oft  
escape, [shape.

Would they, like me, their daily conduct  
Did none exceed my cauldron and my cup,  
Whene'er they breakfast, dine, drink tea,  
and sup.

Druggists and chemists must fall'n trade  
deplore;

Their mischiefs then would shine in shops  
no more.

No more physicians feverish pulses feel,  
Or whirl thro' thundering streets their cha-  
riot wheel—

No more among mankind grasp greedy fees,  
For penning dubious, dangerous recipes.  
Apothecaries ne'er pre-cribe by stealth,  
With ignorant proud presumption injuring  
health;

But, viewing venomous, unvented drugs,  
Hoist up their shoulders to their ears with  
shrugs, [street,

While poor pedestrians mark'd in every  
They'd learnt, like them, the use of legs and  
feet.

[To be continued.]

## TRANSACTIONS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES.

## ROYAL SOCIETY.

**O**N the 15th of February, a paper on uric acid was read by Mr. Brande, communicated by the society for improving animal chemistry. The author related the effect of the alkalies and lime on the uric acid and phosphates, in patients labouring under the influence of calculi; but in none of the four cases which he stated were they successful in giving relief, or curing the disease. Magnesia, however, had the desired effect, and brought off in the urine great quantities of uric acid and phosphates, in the form of triple salts. The discharge of these salts, after taking small doses of magnesia, were so copious, that the patients were radically cured in two or three weeks. The suggestion to use magnesia was made by Mr. Hatchett, who knew of nothing so capable of acting on uric acid, and experience has confirmed his conclusion.

On the 22d, in consequence of the indisposition of Sir J. Banks, Dr. Marsden in the chair, the reading of a supplementary paper, written by Dr. Herschel, on coloured concentric rings took place. The author's object is to explain and elucidate the positions laid down in his former papers, and, in some measure, to insure to himself more completely the sole method of discovering the red bow, as Newton did the blue one. The introductory remarks chiefly referred to the 42d and 43d sections of the author's preceding paper, in which the nature of the red rings, the transmission of light, and the prismatic colours, were particularly discussed. The conclusion of this paper was postponed till the next meeting.

## SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

**M**R. J. REPTON presented to the society a series of designs of wooden houses, windows, or other parts of buildings constructed of wood, through England; including the principal structures of timber, in London, Essex, Suffolk, Norfolk, and Lincolnshire. In the explanatory observations, which were read to illustrate the views, it was stated, that sash-windows were

not introduced into this country till the age of Charles the First; and that they did not become general before the beginning of the last century.—The sashes were originally constructed of very thick timber, and the joinings were left in square pieces, in order to add to their strength, as it was then believed.

As an appendage to these views, the design of Melkhouse Street, a curious old rustic building, entirely of timber, near Ashford, Kent, was exhibited to the society. The drawing was executed by the late F. Grose, and presented considerable variety in its architectural ornaments. The design was made in 1760, and has not yet been engraved.

## ROYAL INSTITUTION.

**O**N Saturday, March 3, Mr. Professor Davy began his second course of electro-chemical lectures, with an introductory discourse, in which he explained the principle upon which it is proposed to new-model this Institution. The plan appears to be so judiciously adapted to the circumstances of the establishment, and holds out so fair a promise of a successful prosecution of scientific researches, that no doubt can be entertained of its meeting with the general approbation of the proprietary, and receiving that share of public encouragement to which it is so eminently entitled.—After a concise historical survey of the origin and progress of the Institution, and of the important discoveries which had repaid the liberality of its founders, Mr. Davy pronounced a short and eloquent dissertation on the utility of philosophical inquiries in general, and proceeded to explain the nature of those improvements, which, he conceived, were calculated to render the Institution a more efficient instrument of public advantage.

The funds of the Institution, he said, had been inadequate to the expenses of the establishment; and some injury had been sustained from the purchase and sale of the proprietors' shares. It was not to be expected, that those who could make an interest in a scientific



institution, an object of pecuniary profit, could ever feel a zealous solicitude for the advancement of science. It was therefore proposed that the shares, which originally conveyed an interest in perpetuity, should be converted into shares, which conferred merely an unalienable interest for life. But lest any of the present proprietors should conceive themselves injured by the change, a fund was to be provided for, by a loan, for their indemnification. Thus none would continue to be proprietors, but such as were animated by sentiments favourable to that description of patronage, from the beneficial influence of which the objects of the Institution would be most effectually cherished and promoted.

In order that the proprietors and the public might derive every benefit from the Institution, it was proposed, in addition to the advantages presented by the lectures, the use of the library, and the collection of mineralogy, to put them in possession of the result of all scientific investigations that might be pursued, as well as of the proceedings of the Institution, by a quarterly publication of its labours.

To one class of proprietors, namely, the possessors of landed property, the Institution might prove eminently useful. The value of the mineral productions of their estates might be ascertained, without exposing them to the impositions practised by adventurers, who, for the selfish purpose of promoting their own interests, recommend the working of mines, without any prospect of advantage to any one but the individuals employed upon the undertaking. Several instances, Mr. Davy observed, might be mentioned of benefit which had already accrued to persons who, before engaging in expensive enterprizes of this kind, had transmitted specimens of the productions of their estates to the Institution, in order that they might be analyzed; and the report which was returned to them enabled them to avoid the unprofitable hazards to which such speculations are exposed. One gentleman conceived he had discovered a valuable coal mine on his estate. Upon examining the substance, however, it was at once ascertained that it was destitute of all bituminous

properties, and the working of a mine of this quality would have been attended only with expence. Another gentleman supposed he had discovered on his estate a stratum of alumina; but, upon its analysis, it was found to be a clay of inferior value. Instances of this description might, if necessary, be easily multiplied. To landed proprietors, therefore, the Institution might prove eminently beneficial.

It had also its claim upon princes and statesmen for their support. Even the materials of war, which in these times may be of the highest importance to the state, might, from new results of scientific investigation, be essentially and effectually improved. But there is another point of view in which it has still a superior claim to their attention and patronage. With the progressive advancement of sciences and arts, the increasing prosperity of the country is closely and inseparably interwoven. Of this no one was more sensible than the great Colbert. He knew how to appreciate their importance, and cherished them with the utmost assiduity and care. Nor was he disappointed in the expectation of their natural effects; for the prosperity of France, in the reign of Louis the Fourteenth, was most rapidly accelerated by the encouragement which this able minister judiciously extended to every branch of science and of art. In this country, too, we are indebted for a large proportion of our prosperity to the success with which science has been prosecuted. But how much might it have been augmented, if the arts and sciences had received an adequate degree of encouragement? Were it possible to appropriate to this object the funds collected in one year for charitable purposes, a foundation might be laid for advancing the prosperity of the country to an almost indefinite extent, and to a point, at least, which would enable us to bid defiance to the restrictive edicts, by which the enemy has vainly attempted to check the wealth and power of the British empire.

Nor are the minute details of science and of art unfavourable to the cultivation of eloquence. One of the greatest statesmen, and at the same time one of the greatest orators this country

ever produced, owed, in a great measure, the variety, the charms, and the force of his eloquence, to the intimate knowledge which he had acquired of every branch of science and of art.—These sources of intelligence supplied him with that copiousness of illustration, with which his orations were enriched, and enabled Mr. Burke to collect, within the boundaries of his own genius, every thing that could adorn and embellish his elocution.

It has been supposed, said Mr. Davy, that this Institution may ultimately encroach on the province of some of the ancient and venerable establishments of the country, where ancient erudition has long been cultivated with success. This opinion, however, is founded in error. The precious remains of antiquity, which enlightened the darkness of the middle ages, and delivered down to us some of the most inestimable treasures of human knowledge, we can never value too highly. Let them continue to be the guides of our taste, and the beacons by which our course is to be directed. But let them not be exclusively studied. The pursuits on which such minds as those of Boyle, of Bacon, and of Newton, were employed, are of a much higher order of utility, and far more conducive to the interests and the happiness of mankind.

I presume too, to hope, continued Mr. Davy, that the encouragement which the Royal Institution has hitherto received from its female visitors, will not be withheld from it under its new modification. It may afford them opportunities of acquiring that knowledge, which will contribute to render their elegant acquirements still more interesting. By increasing the sphere of their intelligence, they will secure not only an addition to their own happiness, but the higher gratification of imparting to their children that useful instruction, which cannot fail to strengthen and to endear the relations of domestic intercourse.

Mr. Davy concluded a very eloquent and comprehensive introductory lecture, by observing, that discoveries in physical science are not to be estimated solely by their conduciveness to general utility. They produced on the human mind the happiest and the most sublime impression, in pro-

portion as they develop the harmony and simplicity which reign throughout the works of that Being, whose infinite power is manifested in every thing that is in the Heavens and on the Earth.

#### ROYAL ACADEMY.

**M**R. FUSELLI is re-elected professor of painting, in the room of Mr. Tresham, resigned. Mr. Fuselli held this appointment prior to Mr. Opie; but, on the decease of Mr. Wilson, he vacated the professorship, that he might succeed Mr. W. as keeper of the academy; and, by his re-election, he now holds both situations.

Mr. Soane continues his lectures on architecture, with the same elucidations of them by valuable drawings, at the rate of more than sixty every night. But, owing to some unaccountable circumstance, the students have been suddenly deprived of his instructions, the first they have received since the death of Mr. Thos. Sandby, in 1798.

It has also been related, that Mr. Lonsdale, the portrait-painter, being employed by the Marquis of Douglas to paint for him portraits of their Majesties, in lieu of those taken by the Dutch in coming from Petersburg, he therefore applied to the president and council for permission to copy those in their possession, done by Sir Joshua Reynolds; but they refused him! The Marquis, therefore, must employ an academician, or be satisfied with Mr. L.'s copies from other pictures. Mr. Lonsdale, it was said, intended to apply to his Majesty, and know whether the academy is an exclusive monopoly, or intended for the benefit of the public at large, and of the fine arts.

#### WERNERIAN NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY.

**A**T a late meeting, the Rev. Dr. Macknight read a mineralogical account of Ben Ledi, and the environs of Loch Ketterin. The rocks in that district consisting of mica slate, and clay slate, with an overflowing conglomerate formed at a lower level from the wrecks of primitive mountains, tended, in the author's opinion, to illus-



trate one branch of the Wernerian doctrine respecting the order of formations in the mineral kingdom. It also appeared in confirmation of another principle in geognosy, that the direction from S.W. to N.E. of the strata composing the highland mountains, corresponds to what has been observed in general relative to the bearings of the primitive strata in the crust of the earth. Such an uniformity of direction, it would seem, could only have resulted from the action of powers in nature, slow and regular in their operation; and must be referred to some original law, which later discoveries render it probable may be found to depend on the constitution of the terraqueous globe in regard to magnetism and electricity.

At the same meeting, the secretary presented a communication from Mr. William Scoresby, jun. of White comprising a meteorological journal of three Greenland voyages, with remarks on the effects of the weather on the barometer in Greenland, and on the different crystallizations of snow to be observed in high latitudes.

#### MEDICAL SOCIETY OF PARIS.

**T**HE first transactions of this learned body, which opened its present session on the 31st of October last, have recently reached this country.

After a short preliminary discourse by the president, M. Sedillot, the secretary, in recapitulating the proceedings of the society during the last year, gave a copious account of the perforation of the tympanum as having been practised with success in several cases of deafness.

M. Nacquart read a paper under the title of *Topographical and Medical Observations on the Seventh Municipal Division of Paris*, turning chiefly upon the benefits likely to be derived from a similar work on the forty-seven other municipal sections of Paris.

The prizes of the year were awarded, first, to M. Francis Hebreart, M.D. Second Surgeon of the Bicetre, who had a gold medal worth 200 francs for the best memoir on the following subject: "Describe the character, causes, and treatment of a gangrene, considered particularly with regard to the soft parts,—Silver medals for va-

rious valuable communications were respectively voted to Mr. Thiebault, physician at Bruxelles; M. Boucher, surgeon, at La Fleche; M. Chapp, officer of the Legion of Honour, and surgeon-major to the Imperial Guards; M. Labonnardiere, physician at Creteil; and to M. Bertrand, Pont du Chateau.

The following subject was next announced as a prize question. "Describe the disease designated by the ancients, and particularly by the English medical writers, under the name of *Angina Pectoris*, viz. narrowness or tightness of the chest." The prize is a gold medal, value 300 francs; and another of 500 francs has been offered by the society for the best paper on the following subject: "A clear and precise idea to be given of the nature of contagion. Point out the differences, considered with regard to the nature of its principles, and the various modes of its communication. Designate, from among the diseases generally considered as contagious, such as are really of that description. Lastly, point out the mode in which the contagion is communicated in each of them."

An anonymous friend to humanity presented 300 francs to the society, to be adjudged, at its first meeting in Oct. 1811, to the author of the most satisfactory essay on the following subjects: "On the nature and effects of the *Plica Polonica*. Point out the epiphenomena, as well as any concomitant diseases which are foreign to it; describe the true causes of this affection of the hairy parts of men and animals, since its origin, and in the different countries where it has been observed. Determine the circumstances under which these causes exert their influence; ascertain why the *Plica* has at all times spared or afflicted certain classes; and why, on some occasions, it has been observed to prevail and disappear alternately.—Appreciate the value of the therapeutic and hygiene means hitherto proposed to combat or prevent this species of endemic; and point out the best method of exterminating it."

The memoirs must be addressed to M. Sedillot, the secretary, No. 6, Rue de Favart, and reach Paris two months previous to the October meeting.

# VARIETIES, LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL;

*With Notices respecting Men of Letters, Artists, and Works in Hand, &c. &c.*

THE Rev. Cayley Illingworth has nearly ready for the press, a Topographical Account of Scampton, in the county of Lincoln, and the Roman Antiquities discovered there, with anecdotes of the Boyle family. The profits of this work are intended for the fund for widows and orphans of distressed clergymen in Lincolnshire.

Mr. Charles Blunt is engaged in an "Essay on Mechanical Drawing," comprising an elementary course of practice in that art, with plates and explanatory letter-press. His object in this publication is to enable the young mechanical artist to draw correctly in common practice, and to obviate the labour of a preparatory course of mathematics.

Mr. Prout has commenced a new work entitled Relicts of Antiquities, or, Remains of Ancient Structures; with other vestiges of early times in Great Britain; etched from drawings by himself, and accompanied with descriptive sketches, published monthly.

Mr. Stephen Pasquier intends publishing a volume in quarto, with copper-plates (engraved by means of his new invented machines and tools,) of a new system called *Neography*, calculated to simplify, and bring to one universal and common standard, all the various modes of writing and printing, in all nations. Besides assisting commerce and facilitating correspondence, his object is to open an easier intercourse for the diffusion of knowledge and the fine arts in the four quarters of the globe.

"The Prison, or Times of Terror;" has been translated from the French of the author of "The Letters of the Swedish Court," and will shortly be published.

Mr. Marrat, of Boston, has in the press a Treatise on Mechanics, chiefly designed for the use of schools and public seminaries; it is publishing by subscription, the price to subscribers will be 14s. and it will be out about Midsummer next. The subscribers' names will be printed.

A Gazetteer of England and Wales, by Thomas Potts, closely printed in octavo, will shortly be published, illustrated by maps.

A new edition of Luckombe's Gazetteer, with numerous additions, corrections, and improvements, is in the press.

A new edition of the Ambulator, in a tour twenty-five miles round London, is preparing for the press.

The Rev. William Kirby, A. B. F.L.S. author of *Monographia Apium Angliæ*, and Mr. W. Spence, F.L.S. are engaged in preparing an Introduction to Entomology, which is in considerable forwardness. Their plan is to include every thing useful or interesting to the entomological student, excepting descriptions of genera and species, which are foreign to the nature of such a work.

The Rev. W. P. Scargill, is preparing for publication a Hebrew and English Dictionary, without points, on a new plan, particularly adapted to young students.

A Tour through the Central Counties of England, viz. Worcester, Stafford, Leicester, and Warwick; including their topography and biography, with twenty-four engravings in a royal quarto volume, will shortly appear.

Mr. Carlisle, the Secretary of the Antiquarian Society, has made considerable progress in a Topographical History of Ireland.

County Annual Archives, a work now in the press, is intended to furnish a regular annual history of every county in the kingdom, by classing every event, every public proceeding, with memoirs of eminent men, who died during the year, under the name of the county to which each respectively belong.

The Rev. Wm. Bowden has completed the first volume of his Translation of Doomsday Book. The work is to be comprised in ten quarto volumes. An index will be given to each county, and a glossary to the last volume. The first volume contains York, Amounderness, Lonsdale, and



Furness, in Lancashire; parts of Westmorland and Cumberland, Derbyshire, Nottingham, and Rutlandshire.

Mr. Donovan has been sometime past engaged in the preparation of a very comprehensive work on the Natural History of the British Isles, on a popular as well as scientific plan.

In the press, *Voyages and Travels to Peking, Manilla, and the Isle of France*, between 1784 and 1801, by M. De Guignes, French resident at China.

Mr. Ayshford, member of the Royal College of Surgeons, and assistant-surgeon in the Royal Artillery, has in the press an *Epitome of Anatomy*, comprised in a series of tables. The work will form a thin quarto volume; and as its object is to furnish a copious vocabulary for the student of anatomy, perspicuity and simplicity of arrangement have been the author's chief object.

Messrs. Samuel Wesley and Charles Frederic Horn, are preparing for the press, a new edition of the first twelve Preludes and Fugues of Sebastian Bach. They are to be published by subscription, and the editors promise to bring them out in a manner superior, in point of perspicuity and exactness, to any of the copies that have been procured from the continent. Among other advantages are to be, the number of *parts* in which every fugue is composed, being pointed out to the young student, with the addition of explanatory marks to shew whether the subject is pursued *directly*, *inversely*, by diminution, or by augmentation.

#### ARTS, SCIENCES, &c.

To rectify delays and inconveniences in musical rehearsals, &c. a correspondent proposes, that composers, particularly in concertos, or any long pieces of music, number every twenty bars of the leading parts in their scores. The copyist would of course do the same by every part separately; and, where, as it often occurs, there are 70, 80, or 100 bars rest for horns or flutes, it is further proposed, to mark them according to the leading part, and not (as is now customary) all together between two bars. Should

there be any odd bars they might easily be added. If the leader hear any instrument out of its place, or if the individual playing, finds himself wrong, his error would soon be found by comparing his part with the principal one; and if the band stops, instead of beginning the whole movement a second time, the leader might say, begin from the 80th, 100th, or any other given bar; the whole orchestra would immediately cast their eyes towards the number, and the piece would go on without the necessity of trying the same movement three or four times, because a flute or an oboe or some other instrument is *out*, as they term it in an orchestra.

Mr. Leopold Vacca has discovered a method of communicating magnetism to a bar of iron, without a magnet. He takes a bar about three feet in length, which gives no sign of any magnetic virtue whilst lying in a horizontal position; but possesses the same in a very sensible degree when placed perpendicularly; these signs disappear again when it is laid down horizontally and appear again when it is lifted up vertically. A small bar of steel, it appears, rubbed several times in the same direction against the extremity of the other bar, when situated vertically, acquires magnetism; hence the discoverer concludes that magnetism may be communicated to a body without either a natural or artificial magnet.

*Cobalt*—Persons interested in the prosperity of our porcelain manufactures will rejoice to be informed that a mine of very excellent cobalt has been discovered in this country. A specimen having been transmitted to Mr. Hume, of Long Acre, for his examination he analysed the same, and found it to contain nearly thirty per cent. of that metal.

A Philosophical and Literary Society was instituted in the populous village of Hackney, on January 30, 1810, by an association of gentlemen. This society consists of three classes unlimited as to numbers. First, ordinary members, who contribute to the funds, enjoy the use of the books, &c. 2d. Honorary, consisting of such gentlemen whose association may reflect honour on the society, and whose opinion of the labours of its members

may be such as to impress them with sentiments of regard for such a mark of our opinion. The third class to consist of those whose attachment to literature may entitle them to become members, but whose finances would hinder them from contributing to the support of the society by subscriptions; that to these last our library be open gratis. A subscription of one guinea per annum, is paid by each ordinary member in advance. Ladies are to be always admitted on the recommendation of three subscribers, without the formality of a ballot; and that their votes by proxies, who must belong to the society, shall be accepted at any general meeting. The last Monday in March, being the first general meeting, is to be kept as the anniversary. Attendance is given every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, from seven to eight o'clock in the evening, for the purpose of exchanging books, &c. The meetings on Tuesday evenings are principally occupied by literary conversations, and reading such papers on scientific or literary subjects as the society may be favoured with; that the chair be always taken precisely at seven o'clock, when the business of the evening shall commence; and that if the election of members shall not be first dispatched, the president may adjourn that part of the business till after the discussion of the paper. The subjects for conversation, or books for the library, comprehend the mathematics, natural history, chemistry, polite literature, antiquities, civil history, biography, questions of general law and policy, commerce and the arts; but religion, the practical branches of law and physic, British politics, and indeed all politics of the day shall be deemed prohibited subjects. That as it is a principal object of its associates to increase the funds by obtaining subscribers, and every other means that may be in their power, and whoever wishes to have any book of the society sold shall first propose it to the committee, who shall enter such request in the journals, in which it shall regularly come before the anniversary meeting, and that without the general consent of that meeting it can not be disposed of. The purchasing philosophical instruments and patronising

lectures on philosophical subjects form a part of the plan of this society; and the earliest opportunity that the state of its funds can allow will be taken, for the consideration and accomplishment of such very desirable objects.

Relative to the study of the mosses, a correspondent asks whether the commencement should be made with the generic divisions pointed out by Hedwig and Dr. Smith; or whether these divisions are not too difficult for a beginner? Ought not distinctions to be adopted similar to those of M. Hithering, as having the most facility? Is not a good introduction to the cryptogamia class, still wanting?

The difficulty in procuring the dried specimens which accompany Mr. Amos' Treatise on Grasses, having been hitherto so great as to have confined the circulation of that valuable work merely to the original subscribers; we are happy to state the removal of such difficulty, and that a number sufficient to meet the urgent demands of the public has been at length prepared, and will very speedily be brought forward in a new edition.

*A simple method for removing grease spots.*—Scrape finely some pipe-clay, lay thereon the sheet or leaf, and cover the spot in like manner with the clay. Cover the whole with a sheet of paper, and apply for a few seconds a heated ironing box. On using India-rubber to remove the dust taken up by the grease, the paper will be found restored to its original degree of whiteness and opacity.

To preserve brass vessels from contracting verdigrease after they have been used, instead of wiping them dry, it has been found that by constantly immersing them in water they are kept perfectly innoxious, and will remain for years full as clean and nearly as bright, as when they first came out of the hands of the workman.

Mr. Hawkins has discovered a new mode of filtering water, which will supply a great abundance of that liquid perfectly sweet and brilliant. The necessity of filtering even the best spring water, is demonstrated by this method.

To prevent the fatal accidents so frequent at powder-mills when in the



act of corning, it is intended to simplify the machinery so that only one horse will be required, and further, the whole works will be sunk in the ground with only a loose roof of weather boarding.

To preserve drawings made with a black lead pencil, a thin wash of isinglass may be used, or, hard black chalk to prevent their rubbing out; or the same effect may be produced by the simple application of skimmed milk; the best way of using this is to lay the drawing flat upon the surface of the milk, and then taking it up expeditiously, to hang it by one corner till it drains and dries. The milk must be perfectly free from cream, otherwise it will grease the paper.

To prevent the lead from smearing, the loose particles should first be taken off with a dry hair pencil, or even by blowing it.

*A new recipe for making permanent ink for marking linen, &c.*—Take of lunar caustic, (now called argentum nitratum) one dram; weak solution, (or, perhaps more correctly speaking, tincture) of galls two drams: the cloth is first to be wetted with the following liquid:—viz. salt of tartar one ounce; water, one ounce and a half. It must be perfectly dry before any attempt is made to write upon it.

A great improvement is said to have been made in the manufacture of British isinglass, so as to render it equal in quality to that imported from Russia. This is said to have been proved in the late trial, "The King, v. Brown and Parry," on whose premises this composition, unknown to the officers of excise, was found. A few skins of soles, from which this new ichthyocolla is made, have caused a manifest alteration in this branch of Russian trade, in favour of Great Britain.

#### *Africa.*

While the arts of civilization are extending by means of the missionaries to the West of Africa, a grammar and several catechisms have been printed for the society in the language of Suso and English. Two settlements are formed on the Rio Pongas, where four Lutheran Ministers, assisted by some active females, receive

under their care the children of the natives and traders.

The Society for Missions to Africa and the East, has lately undertaken the establishment of a settlement at the Bay of Islands. Several artisans, a carpenter, a ship-builder, a flax-dresser, and a twine-spinner, have sailed lately from England under the care and direction of the Rev. Samuel Marsden, Chaplain of New South Wales, who has undertaken to superintend the formation of the new settlement.

#### *France.*

A very important discovery is said to have been made of the uses of the slimy juices of snails, by M. Tarenni, as a specific for the cure of hernia, or rupture, when the part can be returned and it is not dangerous to confine it in the body. This being ascertained, he directs that a truss be made having the ball at the end concave, instead of convex, as usual, for the reception of a cup of equal diameter with the orifice of the hernia. The cup must be of china, glass, or earthen-ware, that the liquor may not penetrate it, or undergo any alteration; and the edges should be turned, that they may not incommode the patient. It is to be filled with wool, which must be changed every other day. Two, three, or four hundred snails are then to be procured, and kept in a place where they can procure food; from two to eight being only to be used every day. The patient, before he rises, and after he has been in bed, removes the cup from the truss, and pricks the snail in different places with a pin, from which incisions sometimes a bluish and sometimes a grey liquid issues, which must be caught on the wool in the cup, which, being filled, must be placed exactly in the same situation on the affected part; but, if a thick froth oozes out from the snail, that snail must be thrown aside, and another taken. After the cup is thus applied, it must be covered with a white linen cloth, and the ball of the truss applied on it sufficiently tight to prevent the fluid from escaping. If this treatment lasts several months, it may be necessary to shave the part, and not to leave it too long uncovered for fear of catching cold. If the cup rubs the skin, it must be removed till the

place is healed. In this case the patient may remove the truss altogether at night, if it can be done without danger; and in the day-time he may wear it dry, filling the cavity with wool, and covering the hernia with a bit of cloth. This treatment cures a common hernia, or rupture, in two, three, or four months; though it may be necessary for the patient to wear the truss six weeks or two months more, till the wound is perfectly healed, in order that the muscles may resume their natural action.

M. Amatus C. Bonpland, the companion of M. Von Humboldt, has been appointed principal inspector of the domain of Malmaison, with a considerable salary. The splendid work entitled, '*Le Jardin de Malmaison*,' was interrupted by the death of Ventenat; but the second part of his '*Plantes Equinoctiales*,' he left in a finished state.

The second part of M. Von Humboldt's *Astronomical Observations*, contains the latitude and longitude of a great number of places along the Orinoko, Atabapo, Tuamini, Teni, Cassiquale, and the Rio Negro.—Maps of the Orinoko, the river Magdalen, the province of Joren, the Bracomorros, and the western part of the river of Amazons; and drawings, taken on the spot, are to embellish this great work. These drawings, &c. were made in 1801 and 1802, during his residence at Quito and Mexico.—The author intends to publish the bases of his maps, and various astronomical and geographical enquiries by M. Ottmans. The third part of M. Von Humboldt's collection, contains the elevation of five hundred points of Spanish America, which he determined by means of the barometer.

#### *Germany.*

From Vienna it appears that M. de Hammer, formerly the Imperial agent in Moldavia, has been sent to Paris, to claim the restitution of a great part of the Hebrew, Arabic, and Persian MSS. taken from the Imperial library. M. Denon, it is said, has given assurances that only such MSS. as were not taken from the emperor's library, shall be withheld; the rest shall be scrupulously returned. M. de Hammer is well acquainted with

oriental literature, and some of his works have had honourable mention made of them in the French Institute.

According to some experiments on the laws of electric repulsion made by M. Simon, of Berlin, he has improved the discoveries of M. Colomb, who seemed to have ascertained that the electrical repulsion is in the inverse ratio of the square of the distance. To prove this law by a more simple and firm apparatus, M. Simon constructed a pair of scales, all the parts of which were made of glass, and coated with gumlac. In the course of the experiments it appeared that each degree of deviation of the tongue of the balance from 0, was equal to the weight of 0.4 of a grain. The result of the experiments which M. Simon varied in every possible way, was, that the electric repulsion was in the simple inverse ratio of the distance. In trials of the gold leaf, electrometer, this law was established with increased precision, and more than in those he made with the pith balls. Volta always denied the truth of Colomb's law, and asserted that experiments with the electrophus, shew the electric repulsion and attraction to be simply in the inverse ratio of the distance.

#### *India.*

The following is given as a correct account of the manuscripts lately brought by Dr. Buchanan from the East, and which are now deposited in the public library of the University at Cambridge:—"They are chiefly biblical, and are written in the Hebrew, Syriac, and Ethiopic languages. Dr. Buchanan obtained them from the Black Jews, who have had settlements in India from time immemorial, and are now found in numbers about Cochin. These Jews differ in many respects from those of other countries: they call themselves Bene Israel, viz. Sons of Israel. They have the Hebrew Pentateuch, but scarcely know of any other books of scripture. A copy of this written upon goat skin, and found in one of their synagogues, is in the Buchanan collection. The Syriac manuscripts were collected from the Syrian Christians in Travancore and Malayala, where a race of christians has existed ever since the apostolic times; the native Indian christians



bear the name of the christians of St. Thomas to this day. They have the whole bible and other books, not in our canon, extant in the Syriac language, and their's is, perhaps, the purest of all the versions of scripture now known. There is, in Dr. Buchanan's collection, a copy of the bible, containing the books of the Old and New Testament with the Apocrypha, written on large folio vellum, in the ancient or *Estrangelo* character, a present from Mar Dionysius, the Archbishop of the Indian church, to Dr. Buchanan. But though all these MSS. were brought from India, they were not all written in India; some were written at Antioch, Mesopotamia, and other parts of Syria, Asia, and Africa.

#### Russia.

A merchant has sent to Petersburg, from the coasts of the frozen sea, the head of an animal of an extraordinary size, in a very perfect degree of preservation. The emperor has ordered the merchant, who sent it, to be rewarded with a gold medal.

In the government of Simbitsk, in the circle of Corsun, four versts from the crown village, Cassaur, a large portion of ground has been burning these three years past. No fire is seen but much smoke issuing from several chinks. The ground sinks very perceptibly, and flames burst out when the edges are pressed. Twelve years ago, a part of ground which had burned in this manner, became extinguished without any known cause.

## MEMOIRS OF REMARKABLE PERSONS.

### CALEB WHITEFOORD, ESQ.

**T**HIS gentleman, who died lately at his house in Argyle-street, was well known in the first polite and literary circles. He was born at Edinburgh, in the year 1734; and, being intended by his father for the church, was educated at that University, where he distinguished himself by an uncommon proficiency in classical knowledge. The profession, however, for which he was designed, not according with young Whitefoord's wishes, he prevailed on his father to place him in the counting-house of his friend Mr. Stewart, a wine-merchant in London: here he remained for some years, until the decease of his parent enabled him to commence business on his own account. Mr. Whitefoord did not permit the avocations of his trade to engross his time so fully as to debar him attentive to literary amusement. His Essays, Poems, and Cross-readings (a species of humour first struck out by him, to which, on first communicating it to the public, he gave the apt signature of *Papirius Cursor*), evince the sprightliness of his satire, and the novelty of his wit. These he contributed to his friend Mr. Woodfall, in whose paper they first appeared, anonymously; and many of them were afterwards collected and preserved in the "Foundling Hospital

for Wit." The shafts of his ridicule were directed against the petitions, remonstrances, and grievances of Mr. Wilkes, and the other patriots of the day; and so great was his success, that he not only obtained the approbation of administration, but, it is said, was requested by a person high in office to write a pamphlet on the subject of the misunderstanding between this country and Spain, relative to the Falkland Islands. That task, however, he declined; but recommended Dr. Johnson, as the ablest person who could be selected for the purpose. Johnson's work, and its effect on this occasion, is well known. Mr. Whitefoord was a member of the Royal Societies of London and Edinburgh, of the Society of Antiquaries, and Vice-president of that for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce. His acquaintance and friends consisted of the first literary and political characters of his time; and it has been said, by Adam Smith, that, although the junto of wits and authors hated one another heartily, they had all a sincere regard for Mr. Whitefoord, who by his conciliatory manners kept them together in amity and good humour. We conclude this hasty sketch of a man of distinguished talents, a zealous friend to his country, and a very respectable member of society, with the following characteristic

epitaph, written many years since by his friend Goldsmith, and printed in the "Retaliation" of that poet:—

"Here Whitefoord reclines, and deny it who can,

Though he merrily liv'd, he is now a grave man.

Rare compound of oddity, frolick, and fun,  
Who relish'd a joke, and rejoic'd in a pun;  
Whose temper was generous, open, sincere,  
A stranger to flatt'ry, a stranger to fear;  
Who scatter'd around wit and humour at will,

Whose daily bon-mots half a column might fill:

A Scotchman from pride and from prejudice free,

A scholar, but surely no pedant was he.—  
Merry Whitefoord, farewell! for thy sake,  
I admit

That a Scot may have humour—I had almost said wit:

This debt to thy mem'ry I cannot refuse,  
Thou best-humour'd man with the worst-humour'd Muse."

Mr. Whitefoord, as an admirer of the fine arts, in addition to other pictures, had an apartment entirely filled with the works of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Mr. Whitefoord, being at a city feast, the chairman, very soon after dinner, gave a toast not very consistent with decorum. Mr. Pitt, on hearing this toast, displayed some symptoms of disgust, and asked if it was common?—"Oh yes," said Mr. Whitefoord, "very common among Chairmen."

## THEATRICAL RECORDER.

LYCEUM THEATRE, STRAND.

MONDAY, Feb. 26.—*Hit or Miss.*

In farces in general we are not accustomed to expect probability of incident, or consistency of character. In those *things*, which it is the fashion to call vehicles for music, we are accustomed to dispense with a want of interest and of incident, of plot and of tolerable dialogue. Making, then, the proper allowances for the piece before us, being a farce in the first place, and a "vehicle for music" in the next, we cannot but acknowledge that if it were not for some insipidities, "*Hit or Miss*" would be a very good thing of the kind. It is rendered very pleasant from the characters being all so well suited to their respective representatives. Matthews, as a dashing lawyer and a member of the Whip Club, produces an infinity of mirth; Johnstone—and he is indeed the mainstay of the piece—Johnstone has an Irish part, of which he makes the most (but it admits not of very much being made of it); and Mrs. Bland's singing is highly effective. All the performers, indeed, exerted themselves to their utmost, and the author is much indebted to them. On the whole, though not a first-rate production, it possesses a sufficiency of comic *feature* to entitle it to public countenance, and promises to prove very successful.

Tuesday, March 14.—*The Maniac, or the Swiss Banditti.* This new opera is like all other new operas, as old as possible in sentiment, humour, and language. It is the double story of an insane female and a most desperate youth in whiskers, the former of whom runs away from her seducer and goes mad on hearing of her father's supposed death, while the latter, almost as mad for the love of her sister, whose affections are fixed on his brother, becomes a sanguinary captain of banditti, and concluding his brother to be killed by a hired assassin, contrives to get the lady not only into his cave, but as it would seem to the innocent, unthinking spectator, into his power. Here, however, as was to be expected, comes the surprise. A company of soldiers is sent to exterminate the robbers, and who should be the officer on duty but the very brother supposed to be killed. He fights, and of course rescues the lady: and in the mean time the seducer of the other lady goes of course to find her out in her haunts. Here he is assaulted with a huge stick by a faithful servant who had followed the lady in her distresses, and who puts the lover to flight with the quickness and vigour of an *Orlando Furioso*, though this same follower himself, on a different occasion, is defeated with as little ceremony. However, every body succeeds as he ought, dramatically speaking; the



mad lady is of course restored to her senses as well as to her father, and "they all live very happy after." Children's stories, and modern dramas have all the same kind of end, and terminate like foils, not only with no point, but with absolute flatness.

The sentiment, the humour; and the dialogue, did ample justice to the adventures. The mad lady was particularly happy in her flights "from lively to severe," and at one time refused "a piece of cold lamb" because "man was an universal ravager." Mr. Arnold, in attempting these fine flights, does not seem to have been aware that the art of a poet is never so much exercised as in the wanderings and apparent artlessness of insanity. Of the humour, poor Matthews's character, *John Dory*, is a sufficient specimen: he is a fisherman continually talking, *a la Dibdin*, of *odd fishes* and *soles*, of *nibbling* at beauty, and *hooking* a wife. The language exhibits such metaphors as *shining* through *bluntness*, *silencing* the *edge* of curiosity, &c. and the songs, for their antiquity, would be passed over by an errand-boy perusing an old wall: there is *Ella, the fairest of the fair*, and *Edmund the bravest of the brave*, who are obliged to part for a short time, and the author, to shew that he does not imitate the story of Young Henry, puts the case of separation in this *new* way, marking the emphasis in Italics, lest it should escape the common readers:

Why from the maid did Edmund go?

And why did Ella drop the tear?

'Twas that he flew to meet the foe!

'Twas that her heart was chill'd with fear.

Very original, energetic, and surprising.

Specimen of the original reasoning:—

Push about the bottle, boys, &c. &c.

—Constant joys—social glass—

For when care disturbs the soul,

Why should mortal man repine?

Since fill but deep enough the bowl,

And all our cares are drown'd in wine.

Specimen of the Shakspearian fancy:

Love is the essence of a part

Where vital feeling lies,

Born in the heart, lives in the heart,

And in the heart it dies.

The acting was much too good for the production, the excellent performance of such men as Dowton gives a false colour and success to these wretched dramas. Mr. Dowton did indeed supply some admirable touches of nature to the meagre outline of his original. The breathless impotence of joy with which he suddenly meets an old friend, was worked up with an agitation of feeling, face, and manner, the truth of which can never have been excelled in the best times of the stage.

The music by Mr. Bishop is liable to the very same objection, for it is lamentable to see so much scientific and expressive composition lavished on the most paltry songs. The chorus beginning "The Tyger," the ballad of Poor Mad Margery, and the rondo "Go my Love," may rank with the most pleasing compositions of the modern English School, the first for expressive solemnity, the second for simple pathos, and the third for elegance and a spirited resolution. Mrs. Mountain, with her delicate taste, did full justice to the Maniac's singing, but it is a mere joke to see her playing the *Ootavian* among mountains. As to Mr. Philips, he is always playful and pleasing, and occasionally exhibits much feeling; but he should avoid Mr. Braham's style, as he would vaulting on the slack rope: it is sure to bring him to the ground, and to lame him too in the descent.

## STATE OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

THE liberty of the press is a privilege dear to an Englishman; it is the object of aversion and abhorrence to tyrants, servile courtiers, and corrupted placemen. The cruelty, exercised on a printer abroad, is well known: and there are few in England,

we trust, that would rejoice to see the press under the same shackles as it is on the continent. Happily, a jury exists in our country; and the accused cannot be condemned without an open trial: we may add, too, that though he is brought into court by

the public accuser, yet twelve sworn men are not to be daunted by either the talents or influence of office.— Since our last, a remarkable instance has occurred, which has given very general satisfaction to the country, and will, we hope, be a check to similar prosecutions.

The public heard, with surprise and astonishment, a little before the enquiry which brought to light so many iniquitous proceedings connected with the name of the Duke of York, that a variety of trials were expected to take place on the subject of libels, which, however, were set to rest by the decision of the House of Commons. Complaints of the licentiousness of the press were, however, afterwards occasionally heard: and it was known, early in the winter, that the Attorney General had filed informations against several printers and publishers for supposed libels. Among the persons attacked was one, who, whether we consider him in his public or his private character, is an ornament to his country; a man, whose paper has been conducted on the most enlightened principles, and which, in the course of years, that it has been in his hands, contains better specimens of writing, of learned and judicious remark, than any periodical publication of any times.

Not to err, in any respect, is not allowed to mortal man: and, if it has been said of the divine poet,

*Aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus,*

it might be allowed to the editor of a daily publication occasionally to go beyond the bounds which true prudence might dictate. The Society for the Suppression of Vice would naturally be on the watch for such a slip: It would rejoice in such an opportunity of displaying its over-officious zeal: but an Englishman does not, nay, an English sovereign cannot, desire such Argus eyes in an Attorney General. A hasty word must not be punished with the severest rigour in a country, where the Majesty of Heaven is so frequently blasphemed without notice; and, though we are not preachers by profession, we would recommend to every Attorney General to adopt, in his private prayers, the expressive words,—“If thou art

extreme to mark what is done amiss, O Lord, who can abide it?”

Whether the public prosecutor had considered this address, or whether the burden of prosecuting was imposed upon him by the higher powers, it is not our province nor in our power to determine: but the fact is, that he filed an information against Mr. Perry for printing, in his Morning Chronicle, the following words:—

“What a crowd of blessings rush upon one’s mind, that might be bestowed upon the country in the event of a total change of system! Of all monarchs, indeed, since the revolution, the successor of George the Third will have the finest opportunity of becoming popular.”

These words were construed, by the prosecutor, into a violation of decorum,—into a disregard of the relations between the sovereign and his people. It was asserted, that they had a manifest tendency to alienate and destroy the affections of the people towards their sovereign, and to break down that link of love which ought to connect the sovereign and his people in the tenderest ties.

Mr. Perry pleaded his own cause; and, in a most eloquent, pathetic, learned, and judicious address, repelled the charge completely. He exposed the futility of the Attorney General’s interpretations in the strongest colours, and at the same time was by no means sparing of his censures of the administration. He pointed out passages in the same paper, where his loyalty and reverence of his sovereign were expressed in the strongest terms. He endeavoured, in vain, to find a reasonable justification for the prosecutor in this proceeding; and intimated that the comment on the Morning Post had been officiously read, so as to make the impression in some quarter, whence the prosecution originated.

Here he was interrupted by the Attorney; but Lord Ellenborough said, that if he had seen cause for interference, he should himself have interposed; although, when a gentleman came into the court to speak for himself, they must not be fastidious, if he did not entirely regulate himself by the established forms of their proceedings. Personal allusions were



certainly, however, to be avoided.— Mr. Perry then proceeded, and passed some elegant encomiums on the Prince of Wales, and alluded to many passages in ancient and modern writings, in which the future virtues of the son excited the happiest feelings in the father. We could, with pleasure, follow the worthy orator, if our limits permitted, through his address; but the animated manner in which he concluded, made, and deserved to make, a deep impression.— Gentlemen, the cause of the liberty of the press in England, under the direction of the noble and learned judge, is in your hands this day. The Morning Chronicle stands now, as it did in 1793, in the front of the battle, not only for itself, but for the liberty of the press of England. The point at issue is—Whether it shall continue to assert the principles upon which the Whigs have ever acted, and by which their only object is to perpetuate to his Majesty, and his heirs, the throne, to which they persuaded the people of England to call his ancestors, by securing it upon that basis which forms not only its strength but its lustre, and which I find truly described in a recent column of my own paper. Nothing on earth ever equalled the magnificent and richly ornamented power and greatness of the kingly office in the constitution of England, when exerted in due harmony with the influence and the authority of the two houses of parliament, in unison with the public voice. The boasted unity and vigour of despotism is impotence compared with the concentrated energy of such a government. May it be perpetual.

The Attorney General, struck with the eloquence of the defendant, paid him great compliments for his abilities, but insisted on it that he had exceeded the bounds allowed to counsel. But here he was interrupted by Lord Ellenborough, who would not allow the insinuation; and the Attorney made, but an awkward defence of his charge, and repeated scarcely any thing but the former account of the words in question,—that they could bear only one interpretation, and therefore the jury were in duty bound to convict the defendant.

The judge then summed up the whole in a very candid and impartial manner; and he declared that he did not feel prepared to go the length to say, that the sentiment might not be expressed of blessings likely to result from a change of system. One being only was free from error, and it was not a disparagement of his Majesty to say, that he might have taken an erroneous view of the interests of his country. Where two interpretations could be given, it was the duty of the court to take the most lenient; and he could not see any thing in the paragraph to induce him to go the length of saying, that it must be malicious. The jury did not go out of court, but, in as short a time as the foreman could collect the votes, declared the defendant NOT GUILTY; and the Attorney General withdrew his information against another paper.

Too much praise cannot be given to Mr. Perry for the manner in which he conducted himself upon this occasion. It has been said, that he who pleads his own cause, has a fool for his counsel. This is the language of lawyers: but we will add, that it is only where he has a knave for his judge, or intricate points of law to discuss. Here was a plain question, free from technical embarrassments. In discussing it, two men would shew naturally the difference of their talents and education. In this case, in point of education, the accuser and accused were upon a par: both had enjoyed the advantages of a school and a college; but in talents and genius, how much superior was the accused!—The accuser, after leaving college, was thrust into the bar, *veluti in pistrinum*: the accused employed his talents on the general affairs of men, and in the best circles of men of education and talents. If Sir Vickery Gibbs might shew his perseverance in a deep research through the cobwebs and dirt of the folios in an office, he could not come into competition with a man who brought to his aid the best sentiments and language of ancient and modern times. We rejoice in the defeat, and the mode of the defeat, of Sir Vickery: but it may be thought, that he would have triumphed over a man of inferior talents.

We very much doubt it.—When lawyers plead the one against the other, the name of the Attorney General carries weight with it: but a plain unvarnished tale, told by a plain man, would have produced its effect on the jury. We will conclude our remarks on this important trial, by bringing to the Attorney General's recollection a story he read at school: Some young men were brought before Philip, King of Macedon, by his Attorney General, for having libelled his Majesty the night before over their cups. It is too true, they replied, and we are now glad that the wine failed us, or we should have spoken much worse of your Majesty. The King had more magnanimity than his Attorney General, and they were dismissed.—And, in many libel causes that have been tried in this kingdom, there has been great occasion for this magnanimity.

Another occasion of triumph has been afforded to the public, by a county election. Mr. Yorke, who is well known for shutting up the gallery of the House of commons, for his support of ministers, and the imprisonment of Mr. Gale Jones, received the appointment to a tellership of the exchequer, worth between two and three thousand a year. In consequence of this place, his seat for Cambridgeshire became vacant, and he went down to his constituents to receive their approbation of his conduct, and to be re-elected. Another candidate, however, gave the county an opportunity of expressing their sentiments; especially as, in his advertisement, he declared his fixed aversion to the present ministers, and his abhorrence of the chief features in their late member's conduct. A day of nomination preceded the election, and an immense concourse of freeholders came forward: on the appearance of Mr. Yorke, he was greeted by them with all those salutes which are the most decisive expressions of popular disapprobation and indignation. The two gentlemen, who proposed him, could scarcely be heard; and, when he came forward to speak for himself, his voice was drowned in the hootings and hissings of the multitude. For some time the clamour continued; that the nomination of Lord F. G.

Osborne was scarcely heard: but, by degrees, the noise subsided, and Mr. Gunning was heard through a very animated speech, in which he passed in review Mr. Yorke's parliamentary conduct; his subserviency to ministers; his resistance of all reform; his acceptance of place. Mr. Yorke was now heard in his defence; but he could make no impression on his former constituents; and, when the High Sheriff took the sense of the meeting, it was declared to be most decidedly in favour of Lord F. Osborne, not one in ten holding up their hands in favour of Mr. Yorke.

The discomfited placeman retreated in great dismay from the field; and, after taking counsel with his friends, and finding how very unequal he was to the combat, retired from the contest. In fact, he might have consumed his tellership without gaining his object; and he considered that, if he lost the county, he had some grounds for saying,—

*Populus me sibilat, at mihi plaudo  
Ipse domi.*

Let the people hiss on, I can tell my pence over at my leisure. On the day of election, only one candidate appeared; and Lord F. G. Osborne was declared duly elected in the midst of a greater concourse than was ever known upon such an occasion. The triumphant multitude followed the car of their favourite with songs of gratulation, and various allusions to the system and place of his defeated antagonist. In fact, it is cause of triumph to the whole country; and, independently of the principles of Mr. Yorke, which met with a proper repulse, we cannot but think it highly improper that a placeman should represent a county. Let men of this description go to the petty boroughs, which, by local circumstances, are compelled to receive any man that is sent to them: but a county is not to be made subservient to a similar system. It ought to be represented by men of independence; by men who will not sacrifice their votes to the shrine of interest, nor consider themselves bound in gratitude to act in opposition to their constituents.

Another circumstance has occurred, which must give general satisfaction,



The thanks of the Commons have been given to Lord Wellington and other officers, for their conduct at the battle of Talavera; but in this vote the exploits of a soldier were overlooked, who does honour to the English name, and who has performed more essential services than any other military commander in Spain. Had he been at the head of our troops on that day, we apprehend, that no complaints would have been heard of the want of co-operation of the Spaniards: for he, who formed a corps of British, Portuguese, and Spaniards, and marched them within three leagues of Madrid, would have combined, with equal ease, the allied armies, and enabled them to profit by the bravery displayed in a battle, in an eager pursuit of a foiled enemy. In fact, the reader who cursorily only has attended to the late campaign of Spain, cannot fail of having remarked that, in the dispatches of the French and English to their respective cabinets, one English officer is mentioned with particular distinction. The scanty praise, doled out with parsimonious hand in our Gazette, is amply compensated by the attention bestowed on Sir Robert Wilson in the French dispatches: for, with the rapidity and skill of his movements, he made such an impression on the enemy, that they estimated his little corps as twelve thousand strong, and they were obliged to employ upwards of twenty thousand men in guarding against his measures.

The fact is, that after the battle of Talavera, when the French were pouring down upon our retreating army, the great point was to give time to our troops, and, by every means in our power, to weaken the force of the pursuing enemy. In this Lord Wellington had no part: he was running away as fast as he could: but Sir R. Wilson, by skilful manœuvres, so employed the enemy, that several days were lost to them in the pursuit.—That Sir Robert, at the head only of between three and four thousand men, could not conquer the numerous armies of the French is evident; but, throughout the arduous conflict, there were, not wanting various occasions of displaying the personal bravery of the individual, and the consummate skill

of the commander. In both respects Sir R. Wilson claims the distinguished regard of his countrymen; and it gave us great pleasure, that both sides of the House concurred in their testimonies to his merits.

A motion of thanks was introduced, by Mr. Hutchinson, into the House of Commons. The Minister, Mr. Canning, General Tarleton, Lord Castlereagh, regretted that they could not support it; and each spoke highly in praise of the Lusitanian Legion and its commander: but Sir James Hall declared that the supposed informality did not weigh with him, and he should be glad to make this a precedent for similar thanks to similar merit. The mover of the question very properly, however, would not press it on the House; but, contented with the real thanks thus passed, withdrew his motion. For our parts, we rejoice that the motion has been made; we rejoice that the merits of this distinguished officer have thus been brought forward; for we are persuaded, that, if Bonaparte had had such an officer in his army, he would not be unemployed; and wherever Sir Robert Wilson is employed, it will be for the honour and advantage of his country.

The paper, delivered by Earl Chatham to his Majesty, has had the effect we expected. It could not be supposed that the House of Commons would be silent under such an act, which, in fact, if passed without notice, would render that good understanding between commanders, which is so essential to the public service, in future, very problematical. If the royal ear is to be poisoned by insinuations, what officer in the service can be safe? The Admiral has vindicated himself, in a paper, from the charges brought against him; and the military by sea and land will judge between the two reports. For our own parts, we do not scruple to say, that, entertaining now the same opinion of the land commander which was very general when the appointment was made known to the country, we are inclined to lay by far the greater stress on the account given by the gallant Admiral. The Earl, however, has had sufficient reason to lament the step he took. It has ended in the censure of the House of Commons, and his retirement from

office. But the ministry still keep their posts; and, though they are repeatedly assailed by their opponents for want of ability, seem not at all disposed to give way; nor does the country take that interest in the dispute as might have been expected.

The Walcheren business is not yet brought to a conclusion. A most voluminous report of examinations has been printed, and the time of the members must have been pretty well occupied, if they give themselves much trouble to wade into their contents. The country is full of expectation for the result: if the ministers can ward off the blow intended them, they may rest secure during the summer. Several motions are expected to be founded on the report; and we should hope, in the abundant matter for censure, the medical board will not be neglected.

Mr. Gale Jones still remains in prison, and there is little appearance of his release. The question of his confinement has been most ably argued by Sir F. Burdett, but the House of Commons were not inclined to give up their assumed power.

The privilege of shutting up the gallery of the House has been exercised again, and on a curious question. The benchers of Lincoln's Inn have taken it into their heads to deny access to the bar to gentlemen who have been employed, in any part of their lives, in publishing the reports of the House of Commons. The exercise of talent in this manner, which has been practised by Johnson, Burke, Perry, Mackintosh, Stephens, and others of distinguished abilities, seems, to the wigged gentry, derogatory to their profession. It will be sufficient that all sides of the House expressed their disapprobation of this proceeding, on a motion being made upon the subject by Mr. Sheridan, which was withdrawn, on the presumption that the benchers would drop their ill-advised resolution. The debate could not be reported, as Mr. Windham enforced the standing orders for the exclusion of strangers: but it has transpired, that Mr. Stephens did himself great honour by acknowledging that he was once a reporter himself, and that he thought it no derogation to any character to have thus employed his ta-

lents. — In the course of the debate many pointed allusions were made to Mr. Windham's conduct, which seem to have touched him to the quick, as the report goes, that whatever slurs he has been pleased to cast upon the reporters, he once was very anxious that his speeches might be peculiarly noticed by them. A noble Lord, who was an honour to the English bar, and a great advocate for the liberty of the press, was said to be the author of the scheme in Lincoln's Inn; but this statement is without foundation, as his Lordship never advised such a measure, nor was consulted upon the occasion. We are not surprised at the attempt to degrade a class in literature, as we have too frequent reasons to perceive that even men, who have been raised merely by their talents, have been apt to repress, as much as in them lies, those who are moving in the same career: but the gentlemen of the bar would be disgraced indeed, if they were afraid of admitting talents into their profession. So far from refusing reporters a place at the bar, we cannot but think that the gallery of the house of commons is a far better place for the education of a barrister than the desk of a special pleader.

Abroad, the marriage of the Emperor occupies the attention of the French, and greater preparations are made on the occasion than that kingdom, or perhaps the world, ever saw. But the mind of the Emperor is not absorbed entirely in this event. He continues his plans for the government of Europe. Hanover is finally settled. It is removed from the Brunswick to the Napoleon family. At one time, report prevailed, that its destiny was delayed with a view of making some impression on its former head in a negotiation for peace; but the decree, issued from Cassel, declaring its annexation to the throne of Westphalia, has put an end to these conjectures. Indeed it could not easily have been reconciled to the language held in England respecting Bouaparte, that our sovereign should be enlisted in the number of his vassal kings. Germany now seems to be fixed; the King of Westphalia will be a considerable sovereign; and, when we consider the part that Hanover has



been obliged to take in our wars, the separation of its interests from those of this country will not excite very considerable regrets in any quarter.

Bavaria has not entirely organised its new possessions in the Tyrol; and many terrible executions have taken place in that unhappy country. By all accounts, however, tranquillity, or the appearance of it, is restored in most parts: but the unquiet state of its inhabitants may give rise to new changes, particularly in the southern parts.—Changes are talked of with respect to Silesia, which may not be favourable to Prussia; but the new marriage will make strange alterations. Prussia is making great exertions to pay her debt to France; but she has to deal with a hard taskmaster, and scarcely will she ever recover from her depression. The destiny of Holland has remained long in suspense. It is still a kingdom; but its king is at Paris. The Dutch will be glad of his return to them, that they may retain some portion at least of independence, and, by means of their sovereign, be freed from the vexations of a despotism, which must ruin their commerce. However, we must wait the leisure of the great Emperor, before the state of the country is completely ascertained; and his brother may still be designed to be the king of Portugal.

In Austria, nothing is thought or talked of but the marriage. The fallen house of Hapsburgh is raised from its depression, and is glorying in its union with the house of Ajaccio.—The poor girl, who, a few months ago, was fleeing away in distraction from the arms of France, is now to be delivered up in great pomp and splendour, and to make a glorious parade through Germany, with kings and princes in her train, to share the throne of the great Emperor of Europe. Balls and feasts mark her departure from Vienna: in every place splendid preparations are making for her reception, and among the queens chosen to adorn her train, the Princess Royal of England is promoted, it is said, to this high honour. The funds have risen, however, at Vienna upon the occasion, and that unfortunate country may expect some years of peace to recover from wounds so severely inflicted upon her.

At the beginning of the last war, Bonaparte was said to have assured the king of Bavaria that he would exalt his house far beyond the most sanguine expectations of his predecessors. He has performed his promise: but this marriage may dash his future hopes, if not change his frontiers towards Austria. Pretexts are easily found: yet the prudence of Bonaparte may prevent any increase of Austria towards Germany, and the new alliance portends rather mischiefs to the Turks. If France is in earnest, and prompts Austria to the attack, nothing can preserve Constantinople. Though the Turks have made such resistance to the Russians, it would be unavailing against the rapid marches of the French; and, if the latter secured to themselves all Greece, it might easily accommodate Austria with the fertile provinces between the Danube and the Thracian mountains. As to England, it is perfectly insignificant what part it takes! The possession of the Republic of the Seven Islands, and the seizure of a few islands in the Archipelago, will be all that falls to its share. Constantinople must fall, and its ruin, or rather its revival, cannot long be delayed.

The effect of the marriage on Russia is not known. The rumours of a disagreement between this country and France do not seem to have any solid foundation. Russia has gained its ends in Finland, and will, in case of an approaching partition of Turkey, be a sharer in the spoils. The other northern courts of Sweden and Denmark seem to be free from any present agitation; though Denmark cannot but entertain some apprehensions, that its new neighbour of Westphalia may trench a little upon her territories.

In a review of Europe at such an important time, the eye naturally turns to the peninsula of Spain and Portugal. Had the inhabitants of these countries been impressed with the manly feelings which sentiments of liberty and independence inspire, how grieved must we not be at their present situation.—What a melancholy sight is now presented to us!—A population of above ten millions, assisted by the arms of Great Britain, is subdued by little more than a hun-

dred thousand Frenchmen. They have penetrated now to the sands, which separate Gibraltar from the main land, and threaten a very different mode of attack upon that important fortress. Another party is advanced to the attack of Cadiz; but nothing has been effected of importance, as yet, against that town. Its fate cannot, however, be long retarded.—

We have secured one place for ourselves, the possession of the Spaniards in Africa; and with Ceuta on one side, and Gibraltar on the other, we are effectually the masters of this entrance into the Mediterranean.

But what have we been about all this time, and what has been the real state of the Spaniards? This is well expressed in the Introduction to a translation of the Prince of Machiavelli, by Mr. Byerley, a work well studied by Bonaparte, and from which our statesmen, if they could condescend to gather knowledge from the experience and wisdom of past times, might have derived some useful lessons:—"Was it," says the writer, "to replace a faithful ally on the throne? No. Charles the IVth, the legitimate sovereign, was our enemy.—Was it to rescue a nation from slavery? No. The Spanish nation groaned under the bitterest system of oppression, plundered by monks, and trodden under foot by the nobles.—What then was our motive? It was to prevent Bonaparte from acquiring a greater preponderance of power. This, I allow, was a sufficient motive for our interposition, had a rational hope of success offered itself; but, that such was never the case we might have been long ago convinced. We wonder, and so must every one who is not aware of the cause, that nine millions, though assisted by fifty thousand British troops, cannot expel eighty or one hundred thousand Frenchmen. Shall I declare the truth? The Spaniards, freed from their former galling yoke, shudder at the idea of its return. Their condition may be ameliorated, but cannot be rendered worse. Under the old government, they were mere beasts of burden: they now breathe, their eyes are opened, and they feel they are men. The race of Bonaparte they may despise; but the Bourbons they

detest. Having once tasted of freedom, should they reject Joseph Bonaparte, and drive the French out of Spain, they will never return to the yoke of Ferdinand the VIIth."

If Spain has been degraded by a vile oppressive government, and by the galling yoke of priestcraft and the inquisition, Portugal has, if any thing could be worse, sunk deeper into the abyss of moral turpitude. A long connection with our nation did not tend in the least to ameliorate its fate, and the chains of superstition could not be broken but by external force. Portugal may rejoice, as well as Spain, that a new æra is opening to her; and however melancholy it may be to us, as Englishmen, that she should owe her rise in the moral world to a rival nation, still we must congratulate the human race that the sun of knowledge will cast his beams at last upon this benighted country. Whether the French conquer or not, such circumstances have arisen, as must place the Portuguese in a better situation: but we cannot expect that, even with our assistance, they will preserve the independence of their country.

In America, have been long debates on the subject of the intercourse between the United States and Europe. The contending powers place them in a very difficult situation; but the advantages of peace will prevent them from coming to hostilities with either party. The Massachusetts, most devoted to commerce, dread a war with England; the other provinces set in competition with the ruin of their trade, the advantages to be gained by a seizure of the two Canadas and Nova Scotia. But we trust, and we are justified in our conjectures by the speech of the American ambassador at a late public meeting, that there will be no rupture between the two countries. Whatever may be the inconveniences attending their trade, they are far short of what will be experienced by a state of war.—Their country is destined to be the refuge of arts, civilization, and science; which cannot preserve their abode in the realms of despotism.

The West Indies have afforded a triumph to the British arms. Gaudaloupe, the last sugar island of the French, has surrendered to the valour



of our troops, conducted in a very different manner from those on the Antwerp expedition. The navy, in this case, had little opportunity of distinguishing itself, and the army deserves its well-earned laurels. The chief importance of the conquest is the seizure of a place whence issued a vast number of privateers to annoy our trade in the West Indies. We might fairly leave Bonaparte to his triumph on the continent, could we be content with the advantages afforded to us by our marine superiority; for, whilst we cannot injure him by land, by the possession of islands, which we can always command, we might ever prevent him from doing us an injury. Our dear-bought experience at Walcheren and in Spain will, we hope, teach us wisdom for the future, and we may then despise the threats of the great conqueror.

In the House of Commons the great business has been the enquiry into the Walcheren expedition, on which, at this moment of writing, are expected long debates for several days. This no-planned expedition, branching out into several plans impossible of execution, and filled with disaster, would ruin any ministry: but we hope that it will not give in till the deserved censures have attached to its conduct.—Lord Wellington's pension has passed, in spite of the petition of the city of London. But we agree entirely with that petition; that "we do not recognise in the military conduct of Lord Wellington any claims to national remuneration. That in the short period of his services in Europe, not amounting to two years, we have seen his gallant services in Portugal lead only to the disgraceful and scandalous convention of Cintra, signed by his own hand—a transaction the sound of which must be ever hateful to British ears, and which has fixed an indelible stain on the character and honour of the country. In Spain we have seen the valour he displayed in repulsing the French at Talavera, with immense loss of lives, produce no other consequences than his almost immediate and rapid retreat, under the mortifying and disastrous circumstance of being compelled to leave his sick and wounded to the care of his enemy: that we conceive it to be due

to the nation, before its resources shall be thus applied, that the most rigid enquiry should be made, why the valour of its armies has been uselessly employed." The peerage and pension thus acquired by Lord Wellington will not be without its appropriate marks in the records of the city of London.

In the petition, notice is taken of the obstacles thrown in the way of their preceding petitions to the king; and, in the House of Lords, the Marquis of Lausdowne brought forward a motion on the King's answer to that of the Common Council; that his Majesty should be prayed to inform the House who were the advisers of such an answer.—Lord Liverpool replied, that the whole of the ministry, with the exception of Lord Chatham, advised the measure; and, if the thing were to be done again, he should advise a similar answer.—Lord Rosslyn contended that the Earl had done all that a commander placed in his situation could do.—Lord Holland declared the plain matter at issue to be, whether his Majesty's ministers were in possession of the information which had subsequently appeared from the narrative of Lord Chatham at the time they gave the answer. If they had the information, they would be called upon to account for their conduct in returning such an answer: if they had not the information, then it would appear that they themselves had not the confidence of his Majesty, but had been supplanted by one of their colleagues. He had been rebuked for saying, that there was an influence behind the throne, distinct from that of the ostensible servants of the crown—whose influence alone the constitution recognised: but he contended, that if it should appear that this narrative had been given in without the knowledge of the ministers, if they were kept in perfect ignorance on this point; in what situation did they stand? They presented the disgraceful sight of a set of men, submissive enough to continue in office without the confidence of either their sovereign or their country.—Lord Westmoreland asserted, that the ministers would come out of the Walcheren enquiry with honour; that the country would think that they had not only done their duty, but that, with the means they possessed, they

would have been highly blameable if they had not made the attempt to destroy the arsenal at Antwerp. The conduct of ministers, he said, would appear more bright when compared with the incapacity of their predecessors.—Lord Grey supported the motion.—Lord Mulgrave professed his readiness to take his share of responsibility for the King's answer, but he begged it to be understood, that it was in complete ignorance of Lord Chatham's narrative. Had he known the charges contained in it, he should have communicated it to Admiral Strachan, and applied to that officer for a narrative also. When he advised the reply to the city, it was grounded on the dispatches of the two commanders, in which was nothing but mutual panegyrics. It was painful for him to make the observations, which circumstances had rendered necessary. He felt that the gallant profession of the navy, and himself also, were put on their defence before the House; and he should feel himself unworthy of the high office he had the honour to hold, if he did not, in such a case, discard any consideration of private personal connection.—Lord Grenville commended the open conduct of the first lord of the admiralty, deprecating the existence of a double government; for nothing appeared to him more preposterous, than that, while one set of gentlemen possessed the ostensible situations, another should enjoy the power of secretly influencing the King, and thus rendering it impossible for ministers to execute the duties of their office with justice to themselves or to the country. Here was the first instance in which this mischievous influence was clearly proved to prevail: and they, who wished to preserve the constitution, who wished to expose the character and to defeat the views of those who patronised such influence, would vote for the motion.—On a division, there were for it 90, and against it 136, leaving a majority to ministers of 46.

In the Commons, Mr. Whitbread was more successful; and, after a most eloquent speech, moved, that John Earl of Chatham, having requested permission of his Majesty to present to him a narrative of his proceedings, did, on the 15th of January, privately

submit to the King a paper, bearing date the 15th of October, purporting to be a narrative of the proceedings of his Majesty's land forces under his command, of which he withheld all knowledge from his Majesty's ministers, and the admiral commanding the naval part of the expedition, whose conduct he had implicated in no fewer than twelve parts of his narrative; and that, on the 10th of February, it had been returned in consequence of a request from him to that effect, and that the same was again tendered on the 14th of February to his Majesty, having been altered by the omission of a paragraph, containing an opinion, the substance of which, from the examination of Lord Chatham, they had not been able to ascertain.—Secondly, that it is the opinion of this House, that John Earl of Chatham, having thus acted, had been guilty of an unconstitutional abuse of the privilege he enjoyed of having access to the throne, which could not but tend to be highly injurious to the public service.

The House did not come to a decision on the night the motion was offered, the demur being occasioned from the circumstance of the examination of Lord Chatham not having been printed in time for the members to have completely digested its contents. A very animated debate took place on the next night, when Mr. Canning proposed, as an amendment, that the House had seen with regret that the report of Lord Chatham had been presented to his Majesty, without having gone through the regular department, and without having been previously committed to his colleagues, and that the desire of secrecy expressed by his Lordship was a thing which ought not to be countenanced, as it might be pernicious to his Majesty's service and the interests of the country.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer moved the previous question; when there appeared for it 188, and against it 221, the minister being beat by a majority of 33; after which Mr. Canning's amendment was adopted without a division; and on Mr. Whitbread's motion, it was agreed that this censure should be laid at the foot of the throne.

Thus the narrative has met with the



contempt which it deserves; and the ministry have been exposed in such a manner, that if England were what it used to be, they would have resigned their seats: but they remain in to hear the motions, that will cover them with still greater disgrace, on the Walcheren expedition.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The continuation of the life of *Vogel* came too late for insertion this month.

"X Y Z." must excuse us from complying with his request.

Many poetical communications are waiting for want of room. We can only recommend patience.

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## HISTORICAL CHRONICLE.

### WALCHEREN EXPEDITION.

OBSERVATIONS on the EARL OF CHATHAM'S STATEMENT of his PROCEEDINGS; dated Oct. 15, presented to the King Feb. 14.

No. I.—Copy of a Letter from Rear-Admiral Sir R. J. Strachan to J. W. Croker, Esq. on Lord Chatham's having produced a private Note of the Rear-Admiral's, respecting provisions, &c.

UNIVERSAL MAG. VOL. XIII.

SIR,

London, Feb. 28, 1810.

I understand that Lord Chatham last night produced a private note of mine, under date the 27th of August, on the subject of provisions and other matters, to the House of Commons.

The allusion to provisions in that note was in consequence of an error in the statement which was given to me from the principal agent of trans-



ports, respecting the provisions of the army; but it was immediately corrected, and, I think (I am not certain) subsequently reported to their lordships.

I mention this that their lordships may be convinced of my anxiety to prevent any improper impression in regard to the supply of provisions for the army.

The observations which I made in that note, to meet the feelings of his lordship, on the view he had taken of the difficulties which presented themselves on his expectation of success, appear to me unimportant; the thing was decided upon; it was not a moment to analyse the principles of that decision, and my public letters, and examination at the bar of the House of Commons, will, I trust, have explained my sentiments and decision upon this subject.

I have the honour to be,

Sir,

Your very humble servant,

R. J. STRACHAN.

*John Wilson Croker, Esq. &c.*

*Admiralty.*

No. II — Copy of a Letter from Rear-Admiral Sir R. J. Strachan to J. W. Croker, Esq. respecting the Statement of the Earl of Chatham.

SIR, *London, March 5, 1810.*

When I solicited my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty to procure for me an authentic copy of the statement of Lord Chatham upon the late Expedition to the Scheldt, I made that request in the hope that I should be permitted, after examining the subject of that paper, to submit to their lordships consideration such observations as might arise from it; and I have now to request that you will convey to their lordships my thanks for the transmission of the paper, and at the same time solicit their attention to the observations upon it, which I have now the honour to inclose.

Feeling perfectly conscious that every exertion had been made by me in forwarding the objects of the expedition, and that no blame could be justly imputed to myself or the Navy, I could not possibly suspect that Lord Chatham, to the irregularity of presenting immediately to his Majesty, such a paper as that which I have re-

ceived, had added the impropriety (to use no stronger term) of endeavouring to exculpate himself by private insinuations against the conduct of others.

Every officer has a just right, and where he really believes failure to have arisen from the misconduct or negligence of those with whom he has been associated in a joint command, is in duty bound, in many cases, to state his opinion officially to the Government.

It is then for his Majesty to judge of the propriety and necessity of instituting any enquiry upon the subject; but to assume the privilege of conveying private insinuations to the prejudice of others, from whose knowledge they are studiously concealed, must prove utterly destructive of all mutual confidence in joint operations of the army and navy.

Their lordships will now be able to judge whether there is any foundation for the imputations, that the delays originated with myself, or with any others in the naval service; or whether, during my command on the late Expedition, any proceeding on my part has in any respect justified the line of conduct which Lord Chatham has thought fit to adopt towards me.

Upon this subject, that I may not interrupt my observations upon his lordship's statement, I will now advert to my letter of the 27th of August.

That letter was an official one; I have already expressed my regret that it was so inadvertently worded, as to excite any suspicion of my imputing blame to the Commander-in-Chief of the Army, on the ground of his then determining to abandon any further attempt in the Scheldt.

I was not aware that any expressions which I might have considered myself justified in using for the purpose of conveying my sentiments to their lordships, would have been given to the world, if they should have been thought injurious to the character of the Commander-in-Chief of the Forces.

In my letter to Lord Chatham of the 26th of August (inclosure to No. 29, Admiralty Papers, No. 8.) I offered the fullest co-operation of the Navy

in any further attempt in the Scheldt, and therefore I thought myself bound to state in my official letter, that I had made such offer; and I was of opinion, as I have since explained in my evidence, that it would have been advisable to have attacked forts Lillo and Lifkenshock.

It appeared to me that this offered a chance of opening some further field of enterprize for the Navy, or, at all events, of ascertaining whether the destruction of the enemy's fleet, or of any considerable part of it, was indeed practicable; but in expressing my wish, I meant to represent it to be more of a military than a naval question; and I never presumed to set my opinion upon that subject against the professional opinion of the army, still less to impute any misconduct or blame, as attaching to their determination that such an attack was not advisable.

When all these circumstances, their publicity, and my readiness at all times to do justice in this respect to the army, are considered, I cannot think that a misinterpretation of the general expression in a public official letter could even palliate, much less justify, the secret attack which has been made upon my character and conduct.

With these general observations I submit to their Lordships, that it is much more easy to answer direct charges than indirect insinuations, and, I trust, they will therefore excuse my troubling them at greater length than I should otherwise have thought necessary.

I have the honour to be,

Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

(Signed) R. J. STRACHAN.  
John Wilson Croker, Esq. &c.

Admiralty.

#### SIR R. J. STRACHAN'S NARRATIVE.

London, 5th March, 1810.

Upon the first point to which Lord Chatham, in his Narrative, has called his Majesty's attention, namely, "the ground upon which, after the army was at length assembled near Bathz, a landing in prosecution of the ulterior objects of the Expedition was not deemed advisable," it would be improper for me to make any observa-

tions, because the reasons which are said to have rendered it "clear and evident that no further operations could at that time be undertaken with any prospect of success," were such as I was not competent to appreciate, and therefore did not presume to discuss.

Not being aware, from my own observations, that further success was unattainable, I ventured to offer the fullest assistance and co-operation of the naval armament under my command, in any ulterior measures which might be deemed advisable; and, I trust, that in making this offer I shall not be thought to have been guided by a too forward and indiscreet zeal rather than by a due sense of my professional duty.

Upon the second point, namely, "Why the army was not sooner assembled at Bathz to recommence further operations," I feel confident that I shall have no difficulty in proving, in direct contradiction to the assertion in Lord Chatham's Statement, that the delay did in no shape rest with me, or depend upon any arrangements in which the Navy was exclusively concerned, but that on the contrary, every facility was afforded by the Navy towards accelerating the movement of the army, and every exertion used by all those under my command, in the various and complicated services entrusted to them.

I have in vain endeavoured to ascertain the foundation upon which the assertion rests, that it "was distinctly agreed upon that a vigorous attack by the navy, upon the sea front, should be made at the same time that the troops, after effecting their landing, advanced to invest Flushing, it being hoped that by a powerful co-operation from the sea at the moment the troops presented themselves before the place, the labour and delay of a regular siege might have been avoided." I cannot find any instructions, orders, letters, or communications, either previous to our departure from the Downs, or subsequent, alluding to any such agreement, and can have no difficulty, not merely in asserting that no such agreement was made, but that from the nature of the thing itself, it is quite impossible that any such agreement could have been made.



It certainly was in contemplation, if the enemy's fleet had remained in the lower part of the river, more particularly in the vicinity of Flushing, to have pushed a fleet of line-of-battle ships into the Scheldt to attack them, and a squadron for that purpose, among other objects, was ready, under the orders of Lord Gardner. With that squadron I intended to have proceeded to the attack of the enemy's fleet, if it had not retreated up the river before the armament arrived on the coast of Zealand.

It was also in my contemplation by means of that squadron to co-operate with the army in any attack upon Flushing, wherein the assistance of the navy should be thought desirable. This is proved by my orders to Lord Gardner of the 16th and 20th of July; but it is so far from being true, that this view of mine was the result of any agreement pre-concerted with Lord Chatham, as the statement seems to imply, that the first spontaneous offer of such co-operation on my part was passed by without any immediate notice, by his lordship. This offer was contained in my letter of the 8th of August, to which I shall shortly have occasion to allude.

For particulars of the co-operation and assistance actually afforded them by the navy in the commencement of our operations, I may refer to the last paragraph of Lord Chatham's dispatch of the 2d August (No. 1. Military Letter B.)

In answer to the imputation of misconduct thrown upon me for not having realized the hope, "that by a powerful co-operation from the sea at the moment the troops presented themselves before the place, the labour and delay of a regular siege might have been avoided," it is perhaps sufficient to state, that such a hope must appear chimerical, except upon one or two suppositions. If the Commander-in-Chief, from a conviction that the works of Flushing on the land side were either too weak or too extensive, or manned by a garrison too inadequate to resist a sudden and general assault, had proposed a simultaneous attack from the line-of-battle ships, our fire might certainly have contributed to the success of such a project; but an enterprize so desperate as this,

under the well ascertained circumstances of the fortress and garrison, can never have been for a moment in contemplation.

If, for the purpose of sparing to his army the labour and delay of a regular siege, the Commander-in-Chief had wished to make his attack on the sea front, to embark the assailing army in the boats of the fleet, and to land them under the protection of our ships of the line; I need only say, that I was perfectly ready to share the hazards of such an attack, and that the ships were prepared for the service. It could not be for me to suggest such a measure, which of course must originate with the Commander-in-Chief, to whom, however, I thought it my duty to state in my letter of the 8th of August, (Minutes of Evidence, p. 160), my readiness to "act under a previous concert for co-operation with the army in such a plan of attack, as might accelerate the surrender of Flushing."

But such a proposal, in point of fact, was not made to me; from whence I must conclude, that it was not thought to offer any rational prospect of adequate advantage. A concerted and combined attack, it should seem, was thought hopeless, until the land batteries should be in a condition to act; but that a "vigorous attack by the navy upon the sea front, an attack undertaken at the moment the troops presented themselves before the place," would have afforded reasonable grounds of hope; although it is evident that in this case the enemy, after simply shutting their gates against the army, whose musquetry, unassisted by great guns, could have done little mischief to the garrison, would have directed their whole fire against us, and having crippled a part of our fleet, could have been still able to impose upon our troops the labour and delay of a regular siege.

I will not advert to the charges and insinuations, in relation to my conduct, in having failed "in performance of an assurance that the whole of the armament should be at once transported up the Scheldt," in having adopted a measure which, though of great advantage as applied to the division intended for the attack of Walcheren, was not a little at vari-

ance with the leading purpose of the expedition, namely, the running with the right wing, and the advance of the army at once up the Scheldt.

These observations are accompanied by a denial that even this change in the destination of part of the fleet from the West to the East Scheldt, "would have delayed the advance more than three or four days:" a remark in which I entirely concur with Lord Chatham, though on grounds very different from those assumed in the statement.

Upon this part of the case I must recur shortly to the original discussion, and plans, relating to the expedition, and the circumstances under which we arrived at Walcheren.

It had been at one time proposed, before we quitted London, to land the whole army in Tholen and South Beveland, as presenting fewer difficulties than the navigation of the Scheldt, which, under the most favourable circumstances, must always be liable to various contingencies. This proposal was, I understand, a good deal discussed, and on this point it is only necessary to refer to my instructions to Sir R. Keats, when he was directed to give every assistance in the transporting the troops to South Beveland and Tholen.

Another plan had been proposed of disembarking in the Slough, marching across South Beveland, embarking again at Bathz, and landing at Santflit. (Min. Ev. page 197.)

This plan appeared to be approved by many good judges of military operations, for one proof of which I may refer to the Minutes of Evidence, page 197.

The third plan which was suggested as preferable to either of the former, *provided we met with no obstacles*, was to proceed directly up the West Scheldt, and this (see Mem. Min. Ev.) was ultimately adopted, because, by keeping the troops in the transports, it promised to preserve them in an efficient state until their immediate service should be called for. To this arrangement the command of the Wielsing passage was thought to be necessary, for which reason a respectable force was destined to occupy Cadsand.

Speaking of the failure of the attack

on Cadsand, Lord Chatham says, "in the first place the beach was so exposed that in blowing weather it was found impossible to land."—Secondly, "from what cause I know not, the Marquis of Huntley's division could not be taken up in the first instance high enough to attack the Breskens battery, the only one from its situation of much importance." Lastly, his lordship says "Commodore Owen appears to have experienced great disappointment in not having the support of Lord Gardner's fleet and his boats."

I trust that I shall be able to answer, in a very few words, the preceding insinuations. I confess that I was aware of the importance of Cadsand before we sailed from England; Lord Chatham, from being impressed with the same idea, was induced to send over an engineer (Captain Paisley), to report on the practicability of effecting a landing on the beach. The same engineer in his evidence (page 87, Min. Ev.), and speaking of the time to which Lord Chatham alludes, when he says, "the beach was so exposed," &c. answers, "it appears to me there was no difficulty in landing, unless what might have arisen from the enemy having a greater force than we could oppose to them in the first instance; of the enemy's force I am not a judge."

I do not believe, that the Breskens battery had occurred to any person until I stated in the printed secret circular memorandum, "that the first thing the enemy would do would be to erect a mortar and furnace battery at Breskens, &c." I never heard a wish on the subject of passing the Breskens battery, and I do think if it had been represented to me as so extremely strong, I should have urged the propriety of landing below it, and taking it in reverse, in preference to the risk which the troops in transports would be subjected to by passing it. The engineer, in Minutes of Evidence, page 86, says, "the batteries appeared to me to have very little strength; the batteries appeared to me to be open batteries."

I refer to these Minutes of Evidence, merely as proofs of the inaccuracy of the statement.

I selected Commodore Owen, an



officer of great intelligence and professional talent, for the purpose of co-operating with the Marquis of Huntley; I gave him every latitude of discretion; the Quarter-Master-General sent Lord Huntley a copy of the Commodore's instructions; and I apprehend there is no position or part of the beach between Sluys and the Ghent canal, on which he would not have attempted to effect a landing, if any proposition or request had been made by Lord Huntley to that effect.

I only require on this point that a dispassionate attention should be paid to my orders, that my letter of the 2d July to Lord Gardner, coupled with that of the 16th, should be read with attention, and that a reference should be made to the evidence of Commodore Owen and the Marquis of Huntley, which I think unequivocally prove, that no application was ever made to me for a proportion of boats beyond what was carried by Commodore Owen's squadron.

Our original determination of landing in Zoutland Bay was laid aside, in consequence of intelligence received at Deal of the preparations of the enemy on that part of the coast, and a memoir was drawn up on this subject, which was submitted to Lord Chatham and Lord Castlereagh, and approved of by both; and it was consequently determined to land on Domburgh Beach; but on our arrival at Walcheren, the surf was found to be so heavy on Domburgh Beach, in consequence of a strong westerly wind, that landing there was impossible; it became therefore absolutely necessary to take shelter in the Roompot and Veer-gat, and the constant succession of gales for many days after our arrival, made it impossible, independently of other obstacles, to recur to the original intention of entering the western mouth of the Scheldt.

Upon the change in our measures, which was thus forced upon us by the untoward state of the weather, I must here beg leave to offer a very few remarks. It is admitted by Lord Chatham to have been in some respects advantageous, by placing the transports and small craft in a place of security, and by facilitating the disembarkation of the troops on the Bree Sand,

His lordship further states, that by this change of the destination of the fleet the occupation of Cadsand became unnecessary, and that if it could have been accomplished it would have occasioned a very inconvenient separation of our force. On the other hand, this change of destination necessarily tended to produce some delay in the naval operations, by forcing us to proceed by a circuitous instead of a direct navigation; but the main question is, how far it necessarily tended to retard the attainment of the ulterior objects of the expedition?

I have already stated, that for the purpose of obtaining those objects, three places had been proposed, the last of which, as I conceived, had been selected as the most advantageous, only upon the supposition of *our encountering no obstacles* to the navigation of the whole fleet up the West Scheldt. Now the Wieling Channel had been rendered inaccessible to us by our failure at Cadsand, and consequently our expectations, in this respect, had been wholly overthrown, and the ground of reference on which the third plan had been adopted was in course removed; but it is evident, that the impracticability of the first plan which proposed to carry the army through the East Scheldt to Tholen, or that of the second, according to which the troops were to have been landed on South Beveland and to have proceeded to Bathz, could not be materially affected by the enemy's possession of Cadsand, or at all by the circumstance of our fleet being compelled, by stress of weather, to take shelter in the Veer Gat; on the contrary, it will appear by the military instructions to Sir John Hope (Min. Ev. page 165), "that the navigation of the East Scheldt being little understood, and whether there was sufficient depth of water for the transports and victuallers which must necessarily attend this service, it is now judged most advisable that the operation should take place by the Veer Passage."

Now the only imaginable impediments to the further progress of our army must have been apprehended, either from a military force of the enemy occupying South Beveland,

or from the French fleet in the West Scheldt, or from the enemy's flotilla; but the corps of Sir John Hope became possessed of the whole of South Beveland on the 2d of August, the French fleet had retired beyond the boom of Lillo on the 1st August, from the enemy's flotilla, which was unable to prevent the corps under Sir J. Hope from taking possession of Bathz, or to regain possession of it before the greater part of the guns, which had been previously spiked, were rendered serviceable, and which, on the first appearance of the British flotilla retired in confusion, and never afterwards repassed the boom of Lillo, no opposition to the movements of the army could at any time have been reasonably apprehended.

With respect to the immediate difficulties which may have operated as an objection to the disembarkation of the troops on South Beveland, and to their subsequent march across that island, I need only refer to the opinions of the naval officers who were employed in the Slough, by which I think it will appear that 20,000 men, and 4000 horses, might have been landed from the Slough in 48 hours (p. 175 M. E.); that cavalry and ordnance horses might easily perform this march from the Slough to Bathz in thirty-six hours, the distance being from thirty to thirty-five miles.—With regard to artillery, it was stated by Sir John Hope, in answer to a question (Min. Ev. page 173), as to the number of guns found in Bathz and Waerden which might have been used for the ulterior objects, that there were twelve twenty-four pounders in the battery at Waerden, and fourteen or fifteen at Bathz, all of which, as the General believed, were on travelling carriages. I might add, that the quantity of ordnance and ordnance stores taken on the island, as appears by the return in Journal Army Proceedings, page 15, was such as I should suppose to be sufficient for all the possible wants of the army.

When, therefore, Lord Chatham contends in his statement that the second point, namely, "why the army was not brought up sooner to the destination from whence all its operations were to commence is purely a naval consideration," his position is cer-

tainly true in words, but as certainly incorrect in its implied meaning. It is obvious that the army might have marched to Bathz in the course of a few days, but it is also obvious that it could not be conveyed on board a fleet of 400 transports, besides frigates, sloops, and flotilla, through a very intricate channel, without some delay. The difficulty of conducting such a fleet at all through the mazes of such a navigation, can only be appreciated by professional men; it was very greatly increased by an adverse wind, blowing for some time with such violence, as to render the expedient of warping (the only means of proceeding) totally impracticable; such obstacles to our progress were only to be overcome by great exertions and perseverance, by a considerable, but not, as I trust, an unnecessary expenditure of labour and time.

I can only say, that I made every arrangement, by appointing the most active officers to every separate part of each service, and that I had every reason to be satisfied with their zeal, activity, and exertion.

Having anticipated many of these difficulties, I attempted, in a conversation with Lord Chatham, on the 1st of August, to impress them on his lordship's mind; and I inferred from his answers, that he intended to modify his plans in consequence, and to proceed by South Beveland instead of the West Scheldt. Under this persuasion I directed Admiral Otway to take the command of the fleet employed before Walcheren, that I might be at liberty to employ my whole attention in forwarding the different preparations necessary to facilitate the progress of the army to the destination from whence its ulterior operations were to commence.

I immediately directed Sir Home Popham to proceed through the Slough with several sloops of war, all the bombs, gun-brigs, and gun-boats, and use every exertion in getting the flotilla into the West Scheldt, that it might, in the first instance, co-operate with Commodore Owen in completing the naval blockade of Flushing, and to be ready to proceed to Bathz at the shortest notice whenever its services should be required there,



for the purpose of prosecuting the ulterior objects of the expedition.

I also instructed him to hasten as much as possible the progress of the transports through the Slough.

The subsequent news of the rapid occupation of South Beveland and of the fort of Bathz, with a quantity of artillery and ammunition in the other forts (v. Journal Army Proceedings, page 15, Sir John Hope) adapted to our future operations; and also of the facility which might be afforded to our arrangements for crossing to Sant-flict, by a ford reported capable of being passed by some part of the army, further strengthened my opinion that the landing in South Beveland with all the cavalry and infantry would be the only means of rapidly approaching towards the ultimate objects of the expedition.

Accordingly, in my interview with Lord Chatham on the 6th, I stated fully the difficulties I had to encounter from the untoward state of the weather, and from the intricacy of the channel in passing the vessels through the Slough, as also from the difficulties made by the pilots who refused to take charge of the vessels, or even to carry the line-of-battle ships into the West Scheldt (vide Lord Gardner's letter.)

The strong impression I felt upon this subject induced me to deviate from the line of conduct I have always adopted in relation to military matters, of not interposing any opinion; and I ventured to propose to his lordship to commence the disembarkation by landing the cavalry immediately on South Beveland and marching them to Bathz, which might be followed by all the infantry not occupied in the siege of Flushing: stating that much delay and difficulty would arise in getting our numerous vessels and transports through the Slough; that in addition to the frigates which were already under orders to proceed into the West Scheldt, I should be able in a day or two to get a sufficient portion of sloops and flotilla, including the transports I ordered to be armed and the launches of the fleet to be fitted with carronades, to increase the flotilla through the Slough to send up to co-operate with the army at Bathz, and such a limited

number of transports as might contain articles essential to the first advance of the army. I also informed his lordship that every possible exertion was making to accomplish the passage through the Slough, on the nature of which exertions, being wholly technical, such as buoying and anchoring small transports on the side of the shoals, and making arrangements for warping (the wind being still adverse), it cannot be necessary for me to dwell.

That Lord Chatham fully understood the nature and extent of the obstacles to our getting into the West Scheldt, which I described, is obvious, from his letter of the 7th of August (No. 2, Military Papers, B.) written after the interview, in which I had explained them, and ventured to propose the remedy of landing the cavalry, &c. on South Beveland.

To this letter I beg to call the most particular attention, as it is very difficult to reconcile the statement in that letter with the insinuations which it is my painful duty to answer. It is no less difficult to reconcile the admission, that "the active enterprize of the enemy, and the reinforcement thrown into Flushing, rendered it necessary to land General Grosvenor's division" with the assertion in the statement, that "it is to be remembered that this was only done because his lordship saw no movement making to push forward a single vessel up the West Scheldt."

Upon the justice of the last observation, after the conversation which had passed between us on the 6th, I dare not trust myself with making any comments.

I then thought, and I still think, that if the plan which I had presumed to suggest had been adopted, had the cavalry been landed on South Beveland, and a limited number of transports been selected, that a delay of only a few days would have resulted from the adverse accident which had unavoidably given a different course to the direction of our operations.

Lord Chatham seemed to think it necessary that all the men of war and transports should assemble in the Upper Scheldt at Bathz.

My opinion on this subject I have already stated. It is to be remem-

bered that the French fleet had retreated above Lillo, so that the presence of our line-of-battle ships in the West Scheldt could not be necessary until the army should have been assembled at Bathz, and even then, unless it should have been deemed inexpedient for the army to have advanced upon Antwerp, until we should have broken the boom at Lillo; I still think that not more than four ships could have been required for that purpose. In the mean time our flotilla would have been amply sufficient to have protected the passage of the army from Bathz to Santflict, as I should not have agreed to any proposition for crossing the army, unless I had been quite certain that I had the most ample means of giving it the fullest protection. Being, however, particularly anxious to pursue the line of conduct most congenial to his lordship's wishes, and consequently best adapted to promote a cordial co-operation, I promised every exertion in carrying *his intentions* into execution.

Accordingly, on my return from Lord Chatham, I continued my arrangements for accelerating the various complicated objects which were to be attended to.

The first part of the flotilla which got through the Slough, were applied to the cutting off the communication between Cadsand and Flushing, because his lordship had regretted (though without urging it as a subject of complaint) that supplies had been so often thrown into Flushing. In fact, until after the 7th of August, the weather continued so bad, with the wind at S. W. and S. S. W. that we were unable to interrupt the communication of the enemy, as the only vessels by which we could effect it were constantly driven in by the gales, and could not keep the sea. The wind which was most adverse to us, was most favourable to the enemy, who could from Cadsand run before it into Flushing without the possibility of interruption.

On the 7th, we were able by the weather moderating to establish the sea blockade of Flushing, and on the 9th a considerable body of the flotilla, under the command of Sir Home

Popham, was carried through the Swatch-way of the Caloot Sand at the entrance of the Slough Passage, and proceeded to Bathz, where they arrived on the 11th. At the same time a squadron of frigates passed Flushing to join this flotilla, and proceeded on the following day up the Scheldt.

With respect to the line-of-battle ships, great difficulty had occurred from the objections of the pilots, but I regretted this the less because I had considered these ships, if in consequence of my offer they should be called for by Lord Chatham, as applicable to the co-operation in the attack of the town. And having placed the different divisions of the fleet employed in the various services in East Scheldt, at Bathz, in the Slough, and in the West Scheldt, under the command of officers of responsibility, with directions to press the passage of the transports through the Slough, I remained in the vicinity of Walcheren for the purpose of communicating with Lord Chatham, as I conceived it my duty to do, until he should think it right to proceed to South Beveland. The ships of the line, therefore, whose immediate presence at Bathz did not for the reasons which I have just mentioned appear to me at all necessary, did not pass Flushing until the ~~attack~~ on the 14th. The *Courageux*, which ship was intended to go up the river when the frigates did, proceeded early in the morning of the 15th. I detained the others, as the anchorage at Bathz was very confined and at that time extremely crowded, but they were only a few miles lower down, and within reach of going up in one tide whenever it should be required of them to proceed up the river.

The transports proceeded up the river in different divisions as fast as the difficulties I have stated could be overcome, and in consequence of the arrangements made and the exertions of the officers employed, with fewer accidents than I believe have ever occurred to so large a fleet in such a navigation.

I trust I have now succeeded in proving the point with which I set out, namely, that if the army was not sooner assembled at Bathz, the delay was in no shape imputable to my mis-



conduct; the particular line of operations which had been suggested to the commander-in-chief of the forces and to myself, as most likely to ensure the attainment of the ultimate objects of the expedition, was departed from, is notorious; but I have endeavoured to shew that the failure of the attack on Cadsand was not owing to any defect to the orders and instructions issued by me, and it was evidently impossible, that while Cadsand and Flushing remained in the hands of the enemy, I could carry such a naval armament as was assembled under my orders to the point of general rendezvous. No precautions of mine could secure the fleet and army against the fury of the elements, or enable us in spite of the adverse gales to reach by the shortest course our proper destination.

In conveying the fleet to a secure place of refuge, and one where the disembarkation of the troops, took place with little loss of time and without any loss of lives, I trust I shall not be accused either of a dereliction of my duty, or of any inattention to the interests of the army.

From this period I considered myself bound implicitly to accede to the wishes of the commander-in-chief. With him alone there was an option between a march of 36 hours and a voyage of indefinite length. I trust that it was owing to no defect of zeal on my part, and I am sure it was owing to no want of exertion on the part of the many excellent naval officers whom I have the honour to command, that the progress of a fleet which it was necessary to warp, or in less technical language to haul by human labour, through the windings of a most intricate channel, and often directly in the teeth of the wind, appeared so tardy, that Lord Chatham, "saw no movement making to push forward a single vessel to the West Scheldt." The exertions of the naval officers and men were not rendered less irksome by the persuasion that the labour which, though incessant, often proved unavailing, might have been spared to them at the expence of a short march across the island of South

Beveland. To impute to me or to the navy, under the name of delay, the loss of time which was passed by me in constant solicitude, and by the men in unremitting toil, is not what I should have expected from Lord Chatham.

It would have been more agreeable to myself to have offered to their lordships a simple journal of the daily transactions of the fleet, as that course would have afforded me that of paying a just tribute of gratitude to the numerous able and zealous officers, by whom I was aided in the different branches of the service, under my directions, and who may possibly consider themselves as unjustly subject, together with myself, to some imputation, from the marked, and perhaps, invidious accuracy, with which the particular days of arrival of different divisions are specified in Lord Chatham's statement.

But I am convinced that it was not the intention of his lordship, in collecting such a multitude of dates, to attribute any blame to those officers. He has closed his report by pointing me out as the only object of his animadversions.

He leaves me "to account for the difficulties which prevented the investment of Flushing, as well as to shew the obstacles which presented themselves to the early progress of the armament up the West Scheldt."

He was not aware, it seems, that the first point was rendered impossible by the state of the winds; he was not even aware that the circumstances of his being blown into the East Scheldt had impeded his early progress up the West Scheldt.

Concerning Lord Chatham's opinions I have now ceased to be solicitous, but I am, and ever shall be, sincerely anxious that your lordships should not see cause to regret the confidence with which you have been pleased to honour me upon this occasion.

(Signed) R. J. STRACHAN,  
Rear-Admiral.

London, 5th March, 1810.

## PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES.

## BERKSHIRE.

**DIED.]** At Tilehurst, aged 72, the Rev. Richard Chandler, D.D. author of *Travels in Greece and Asia Minor*, *Ionian Antiquities*, and other literary works. He was formerly fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, from which he held the living of Wordlyham in Hampshire, and was also Rector of Tilehurst. In 1764, he was selected by the Society of Dilettanti, as a person suited to their plans of inquiry after the remains of antient art, and proceeded in consequence to Asia Minor, accompanied by Mr. Revet, with Mr. Pars as their draughtsman. After his return he wrote the life of William Waynflete, Bishop of Winchester. In the collections for this purpose he was assisted by Dr. Loveday, Mr. Warton, Mr. Blackstone, &c. Copious notes have been lately added, but the work still remains unpublished; it would be a valuable addition to the history of that period, being drawn in many instances from original MSS: and unpublished records. Dr. Chandler has also left in manuscript, the Sequel of the History of the Troades. When in Italy, he amused himself with collating the different MSS. of Pindar, particularly in the Vatican and the Ambrosian Library of Florence, assisted by Mr. Clarke, of Liverpool. He has illustrated the whole with observations.

## ESSEX.

**Died.]** At Fryerning, the 27th day of Dec. last, the Rev. Walter Edward Farrell, in the 59th year of his age, half-brother to Sir William Skeffington, Bart. of Skeffington-hall, in the county of Leicester, and late of Queen's College, Cambridge. He was lineally descended from the Princes of Annally in Ireland. Has left a widow and an only daughter by his former wife, to lament the loss of an excellent man, and a sincere Christian.

## NORFOLK.

**Marvellous Mortality.**—Mr. Jary and Mr. Elliott, lately residing in and near South Walsham, Norfolk, married two sisters on the same day; these ladies both died on the same day some time ago, one at five o'clock in the morning, and the other at five

in the afternoon; and the same day, viz. the 10th instant, closed the existence of their two husbands, the first at five o'clock in the morning, and the other at five in the evening.

## NORTHUMBERLAND.

At a late meeting, held at Newcastle upon Tyne, by the stewards of the incorporated companies, for the purpose of presenting Mr. Joseph Clark with a silver cup and other articles of plate, to the value of ninety pounds. The chairman thus addressed him:—

“Mr. Clark,—To keep in remembrance the estimation in which you are held by your brother burgesses, I have the honour to present you with this cup, bearing the following inscription:—

‘Presented to

MR. JOSEPH CLARK

By the Incorporated Companies of Newcastle upon Tyne,

As a testimony of the high sense entertained by them for his unremitting attention to their general interests; and for

The ability and firmness displayed by him

In the important office of an Auditor of the corporation accounts.

In the year of our Lord

1809.’

Accept it with these correspondent articles of plate: I wish you health and happiness in using it; and always consider it as a token for having done your duty.”

To which Mr. Clark, in a very impressive manner, replied—

“Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen Stewards,—It is with great pleasure I receive this costly token of the high approbation of my conduct by your respective companies. Flattered as I am by this mark of public respect conferred upon me, I most sincerely congratulate you on the appearance of respectable and independent gentlemen now stepping forward to maintain your rights and privileges against the usurped influence of interested individuals. Under many disadvantages I set my hand to the plough, and with great fear I sowed the seed of information amongst you, by which it gives me pleasure to say, that the miserably-neglected poor in



our hospitals have been relieved—the salaries of the masters in our public schools have been augmented—publicity has been given to the state of our funds, so long kept a profound secret—and I hope the power of the burgesses in the Courts of Guild will soon be legally ascertained, and brought into efficient exercise, to the great interest of the body aggregate.

“I hope no gentleman will draw conclusions that the work is yet complete; the little that has been effected, points out certain grounds for further and more effectual interference on the part of every man who has taken the oath of a free burgess of Newcastle; by which, whoever takes it becomes equally and jointly intitled to all property belonging to the body, and no man has a right to take it from him without his consent; and, to use the words of Lord Camden, “whoever attempts it, attempts an injury,—whoever does it, commits a robbery.” For the prevention of which it behoves you to acquit yourselves like men animated with true English spirit, and guard your privileges with more than Trojan vigilance. Let neither the cunning of a Ulysses, nor the ferocity of a Diomedes, deceive you out of them, or force them from you. ~~It is a duty you owe to yourselves, your posterity, and the public, to consider well and wisely whom you bring into office. It is not my intention to repeat grievances,—retrospection will only irritate and inflame what I wish to mitigate and heal; but indulge this remark, that our grievances~~ ~~—his hard—~~ come from those very weapons we have put into ungrateful hands. They bring to mind the wounded bird in the fable, who was more sensibly affected, and more pathetically lamented her pain, when she saw the arrow with which she was wounded was feathered from her own wing.”

“Gentlemen,—If feeble and infant

exertions have obtained for the poor an addition to their yet much too scanty allowance, and brought to light upwards of nine thousand pounds of your lost sight of revenue, which by the late Report of your Auditors, amounted to more than thirty thousand pounds, what may not yet be effected by the united and persevering efforts of the stewards and members of each incorporated company? I hope the period is not far distant, when, by a noble and liberal minded magistracy, the freemen of Newcastle and their privileges will be duly respected; and when their ample funds, for the support of their poor, and for public purposes, will be properly applied.

“For myself, Gentlemen, the sense I have of your favours is so great, that a profession to devote myself to your service is too poor a compensation for your kindness: yet, this is all I have to offer; accept it as the only tribute of gratitude in my power; and when I cease to act upon those principles which have merited your good opinion, I shall think myself undeserving of your confidence. But allow me to say, that in humble dependence on a Supreme and Divine Power, I trust that death only shall put a period to my feeble efforts to befriend the poor—to defend the rights and privileges of the burgesses—to support the dignity of worthy magistrates—and to promote the convenience and comfort of every inhabitant of this populous and flourishing town.”

This speech was received with every mark of respect and approbation from the whole company.—The cup was afterwards filled, and the following toasts were given and drank with much spirit and pleasantry:—Mr. Clark and family—The King and Constitution—The Stewards and Incorporated Companies—The Improvement of the Town Moor—Sir Cuth. Heron, Bart.—Major Anderson—Richard Bryan Abbs, Esq. &c. &c.

## ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES.

FEB. 21, to MARCH 24, 1810, inclusive.

[Extracted from the London Gazette.]—The Solicitors' Names are between Parentheses.

**A** LLEN J. Great Sutton-street, Clerk-enwell, surveyor, (Godmond, New Bridge-street). Abbey J. Budge-row, chocolate-maker, (Hamilton, Tavistock-row).

Aldrich J. Bowling-street, Westminsters tailor, (Fryett, Milbank-street). Ayrton E. W. Lambeth Marsh, New Cut, broker, (Howard, Great St. Martin's-lane).

Bryan T. Sloane-street, grocer, (Cuppage, Jermyn-street). Baker J. Tokenhouse-yard, merchant, (Tilson, Chatham-place). Birch J. and Luerson L. Hoxton-Town, colour-manufacturers, (Bussen and Son, Crown-court). Barnes J. New Malton, linen-draper, (Lambert, Gray's-Inn-square). Brown T. Shoreditch, and of Blackman-street, mercer, (Kibblewhite, Gray's-Inn-place). Bennet W. Ludworth, Glossop, Derby, victualler, (Milne and Co. Temple). Barnes J. New Malton, linen-draper, (Lambert, Gray's-Inn-square). Bendy S. Bow Common, soap-maker, (Smith and Co. Leman-street). Ballard J. Birmingham, coal-dealer, (Rutson, Wellclose-square). Bear J. Sudbury, butcher, (Fairbank, Fly-place). Bishop J. St. Paul, Shadwell, victualler, (Hill, King David-lane, Shadwell). Burton J. Manchester, innkeeper, (Hurd, King's-Bench-Walks). Butcher W. Brighthelmstone, plumber, (Goode, Howland-street, Fitzroy-square).

Collins L. Half-Moon-street, milliner, (Dixon, Nassau-street). Clayton J. Leeds, wool-stapler. Curtis M. East Coker, near Yeovil, twine-spinner, (King, Bedford-row). Coe J. Shiere, near Guildford, tanner, (Booth, Fenchurch-buildings). Cox W. C. Nether Knutsford, Chester, innkeeper, (Wright and Co. Paper-buildings, Temple). Chapman R. Thatcham, shopkeeper, (Eyre, Gray's-Inn-square). Cooper J. Chester, wheelwright, (Cooper and Co. Chancery-lane). Croudace J. Kingston-upon-Hull, cheese-factor, (Ellis, Cursitor-street). Clipson W. Laurencelane, wine-merchant, (Allingham, St. John's-square). Clive T. and Richardson S. Tokenhouse-yard, merchants, (Palmer and Co. Copthall-court). Cowgill J. Sandiford H. and Barlow J. Manchester, calico-printers, (Swale and Co. Staple-Inn).

Daniels J. Manchester, and Daniels J. Liverpool, dealers in earthenware, (Meddowcroft, Gray's-Inn). Deve J. Blandford-street, money-scrivener, (Mayhew, Symond's-Inn). Davis J. Merthyr Tydvil, Glamorgan, druggist, (Meyrick, Merthyr Tydvil). Drakeford A. Colleshill, Warwick, butcher, (Kinderley and Co. Gray's-Inn). Dedwith M. Llanaber, Merioneth, merchant, (Blackstock, London). Davies T. Chester, glover, (Huxley, Temple). Davies T. Tarvin, Chester, cornfactor, (Huxley, Temple). Davey E. W. Paradise-street, Rotherhithe, ship joiner, (Sheppard, Dean-street). Davison J. New Brentford, linen-draper, (Tilson, Chatham-place). Davis J. Church-lane, St. George's in the East, horse-dealer, (Davies, Lothbury).

Edwards G. Wotton-Under-Edge, Gloucester, shoemaker, (James, Gray's-Inn-

square). Edward J. Leicester, shoemaker, (Wilson, King's-Bench-Walks).

Fowler T. Tiverton, shopkeeper (Lys, Took's-court). Franco M. Spital-square, insurance-broker, (Rivington, Fenchurch-buildings). Foster R. St. Ann's-lane, silkman, (Gregory, Wax Chandler's-hall, Maiden-lane).

Grove J. Great May's-buildings, dairyman, (Cunningham, New North-Street). Gafney M. Liverpool, cotton-merchant, (Avison, Hanover-street). Gayleard J. Richmond, smith and farrier, (Empson, Great Suffolk-street). Garnett J. and Speyer C. F. Huddersfield, merchants, (Baltie, Chancery-lane).

Hammond J. Macclesfield, tanner, (Kent, Clifford's-Inn). Hain J. Hampton, victualler, (Vincent, Bedford-street). Hobbes T. R. Mary-la-bonne Park, music-master, (Tatham, Craven-street, Strand). Hinde J. Wyatt C. P. and Keyse T. Horsly-down, lead-manufacturers, (Nind, Throgmorton-street). Hall R. Liverpool, grocer, (Blackstock, St. Mildred's-court). Howell P. London-Road, haberdasher, (Willis and Co. Warnford-court). Hewitt G. Southampton-street, tailor, (Newcomb, Vine-street). Hole W. Islington, apothecary, (Edwards Symond's-Inn). Herve H. Cheapside, jeweller, (Kibblewhite and Co. Gray's-Inn-place). Hudson J. B. Old City Chambers, merchant, (Kearsey, Bishopsgate Within). Hewson R. Higgin R. and Hett J. Isworth, calico-printers, (Holmes and Co. Clement's-Inn). Houlden T. Spilby, Lincoln, maltster, (Amici, Sion College Gardens, Aldermanbury). Hask W. Hampstead, haberdasher, (Cuppage, Jermyn-street). Heaver T. St. James's Market, poulterer, (Kayll, Cross street, Newington-Butts). Higgs J. Liverpool, merchant, (Baltie, Chancery-lane).

Ibbotson G. sen. and Ibbotson G. jun. Huddersfield, seedsmen, (Willis and Co. Warnford-court).

Jones I. C. New Tothill-street, victualler, (Phillipson and Co. Staple-Inn). Johnson T. Macclesfield, victualler, (Cooper and Co. Southampton-buildings). Jackson W. Clayton-West, York, money-scrivener, (Sykes and Co. New-Inn). Jackson J. H. Selby, York, mariner, (Watkins, Stone-buildings, Lincoln's-Inn).

Lewis E. Cardiff, Glamorgan, grocer, (Gregory, Clement's-Inn). Lamb J. Shepton-Mallet, dyer, (Blandford, Mitre-court-buildings). Lifford W. Shadwell High-street, ropemaker, (Nind, Throgmorton-street). Lyness W. Skerton, Lancaster, mariner, (Ellis, Chancery-lane). Lye G. and Lye E. Bath, Somerset, common-carriers, (Blake and Co. Essex-street).

Maskery W. and Atkin J. Whitechapel-road, dealers in glass, (Anstice and Co.



King's Bench Walks). M'Kenzie W. Covent-garden, merchant, (Forbes and Co. Ely-place). Marshall C. Vinegar-Yard worsted-manufacturer, (Morton, Gray's-Inn-square). Maxted J. Little Earl-street, victualler, (Whitton, Great James-street). Marshall C. Little Hermitage-street, sail-maker, (Wilde, jun. Castle-street). Mountford J. Nicholas, Worcester, woollen-draper, (Baddeley, Serle-street, Lincoln's Inn).

Nott J. Romford, grocer, (Shearman, Hart-street). Nockold J. Colchester, hat-manufacturer, (Windus and Co. Chancery-lane).

Phillips J. East Stonehouse, Devon, stonemason, (Boutflower, Devonshire-st.). Phillips W. Brighthelmstone, carpenter, (Barber, Chancery-lane). Pocock W. North Petherton, Somerset, horse-dealer, (Blake, Cook's-court). Plimpton J. Goddard W. and Plimpton J. Wood-street, warehousemen, (Parton, Walbrook). Powles T. Hoarwithy, Hereford, flax-dresser, (Chilton, Exchequer-office, Lincoln's-Inn). Pajot C. Birmingham, pork-butcher, (Devon and Co. Gray's-Inn). Price R. and Cross W. Bristol, merchants, (Oakley, Martin's-lane). Prina P. Brewer-street, jeweller, (Clarke and Co. Chancery-lane). Payne J. Burnham, clothes-salesman, (Coote, Austin-friars). Pagett W. Aldenham Wood Farm, Herefordshire, cyder-merchant, (Long, Elm-court). Palmer J. Aldermanbury, merchant, (Dennett and Co. King's Arms-yard).

Roberts J. Tottenham-Court-road, baker, (Aubery, Took's-court). Ramsey S. and Aldrich P. Bishops-Stortford, Hertford, upholsterers, (Adams, Old Jewry). Rigby R. Manchester, victualler, (Ellis, Chancery-lane). Richardson J. and Sanderson J. Tunbridge, farmers, (Tourle and Co. Doughty-street). Reed J. Bath, confectioner, (Tarrant, Chancery-lane). Rabs J. Great St. Helen's Chambers, merchant, (Druce, Billiter-square).

Skinner D. Newington-causeway, cabinet-maker, (Parry, Thavies-Inn). Seager

G. Westbromwich, timber-dealer, (Johnston, Hall-staircase, Inner-Temple). Shaw W. Long-Acre, Middlesex, cheesemonger, (Patten, Cross-street). Sheppard T. and Black J. Basing-lane, merchants, (Scott, St. Mildred's-court). Sanders R. Croydon, cowkeeper, (Guy, Croydon). Shill S. Bristol, watchmaker, (Vizard and Co. Lincoln's-Inn). Simmons D. High-street, Southwark, builder, (Clutton, St. Thomas's-street). Sweet G. jun. Wolverhampton, cordwainer, (Williams, Staple-Inn).

Tully J. Hereford, hop-dealer, (Pewtriss, Gray's-Inn). Taylor W. Liverpool, merchant, (Atkinson, Chancery-lane). Thorley E. Hinkley, Leicester, money-scrivener, (Barker, Brick-court). Turner J. Manchester, vicualler, (Hurd, Temple). Tetstall J. Chaddesley Corbet, Worcester, tailor, (Parker, Worcester). Tucker M. Tiverton, milliner, (Lys, Took's-court). Trier R. G. Parson's-Green, baker, (Nelson, King's-road). Tatham W. Lancaster, linen-draper, (Blakelock and Co. Elm-court).

Wardle G. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, grocer, (Mitton and Co. Knight-Rider-street). Wilson W. Richmond, bricklayer, (Edwards, Castle-street). Wood H. Green Dragon-yard, Holborn, coachsmith, (Shearman, Hart-street). Winniett B. Sweeting's Rents, Threadneedle street, stock-broker, (Jacobs, Holborn-court). Walsh R. King's-road, Chelsea, India-rubber-manufacturer, (Jupp, Carpenter's hall). Whitehead J. C. Hanley, Stafford, earthen-ware manufacturers, (Willis and Co. Warnford-court). Walker R. Kingston-upon-Hull, grocer, (Exley and Co. Furnival's-Inn). Welchman J. Crewkerne, Somerset, linen-draper, (James, Gray's-Inn-square). Waidson J. Cheshunt, Hertford, tailor, (Railton, Clifford's-Inn). Walmsley P. D. Manchester, warehouseman, (Willis and Co. Warnford court). Wood R. Margate, grocer, (Clutton, St. Thomas's-street).

Young R. W. Avon-street, in the parish of Walcot, Somerset, slopseller, (Sheppard and Co. Bedford-row).

## PRICES OF CANAL, DOCK, FIRE-OFFICE, WATER- WORKS, BREWERY SHARES, &c. &c.

March 21, 1810

London Dock, 184*l.* per cent.  
West-India ditto, 180*l.* ditto.  
East India ditto, 135*l.* ditto.  
Commercial ditto, 90*l.* per share prem.  
Grand Junction Canal, 247*l.* per share.  
Grand Surrey ditto, 80*l.* ditto.  
Kennet and Avon ditto, 48*l.* ditto.  
Wilts and Berks ditto, 52*l.* ditto.  
Huddersfield ditto, 40*l.* ditto.  
Lancaster ditto, 26*l.* ditto.

Croydon ditto, 50*l.* ditto  
Imperial Fire Insurance, 75*l.* ditto  
Globe Fire and Life ditto, 128*l.* ditto  
Albion ditto, 60*l.* ditto.  
Rock Life Assurance, 6*s.* per share prem.  
East London Water Works, 235*l.* per sh.  
West Middlesex ditto, 142*l.* ditto  
South London ditto, 152*l.* ditto  
Kent ditto, 95*l.* per share prem.  
London Institution, 84*l.* per share.

L. WOLFE and Co. Canal, Dock, & Stock Brokers.

# AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

**I**T is a general opinion that wheat looks well in the field, not having been seriously injured by the severity of the season. The turnips in some of the northern districts have suffered a good deal by the frost, especially where little snow has fallen. In countries where much fodder is required, several farmers have been obliged to grind oats and beans for their feed. In some of the eastern counties, graziers have had sheep-troughs made to feed their fat mutton on bean-meal, &c. The tares that lately looked but indifferent have mostly recovered. Potatoes hold out tolerably well.

Lean stock of prime quality continues scarce and dear. The wools of British sheep have at length obtained a preference over picked samples of Spanish Merino, and Saxon. At a late meeting of the Bath and West of England Society, a premium was adjudged to the British, notwithstanding very capital specimens stood in competition.

To prevent French wheat from being used as seed wheat, it should be generally known that this article is said to be very light and not *plump*, not exceeding 55lbs. in the bushel.

Price of meat in Smithfield Market:—Beef, 5s. 8d. to 6s. 8d.;—Mutton, 5s. 4d. to 6s. 4d.;—Veal, 6s. 0d. to 7s. 4d.;—Pork, 6s. 8d. to 8s. 0d.

Middlesex, March 25.

## AVERAGE PRICES OF CORN,

By the Winchester Quarter of 8 Bushels, and of OATMEAL per Boll of 140lbs. Averdupois, from the Returns received in the Week ended March 17, 1810.

### INLAND COUNTIES.

	Wheat		Rye		Barley		Oats	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Middsx.	106	8	51	0	40	5	32	3
Surrey	113	4	50	0	44	10	36	0
Hertford	101	0	58	6	46	0	31	4
Bedford	104	0	64	0	44	1	27	10
Huntin.	102	1			42	0	25	6
Northa.	101	0			43	10	22	8
Rutland	97	3			46	0	25	9
Leicest	96	0	60	3	45	8	27	7
Notting.	99	8	60	3	44	10	28	10
Derby	92	6			47	10	27	8
Stafford	103	4			47	10	31	6
Salop	104	4	70	8	59	4	33	8
Herefor.	107	1	54	4	48	10	31	11
Wor'st.	106	10	53	4	53	4	38	3
Warwic	110	6			53	9	36	2
Wilts	116	4			45	10	34	4
Berks	111	9			40	10	33	6
Oxford	111	11			40	5	29	2
Bucks	106	6			42	0	31	0
Brecon	113	7	86	4	51	2	26	8
Montgo.	105	7			52	6	27	5
Radnor.	117	6			54	3	32	0

### MARITIME COUNTIES.

	Wheat		Rye		Barley		Oats	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Essex	104	0			43	0	31	6
Kent	99	6	58	0	41	0	30	6
Sussex	110	8			43	0	29	8
Suffolk	99	11			40	7	26	11
Cambridge	93	4			37	6	22	11
Norfolk	98	9	49	4	36	0	26	7
Lincoln	89	4	55	4	40	11	22	4
York	83	7	60	0	38	5	23	4
Durham	91	0			50	4	26	2
Northumberland	84	4	64	0	38	6	26	3
Cumberland	92	8	58	4	48	6	29	2
Westmorland	96	6	54	10	48	0	29	4
Lancaster	99	0			55	5	31	8
Chester	96	7			56	4	30	2
Flint	103	9			56	5		
Denbigh	102	10			54	3	25	0
Anglesea	84	0			42	0	22	6
Carnarvon	93	4			46	8	23	8
Merioneth	95	2			50	0	27	10
Cardigan	94	10			39	2	19	10
Penbroke	83	0			40	4	16	7
Carmarthen	97	9			48	7	17	10
Glamorgan	106	3			50	8	23	8
Gloucester	117	9			51	7	30	3
Somerset	120	1			51	7		
Monmouth	119	2			51	2		
Devon	103	9			44	11	21	10
Cornwall	103	2			44	5	22	0
Dorset	117	9			42	0	30	0
Hants	111	6			45	5	32	6

### Average of England and Wales.

Wheat 102s. 3d.; Rye 59s. 3d.; Barley 46s. 4d.; Oats 27s. 11d.; Beans 50s. 9d.; Pease 55s. 9d.; Oatmeal 52s. 6d.

## BILL of MORTALITY, from FEB. 21, to MARCH 27, 1810.

CHRISTENED.		BURIED.			
Males	878	Males	968	2 and 5	163
Females	859	Females	887	5 and 10	57
Whereof have died under two years old		472		10 and 20	61
				20 and 30	118
				30 and 40	161
				40 and 50	214
				50 and 60	197
				60 and 70	188
				70 and 80	159
				80 and 90	61
				90 and 100	9

Peck Loaf, 5s. 2d. 5s. 3d. 5s. 2d. 5s. 2d. 5s. 2d.  
Salt, 20s. per bushel, 4½ per lb.



PRICE OF STOCKS, from FEBRUARY 23, to MARCH 26, 1810, both inclusive.

Days Bank 1810 Stock.	3 p Cent. Reduc.	5 p Cent. Consols.	4 p. Ct. Cons.	Navy 5 p. Cent.	Long Ann.	Imperial 3 p. Cent	Imperial Ann.	Irish 5 p. C.	India Stock.	India Bonds.	S. S. Sto.	S. S. Ann.	Exche. Bills.	Lottery Tickets.	City Freeh. Ticks.	Om- nium.	Cons. for Acct.
Feb. 23	68 1/2	67 1/2	84	99 1/2	18 1/2	67				11s pm			10s. pm		8 15		67 1/2
24 holiday																	
26 2764	68 1/2	67 1/2	84	99 3/4	18 1/2					12s pm	1		10s. pm		8 15		67 1/2
27 276	68 1/2	67 1/2	84 7/8	99 1/4	18 1/2				186	12s. pm			6s pm		8 15	1 1/2 pm.	68 1/2
28 holiday																	
Mar. 1	68 1/2	67 1/2	84	99 3/8	18 1/2				185 1/2	12s. pm			10s. pm		8 15		68 1/2
2 275	68	67 1/2	84 7/8	98 7/8	18 7-16ths				Shut	10s. pm			10s pm		8 15		68 1/2
3	68 1/2	67 1/2	84 7/8	98 7/8	18 7-16ths								11s. pm		8 15		68
4	68 1/2	67 1/2	84 7/8	98 3/4	18 1/2	67 1/2				12s. pm			12s. pm		8 15		68 1/2
5	68 1/2	67 1/2	84 7/8	98 3/4	Shut					12s. pm			12s. pm		8 15		68 1/2
6	68 1/2	67 1/2	84	98 3/4													68 1/2
7 holiday	Shut																
8		67 1/2		98 3/4		66 7/8		Shu		12s. pm			13s. pm		8 15		68 1/2
9		67 1/2		98 3/4						12s. pm			12s. pm		8 15		68 1/2
10		67 1/2		98						11s. pm			11s. pm		8 15		68 1/2
11		67 1/2		98						12s. pm			12s. pm		8 15		68 1/2
12		67 1/2		97 7/8						12s. pm			12s. pm		8 15		68 1/2
13 Shut	Shut			98						12s. pm			13s. pm		8 15		68 1/2
14		67 1/2		98		66 7/8				13s pm			16s. pm		8 15		68 1/2
15		67 1/2		98						18s. pm			19s. pm	24	8 15		68 1/2
16		68 1/2		98 3/4		67 1/2				17s. pm			18s. pm	24	8 15		69
17		69 1/2		99		68 1/2				17s. pm			12s pm	24	8 15		69
18		68 1/2		98 1/2						15s. pm	73 1/2		15s. pm	24	8 15		68 1/2
19		68 1/2		98 1/2						12s. pm			16s. pm	24	8 15		68 1/2
20		68 1/2		98 1/2		67 1/2				12s pm			10s pm	24	8 15		68 1/2
21		68 1/2		98 1/2						13s. pm			10s. pm	24	8 15		68 1/2
22		68 1/2		98 1/2		67 1/2				14s pm			10s. pm	24	8 15		68 1/2
23		68 1/2		98 1/2									10s. pm	24	8 15		68 1/2
24		68 1/2		99									10s. pm	24	8 15		68 1/2
25		68 1/2											10s. pm	24	8 15		68 1/2
26		68 1/2											10s. pm	24	8 15		68 1/2

N.B. In the 3 per Cent Consols the highest and lowest Price of each day is given; in the other Stocks the highest only.

FORTUNE and Co. STOCK-BROKERS and GENERAL AGENTS, No. 13, Cornhill.

# THE UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.

N<sup>o</sup> LXXVII.—VOL. XIII.]

For APRIL, 1810.

[NEW SERIES.]

“We shall never envy the honours which wit and learning obtain in any other cause, if we can be numbered among the writers who have given ardour to virtue, and confidence to truth.”—DR. JOHNSON.

## ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE, the undoubted Author of the Song,—  
“*There's nae luck about the House.*”

To the Editor of the Universal Mag.  
SIR,

TO the pages of your Miscellany I would confide the following circumstances, respecting the true author of a beautiful ballad, much known, and much admired. I do not think that it will be needful to enter into any prefatory detail, as Mr. Mudford's letter to me, with my reply, and the accompanying copy of the song, will fully enable your readers to comprehend the cause and the nature of the inquiry which has been instituted, and which, I rejoice to say, has terminated in establishing the claim of my much respected friend, Mr. Mickle, to his own honours.

I remain, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

J. SIM.

Pentonville, April 14, 1810.

Copy of a Letter from Mr. Mudford  
to the Rev. John Sim, A.B.

SIR,

THE purport of this letter will, I hope, excuse the liberty I take in addressing you.

In your edition of Mr. Mickle's works, you have inserted, at p. 121, the song of “*There's nae luck about the house,*” as the production of Mickle; and you have distinguished eight lines as the production of Dr. Beattie. There is a curious literary fact attached to this song, which can be finally settled only by yourself.

My friend, Mr. Cromek, who has lately published a volume of Burns' “*Reliques,*” and whose ardour for Scottish literature is distinguished, had discovered, as he imagined, the

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author of this song in a *Jean Adams*,\* who died in Glasgow workhouse in the year 1765. When he was in Scotland last, the circumstance was mentioned to him of a Mrs. Fullarton, a very old lady, now living, who remembers to have heard Jean Adams recite and sing the song as her own, prior to the year 1760.

This Jean Adams was a woman of some talents, having published a volume of poems; but being rather too much elated with authorship, she neglected the ordinary duties of life, and died in Glasgow workhouse.—These facts Mr. Cromek had obtained, with considerable trouble; and, when he called upon me, and mentioned the circumstance, he was greatly surprised when I told him that the song was ascribed to Mickle, and shewed it him in your edition of his works. You will perceive there is some mystery in the affair, which can be cleared up only by the documents on which you ascribe the song to Mickle, and those eight lines to Beattie. Mrs. Fullarton is positive that she heard this Jean Adams recite the song about the year 1760: in fact, Jean died in the year 1765, at which time Mickle was only thirty years of age; did he publish or write the song within that period?

It is a singular circumstance that Burns, who was well versed in the history of Scottish ballads, says, speaking of the present song,—

“This is one of the most beautiful

\* For a further, and highly interesting account of this person, the reader is referred to the following work, (*Appendix A vol. I.*), which will shortly appear.—“*Select Scottish Songs, ancient and modern; with critical Observations and biographical Notices.* By Robert Burns. Edited by R. H. Cromek, F.A.S. Ed.”



songs in the Scots or any other language. The two lines,

And will I see his face again,  
And will I hear him speak,

as well as the two preceding ones, are unequalled almost by any thing I ever heard or read: and the lines,—

The present moment is our ain,  
The neist we never saw,

are worthy of the first poet. It is long to posterior to Ramsay's days. About the year 1771 or 72, it came first on the streets as a ballad; and I suppose the composition of the song was not much anterior to that period."

—*Reliques*, p. 217.

I cannot help thinking that you will feel some pleasure in being able to clear up this business: and I hope you will excuse this long letter about it. I thought the matter too singular to be neglected. I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

WM. MUDFORD.

Sept. 24, 1809.

REPLY TO THE ABOVE.

Dear Sir,

I AM extremely happy to inform you that I have been so very fortunate as to discover, among Mr. Mickle's papers, what I consider as the very first sketch of that celebrated song,—

"There's nae luck about the house," a copy of which, *verbatim* and *literatim*, I have enclosed. Besides the evident marks of haste and inaccuracy, which I have noticed in the margin, you will find the name Colin spelt with a double and a single *l*; the Scottish verb used for *must*, spelt first *mun*, and, in two lines after, *man*; and the verb *make* first spelt twice with the *e*, and then three times without that letter; all these are strong proofs of its being the very first attempt. Other variations, much for the better, you will find, by comparing the MS. with the song as now printed in my edition of Mr. Mickle's poetry. The ballad is, though evidently written in very great haste, perhaps the finest specimen of his hand-writing now extant; from which, I think, it must have been written in, or before, the year 1760; as soon after that period his misfortunes in trade, and his consequent depression of spirits, very much af-

ected his hand-writing. All these circumstances, duly considered, will, I trust, effectually lay to rest the ill-founded pretensions of Jean Adam, and secure to my worthy friend an undisputed title to this very superior production.

As to my ascription of the eight marked lines to Dr. Beattie, I had the most positive assurance of their being his composition from the Rev. Patrick Davidson, of Rayne, Aberdeenshire, a gentleman of the first respectability, who had been a pupil of the doctor's, and this was confirmed by every literary character with whom I conversed, during an excursion which I made to the north of Scotland in the summer of 1801, so as not to leave the least shadow of a doubt upon that subject.

I cannot help adding, that I am exceedingly thankful that I have been spared, not only to give a correct edition of the poetical works of my friend, however they may be received by the present generation, but also to substantiate his right to what Mr. Burns calls "one of the most beautiful songs in the Scots or any other language."

I remain, dear Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

J. SIM.

Pentonville, April 7, 1810.

P. S. I forgot to mention another strong proof of its being the very first attempt, viz. that he was then undetermined as to the number of lines which the stanzas should contain.

To Mr. Mudford.

*The first Sketch of the beautiful Ballad,  
"There's nae luck about the house,"  
from the Hand-writing of W. J.  
Mickle, in the Possession of the Rev.  
Mr. SIM.*

There's nae luck about the house  
There's nae luck at aw  
There's little pleasure in the house  
When our gude man's awa  
And are you sure the news is true  
And do you say he's weel  
Is this a time to speak of wark  
Ye Jades lay by your Wheel  
Is this a time to spin a thread  
When Collin's at the door  
Reach my cloak I'll to the quay  
And see him come ashore

And gie to me my bigone†  
 My Bishop's suttin gown  
 For I'm mun tell the Bailie's\* wife  
 That Colin's in the town  
 My Turkey slippers man gae on  
 My stockings pearly blue  
 'Tis aw to pleasure my gude man  
 For he's baith leel & true

Rise Lass and make a clean fire side  
 Put on the Muckle† por  
 Gie little Kate her button gown  
 And Jock† his Sunday Coat  
 And make their shoon as black as slaes  
 Their hose as white as snaw  
 'Tis aw to pl asure my gude man§  
 For he's b'en lang awa

There's twa fat hens upo the coop  
 Been fed this month and mair  
 Malt hast & thraw their necks about  
 That Colin weel may fare

And mak the Table neat & trim  
 Let every thing be braw  
 For who kens how Colin far'd||  
 When he's been¶ far awa

Sae true his heart,\* \* sae smooth his speech  
 His breath like cauler air  
 His very foot has music in't  
 As he comes up the stair

And shall I see his face again  
 And shall I hear him speak  
 I'm down right giddy wi' the thought  
 In troth I'm like to greet

If Colin's weel,†† and weel content  
 I hae nae mair to crave  
 And gin I live to mak him sae  
 I'm blest above the lave

And shall I see his face again &c

CATALOGUE RAISONNEE; or a CONCISE and CORRECT ACCOUNT of the STATUES, BAS-RELIEFS, and BUSTS, in the GALLERY of ANTIQUES, MUSEUM of NAPOLEON, at PARIS.

[Resumed from p. 192.]

#### HALL OF THE ROMANS.

THE cieling represents "Poetry and History celebrating the achievements of Bellona." The subjects of the four other paintings are.

\* The e in Bailie's is erased.

† The capital M erased, and a small m inserted.

‡ The c in Jock is erased.

§ This line is a repetition of the nineteenth line.

|| This line is deficient in measure.

¶ Interlined *he was*.

\*\* The first point in the MS.

†† The last point in the MS.

1st, "The deputies of the senate laying the consular purple at the feet of Cincinnatus."—2d, "The Rape of the Sabines."—3d, "The heroic deed of Mutius Scaevola."—4th, "The continence of Scipio." The pillars are executed in the Egyptian taste, and are formed of black granite.

83. *A Roman Orator*, called *Germanicus*.—Hitherto this fine figure has been denominated that of Germanicus, the son of Drusus, and of Antonia, the niece of Augustus. The form of the hair certainly indicates that it represents a Roman personage, but it cannot be the prince just named, of whom it is by no means a just representation in point of age, he having died in his 34th year, and the features moreover are perfectly dissimilar from those which his medals and other authentic portraits exhibit. An attentive examination of the piece will demonstrate that a strong analogy exists between it and the figure of Mercury; and when we observe the symbolical gesture of the right arm, the chlamys thrown over the left arm, and anciently held by the caduceus in the left hand, as well as the tortoise sacred to this god as the inventor of the lyre, we are led to conclude that, under the form, and adorned with the attribute of the god of eloquence, the ingenious artist depicts the features of a celebrated Roman orator. On the scales of the tortoise are inscribed the following words, in Greek characters: ΚΛΕΟΜΕΝΕΣ. ΚΛΕΟΜΕΝΟΥΣ. ΑΘΗΝΑΙΟΣΕ. ΠΟΙΗΞΕΝ. From this inscription we gather, that the beautiful figure in question is the work of Cleomenes, the son of Cleomenes the Athenian. This statue has been removed hither from the gallery of Versailles, where Louis XIV placed it; it was formerly to be seen at Rome, in the Villa Montalto or Negroni.

84. *Ceres*.—This enchanting figure, wrought in Parian marble, may justly be considered a model of taste, truth, and beauty of execution in the drapery. It is clad in a tunic, over which is thrown a mantle or *peplum*, both of which are so ingeniously executed, that the cords, by which the tunic is fastened beneath the bosom, are perceptible under the mantle. With respect to the denomination of Ceres,



bestowed upon this statue, it only originates from the circumstance of the modern restorer having placed a few ears of corn in the left hand; for, in fact, the virginal character of the head, and the simplicity of its dress, incline us to think that it represents the muse Clio, and that a volume formerly occupied the place of the ears of corn. This statue comes from the museum of the Vatican, where it was placed by Clement XIV. It was previously deposited at Villa Mattei upon the Esquiline hill. The head, although now detached, is original.

85. *Hadrian*.—This bronze bust represents Hadrian, the adopted son and successor of Trajan. The bosom is naked, after the manner of heroic statues, the costume of which this prince has repeatedly imitated in his medals, where he sometimes dubs himself with the designation of Olympius, after the example of Jupiter.—This bust of larger than natural proportions, and entirely antique, as well as its base, is brought from the library of Saint Mark, at Venice. It is neatly modelled.

86. *Antinus as Aristæus*.—A statue. The subjects of Hadrian exhausted invention in varying and multiplying the honours which that emperor gloried in rendering to the memory of his favourite. Hitherto the different medals and pieces of sculpture have presented Antinus to us under the forms of Apollo, Bacchus, Mercury, Osiris, and Harpocrates; but this statue may be regarded as *unique*, since it alone represents him as Aristæus. This demi-god of Thessaly presided, in an especial manner, over the culture of the olive, and the tending of bees and sheep. It is in order to bestow a correspondent character upon him, that the Thessalian hat covers the head of Antinus, that he is clad in the tunic of the peasantry, his right shoulder and the arm on the same side being quite naked, (*brachio exerto*), and, finally, that he is provided with the hoe, and those rustic books called *perones*. The arms have been restored on this plan. This rare statue, of Parian marble, is tastefully conceived, but the execution is rather defective. It probably adorned some country-house, or village chapel. It was brought hither from the Chateau de Richelieu.

87. *A Grecian Hero*.—Many antique monuments present us with the representations of heroes, one foot raised and placed on a rock, as indicative of repose. The present figure, being in this attitude, probably represents a hero; or possibly, from its youthful appearance, the form of the hair, and the posture of the head, some may be led to imagine that it bears a strong similitude to other figures, in which the youth Theseus is described as giving marked attention to the relation of his mother Ethra, who reveals to him the secret of his birth. This figure, wrought in Parian marble, and in a good state of preservation, was brought from Greece.

88. *Mars*.—This figure, which is naked as far as the middle of the body, has the lower parts attired in the manner of heroic and imperial statues. It was at the time of restoring the statue that it obtained the characteristics of the god Mars, a sword being placed in the left hand, and an antique head and helmet added. The statue is formed of Pentelic marble; the arms and the legs are modern, but the pedestal is antique, and bears the following inscription, which is somewhat effaced: *HP\*\*\*IAHΣ. ΑΓΑΣΙΟΥ. ΕΦΕΣΙΟΣ. ΚΑΙ. ΑΡΜΑΤΙΟΣ. ΕΠΙΘΙΟΥΝ*. This inscription furnishes us with the names of the sculptors, viz. Heraclides, the son of Agasias, the Ephesian, and Harmatius, both of whom worked upon the marble, yet there is not any ancient writer who makes mention of either of them. It is likely that Agasias, the father of Heraclides, was the Agasias of Ephesus, who produced the celebrated figure known under the name of 'The Fighting Gladiator.'

89. *Marcus Junius Brutus*. This head, which is authenticated by different medals, exhibits the features of Marcus Junius Brutus, that stoical parricide, who, after stabbing Cæsar, in full senate, and vainly attempting to re-establish the republic, fell in the field of battle at Philippi, and yielded the palm of victory to Mark Anthony. This bust, executed in Pentelic marble, comes from the museum of the capitol, at Rome.

90. *Urania seated*.—The muse of

astronomy is seated on one of the rocks of Mount Parnassus. The two feathers, in the form of an egret, which adorn the head, are supposed to be those which were plucked from the Syrens, when the latter had the temerity to set the muses at defiance. In one hand there is a globe, and in the other the *radius*, the symbols of that branch of science over which the muse presides. The tunic without sleeves, doubled in the lower part only, the rest being transparent, is gracefully claped upon the right shoulder, and tied over the bosom; a large *peplum* envelopes the lower part of the figure, and falls to the feet in varied and numerous folds. This elegant figure, wrought in Parian marble, and very neatly executed, was discovered, in 1774, at Tivoli, in a place called La Pionella di Cassio, which was anciently the country residence of Cassina. When found, it had neither head nor legs, but was restored as Urania, for this reason, that seven of the muses were dug out of the same mound, and of the two that were wanting, Urania was one. Indeed, the rock upon which the figure rests is extremely characteristic of a muse, but the thickness of the soles of the sandals incline us to think it is the muse Melpomene, rather than Urania. The head, although restored in modern times, is antique, and always belonged to a muse.

91. *Lucius Junius Brutus, the Elder*.—The avenger of Lucretia, the destroyer of the tyranny of the Tarquins, the founder of the republic and the consular authority, Brutus the elder—is represented in this bronze bust, which bears a striking resemblance to the medals struck some centuries after his decease. It was brought from the palace of the Conservators at Rome. The eyes are incrustated, as was customary with the ancients in all their bronze works, and the whole head is admirably executed. The bust, covered with a toga, is an antique; but it is evident that the head and bust are not contemporary productions.

92. *A Sacrificer*.—The head of this statue is covered with the toga, and the hand displays the libation-vase. It is considered a most perfect model with regard to the execution of the

drapery, and is an admirable representation of a Roman personage in the costume of a sacrificer. It remained for some time at Venice, in the palace of Giustiniani. An English artist having purchased it, and carried it to Rome, in order to its restoration, Clement XIV bought it for the museum of the Vatican.—The antique head has been restored in modern times; but the hands are quite modern.

93. *Augustus*.—He is in an upright posture, and clad in the toga, which is executed very nearly in the same style as that described in the foregoing article. This statue was the companion of No. 92, at Venice. The ancient head is a restoration. The statue was discovered near Vellettri, the native country of Augustus.

94. *A Priestess of Isis, called The Festival of the Capitol*.—She holds in both hands, which are covered with a veil, the vase of mysterious water, which was usually borne in the *pompæ*, or processions of this goddess, ceremonies which, at the epoch of the second century, were celebrated throughout the Roman empire. This statue was formerly to be seen at the villa d'Este at Tivoli, whence it was removed to the museum of the capitol, by order of Benedict XIV. The ancient head has been restored.

95. *A Roman Matron*.—The mantle or *palla* is attached to the head of the figure, and falls gracefully down as far as the knees; the remainder of the costume is nearly similar, in every respect, to that of the goddess of chastity. The head presents a fine portrait; and, if we may judge by the form of the head-dress, the work was produced about the end of the second century. This figure, wrought in Grecian marble, was found, towards the middle of the last century, at Bengazi, in the gulf of Sydra, to the eastward of Tripoli. It was brought into France, and placed in the gallery of Versailles, whence it was removed to its present situation. It is one of the best preserved antiques that have hitherto been discovered, and the drapery is executed with uncommon taste and skill.

96. *A Wounded Warrior, called The Dying Gladiator*.—The short and bristling hair, the mustaches, the pro-



file of the nose, and the form of the eyebrows, as well as the sort of collar (*torquis*) which is fastened round the neck, concur in denoting this to be the figure of some barbarous warrior, (possibly a Gaul or a German), mortally wounded, and undauntedly expiring on a field of battle, strewn with arms and warlike implements. The vulgar opinion of this statue being a representation of a dying gladiator, is absolutely unfounded, and is positively controverted by the total want of conformity between the piece under consideration and the authenticated descriptions of gladiators that have been handed down to us. This statue is brought from the museum of the Vatican, where it was placed by Clement XII. It was formerly at the villa Ludovisi, where a group on a similar subject is preserved, and erroneously denominated *Arria and Pætus*. It is probable that the two pieces of sculpture anciently adorned the triumphal monument of some Roman victor, such as Cæsar, Germanicus, &c. The right arm of the figure and part of the plinth were restored in the sixteenth century.

97. *Vestal or Matron*.—The head of this figure, and the altar which accompanies it, being modern, there is some reason to doubt that it represents a vestal; it possibly was the portrait of a matron, attired in the manner of No. 95. This statue of Parian marble is brought from the gallery of Versailles.

98. *Antinus*, called *Antinus of the Capitol*.—Antinus, that youthful and amiable Bithynian, to whose memory gratitude induced Hadrian to raise such numberless monuments, is represented in this production as having scarcely attained the age of puberty. His attitude and the fall of his hair strongly remind us of the figures of Mercury, and it is not unlikely that the right-hand formerly held the caduceus. Notwithstanding the tenderness of his years, we can readily discover in his countenance, and by the declining posture of his head, the melancholy gravity by which all his portraits are distinguished, and which has caused this verse of Virgil to be, not unsaply, applied to him,

*Sed fronte læta parum, et dejecto lumine vultus.*

This beautiful figure, wrought in marble of Luni, comes from the museum of the capitol, whither it was removed out of the collection of Cardinal Albani. The left hand and the left leg are modern.

99. *Venus at the Bath*.—Polychames, a Grecian sculptor, is known to have executed a Venus at the bath, which was to be seen at Rome in the time of Pliny; the conformity of the subject handled in this figure leads us to conjecture that it is an ancient copy of that original. This elegant figure, wrought in Parian marble, comes from the ancient Hall of Antiques, at the Louvre.

100. *A Faun*, styled *The Stained Faun*.—A bust. Ancient sculpture does not present us with a more pleasing or a more neatly executed piece than the bust of this young laughing faun, known among artists under the name of the stained faun. This designation is owing to a slight metallic stain which appears on the cheek and right shoulder of the figure. In this surprising production, an admirable degree of correctness and the highest possible finish are combined with the softest touch imaginable, and an uncommonly happy turn of expression. The ears of the faun are pointed, the hair short, and a nipple, similar to that of the goat, appears on the neck just beneath the chin. This bust, formed of statuary marble, distinguished for the fineness of its grain, is somewhat smaller than nature. It was long the theme of admiration at Rome, among the antiques of Villa Albani.

101. *Bacchus*.—A bust. The Bacchanalian diadem and the beauty of the features cause the son of Semele to be instantly recognised in this fine head. All the graces of youth beam from his enchanting physiognomy. The head-dress consists of a skin. We know not whether this represents the skin of an elephant appropriate to the conqueror of India, the skin of a fish suited to the guest of Tethys, or that of a ram which frequently adorns the head of a God, feigned to be the son of Jupiter Hammon. The mutilation of this part of the work, however, precludes the solution of the problem; and, on this

account, no restoration has hitherto been attempted.

102. *A Faun.*—A bust in bronze. The head and the hair of this faun are executed with equal taste and ingenuity. It is one of the finest bronze works that antiquity has handed down to us. It was placed in the gallery of Villa Albani.

103. *A young Man with a Diadem.*—A bust in bronze. Heads very similar to the present are to be seen on the medals of the Kings of Macedonia. It may possibly be a representation of Mercury, not being very dissimilar from the piece described under No. 80. The band, which encircles his short hair, was an ornament generally assumed by victorious wrestlers; and the God alluded to is feigned to have been the inventor of gymnastic exercises. This bust was formerly deposited in Villa Albani. It was attributed to one of the Ptolemys.

104. *A Roman Damsel.*—This elegant statue appears to present the portrait of a damsel, with the costume and head-dress which were in use in the prosperous days of the Roman empire. The drapery is very ingeniously managed, and the head must certainly be the likeness of some particular personage. It was probably placed in some temple as a votive image, or perhaps adorned the paternal mansion of her whom it was meant to represent.

105. *Tiberius.*—A statue. He is clad in the Roman toga, and in his left hand he holds the sceptre or *Scipio* of the emperors and victors. The execution of the drapery is admirable in point of taste, ingenuity, and boldness. This statue comes from the Vatican. It was dug up in the island of Capri, the favourite retreat of the successor of Augustus. The head, which bears a strong resemblance to the best authenticated portraits of Tiberius, is antique, although it is but a substitute for the original head, which, in all probability, was not superior to the present in justness of expression or in neatness of execution.

106. *Septimus Severus.*—This fine bust, habited in the same manner as that described under No. 34, surpasses the latter, both by the merit of

its workmanship and the fine state of preservation in which it is.

107. *Fragment of a Statue of Hercules,* called *The Trunk of Belvedere.* The remains of this admirable statue, which is in a sedentary posture, although deprived of the arms, legs, and head, seem to be those of a representation of the son of Jupiter and Alcmena, at the moment of his receiving the gift of immortality on Mount Oeta. The lion's skin flung upon the rock wherein he is seated, and the muscularity of the limbs leave no room to doubt with respect to the subject of the performance. It is observable, that the sculptor has not described a single vein in the person of the hero, although he is not represented in the flower of youth, while his prominent muscles seem to exclude that rotundity of form which alone admits of the suppression of veins. Winckelmann is of opinion that this omission is designed to imply the apotheosis of Hercules, recently changed into a god on Mount Oeta. When this incomparable fragment is attentively examined, it will be discovered, by several indications, that the figure of Alcides, in conjunction with another formerly situated on its left side, constituted a group. The fable of Hercules' apotheosis recalls to our mind Hebe the goddess of youth, whom the new god espoused upon the occasion. Mr. Flaxman, a celebrated and ingenious sculptor of the English school, has attempted to restore a copy of the trunk in conformity to this idea, and his attempt has been crowned with complete success. This piece of sculpture, wrought in Pentelic marble, presents us with the following Greek inscription, engraven upon the rock: ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝΙΟΣ. ΝΕΣΤΟΡΟΣ. ΑΘΗΝΑΙΟΣ. ΕΠΟΙΕΙ. That is to say, "Apollonius, the son of Nestor the Athenian, made it." The form of the ω carries it back to the latter period of the Roman republic; and if it be true, as it is asserted, that this precious fragment was dug up at Rome, towards the end of the fifteenth century, near the theatre of Pompey, (now called Campo di Fiore), it appears most probable, that the Athenian artist flourished in the time of that great but ill-fated general.—



Julius II had this piece of marble placed in the garden of the Vatican, together with the Apollo and Laocoon. It long furnished matter for study to those great men, to whom we are indebted for the rapid advance of the arts, such as Michael Angelo, Raphael, the Caracci, &c. Among artists this fragment is, invariably, denominated the Trunk of Belvédère; and there does not exist a single piece of antique sculpture that is executed in a more magnificent style.

*\*[To be resumed in our next.]*

OBSERVATIONS on the ITALIAN LANGUAGE. By the Rev. JOSEPH TOWNSEND, M.A. Author of *Travels in Spain*.

SIR,

ON some former occasions I have sent you such observations as occurred to me on the German and the Spanish languages. I now venture to communicate similar observations on the Italian.

A general knowledge of languages and of the laws in conformity to which their mutations have been regulated, is a firm foundation for rational etymology, and the most effectual means of detecting the vanity of such vague conjectures as have frequently disgraced the works of learned men, and exposed a valuable science to the ridicule of ignorance and folly.

A familiar acquaintance with these laws will facilitate the acquisition of new languages, and I will venture to say, that any one conversant with Latin will learn German, Spanish, and Italian, by attention to the rules I have established, in less time than would be required to attain either of these without such aid. Indeed, I have known instances of persons, who, by these means, have, in a few weeks, made such a progress in Spanish and Italian as to read with pleasure the works of such authors as have written in a familiar style. To the novice in Italian, I would recommend Goldoni's plays, as being both elegant and easy.

The languages of France, Italy, and Spain are acknowledged to have originated, either directly or indirectly,

from the Latin, but perhaps, nay certainly, in part from Sanscrit, the immediate parent of the Latin. The classical scholar, therefore, will find no difficulty in detecting the radical affinity, even where abundant foliage conceals it from the vulgar eye, and from these languages a student may learn, with ease and certainty, the elements of etymology. Among them the first which commands our attention is the Italian, because, although degenerate, its local situation leads us to consider it as most nearly related to the Latin.

When the Goths and Vandals, with their rude, unlettered bands, broke in upon the seat of the Roman empire, they were too few in number to change, at once, the language of the country by the introduction of their own. Yet, in process of time, they corrupted it exceedingly. Successive hordes arriving from distant regions increased this corruption, and even, when firmly established in the country, when, from war they turned to literature and cultivated the arts of peace, when, by long residence in Italy their children felt the influence of climate, and, changing their character, became an effeminate degenerate race; their language submitted to the same mutation, and therefore bears a striking resemblance to the people, by whom it is spoken, being easy, elegant, harmonious in the extreme, but destitute of nerve.

In my observations on the Italian, I shall notice only those expressions which apparently differ, whilst they essentially agree, with the original from which they are derived.

1. This language, like the English, French, and Spanish, assumes the ablative case of Latin for its nominative. This will appear in the subsequent examples. Amico a friend, Amore love, Antrice anetrix, Latte milk, Luce light, Mente mind, Nazione nation, Noce nux, &c. &c.

2. It rejects aspirates, as in Abitare habitare, Amo hamus, Alito halitus, Onore honor, Omoro humor, Uomo homo, Aderire adhaerere, Attrarre at-trahere.

3. Like all other languages, it is fond of abbreviation. Bere bibere, Dito digitus, Fo facio, Fare facere, Ho habio, Ha habet, Legame lega-

mine, Lume lumine, Lepre lepore, Nome nomine, Torre tollere, Fucina officina, Rena arena, Tondo rotundus, Nemico inimicus, Natomi anatomia, Lesso elixatio, Nero nigro, Sverre evellere, Stremo extremitas, Strano extraneus, Sporre exponere, Spesso spissitudo, Sodare solidare.

4. It claims the privileges universally conceded to other languages, and considers *b*, *f*, *v*, *p*, and *m* as equivalent and commutable.

Avere habere, Avono eburnus, Bifolco bubulcus, Fava faba, Lavorare laborare, Laudevole laudabilis, Nerbo nervus, Nuvola nubecula, Orbo eruvum, Ove ubi, Rubare rapere, Savio sapiens, Severare separare, Sovra supra, Suvero suber, Tavola tabula, Trave trabs, Granfo crampus, Gabbia cavea, Pinva Pluma, &c.

5. It considers C, Ch, J, G, Q, X, and even D, as commutable. This appears in Doge dux, Ago acus, Agro acer, Gastigare castigare, Gaglio coagulum, Gatta catus, Gavillare cavillari, Giata crates, Sugo succus, Succiare sugere, Ficare figere, Giacere jacere, Giambo jambus, Giogo jugum, Giovane juvenis, Guidice judex, Aguglia aquila, Alcuno aliquis, Antico antiquus, Biccamente oblique, Cuoco coquus, Cheto quietus, Chiche quinque, Torcere torquere, Giorno diurnum, Oggi hodie, Meriggio merities, Digiunare jejunare, &c.

6. It considers D, T, Th, and Z as equivalent.

Amadore amator, Madre mater, Ladro latro, Strada strata, Scudo scutum, Etere æther, Ghitarra cithara, Anziano antiquus, Anzi ante, Azione actio, Crudezza cruditas, Debolezza debilitas, Dolcezza dulcedo, Pigrezza pigritia, Pozzo puteus, Prezzo pretium, Razza radix, Rezza rete, Rozzo rudis, Sazio satur, Vizio vitium, &c.

7. It converts D and T into G and C.

Raggiare radiare, Ragione ratio, Ciurma turma, Postea poscia, Uscio ostium, Scheggia schidia.

8. It converts L into I.

Biasimare blasphemare, Chiamare clamare, Chiaro clausus, Chiave clavis, Chiova clavus, Cindere claudere, Cinghia cingulum, Dichiarare declamare, Dichinare declinare, Doppiare duplicare, Fiamma flamma, Fiato flatus, Fiore flos, Fiume flumen, Ghiado

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gladius, Ghianda glans, Ghieva globa, Nebbia nebula, Occhio oculus, Piacere placere, Piaggia plagæ, Piano planus, Piazza platea, Pioggia pluvia, Piombo plumbum, Sabbione sabulum, Schiaffo Alapa, Vegghia Vigilia.

9. It converts M into N.

Granfo crampus, Nespola mespilus, Ninfa nympa; Longia, whence comes loin, lumbi; Pronto promptus.

10. It converts P into Ch.

Schiuma, whence our scum, spuma; Schiena spina, from which we derive our shin.

11. It converts R into L, and the reverse.

Albitrio arbitrium, Albore and Albero arbor, Pelligrino peregrinus, Fragella flagellum, Merancolico melancholicus, Urlare ululare.

12. It converts S into C or G.

Cifolare sibilare, Cagione occasio.

13. It converts X into S and J.

Giusto juxta, Sasso saxum, Sesso sexus, Noja noxa.

14. It converts V into G.

Golpe vulpis, Pagone pavo.

15. It converts D into N and R.

Pernice perdix, Marolla medulla, which is thus proved to be the parent of marrow.

16. It converts N into L.

Veleno venenum, Palermo panor-

17. It changes, by attraction, the preceding consonant into the succeeding one.

Assentamento absentia, Assoluzione absolutio, Atto actio, Ditto dictum, Fatto factum, Oggetto objectum, Frutto fructus, Gettare jactare, Gitto jactus, Attare aptare, Cattivo captivus, Ottato optatus, Ammirare admirare, Ammitto amictus, Dannare damnare, Porre ponere, Ratto raptim, Ruggine rubigine, Setto septem, Dimmi dic mihi, Suggetto subjectus, Stretto strictus, Ruggine Rubigo.

18. It practices transposition.

Agumento augmentum, Ugnà unginis, Piagnere plangere, Strignere stringere, Troppa turba.

19. It changes the preposition.

Ancidere occidere, Ancudinè incus, Anche atque, Aspettare expectare, Assedio obsidio, Assioma axioma, Esaltare exaltare, Avoltaria adul-

2 M



teria, Esibire exhibere, Esilio exilium, Uscire exire, Uscignolo sveghere and averre evellere, Scosso excussus, Scendere descendere, Scoprire cooperire.

20. It prefixes consonants D. G. N. S.

Dove ubi, Digia jam, Guado vadum, Guaina vagina, Guastare vastare, Giglio lilium, Nocaolo os, Nasallo asellus, Nabisso abysus, Svernare hibernare, Scadere cadere, Scaldare calere.

21. It inserts I.

Fiele fel, Fiera fera, Lieve levis, Tiepido tepidus.

22. It inserts G. before L. and N.

Doglia doler, Doglio dolium, Egli ille, Famiglia familia, Miglio miliare, Vaglia valor, Foglio folium, Pigliare pilare, Togliere tollere, Bagno balneum, Stagno stannum, Cagna canis, Ghignare cachinnari, Bologna bononia.

23. It rejects prepositions.

Scuro obscurus, &c.

24. It combines its most licentious changes.

Nibbio milvus. Here we have N. for M. then b. for v. i. inserted, and finally, L. by attraction, converted into B. Ottalmi aophthalmia, Rugumare ruminare, Longia lumbi, Nozze nuptia, Vipristrello vespertilio, Suggetto subjectus, Scegliere eligere, Spiegare explicare.

The practice particularly noticed in No. 3, 4, 5, 6, being of universal application, the knowledge of it will serve as a clue by which to find the way through the most intricate mazes of language, and facilitate access to the most perplexing.

#### REASONS for ECCLESIASTICAL IMPROPRIATORS augmenting the LIVINGS of the INFERIOR CLERGY.

**H**IS Majesty, in his speech to the two houses of parliament, hopes that they will continue the consideration of the state of the inferior clergy; and adopt such further measures upon the interesting subject as may appear to be proper.

If we consult the pages of history, we shall find it an interesting subject indeed; for a very large part of the inferior clergy have been always op-

pressed by their superiors, ever since the establishment of parish churches.

For the first six or seven centuries the diocese was the episcopal district; the bishop and his clergy lived together at the cathedral church, and the tithes and the oblations were all brought into one common stock, for the support of the bishop, the presbyters, and the deacons, and for various other purposes. This was before the division of counties into parishes, as they are at present. At that time the people of the whole diocese came to the cathedral church, and especially at their great festivals, to discharge their religious duties; but it was frequently found necessary, upon particular occasions, for the bishops to send presbyters to the most distant parts of the diocese, as dispensers of the word, and to administer the sacraments, but they returned again to their cathedral church, after they had been through their circuit.

This method of visiting the cathedrals on the high festivals was similar to that of the Jews going to worship in their temple; but it was, in time, a burden they found too heavy to bear. This pointed out the necessity of building parish churches; but it cannot be ascribed to any particular body of men, nor to any age, for the churches were very thinly scattered in the time of our Saxon ancestors.

Sometimes the kings, in their country villas, would build churches for the use of themselves and their suites; sometimes the bishops might erect churches near their palaces; and frequently the wealthy barons would do the same, near the baronial houses, for their families and their tenants, when they came to court to do suit and service. It was this which gave the primary title to the patronage of laymen.

But this designation of parish churches did not break in upon the rights of the bishops, either in respect of spirituals or temporals, for they still retained the cure of souls within their diocese, and a title to all the ecclesiastical revenue; and it was by their consent that priests were ordained as assistants to the diocesan and his clergy at the cathedral church. But no subordinate priest could reside nor officiate in any church, unless

delegated by the bishop. He had the same right and respect paid to him as by feudal custom were due to the lord of a barony by his tenants and vassals. The priest, at his admission, was obliged to swear fidelity to him, and he was liable to be cited to his court to give an account of his office and of his possessions, and to make a return of some part of the parochial profits to the bishop, for the security of the rest; and, upon the death of the incumbent, the disposal of the church returned to the bishop again.

There were many other forms and customs of dependency and subjection, which the parochial clergy were accountable to the diocesan: but artful men were continually contriving innovations for diverting the tithes and oblations from the immediate use of the clergy, which was soon found to oppress the seculars very much, till Edward the Second gave the full power of judging in the case of pensions to the bishops.

The monastic orders, finding themselves restrained in their power by this step, invented the art of appropriating churches as a check, which proved a severe burden to the secular clergy. The appropriating churches to religious societies, or the giving them to the monks as their absolute property, and for their own use, was introduced by the Normans, and the bishops very soon increased the pensions the clergy were to pay, and at the same time they withdrew their stipends; and, by an indulgence from the pope, they made the inferior clergy accountable either to the bishop, or a prior, or an abbot, for all their profits.

The seculars adopted all the artful schemes of the collegiate bodies, and they considered it as lawful for them to have their donations converted to their own use, as it was for the regulars. The bishops also endeavoured, and sometimes persuaded, the patrons of churches in their neighbourhood to offer up advowsons on their altar; to increase the number of their prebendaries; or to augment the portion of their dean, or some principal dignitary; or to find lights for their altars; or to support the table of the bishop; or any other thing which could contribute to the grandeur of their cathedral church.

The practice of appropriating parish churches was soon extended to all bodies corporate, to secular colleges, to choristers, military orders, to lay-hospitals, to guilds and franchises, and even to nunneries, by soliciting the pope, and paying him his price for the indulgence. From corporations aggregate, this practice was extended to single persons, to chanters, treasurers, chancellors, and parish priests, who, in rich and populous places, sometimes obtained a vicarage endowed; but the rectory they appropriated to themselves and their heirs for ever.

The situation of vicars holding vicarages under impropiators, either aggregate or sole, necessarily grew more burdensome by the innovations which time had introduced: it was therefore thought necessary, in the reign of Charles the Second, to prevent the evils increasing; and he sent a letter to the bishops, who held tithes appropriated for them and their successors, to augment the poor vicarages: the substance of the letter is as follows:

“ Our will is, that forthwith provision be made for the augmentation of all such vicarages and cures, where the tithes and profits are appropriated to you and your successors, in such manner, that they who immediately attend upon the performance of ministerial offices in every parish may have a competent portion out of every rectory impropriate in your see; and to this end our further will is, that no lease be granted of any rectory or parsonage belonging to your see, until you shall provide that the respective vicarages or curates, where there are no vicarages endowed, have so much revenue in glebe, tithes, or other advantages, as will commonly amount to one hundred pounds or to eighty pounds a year, or more if it will bear it, and in good form of law settle it upon them and their successors. Where the rectories are of small value, and cannot admit of such proportions to the vicars and curates, our will is, that one half of the profits of such rectory is reserved for the maintenance of the vicar or curate, as is agreeable to the said proportions. And our further will is, that you do apply your authority and



the power which by law belongeth to you as ordinary for the augmentation of vicarages and stipends of curates; and that you do, with due diligence, proceed in proper form of law, for raising and establishing convenient maintenance for those who attend holy duties in parish churches.

“If any prebendary in any church (the corps of whose prebend consists in tithes) shall not observe these our commands, then we require you, or the dean of the church, to use all due means in law, where you or he have power to compel them, or that you report to the bishop of the diocese where the said corps do lie, that he may interpose his authority for fulfilling this our order; or if any dean, or dean and chapter, or any who holdeth any dignity or prebend in the cathedral church, and do not observe these our commands, that you call them before you, and see this our will obeyed.”

In consequence of the foregoing letter, several augmentations were made; but it is evident that the design of the king was not confined to his own time, but that he designed the same persons aggregate, or sole, should continue to make augmentations in future, for the statute of the 27th Charles II. c. 8, was intended to confirm and perpetuate the augmentations so to be made.\*

That this was the intention is plain, by the words of the act, which says, “Therefore every augmentation granted, or intended to be granted, or shall at any time hereafter be granted, reserved, or made payable, to any vicar, or curate, or reserved by way of increase of rent to the lessor, and intended to be for the benefit of such vicar or curate, by any archbishop, bishop, dean, provost, dean and chapter, archdeacon, prebendary, or any other ecclesiastical person whatsoever, making the said reservation, shall continue and remain, as well during the continuance of the term in whose hands the said rectory shall be, and the same shall for ever hereafter be for the use of the said vicars and curates, or their successors.”

Though the legislature has taken care to confirm and secure all augmentations made by ecclesiastical impropriators for the use of vicars

and curates, yet, if we except Archbishop Juxton, the Bishops of Rochester and Winchester, at the Restoration, we shall find but few ecclesiastical corporations, either aggregate or sole, which have followed their example: and it might be worth an enquiry, whether the ancient stipends reserved for the vicars of parochial churches at the Reformation were included in Juxton's augmentations? or whether they are not still payable to them?

Time has sufficiently proved that the giving impropriators permission to augment the stipends of vicars and curates, by reserved rents, or by any other method, will never answer any salutary purpose, and that it is necessary to pass an act of parliament with compulsory clauses for a more equal division of the profits of impropriations: for, at present, the corporate bodies fatten at their ease in their prebendal stalls, while the vicars, who work in the vineyard, starve upon their scanty pittance.

Archbishop Secker gave some small relief, by discharging the vicars of the land tax as the leases fell in; but notwithstanding the advance of the incomes of archbishops and bishops, of deans and prebendaries, their vicars and perpetual curates have remained stationary for many years, though bent down with the load of the property and other taxes, and are sinking under their burden. Surely, rich impropriations of two thousand pounds a year might afford a sufficient stipend to maintain a perpetual curate, without diminishing the duty, in large and populous parishes, to enable them to live, by taking another curacy.

It might be deemed presumption in an individual to point out any method for relieving the distresses of the inferior clergy; but, if our legislators were to attend to the letter of Charles the Second to his bishops, they might, perhaps, see the necessity of enacting, that, as leases expire, a competent portion out of every rich rectory impropriate should be reserved for such as immediately attend to the performance of ministerial offices. The proportion of one third would remove the distresses of many vicars and curates.

*To the Editor of the Universal Mag.*

SIR,

**A** NAMELESS correspondent in your Number for February last, has chosen to reply to my remarks on his notions of Mr. Malthus's doctrine of population, which, it is evident, he does not comprehend. I will once more attempt to put him right, and if I fail it is not my fault—it I succeed it will give me pleasure. My last letter was not written angrily, though perhaps warmly, for men who feel strongly are apt to be warm when others do not enter into their feelings or ideas; it was under that impression only that I spoke, and accused your correspondent too hastily, of having wilfully misrepresented Mr. Malthus's doctrine; he, in return, accuses me of being a warm and enthusiastic admirer of systems, in which he is most widely mistaken; no man has sought for truth more at large than I have, nor more generally mistrusted systems, for I have long been convinced that all systems are and must be in some degree erroneous. Your correspondent seems to be a good natured sort of a man, and I have no disposition to quarrel with him, but shall, at any time, be happy to take a morning's ride with him on my scribbling poney, without any unfair attempt to cross, or jostle, or throw him from his literary Pegasus. The grand and radical error which he and all the opposers of Mr. Malthus, labour under, is in not seeing, that because population is not carried to its utmost extent, it is not constantly pressing upon the means of subsistence. Mr. Malthus's ratios are as much adapted to decrepit, corrupt, and worn-out kingdoms, as they are to the new, healthy, and vigorous governments of America and New Holland. The operation of the principle is increasing and invariable. The proportion between the increase of population, and the means of subsistence is, in all countries, nearly the same, and therefore there will, in all countries, be the same necessity for vice and misery, or some other check, to keep the balance even. This is an evil inherent in the nature of things, which neither the wisdom of philosophers, nor the honesty of statesmen,

can ever eradicate, though they may do much to diminish its destructive tendency;—the fact is not only capable of demonstration, but impossible to be refuted either by logic or metaphysics, and with this persuasion I take my leave of your correspondent without much probability of ever meeting him again on this ground of controversy.

I remain, &c.

W. BURDON.

*Hartford, near Morpeth,*

*March 24, 1810.*

## REPUBLICATION OF SCARCE TRACTS.

No I.

*A new DISCOVERY of a LITTLE SORT of PEOPLE, anciently discoursed of, called PYGMIES.*

[Continued from p. 188.]

**S**OON after, the ancient gentleman came in, and gave order to bring our breakfast-dinner (for it was instead of both, and between the time of both; they in that country having but two meals a day) which was done after the former manner, the Dramesco still beginning and ending the meal with his oraisons. But, after dinner, while some of us were reasoning on the absence of Pandemon and the four servants, not being able to imagine what was become of them, we saw him come with them very cheerfully into the hall, appearing as well and sound as ever, which put us into no small admiration, considering how late it was since we left him in that miserable plight. But we soon heard him from his own mouth acknowledge the wonderful skill of the Talcomummi physicians, and their wholesome provision, made for wounded or sick: so that, they keep none under their hands above a day or two; which great proficiency in that faculty, cannot be attained to by other people, because no where else are found such good simples, such sanative drinks, such learned treatises, such rare experiments, such exquisite care and diligence, such moderate and wholesome diet, and perhaps such faithful physicians too. And then I understood by him, how,



at our first entrance, he was taken by the two hindmost gentlemen, riding on rams, it being unlawful for sick strangers to enter the hall, and suddenly laid on a chariot, drawn by six he-goats, and carried to a Physician's Lescha, where his servants attended him, and in that short time his arm was set, and the rents of his face closed up to admiration; nay, and his very cloaths were so neatly fine-drawn that no man living could ever discern they had been torn. Which kind usage made Pandeison as obstinately now affirm them good angels, as before he would make them appear to be imps of Hell. And, indeed, that fall made him stand the stouter; for where before he thought every bush a murtherer, and every breath of wind a flattering traitor, considering now the ill consequences of such pusillanimous cowardice, he bore himself for the future with a far more virile and courageous resoluteness.

But now the ancient gentleman sat down among us, and bade his three sons to discourse with us, about what he had ordered; when the youngest of them placing himself near Eucompus, began this relation:—"Worthy gentlemen, seeming yourselves young and vigorous blades, and being, I doubt not, well skilled in military affairs, you would take it kindly, I presume, if we should deliver to you the true manner of our war with the Cranes, it being impossible that you should be ignorant of our antipathy. To prevent, therefore, your modesty, according to the general, my father's, orders, I shall tell you the whole story, that when you talk of us to the Europeans, there may be no mistake. And first: You must know, my father, whom you see, is the tallest, the most aged, and has been the best experienced man in this whole realm of Gerania; when he was twenty years old, his first wife, my elder brother's mother, died for grief, that one of her sons had been slain by the Cranes in a smart skirmish; after that, the late king Pantalcus requested him to marry his daughter, which he condescended to (though he came of a more honourable race from king Porus, his dwarf), and then he was created generalissimo of all

the king's forces, lord hospitaller of Gerania, and his governor of this castle; to which he no sooner came, but in revenge of his son's death, and for love of his late wife, he invented this most artificial snare, which you saw from the high ground, on the battlements of our castle. For the Cranes being the only causers of famine in our land, by reason they are so numerous, that they can devour the most plentiful harvest, both by eating the seeds before-hand, and then picking the ears that remain: My father, to deceive them, hath caused earth to be spread over the roof, and to be raised into furrows, which are purposely full of seeds, by which these creatures, though very wise, being cheated, when they think to fill themselves, and prejudice us, not only lose those hopes, but their liberty and lives, being made a prey to our anger. So that, where other lords of castles are scarce able to 'pay their tribute of one hundred Cranes' heads yearly, my father, though he has an immunity from all such taxes, as being the king's brother, doth freely, by the help of this snare, present him with two thousand heads a year.

Now (not to mention my father's acts, which are more than any history can equal, in respect of his stature) every spring time, I and my two brothers go mounted, as you saw us, with those six captains of our horse, and their companies, down to the sea side, where the Cranes build; at the first bleating of our goat-horses all the old cranes leave their nests, and in them their young ones, and fly about us with great fury, for they are very sensible of our hostile intent: then our valour is most conspicuously signalized; for as they will sometimes daringly come on the ground, and endeavour, with their strength, to push us beside the saddle; some of us have been so bold to throw by our weapons, and setting ourselves firm to catch hold of their long necks, notwithstanding the many wounds of their sharp bills, and so wringing their heads from their bodies, to put them as trophies under our belt.

"And thus my father has often said, that day, his young son, was slain (for being then but tender, yet very

turous, he separated himself from the rest, and having transfixed nine of them through with so many darts, when all his weapons were gone, he was dismounted, and wounded to the heart with one of their long and sharp bills, (that day, I say, he hath said, and all men acknowledge) that to comfort his wife for that loss, he presented her with five hundred enemies heads, and three hundred dozen of their eggs, all slain and taken with his own hands, and my elder brother's. And many such encounters we have had, and must have, every spring time; but for all this they are so numerous, that in seed-time they come in great numbers to spoil the husbandman's hopes and our nourishment: there we stand ready, both horse and foot, with darts, slings, and staves, to assail them with all our vigour. They chiefly aim at the head and face, but those places we have guarded with an helmet of that fatal wood Geranophonon; which whoever of them touch, are sure to die. Now, that these creatures may not seem so inconsiderable, besides the advantage of flying and equalling us in bulk, and far exceeding us when mounted in height; they are very wise and strong, as may be argued by that immense way they fly after our harvest, which they always expect. When they begin their airy voyage, they all agree together, and rank themselves in the perfect form of an oxygonical triangle, something like the Roman wedge, the acute cusp whereof not resisting, but penetrating the air, still widens the gap, and quite takes off the force of the opposite wind, which would else scatter and disturb their march. Their flight to the sight is very lofty, the king flying foremost, whom they elect. In the rear they place by turns, a certain number, who are to direct and encourage them with their voice, and keep the rest all silent. At night time they set a centinel, or a corps du guard, holding a pebble in their claws, which, being let loose in sleep, and so falling, rouses them again to the watch, and makes them ashamed of their supine negligence. In the mean time the rest sleep securely, lifting their head under the wing, and standing alternately on

each foot. Their king sees forward on their march, and foretells what he sees. We have some of them tamed in our great tower of Anoduol, and these will wantonly make rounds, dancing very pleasantly, though irregularly.

“It is known to your men, that when they should pass over the sea, they wisely choose the streights between two promontories, which we call Creumethopson and Crambis: by which means, when weary, they rest themselves.

“Having passed half way, they cast the pebbles from their feet, and the sand from their mouths, when they have touched the continent: which sand they took, that by their silence they might escape the knowledge of those eagles in their way, to whose fury their loquacity would else have betrayed them. For these, and many more of their customs, they deserve to be reckoned a flying commonwealth; and some of our poets have feigned, that because Jupiter (who himself being a Pigmy, used to ride on the goat Amalthæa) had been displeased at the former pignies for their frequent immolation of goats, which we now hold sacred; he therefore metamorphosed them into cranes, who still will fight with our goats; and having formerly been husbandmen, come now in such throngs to require the fruits of their ground, and to expel us the country. But, if you please, you may smile at the fancy; I shall only add this, that from seed-time to harvest, we fasten a thin net-like work on stakes, over our ploughed ground, so high, that the cranes cannot come to the corn, and yet the rain and sun-shine is nothing hindered thereby; on the sides of which expanded sheets, we drive close stakes of Geranophonon, which, if they endeavour to pass, it kills them. And so by our valour and wit, we are not only masters of our own land, but transmit our empire to the people of the air, and without a tedious watch, may securely expect a full harvest.”

And here the ancient gentleman, lifting up his staff, gave his young son a sign to leave off, which he readily obeyed, and putting a volume into the hand of Eucompsus, which



contained his own history, he arose, and left his place to be supplied by his brother, who was of a long visage, straight hair, sanguine complexion, grey-eyed, and of a moist palm. He being drawn near me, began the following discourse:

“Gentlemen, you having heard the original of our laws, of our wars and customs, may, I suppose, be further desirous to understand after what manner we express our love and courtship to the female kind, the intrigues of love not being the smallest part of a young man’s enquiry.

“First then, (for I love to be brief in talk) where there is a lawful affection, it can be no where kept so inviolable as with us. Our pretences are not long, but after both parties are agreed, they must have the consent of their parents, who seldom here die before their children are married, which, being obtained, the next new moon they are joined; after which they make a feast, inviting all their friends and relations, who, after the fathers and mothers of both have given their donation, cast every one, according to their ability, a certain sum into a box provided on purpose, which serves them for their portion; so that portions among us are never regarded, we being naturally more generous than your great nations, and not thinking fit to esteem the copartner of our lives by the parent’s dowry, but rather by what nature and virtue hath made their own. As for that filthy merchandise of bodies, which you call prostitution or whoredom, we are utterly unacquainted with, partly because the nature of our women is more modest, partly because they have all a livelihood without such practices, and abhor to gain any thing unlawfully; and partly because we have such an esteem of marriage, (which would seem vain if other ways were suffered) that we count it the most honourable state of life, and the most dreadful to violate, and therefore none are desirous of it, but they are free to enjoy it, there being no great disparity of faces or fortunes among us. We are all naturally healthful, strait-bodied, honest, and generous, affable and religious, and all obliged to profess the same trades

as their parents have done, by which they attain more skill and more riches. Only, if they have many sons besides the eldest, some are bred up for the increase of the militia, some for the Lescha of the Talcomummi (for the priest’s sons succeed them in the Dramesco’s Lescha) where they either practice physic or law, or are singers in the temples, or secretaries of learned men, or counsellors to the king; and nothing is ever wanting to them for the attainment of these things, for the Leschas are maintained at the king’s charge, and every science is able to sustain its followers.

“I might tell you of our more court-like way of winning the ladies hearts, of their beauty, sweet nature, modesty, and affability; how silent, cleanly, industrious, and loving, our wives are; how devout, sober, and grave our matrons: how lovely, ingenious, and chaste our virgins; so that these three hundred years have given us no example of any known whore, dishonest wife, or immodest widow; and so indeed it is with the men too; only one Trebor Nostaw, one of the Talcomummi, was lately found guilty of conveying away some goods and monies from their Lescha, and deceiving a faithful friend who trusted in him; for which last fact chiefly he was first disgracefully expelled the Lescha, and afterwards stigmatised in the forehead with this mark, I. H. by which he being known to have proved a false friend, is befriended by none, but cast out to live as he can, or die as he deserves: and such punishments are the greatest we ever yet used in our nation, because there are so few delinquents, and because the shame and misery may be more exemplary. But I cannot so soon pass by friendship, it being a virtue so honourable with us, and especially so pleasing to myself; and it is a common proverb with us, virtue and friendship are the twins of God. At this time I have a friend called Mahdeen, in the Lescha of Dramesco, so sober and virtuous, so prudent and ingenious, so notable for his universal knowledge and remarkable piety, that the hope and expectation of all pitch on him for the future ornament of our church, and support of the

kingdom, by his justice and prudence ; and notwithstanding our great distance, he sends me notice of his affairs, and I commit all my concerns that lie that way to his hands, not doubting of his fidelity and discretion.

I remember a witty distich he shewed me on our new contracted amity.

Ἀυτὸς μὲν χρόνον οἶδ' ὅτε ἡμετέρῃ λάβειν  
ἀρχην

Ἡ Φιλίη, αὐτὸς ἐχρόνθη καὶ οἶδε τελευτήν.

I know the time, wherein our love

First mutually did bend ;

But time himself shall never prove

So wise, to know its end.

Which I requited with this,

Ἡελίε σύ μοι ἴδι, σὺ μάστιγι' ἴδι σελήνῃ  
Ἡμετέρης Φιλότητι' ἐπὶ πλέον ἐφανερω.

O sun, thou glorious prince of day,

And moon, thou queen of night,

The rays our friendship shall display,

Shall last as long as yours, and full as  
bright

“ The thoughts of this his friendship and known constancy, are now the chief solace I delight in, and his memory is the most precious and graphical effigies of virtue, that I can bear about me : so that though such an affectionate intimacy is here very usual ; yet I dare affirm, that of Mahdeen and Senrab, which is my name, to be the most dedicated and sincere.”

“ And here again the ancient gentleman, lifting up his staff, put him in mind of concluding his discourse, and giving place to the eldest brother, who spoke in this manner :

Worthy sirs, having your minds prepossessed with the knowledge of what is most memorable with us, except what I am going to tell you ; I think, yourselves being put to it, could not imagine any thing undeclared of more importance than court matters. Of them, therefore, I shall briefly inform you. Our present government has been, ever since we knew civility, monarchical, the most natural and the best kind of government : but to omit the stories of our former kings, which though notable enough, are unfit for this time, I shall only give you an account of the present king. You have heard, I sup

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pose, by the Dramesco, that our kingdom of Gerania contains but four provinces, Gadozalia, Homeria, Calingi, and Elysiana ; the metropolis of Gadozalia is called Ainodnol, the most large, rich, and populous city of the whole Pygmean kingdom ; here our king keeps his court, here is the centre of all the gentry and nobility, and here flourishes the practice of all arts and sciences, which are highly esteemed and cherished by the king, whose name is Sulorac, son to Pantalacus the late king, the manner of whose death was too barbarous to be told to any stranger, but the actions and virtues of his life have already swoln many volumes. He bears in his coat the arms of each province quartered, a lion passant in chief, an open book, whereon is written Θεσμοφόρον, a fish, and a tree, the supporters are a goat and a ram, the horns or, on the crest a crane's head erased, and on that four crowns. This king keeps the most royal court of any monarch, though he maintains neither life-guard nor armed men, because our court is as content and humble as the country, and the king himself hath protested he fears nothing vice and flattery. In apparel, I confess, they are almost extravagant, for they think men may lawfully deck themselves with what their country yields ; 'tis to be feared they think themselves better than others because finer ; but in drink and amorous desires they keep such a moderation, as if they were rather nymphs of Diana than courtiers of a king. And this proceeds from a virtuous restraint, not from a languishing impotency. So that they can practice love here, and please the ladies as well as the most passionate European amoretto, but detest to abuse their bodies where the scripture will not permit. For taxes, we are wholly unacquainted with them, because our king is not forced, like others, to desire a supply, the representatives of the nation, by the people's persuasion, always filling the exchequer by their voluntary donations, not doubting of the wisdom of the king and council in disposing of it. But yet, for the benefit of the nation, it hath been a custom of our kings to impose on all the governors



of castles the tribute of an hundred cranes heads yearly, which they duly pay every spring time. There are now belonging to the king's household a Dramesco, a poet, a philosopher, a physician, and a painter, with whose talk and works he is used to relax his mind from the cares of empire. He is a just, wise, temperate, and a valiant prince, most generous in his largesses, and mild in his punishments; he sends yearly to the heads of each *Lescha*, to render him the names of those who are eminent in any faculty, with their age, standing, and behaviour; and as he sees in his wisdom, he provides for them rewards according to their desert, which must needs be a great encouragement to young learners. He hath lately, to his eternal renown, instituted an order called the Royal *Lescha*, for the increase and propagation of experimental knowledge, by whose industry philosophy hath been more promoted within these ten years than in an hundred years before. And indeed, there is no such progress made in any parts of the world as here in learning and piety; for it is an epidemical disposition we all have not to shun our labour that will produce good, nor to embrace any pleasure that is evil; because if any good thing is done with labour, the labour soon passeth away, but the good remains; and if any evil is done with pleasure, the pleasure soon vanisheth, but the evil sticks behind."

[*To be continued.*]

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*THE LITERARY LIFE and TRAVELS of*  
*BARON HOLBERG. Written by*  
*Himself. Extracted from the Latin*  
*Edition of Leipsick, in 1743.*  
*By W. HAMILTON REID.*

[*Continued from p. 196.*]

**I**N this city I for the first time heard an Italian concert, and as the customs of the Italians in many instances resemble the French, so in the concerts of both, wind instruments are much in use; though every where, excepting at Genoa, these are now getting out of use. In their vocal music, the Italians appear to *whine*, so that the first time I heard an Ita-

lian singer here, I really thought that he had been beaten by the manager, and compelled to sing against his will! But I afterwards found it was the same in every other part of Italy: of course the French proverb, which says, "In singing the Italians whine," is not grounded upon mere envy.

The form of the government here is aristocratic, and the city is governed by the nobles; the Doge is the principal and head of the council. This dignity is not permanent in one person, as it is the case with the Venetians; but is changed from time to time. While I remained here the Doge laid aside his office, and another chief magistrate was chosen with as little noise, or rather less than occurs at some places in the choice of a new rector or master of an academy. The Genoese are so indifferent to these matters, that they never set a foot out of doors on this occasion to see the procession. I was, at the time alluded to, going through the streets, when I met with a number of soldiers, mostly Corsicans, and upon my asking why they were assembled, they answered that the new Doge was not far off. In a few minutes the procession arrived, and proceeded to the church as customary on such occasions. Here, when the drummer began to beat his drum, I observed that he struck the wood as often as the skin, which to me appeared laughable; but I found afterwards that this mode of beating a drum was not peculiar to Genoa.

During the short time I staid here, I took some pains to learn the moral habits and dispositions of the people. I found them even from the noble down to the carman and common sailor, polite and well-behaved; at the same time I could not but observe a great deal of deception; and, as to lying, they are such masters in that faculty, that I believe they might well dispute the palm with the Cretans in the time of Epiminedes. I do not speak of the higher ranks, as to the qualities last-mentioned; for, perhaps they share the vices of the common people as little here, as the nobility of England do in their country. But for lying, the common people of Genoa seem to exercise themselves in it as heartily as if they

were rewarded for it by their governors.

The young Frenchman, to whom I owed both my recovery and my liberty, left Genoa a few days after in the same vessel which brought me there. There was no person but was convinced of his being a Frenchman, as he spoke the language with as much purity as if he had been a native of Paris or Orleans. Soon after, however, I learned that he had concealed the real place of his birth; as mine host shewed me a book, in which every stranger by order of the council had set down their names, their country, &c. Here I found that of my friend, as follows: *Carolo Montfort, Danese*—Charles Montfort, a Dane; I now rejoiced the more to think that I had experienced such essential services from one of my own countrymen, and this at a time when the circumstance was unknown to him, for I always concealed my real name and the place of my birth when in Italy. Here I passed as Michael Rog, a native of Aix La Chapelle: this name I borrowed of my countryman, Michael Rog, at Paris; for as I then intended to visit Italy, and was unprovided with a passport, he gave me his, which he had obtained with the same intention.

I next shipped myself for Rome; here I had to encounter with fresh difficulties, for my fever had not quite left me, and the fear of pirates was continually before my eyes. In autumn these Algerine pirates generally swarm in the Mediterranean, and at this time of the year, these robbers are supposed to be returning home. I however did flatter myself, and not without some ground, that on account of the uncommon calms that prevailed, these pirates might protract their return. Our vessel, which had another under convoy, carried but two pieces of cannon, which would have done but little execution against another well provided with musquetry; and though there were forty passengers on board, exclusive of the crew, they were not to be much depended upon. Among these were ten monks, who trembled every time the name of the Turks was mentioned. Six females on board had hired the cabin for their

own use, so that I and my fellow passengers were compelled to lie down upon the ropes, &c. on the deck; which was rather hard for me, not having perfectly recovered from my illness; but as among the passengers, there was a French captain, who had been in the imperial service, he took pity on my situation, and lent me his mantle and other things to cover me in the night while he slept upon the bare deck.

We were scarcely out of sight of Genoa, when we were visited by the so-called *Stirri*, whose office it was to search for concealed or contraband goods. When these are found, it is likewise their office to inflict punishment upon the persons offending. Now, excepting the Turkish sea-rovers, there are no persons in the world against whom the sailors have such an aversion as the *Stirri*, especially when their consciences are not so clear as they should be. In consequence of this search, we were detained full two hours; after which we had scarcely made a few leagues before a dead calm fell, and at length the wind set fully against us; so that after being so long at sea, we were obliged to make *Porto Verde*, an Italian port in Laguna, there to wait for a fair wind, and this detained us full nine days. My fellow passengers during this time, seemed to avail themselves of this circumstance, to make merry, but I pleading my fever, always kept clear of these engagements; and as this apology was taken for valid, I found its advantage in my purse as well as in my health. The Italian women, during the whole time, kept themselves close in their cabin, one of them excepted, who came from Rome, who now and then shewed herself upon deck with her husband, who was a passenger. During the whole voyage this woman never spoke a single word in our hearing, though the few French that were on board, and who love conversation above all other people, employed all their eloquence to move this lady to break silence but in vain. She sometimes ate and drank upon deck with us; but never deigned to look at any person, though questions were sometimes put to her. I alone above the rest, was the person whom



she *exclusively* honoured with a short answer, when I was once asking after something which I wanted. In fact, as I was in a manner half-dead, the most jealous man in the world could hardly suspect me. I looked so pale and emaciated, that I think, without suspicion, even a *Turk or Persian* might have ventured to place me over their Seraglios.

During the time the calm detained us at *Porto Verdo*, one of our monks took occasion to make a proposal to us for collecting a sum of money for the purpose of making a procession on shore to the honour of a certain Saint, who according to his account, had it in his power to procure us a fair wind. This proposal pleased the Spanish and Italian passengers to the life, but the French, though catholics also, made a thousand objections to this measure; however they at length consented, solely that they might not be looked upon as ungodly; but still upon this express condition, that the money in the interim should be deposited in a certain place, so that every person should have their own again, in case the Saint should not be able to get a good wind. But as the monks saw the Frenchmen were trifling with them they came to me, thinking that as I was a German, I should treat them better than the French had done. They complained bitterly of the Frenchmen's unbelief, and seemed to wish to have it understood from this and other circumstances, that the true religion would in a short time be totally excluded from France.

After this, the nine days having expired, we got a good wind without their assistance. We were not long hoisting sail, and very soon arrived at Leghorn, and lastly at *Civitta Vecchia*. Between Leghorn and this port we were chased by a vessel, which being a very bad sailer, soon came nearly up with us; and we concluded it must be a pirate, as the man at the helm<sup>e</sup> hailed her three times without receiving any answer. We therefore began to prepare for an engagement; being night, the lanterns were lighted, the guns loaded, and every man in the vessel put under arms, and his post assigned him. I was so much alarmed in the beginning

of this bustle, that being taken very cold, I was much afraid of a fresh attack from the fever. After I had got over the first alarm, I believe I can say with equal truth and credit to myself, that there was not a man in the ship who heard or saw the least signs of fear in me. I thought, however, we should all share the same fate, whatever it might be, and this, though a poor comfort, is certainly one of the best in these cases. As for the Italian women in the cabin, they seemed to lay decency quite aside; they came running out of the cabin as soon as they learnt what was the matter, with their hair flying about their ears. Their firmness quite forsook them, and you might have seen death, painted, as it were, upon their faces. They ran up and down the deck, crying so loudly, that the crew at length were compelled to interfere in the moderation of their passions; they told them their cries could effect nothing; however, deep sighs and wringing of hands succeeded these loud exclamations, and the monks were equally as disheartened as the women, notwithstanding their doctrine is a continual *memento mori*. Some of these monks prostrated themselves upon the deck, calling upon the Saints, others tore their flesh; and, it was impossible to still this noise either by the censure, or the admonition of others who wished them to think of taking more care of themselves and the vessel than acting as they did. Oh Sir, if you had but seen me then, so exhausted with the fever that my legs would scarcely bear me, and yet drawn up with the rest in order of battle, with a sword in my hand. Had you heard me apparently calling upon St. Anthony as heartily as the rest, you certainly could not have conceived any thing more laughable. The pirate, however, left us to go after the vessel which we had under convoy. In the mean time we availed ourselves of the wind, and for once happily escaped the impending danger.

We were no sooner in safety, than most of the crew began to ascribe this happy event to the vows they had made to St. Anthony. I however ascribed it to the unfaithfulness and cowardice of the commander, who,

instead of assisting, had shamefully abandoned his companion. Every one on board our ship, was engaged in painting in the most lively colours, the hardships we should have been exposed to, had we fallen into the hands of the pirate; and to my comfort they all agreed in one thing; that is, that as I was so bad and poorly in appearance, I certainly should have been thrown into the sea, as a piece of useless lumber! I, however, on the contrary, flattered myself that I should surely have experienced more indulgence than the rest, on account of the languages which I understood; I even went so far as to imagine that upon my arrival at Algiers, they would have given me the office of a notary. At length we arrived at *Civita Vecchia*. I was already sick of voyages at sea, and therefore made a resolution to go to Rome on foot. The whole road was so infested with noxious vermin, that I could neither sit down, or stand still in safety. I thought it might be this circumstance and not merely the night air, that renders the neighbourhood of Rome so unwholesome, so that a person cannot sleep in the open air without endangering life. If it arose merely from the climate, one might be justly astonished that the seamen who, while in port, frequently sleep in the open air, are not in the least affected. However, it cannot be denied that strangers who arrive at Rome in the summer months are generally ill; those therefore whose circumstances will admit of it, always defer this journey, if possible, till Autumn.

It is not easy to assign a cause for this noxious climate. The situation of Rome is not different from what it anciently was, and none of the ancient writers say a word of its unwholesomeness in their time. But should I even grant that modern Rome is rather more distant from the sea than the ancient city, it would not strengthen the opinion of those who appeal to the case of other cities formerly washed by the sea, and are now almost surrounded by the continent. Neither can the proximity to the sea, contribute to the remedy of the evil, as the air is not better at *Civita Vecchia*, than at Rome! But in fine, I arrived at Rome after two

days travel on foot, and entered the gate nearest the Vatican, the usual residence of the Pontiff. It struck me not only as the wonder of Rome, but as that of the whole world, and as most deserving the admiration of strangers. The moment I had a view of St. Peters, the Vatican, and the Castle of St. Angelo, I forgot all my former difficulties. The church of St. Peter filled me with astonishment. Wherever one turned one's eyes the most costly marble and the most precious relics of antiquity were sure to present themselves.

As soon as I had in some measure feasted my sight with this magnificent prospect, I began to think of getting a lodging, and repaired to that part of the city now called *Piazza di Spagna*. After walking about nearly an hour I got a lodging, where I staid a month, being determined to combat my obstinate fever with all the power of medicine. I chose for my physician a monk, who acted as an apothecary, and resided in the Cloister of the Holy Trinity, near at hand; but my disorder seeming to increase with the means I took for its relief, I came to a resolution as people say, "*to starve it out.*" I afterwards learnt that this was the most certain method I could possibly adopt. Before my month was up, I got tired of my lodging and went to seek another. The fact was, mine host had a cough, with which he was continually disturbing my rest. His wife was a drunken, artful, and debauched woman, who made use of every species of cunning to get her lodgers into the practice of drinking and other irregularities. She ascribed my illness entirely to my sparing mode of living, and advised me not to deny myself any thing my appetite might desire. She said the Germans in general preserved themselves from the fatal effects of the climate of Rome, by plentiful drinking, and swore on the contrary that a young German absolutely died in her house merely because his countrymen could not persuade him to live as they did. This displeased me so much that I left the house immediately.

[*To be continued.*]



*On the MOUNTAINS of the EARTH.*

**O**N a survey of the surface of the earth the mountains attract our attention in a particular degree, and we observe the same elevations not only on the earth, but also on all physical bodies, which we are enabled to investigate by the powers of our best telescopes. It has been long known that the surface of the moon is covered with mountains, and they have also been distinctly observed on Venus (*a*), Saturn, and his ring (*b*), on Mercury (*c*), and even on the sun we have great reason to conclude on the existence of mountains on its surface, from the frequent appearance of regular shades of light (*d*). The mountains of wrecked matter of the earth are principally distinguished from all other mountains. They are the immediate effects of frequent collisions and consolidations, and consist of enormous ruins which have been formed by those natural events, and placed in a position in which they project over the horizontal surface of the earth. In the class of those mountains which are distinguished in opposition to those of wrecked matter belong the mountains of horizontal layers, the alluviated, many volcanic, and in general all those mountains which are not indebted for their origin immediately to the ruinating power of the collisions, but to other natural occurrences which took place in the periods between or after the great collisions. Many of those mountains which did not originate immediately from ruinations at the collisions, still carry with them indisputable traces of interior dislocations. Many of them have been detached and separated in ruins by concussions

which were connected with later smaller collisions, and which did not operate violently on their masses, on account of the distance of the point of contact, or by the descent of their masses, and by volcanic eruptions produced by earthquakes. Many have deposited their strata over mountains of wrecked matter, and to which they are indebted for their form. The same mountain is also often formed partly by the ruinations at the great collisions, and partly by other effects of nature. They are, therefore, no distinct boundary lines between mountains of wrecked matter and those which do not owe their origin immediately to the ruinations; on the contrary, the one is lost in the other in imperceptible gradations.

The mountains of horizontal layers, and the alluviated mountains of our earth, are almost always supported by the high mountains of wrecked matter, and accompany them in all their directions. The slow effects of the power of gravity, of the circulation of the fluids, and of the dissolving atmospheres, have undoubtedly detached the higher, softer, and more dissoluble parts of the masses of the mountains of wrecked matter from their summits, and deposited a great part of them on their sides. It is also certain that they have accompanied with sediments of the ocean. The major part of the mountains of the earth compose chains, which, without distinction, run according to a particular direction; but they often traverse each other, and their breadth is almost universally in no proportion to their length. This phenomenon is on our earth so common, that it requires not a citation of particular examples. (*e*) The moon has an enormous number of single mountains and whole chains of mountains, which, like the mountains on the surface of the earth, extend themselves, in conjunction, to the distance of

(*a*) Schröter's Aphroditographical Fragments.

(*b*) Vide Schröter's Remarks in the papers of the Society of Naturalists at Berlin, Vol. 10, No. 27, p. 323; and Bode's Astronomical Journal for 1796, p. 227 to 229.

(*c*) Von Zach's Monthly Correspondence, June 1800, p. 574.

(*d*) Von Hahn in the Essays in the Berlin Astronomical Journal, p. 227 to 232. Schröter and Fritsch have made the same observations. Vide the Berlin Astronomical Journal, p. 170.

(*e*) Although the mountains of the first order, (says La Metherie, *Theorie de la Terre*, § 223), be the highest of the earth, they yet form a very small part of the surface, as their breadth is very small. It often extends only a French mile, and sometimes less. It seldom exceeds five or six miles,

many miles; they elevate themselves higher in the middle, and continue their course in all directions without distinction. (*f*)

The mountains of Venus are dispersed, not merely singly over its surface, but they consist of whole connected chasms, of greater and lesser elevation, and which stretch themselves in the southern hemisphere to the extent of 200 geographical miles, with ranges of long and deep vallies between them. (*g*) The greater stratified ruins, which, thrown off by a collision in confusion amongst each other, and which project in inclined and often perpendicular directions over the surface of a physical body, must necessarily exhibit themselves in the form of elevations, which continue their course lengthwise in all directions without distinction, and which have a very trifling breadth in proportion to their length. On the other planets, the connexion of the mountains which, without doubt, exist over their surfaces cannot be well ascertained.

The elevations of the mountains of our earth and of other physical bodies are very different. On our earth the major part of the mountains of wrecked matter were formerly, without doubt, much more elevated than they are at the present day. Of this phenomenon we have the most evident signs. Considerable continents have arisen from the bottom of the sea, formed of the ruins of mountains which the rivers conducted to the sea during a long course of years. The existence of these continents proves the former great elevation of the mountains which chiefly furnished the materials for their formation.—Consistently with this hypothesis, a great part of South America is indebted for its origin to the depression of the Andes, and a similar cause has produced a part of North America, the plains of China, of Germany, and all those countries which have a maritime boundary. It is not easy to conceive the magnitude of the sedi-

ments and the horizontal layers which were produced by the great collisions in the depths of the ocean, from the materials which had been conveyed by the rivers from the continents to the ocean during a lapse of centuries. These causes have not probably operated on the moon after the last great consolidations, which gave to it its present mass. According to the most minute observations, this secondary planet possesses very few, and perhaps no guttary fluids, and a scarcely perceptible atmosphere; (*h*) and it is to be attributed to these causes, that the original height of its mountains of wrecked matter has experienced no diminution, that its surface distinguishes itself so much from the surface of the earth, by a greater elevation of its mountains, and by a stronger and more rapid change of heights and depths. Whilst the highest mountains of the earth rise to an altitude of 3220 toises, (*i*) the mountains of the moon elevate themselves to 4166 toises, and mountains of 3 to 5000 feet in altitude, which on the surface of the earth belong to the class of the higher mountains, are very common on the surface of the moon. Venus, according to the latest observations, possesses mountains which surpass the highest mountains of our earth in perpendicular height, in a triple and quadruple proportion. It is impossible to determine on what this great altitude of the mountains of Venus has its foundation; and it is also a matter of doubt, from the great constant rarity which the atmosphere of Venus exhibits, whether it contains many guttary fluids, and whether their circulation be strong enough to effect those slow but great diminution of the original altitude of the mountains of Venus, which the circulation of the fluids has evidently produced on the mountains of our earth.

The highest mountains of Mercury are, according to the latest observations, very exalted, and their proportion to the diameter of this planet appear to be still greater than that of the altitude of the mountains of Venus

(*f*) Schröter's Selenotographical Fragments, 5th Section, § 484.

(*g*) Schröter's Aphroditographical Fragments, 1st Section, 2 and 3 chapters—3d section, 2 chap.

(*h*) Astronomie de la Lande, 1792—1794.

(*i*) Von Zach's General Geographical Ephemerides, p. 329.



and of the moon. (*k*) According to the observations of Herschel and Schröter, the ring and satellites of Saturn have projections, the magnitude of which must be enormous, as we are capable of distinguishing them by the aid of a telescope at a distance which surpasses thrice the distance of Venus from the earth. (*l*)

The highest mountains of our earth consist of granit, of primitive schistus, and generally of such mountainous species, which particularly distinguish themselves from all others by their hardness. Experience also confirms this opinion, that where the granit relaxes in its hardness, the mountains which it forms are surpassed in altitude by other mountainous masses. In the Pyrenees, the highest summits consist in many places of granulated chalkstone, (*m*) having granit for its bed; but, according to the evidence of La Metherie, the granit of these mountains is softer and more easy to be destroyed by the cold; when, on the contrary, the chalk mountains resist more effectually the effect of time and other solvents. (*n*)

In almost all mountains which have been hitherto classed as the most antient, and which are included among the mountains of wrecked matter, the strata of the mountain are either perpendicular or very oblique. The Swiss Alps consist mostly of very inclined or perpendicular strata. (*o*) The strata of the Harz approach more to the perpendicular than to the horizontal position. (*p*) The strata of the Pyrenees are, in general, very oblique. In almost all places where mountains of schistous rocks appear, the strata of this mountain species are

(*k*) Von Zach's Monthly Correspondence, p. 574.

(*l*) Papers of the Berlin Society of Naturalists, 10 vol. No. 27, p. 343—348. Bode's Astronomical Journal, p. 227.

(*m*) Ramond de Carboniere's Observations faites dans les Pyrenees, tom. 1.

(*n*) Theorie de la Terre, p. 221.

(*o*) Saussure's Voyage dans les Alpes.

(*p*) Lasius' Description of the Harz, vol. 1, p. 60.

divided in very inclined positions. (*q*) The different mountain strata of the Schwarzwald, the mountains of Bavaria, the Apennines, (*r*) and indeed the major part of the mountains which belong to this class, form, with a few exceptions, very considerable angles with the horizon. Even the strata of less elevated mountains, for example; many coal mountains are placed, by gradual demolitions, in perpendicular positions, as is the case at Gilmerstone and Loanhead, near Edinburgh. (*s*) From these facts it is evident, that the mountains of wrecked matter have, for the most part, originated where great stratified ruins were deposited by the great collisions.

R. H.

[To be continued.]

AN ORIGINAL LETTER of ALEXANDER POPE Communicated by the Rev. Mr. SIM.

For the Universal Magazine.

D<sup>r</sup>. SIR,

I SHOULD often write to enquire of y<sup>r</sup> Father's and my Friend's state, but that I constantly know it from y<sup>r</sup> accounts sent to y<sup>r</sup> Family in town; where I diligently call myself, when in London, and send, when out of it: and your own kind Letters give me yet a more satisfactory account. The last, both from Them and from you, almost rid me of the fears I confess I c<sup>d</sup>. not but entertain all along: for if y<sup>e</sup> Surgeons, after so much experience as they have had of y<sup>e</sup> process of his Case, do now think him in a fairer way than ever (as you tell me) I can lay a greater stress upon their opinion than I could upon that of *any* Doctor, whose helps in such a case, are of a slower, and therefore more uncertain operation. Pray let my dear friend know, there is no man whose welfare at this time gives me half the concern that his does, and that there is no one scheme of my future life, which w<sup>d</sup> be a greater joy to me, than to make that journey

(*q*) Fichtel on the Carpathians, vol. 2, p. 421.

(*r*) Saussure's Voyage in the Alps.

(*s*) Williams' Natural History of the Coal Mountains.

with him abroad, if it pleases God to enable him to make it. I desire him to write so to our Great Friend, whose health I hear just now is not so good as I wish it, for I'm told he has had his Bileous Ague again. I have nothing to add but my thanks for yours, and my desires of y<sup>r</sup> continuance of y<sup>r</sup> informations especially if they continue so favourable, and so pleasing, to

S<sup>r</sup>Y<sup>r</sup> very affectionatehumble serv<sup>t</sup>.

March 15,  
1741.

A. POPP.

To the Rev. Mr Ch. Brinsden  
at Bath.

A SPANISH TALE. By Madame de Grafigny.

[Continued from p. 209.]

"AH! my brother!" cried she, "the stranger has spoken to me: you will be surprised to hear him: he loves you; he has a delightful tone of voice; you will never repent having saved his life; you will love him, I am sure; but we must keep it a secret, for I have promised him so to do."

"What secret?" said Don Pedro. "Is his birth obscure? Dare he not avow it?"

"That is not the reason," replied Elvira: "he wishes to speak only to us: we alone shall possess his confidence; our friendship will supply the place of every thing else; a just contempt of man—"

"What are you saying, sister?" interrupted Don Pedro. "I do not understand you: but what is his name, and of what birth is he?"

"I do not know," replied she, no less surprised at her own ignorance than embarrassed by the question.

"You do not know!" rejoined Don Pedro warmly; and what then can he have said to you? Why confide secrets to your keeping before he has disclosed who he is? Whence is this embarrassment which I perceive in you? Explain yourself, sister: remove, if possible, suspicions—"

"Ah! my dear brother," interrupted Elvira, "do not intimidate my confidence; you shall know all; I

will hide nothing from a brother whom I adore: the stranger—"

"What! still the *stranger*," replied Don Pedro angrily. "It is only through his name that I can receive information: I will make him explain himself immediately. Nothing will satisfy me previously to knowing who he is."

He quitted the room, and left Elvira in a situation quite new to her heart. Astonished, alarmed, she supported herself against a table, and seemed, while she hid her face in her hands to wish to conceal, even from herself, some part of her confusion. The anger of Don Pedro had undeceived her heart: the fear of being mistaken with regard to the object of her tenderness excited more animosity in her bosom than had been overcome by the pleasure of being loved: that passion which had just been expressed with such artless joy, now appeared to her a crime, and perhaps a degradation.

How could she have been so inattentive to the circumstances attending the first interview with the stranger? A man, unaccompanied, covered with wounds which he perhaps deserved, should have excited merely pity.—Upon what grounds could she deem him her equal, when every thing bespoke the contrary? That affected silence, was it not a proof of a dangerous character, or of a contemptible desire of deception? However, she loved him: the smallest doubt upon that subject would have been a source of comfort to her: but she could find none.

She passed two hours in that awful state of emotion which is excited by remorse, shame, reason, and love, when operating in a virtuous heart.

The fear of seeing Don Pedro again made her tremble at the least noise. Impatient to be relieved from her dreadful incertitude made her anxious for his return; at length, she heard him approaching with a hurried step, which struck fear to her heart. At the moment when he entered she had fallen, half dead, upon the sofa on which she had been sitting. "Be comforted, my sister," cried Don Pedro, alarmed at the condition in which he beheld her: "Your heart has not deceived you: Don Alvar de



las Torres may be loved without shame, by Elvira de Medina."

"Who is that Don Alvar?" asked she in a trembling accent.

"It is the stranger," replied Don Pedro, "I have sufficient proofs of it to satisfy your heart and my friendship."

"Ah! my dear brother," exclaimed Elvira, tenderly seizing one of his hands, which she kissed, "your sister is most wretched!" She could say no more: her head reclined upon the shoulder of Don Pedro, who was sitting by her side: she remained, for some time, motionless, her face bathed with those tranquil tears which occupy so delightfully the interval between grief and pleasure.

"Hear me, sister," said Don Pedro, gently raising her, "I have seen enough not to delay a total explanation."

"Don Alvar de las Torres is the son of Don Sanchez de las Torres, whose melancholy catastrophe is well known to all the world: but, we were ignorant of the circumstances which I have just learned. That celebrated minister of Ferdinand, King of Portugal, had the misfortune to please Laura de Padilla, the mistress of that prince. More violent and more cruel even than he, she began by poisoning the mother of Don Alvar, in order to remove every pretext from the virtuous coldness of Don Sanchez: but that crime, of which he could not be ignorant, converted his indifference into horror. Laura, despairing of being able to move him, had recourse to the most violent expedients. Having endeavoured, in vain, to excite suspicions in the king's mind as to the integrity of his minister, she devised, herself, a plan of conspiracy, which she had conveyed among the papers of Don Sanchez by an infamous accomplice of her misdeeds.

"The king, upon such specious testimony, caused his minister's head to be struck off; but the vengeance of that perfidious woman was not yet satiated: she wished to exterminate, in the person of Don Alvar, the very name of Las Torres. It would not have been difficult to have caused his death, all the friends of his father having deserted him: one alone was faithful to him, who had the courage

to remove him, and who concealed him in the forest where you first beheld him.

"This faithful friend has consecrated his wealth, his mind, and his talents to the education of his young pupil; a simple hut served them as an asylum from the vengeance of Laura till that day when the inexperience of the unhappy Alvar caused the most dreadful catastrophe. He was hunting at some distance from their habitation, when he met some unknown persons, who, thinking him one of the king's retinue, questioned him so skilfully, that, speaking for the first time to men, the general mistrust with which his friend had inspired him was insufficient to save him from their artifices. They were the emissaries of the cruel Laura; they drew, from the words of Don Alvar, enough to know the retreat of his virtuous friend, and posted immediately to complete their crime by an infamous assassination.

"What a spectacle for the wretched Alvar, on entering the hut, to behold his tender friend in the last agonies of death. He had only sufficient strength left to tell him whence he received his wounds, and to exhort him to secure himself. The despair of Don Alvar was increased by his knowledge of the part which he had had in the transaction: as soon as he beheld his friend expire in his arms, he knew himself no longer, but rushed like a madman into the forest, where he met some huntsmen of the king. They bade him brutally get out of the way: Don Alvar, who wished only to die, submitted to their attacks, and fell wounded at your feet. The sight of you alone, my dear sister, induced him to receive the aid which you proffered: his youthful heart, though steeled against man, could not resist the love with which you have inspired him: love was the more violent, because it was then felt for the first time: but, in yielding to our care for him, he resolved to observe, in silence, if men were such as had been represented to him, and not to break his taciturnity till he should find one worthy of his esteem. Our conduct towards him has determined his choice. Your merit has redoubled his love for you, and gratitude has

produced that friendship for me which he has just sworn to. His sincerity, my dear sister, cannot be suspected: I have seen, with sorrow, the proofs of his melancholy story; he has preserved them all with care, except the fatal plan of a conspiracy which cost his father his life, and which he has sought for in vain.

"Such, my sister, is the lover which fate has presented to you: he is worthy of you: he is worthy of me, and I will replace the loss of his friend: he shall share my fortune, until the goodness of the king shall provide him one suitable to his rank; my whole influence shall henceforward be employed in behalf of oppressed and suffering virtue."

"Ah! too generous brother!" exclaimed Elvira, falling on her knees. — At that moment a loud noise was heard: an officer entered, followed by several soldiers: he came to arrest Don Pedro in the name of the king.

It were impossible to express the surprise of the brother and sister at so unexpected an occurrence. Don Pedro, conscious of his innocence, obeyed without resistance. He was conveyed to a tower in which he was ordered to be confined.

Elvira, who had sunk under her own feelings, re-assumed all her courage at the peril which threatened her brother. No obstacle could retard her zeal: she flew to throw herself at the feet of the king.

"For what crime, Sire, do you punish my unhappy brother?" she exclaimed. "Is it for the love he bears a master, whose virtues render him more worthy of affection than his liberality even?"

The king raised Elvira with that air of benevolence which is generally, among princes, the sign of perfidious dissimulation: a virtue on the throne, a disgraceful vice in society, but which was then only the effect of the prince's passion. "I loved your brother, Madam," said he; "the avowal of his crime may still preserve to him my friendship; but it can be preserved upon no other terms."

"But, if he be ignorant of it," replied Elvira, shedding those tears abundantly which she could no longer contain.

The king, who was more moved than he wished should be discovered, endeavoured to retire without answering her, when she stopped him by throwing himself a second time at his feet.

"I see plainly, Sire," said she, "that the destruction of my brother is decided upon. The only favour I ask is the permission to see him; command that his prison be open to me: obedient to your decree we will await, together, the same destiny."

The king, upon the point of yielding to his love, granted her the liberty of seeing Don Pedro, and retired, without listening to the gloomy thanks which barbarous custom exacts from the wretched, when all the evil is not inflicted which can be inflicted.

As soon as the king departed, Elvira caused herself to be conducted to the tower where her brother was confined. At the sight of the horrid abode, which called up nothing but images of terror, Elvira was near dying. Her trembling steps scarcely bore her to the door, whose gloomy aspect excited equal terror to innocence and guilt. As soon as it was opened, the brother and the sister, throwing themselves into each other's arms, remained in silence, absorbed in grief too powerful to be expressed: but Don Pedro, quickly re-assuming his wonted energy, exclaimed, — "Well, sister, since I beheld you, I shall, no doubt, triumph over the malice of my enemies. Tyranny never grants consolation to the wretched, till the moment when they cease to be wretched. My vengeance would be too just to be denied the support of Heaven: but, if I am to die, I am content."

"Think not of vengeance yet," replied Elvira; "Alas! my brother, we are not arrived at that happy moment: the king loves you it is true; but your pardon, he says, must depend upon your own confession of your crime: upon no other terms are you to expect it."

"The confession of my crime!" said Don Pedro. "Ah! could I have committed one, it had been such as one as might be avowed without shame, and which may defy threats. — Oh Heaven! the king accuse me! the king suspect me! Me!"



"Ah! who is there that does not know the purity of your soul," said Elvira; "but kings, my brother, are easily offended. Since your pardon depends upon confession, examine carefully whether some equivocal expression may not have escaped you, which, represented under the colour of offence, may also have the appearance of one."

"No, my sister," replied Don Pedro: "I am innocent, for I feel no remorse: my heart is a safer criterion than my memory."

"Oh Heavens! what shall we do then?" exclaimed Elvira with anguish. "How shall we appease the king?"

"I know not," replied Don Pedro: "nor do I wish to know: for the favour of Alphonso I am indebted only to his own free choice; and my safety I shall owe to his justice. Let us wait the result, my sister, with a courage that may be worthy of us."

[*To be continued.*]

#### *The SUBLIME OBSCURITY of the SCHEDULE of ASSESSED TAXES.*

Sir,

I WISH to obtain information, through the medium of your valuable Miscellany, from some one learned in the law on the subject of a threat contained in a schedule of assessed taxes delivered to housekeepers in the county of Middlesex for the year 1810, as it is presumed that the same form will be adopted for the year 1811. The order, to which are annexed certain pains and penalties, is as follows:—"N.B. These duties are payable by instalments quarterly, viz. the 20th of June, 20th of September, 20th of December, and 20th of March, or *within ten days after*; and the full amount for the first half year, if not sooner paid as aforesaid, will be collected or levied on your goods and chattels on the 10th of October; and the full amount for the second half year, if not paid as aforesaid, will be collected or levied in like manner on the 5th of April, or within *twenty-one days after* those respective periods; in default of which, you will be subject to process for the recovery thereof from the *Court of Exchequer*,

with costs; and if you remove from this parish without discharging the taxes due, or leaving sufficient goods whercon distress may be made, you will be liable to a *penalty of twenty pounds.*"

Now this may be very intelligible to the gentlemen of the long robe, but really to me, whose intellect is not fabricated of materials so very subtle, it appears the most contradictory jargon that can well be imagined; and, when pains and penalties hang over our heads in forms of threats, it appears to be quite necessary that we should know with what we are threatened, without having a lawyer at our elbows to explain it; more especially when it is considered, that some of the lower class of the people are included in these threats, who can ill spare the sacrifice of either time or money in consulting a lawyer. These duties are to be paid every three months, or within *ten days after*: we are next informed that they are to be paid in periods of *six months*: immediately after we are told they must be sooner paid *as aforesaid*. Does this mean *sooner* than *three months* and *ten days*, or *sooner* than *half a year*? By what follows, it should seem to mean neither of those periods, for the *levy* is not to take place till twenty days afterwards! consequently, we are not *obliged* to pay till that time. But, after the time of payment for the second half year is *explained*, you find that you may tack twenty-one days more to it, which makes forty-one days, making the period seven months and ten days!

Which, in the name of common sense, of these various periods is the period at which we are obliged by law to pay? Is it not fit, I would ask, if common law *be* common sense, that it should be clothed in the *language* of common sense, that the *dirt* and *rubbish* of law, or rather of lawyers, should be cleared away, and that it should be couched in such terms as may be understood by all those whom it most concerns, particularly in the daily occurrences of life? Again: If your affairs should require you to move out of a parish, it becomes absolutely necessary to know the *actual time* at which the taxes may become due, in order to

avoid the penalty of twenty pounds for removing without discharging the same: and, I believe it must be obvious to a man of *common sense*, that the above is any thing but explanatory on that head.

In the hope that some gentleman of the law, or any one who may be capable, will condescend to elucidate this legal mystery, if it will admit of elucidation, I remain, Sir,

Your constant reader,  
April 11, 1810. J. M.

## SOLOMON in SEARCH of HAPPINESS.

### CHAPTER I.

#### *Argument*

Solomon searches for happiness in knowledge. He assembles the literary men of his kingdom, and demands from them an explanation of the different operations and effects of nature. They being unable to answer him, he is obliged to confess that

**M**ORTALS and fellow men, be silent. Listen to the sage!—Listen to the counsel of him who is your friend. My song shall teach you that all is vanity: that happiness is a fleeting shadow, a glittering rainbow, which you may pursue for ever, but never reach. Destined to contend continually against the ills of life, and to breast the surges of imperious fate; in deep regret for the past, in anxious trembling for the future, we direct our uncertain steps towards the end of our earthly course. It is at best but one continued scene of suffering and embarrassment. Hope for a time strews our way with flowers, but fear with hideous aspect dogs our steps—and death, first foe to man, stands ready to receive us. What are we but the sport of passion and folly's wayward subjects: e'en at the brink of that dread gulph, which the next moment we must overleap, we feel the ruling passion strong within us, and cling to the subjection. Alas! ere the foundations of the world were laid, ere from Chaos sprang this fair variety of things, and the great fiat proclaimed the birth of man, it was decreed that happiness should by man be searched for in vain. I have experienced this melancholy truth. In the heyday of my youth, each glitter-

ing object bore upon my senses, and pictured happiness. Alas! 'twas all a dream. I hastened to enjoy it: it vanished like a corruscation in the darkness of night. Happiness! thou chimerical object of this animated dream, called life, thou imaginary good! child of fantasy and tradition! if ever Heaven had destined thee to be enjoyed by the posterity of Adam, it would have fallen to the lot of Solomon. I am the cherished son of David. I succeeded him on the throne of the Hebrews. I am adored by my people; my court is emblazoned with the riches of Ophir; my name is pronounced with joy at the extremities of the east. Strength and beauty and all the gifts of nature adorn my body; my mind is enlightened by science; my imagination, soaring beyond the bounds of earthly being and of ideal forms, creates itself a world. Solomon, I said, let true happiness be thy aim. There is no real greatness, if wisdom do not accompany it. Knowledge satisfies the mind. It is an attribute of the divinity. It forms the distinguishing character of man. He must be wise ere he can be happy.

Throughout the whole extent of my kingdom I published my edicts. The wisest of the Rabbins hastened and surrounded my throne. The manuscripts were opened; the histories were examined; the younger read aloud, the elder reasoned. I listened to their discourses, and proposed my doubts. Fame, I said, has published it abroad, that I am skilled in the arcanæ of the vegetable kingdom; that I know the name, the quality, and nature of every plant and every tree, from the hyssop which creeps on the earth, to the proud cedar which crowns the lofty Libanon. That I can tell each plant in which the deadly poison lurks, or which to man offers a salutiferous juice. I nevertheless confess that my mind is embarrassed with a thousand doubts. I cannot tell why the beech spreads its branches wide, whilst the fir rises to a point and pierces the clouds, why the majestic oak is every year despoiled of its leaves, whilst the melancholy yew resists the cold of winter and preserves its verdure, why the linden grows in the sun and the cypress in



the shade; why the palm flourishes in the plain, the gourd in the marshes, and the olive on the mountain; or why the same stalk bears carnations of different colours. I am ignorant by what cause the jasmin and the rose spread in the morning their delicious perfumes, whilst night is announced by the odoriferous particles of the jonquil and the tuberose. Teach me whence proceeds the variety which the fruits, the trees, and the flowers display; and why the climate, the wind, and the waters, which are congenial to one plant, are noxious to another. Whence proceeds the germinating power? and it will baffle all your skill to teach me by what strange process the sap of trees is converted into leaves. In a humid valley, or an eminence exposed to the rays of the sun, we meet with myriads of different flowers: they are not indebted for their grace to labour nor art: their beauty nevertheless surpasses our attire, and our pride essays in vain to equal them. Let us examine the most humble lily of the valley; let vanity be silent and reason speak, and we shall confess that the son of David, seated on his throne and surrounded with all his glory, is not arrayed like one of these.

Let us pass to the abysses of the ocean. Teach me how the dumb race breathe and engender, from the smelt which hides itself in the sands of the Jordan, to the whale which rolls in the ocean, sporting with the winds and braving the tempest. Who teaches them to leave the icy ocean, and direct their course towards the south, and with the change of season also change their abode.—Let us examine the inhabitants of the air. They know where to find the materials wherewith to build their nests; they give them a form, which man would in vain attempt to equal; they accustom, by degrees, their little ones to spread their wings; they teach them where to find their food. Why does the audacious eagle fix his eyes on the sun, whilst the eye of the owl, less strong, but more piercing, shuns the light of day and sees in darkness? Whither does the swallow emigrate to shun the ice and the storms of winter? In what rocks, or in what trees does she retire to shelter herself from

the frosts? or if she steers her flight over the unmeasurable ocean, who guides her course to warmer realms, who informs her of the time when she is to return; and why returns the male a few days earlier than the female? Answer me these questions, ye sages, philosophers, and naturalists. Ye can say, the bird has, at stated times, a particular instinct to depart, or it has a particular sense of which we men have no idea. It is an answer sufficient to prove the greatness of the Creator and the littleness of man. Yea, the stork in the Heavens knoweth her appointed times; and the turtle, and the crane, and the swallow observe the time of their coming; but my people know not the judgment of the Lord. Tell me, ye sages, who pretend to penetrate into the secrets of nature, how the bee can traverse the air, and find its way back to its cell; who teaches it to avoid the unwholesome marshes, and to know the fertile heights, who taught it to place its load beneath the covert of the wind of rain. And ye, ye enemies of labour, ye who pass this precious life in useless indolence, tell me why the provident ant in the midst of the abundance of summer knows how to provide for the wants of winter; who teaches it to bite the grain that the germe may be destroyed; why, finally, do we observe in these animals evident marks of ratiocination, of invention, of hope and fear. Fix the eyes of the mind and body on the insect just engendered, or on the reptile which crawls on the earth; they are creatures like ourselves; like us they display their sentiments by their actions. On darting their stings, they discover their projects of vengeance and their angry temper: in producing their like, they prove that they are susceptible of pleasure and the effects of love. Their extent is that of a grain of sand; they possess, notwithstanding, equally with the whale, all the parts necessary for the functions of life. The elephant and the worm are, in conformation the same. Nature is delighted in varying her productions. She diminishes, she increases. Her works are at one time immense, at another imperceptible. She disdains the weak measure of our senses. She

will not be fettered within the narrow limits of human intelligence. Bound to no law, she loves to sport in endless variety, fashions each object to her will, and makes the elements subservient to her command. The frost which splits the marble and the oak, injures not the egg of the insect in its fragile covering. The same blast sweeps over the elm and the laurel; they are assailed by the same storms, they are lighted by the same sun, and are refreshed by the same dew. The leaves of one fall and decay, whilst the other stands proud in its foliage, and cheers the wanderer, in his wintry march, with its lovely green. Our eye cannot perceive all the parts of an object of great extent, and that which is too diminutive escapes our notice. The water and the air deceive our view in changing the figure of things; they represent them crooked when they are straight, and round when they are square.

It is thus, without hope of success, and with unrewarded labor, that we attempt to fathom the laws of nature. The goddess, seated in her secret cave, and enveloped in obscurity, is surrounded by an infinite number of ideas and figures. She forsakes them at her will, resumes and disguises them, accordingly as she is willing to conceal her decrees, to hide herself from the researches, and confound the curiosity of man. The ungrateful, ferocious, and untameable tyger, bites his chains, and longs to bathe himself in the blood of him who feeds and supports him. The courageous horse yields to the strength of man, submits himself willingly to his ruler, and is proud of his burthen. I confess, that it is impossible to define the different impulses under which they act. I see, or believe I see, a perfect conformity between our principles of action, and those of certain animals; they, like ourselves, shun all evil, and are desirous for good—like us, they are susceptible of love and hatred, their actions appear to spring from calculation and foresight; they make use of means proportionate to the end. The ignorance of the fool, and the pride of the pedant, form the chimerical distinctions of reason and instinct. Can the sage admit of different causes, when he observes the

effects to be similar. It is also absurd for man to boast of his empire over the animals, and vaunt of his chimerical force. That same man is struck with terror at the roar of the lion, and trembles at the sight of the panther; he shudders when he meets a serpent in his paths, and flies from the jaws of the crocodile. The gnat stings him, and he complains; the viper bites him, and he dies.

Let us traverse the fields of greater extent; let more noble objects be the subjects of my doubts. Consider, with me, the ethereal spaces which surround this terraqueous globe, and tell me why this suspended ball neither rises nor falls. When I reflect on the curved line which the sun describes, I suspect that there are countries which are unknown to us. I desire to know if the fields, parched by the vibrations of the star of fire, are uninhabited by men; and if, under the arctic pole, nations tread upon eternal ice. May not the goodness of God have imparted comforts to them, of which we are ignorant? The inhabitants of the torrid zone are perhaps refreshed by the zephyrs, perhaps frequent rains inundate the earth, and impart fecundity to it; and those nations, burning under a vertical sun, perhaps deplore that we are subject to the inconstancy of time and season, whilst, by immutable laws, and by a succession almost equal, their nights and days are of the same duration. The inhabitants of Northern Tartary prefer, perhaps, six months of darkness and six of light, to our daily change; perhaps they could not accommodate themselves to that gradation and progression of light which renders alternately too short the time of labor and the time of rest. One moiety of their year is employed in voyages, in labor and commerce, the other moiety is dedicated to indolence and pleasure.

In the distant islands discovered by our voyagers, the lynxes and the tygers traverse the vallies and prowl in the woods; the crocodile and the serpent conceal themselves in the humid banks of marshes and rivers; and man, not less dangerous, inhabit the same ground. Whence have these men and animals derived their origin. Is it from the bosom of the



earth, or a self germinating power? What then becomes of ancient tradition: and how can that cause of their existence accord with the history of creation and the garden of Eden. Let us suppose that the first men were conveyed in boats to these unknown islands, would they have received in their vessels the ferocious beasts of prey. What reason could have urged them to have associated to themselves their own destroyers. With the full knowledge of the atrocities committed by those animals, and the constant state of war in which they stand with the human race, would not the occasion have been gladly seized of a complete emancipation from their fury. The powerful principle of self preservation is decisive of the question. Behold the variety which is perceptible on the land and the waters. Every thing is in a state of continual change, and yet the same objects are always present to our senses. The forms decay, but their source is everlasting. The elements, the principles of all things, transform the one into the other. The waters, elevating themselves to the skies, expand in drops, and become air. The purest parts of air commix and become fire. This fire allayed by an air more gross, yields to nature a beneficial dew, which the sun again absorbs to increase the clouds. The surcharged cloud bursts and gives again to earth the refreshing moisture. The spring slow bubbling from the creviced rocks, becomes a rivulet which having ornamented and enriched the provinces through which it flows, is lost in the sands, or augments the waters of the ocean. You call that hill a vineyard, you would be equally correct were you to call it a sepulchre. Is not the earth one mighty mass of corruption and decay. The rose-bud, half opened, appears to me as tinged with the blood of former ages. The germe lies dormant: corruption comes, and it springs to life. To day we shudder at a corpse; in a few years we pluck a flower in the ground which covered it, and are delighted with its fragrance. To day we follow a friend to his grave; some few years elapse, and on the same spot we gather the grape, whose juice cheers us

in our toils. By corruption we live; and the time is not far distant when we must yield our proportion to the support of animated life. The rocks, the summits of which are separated by the clouds, undermined by the rain, or carried away by the winds, roll into the plains, by degrees the fragments elevate themselves, and, in time, equal the mountain in height. Every thing is subject to variation, and the laws of nature executed by time.

[To be continued.]

*THE CONFESSION OF FAITH OF ROBERT BURNS, in a Letter to the Lady with whom he corresponded, under the name of CLARINDA, from a small volume of his Poems and Letters lately published.*

I AM delighted, charming Clarinda, with your honest enthusiasm for religion. Those of either sex, but particularly the female, who are lukewarm in that most important of all things—"O my soul, come not thou into their secret!" I feel myself deeply interested in your good opinion, and will lay before you the outlines of my belief. He who is our author and preserver, and will, one day, be our judge, must be (not for his sake in the way of duty, but from the native impulses of our hearts,) the object of our reverential awe and grateful adoration. He is almighty and all bountiful, we are weak and dependent; hence prayer, and every other sort of devotion. He is not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to "everlasting life;" consequently it must be in every one's power to embrace this offer of "everlasting life," otherwise he could not, in justice, condemn those who did not. A mind pervaded, actuated, and governed by purity, truth, and charity, though it does merit Heaven, yet is an absolutely necessary pre-requisite, without which Heaven can neither be obtained or enjoyed; and by divine promise, such a mind shall never fail of attaining "everlasting life." Hence the impure, the deceiving, and the uncharitable, extrude themselves from eternal bliss by their unfitness for enjoying it. The supreme being has

put the immediate administration of all this, for wise and good ends known to himself, into the hands of Jesus Christ, a great personage, whose relation to Him we cannot comprehend, but whose relation to us is a guide and saviour, and who, except for our obstinacy and misconduct, will bring us all, through various ways, and by various means, to bliss at last.

These are my tenets, my lovely friend, and which, I think, cannot be well disputed. My creed is pretty nearly expressed in the last clause of Jamie Bean's Grace, an honest weaver in Ayrshire. "Lord, grant that we may lead a gude life! for a gude life makes a gude end, at least it helps weel!"

#### On PLAGIARISM.

SIR,

I HAVE observed, with feelings of regret and indignation, the delight which some cavilling critics of the present day, enjoy in the detection of the plagiarisms of our most esteemed authors. If the most distant resemblance of expression exist, it is immediately denominated a plagiarism, and the unlucky poet is robbed of the bays of originality at the very time when he thinks he has the greatest claim to them. I could adduce several instances of authors of different countries who, though ignorant of the respective languages in which those authors wrote, yet their concordance of thought has been so great, that were the fact not established of their ignorance of the language, they would certainly deserve the epithet of plagiarists, or of servile translators. I will mention one. The German poet Siegfried, was ignorant of the English language, yet he has almost literally translated a passage in Mason's English Garden.

Das meer vom himmlischen hauche getrieben  
Küsste mit sanfterer fluth die brautlichen  
ufer.

Thus Mason,

The wind was hush'd,  
And to the beach each slowly-lifted wave,  
Creeping with silver curl, just kiss'd the  
shore,  
And slept in silence.

It is not, however, my intention at this time to enter into a defence of  
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plagiarism, nor to investigate those principles in which a coincidence of thought, and consequently a similarity of expression are founded. My present design is to shew that it is not the English authors only who are guilty of the heinous crime of plagiarism, but that they have been excelled in it by the greatest geniuses which foreign countries have produced. Whatever may have been the moral principles of Voltaire, I believe no one will be so hardy as to dispute his claims to genius, and consequently to the first quality of genius, originality of idea, for without originality of thought no genius could exist; yet, in point of plagiarism, he may rank with our eccentric Sterne. The following specimens will prove the truth of the assertion:

Vous n'entendez point amant faible et jaloux  
En reproches honteux eclater contre vous.  
ZAIRE.

The last line is literally copied from Racine Alex. act 4, sc. 2.

Vous voulez que saisi d'un indigne courroux,  
En reproches honteux j'eclate contre vous.

In the first canto of the Henriade are the following lines:

Et l'espagnol ayde enrichi de nos pertes,  
Vient en foule inonder nos campagnes desertes.

which are evidently borrowed from the Mithridate of Racine, act 3, sc. 1.

L'on voit plus que jamais nos campagnes couvertes,  
De romains que la guerre enrichit de nos pertes.

In the same canto of the Henriade is the following line:

De l'estat ébranlé laissoit flotter les renes.

which is copied from Racine, Phedre, act 5.

Sa main sur ses chevaux laissoit flotter les renes.

In the second canto of the Henriade we find,

Rarement un heros connoit la defiance.

And in the Britannicus of Racine, act 1, sc. 4. we also find,

Mais cette defiance,  
Est toujours d'un grand coeur la dernière science.



In the 3d canto of the *Henriade*,  
*Le pauvre alloit la voir et revenoit heu-  
 reux.*

And in Boileau, *épître 1*, we find,  
*Qu'on n'alla jamais voir sans revenir heu-  
 reux.*

In the 8th canto of the *Henriade*.  
*Ce monstre composé d'yeux, de bouches et  
 d'oreilles,  
 Qui celebre des rois la honte et les  
 merveilles.*

which is copied almost verbatim from  
*Boileau, lutrin, chant. 2.*

Cependant cet oiseau, qui prone les mer-  
 veilles,  
 Ce monstre composé de bouches et  
 d'oreilles.

The following passage is extracted  
 from Voltaire's *Sermon du Rabin  
 Akib*.

Enfans dénaturés, nous sommes vos  
 peres, nous sommes les peres des Musul-  
 mans. Une mere respectable, et mal-  
 heureuse a eu deux filles et ses deux filles  
 l'ont chassée de la Maison

When Voltaire wrote the above he  
 must have had the following passage  
 of Montesquieu in his view :

La religion juive est un vieux tronc, qui  
 a produit deux branches qui ont couvert  
 toute la terre, c'est à dire, le Christianisme,  
 et le Mahomatisme. C'est une mere qui  
 a engendré deux filles qui l'ont accablé de  
 mille plaies.

MONTESQUIEU.

Charles XII. n'étoit point Alexandre,  
 mais il auroit été le meilleur soldat d'Alex-  
 andre.

VOLTAIRE.

On juge aujourd'hui que Charles XII.  
 meritoit d'être le premier soldat de Pierre  
 le Grand.\*

\* Voltaire was not satisfied with pil-  
 laging from the works of his own  
 countrymen, but he also laid the  
 works of the English authors under  
 contribution, and some of the greatest  
 beauties of the *Henriade* are nothing  
 more than servile translations from  
 the English. Voltaire has been ap-  
 plauded for the following passage in  
*Chant Huitieme of the Henriade*:

Dans d'épaisses forêts de lances herissées,  
 De bataillons sanglans, de troupes ren-  
 versees.  
 Henri pousse, s'avance et se fait un chemin.  
 Le grand Mornay le suit, toujours calme et  
 serein,

It is rather singular that no writer  
 was more vehement against the pla-  
 giarisms of others than Voltaire, and  
 yet no one has been more guilty of  
 them than himself. Almost all the  
 ideas, the jests, and even the very  
 expressions of Voltaire on religion,  
 on the monks, and on tolerance, are  
 to be found in Montesquieu; and he  
 mollifies his literary thefts by the con-  
 venient assertion, "that every thing  
 is but imitation." In his *Melanges*,  
 in the article of Prior, he says, "The  
 idea of the *Persian Letters* is taken  
 from the *Turkish Spy*. Ariosto is but  
 the imitator of Boyardo. Michael  
 Cervantes makes a fool of his *Don  
 Quixote*? but, on the other hand, is  
 Roland any thing else than a fool?  
 The most original geniuses borrow  
 of each other, and it would be diffi-  
 cult to decide whether knight errant-  
 ry has been turned more into ridicule  
 by the grotesque images of Cervantes,  
 than by the fertile imagination of  
 Ariosto. Metastasio has taken the  
 major part of his operas from the  
 French tragedies, and several of the  
 English authors have copied us, with-  
 out acknowledging the source from  
 which they drew their treasures. It  
 is with books as with the fire on our  
 hearths; we go and fetch this fire  
 from our neighbours, we carry it  
 home, we communicate it to others,  
 and it belongs to all."

It appears that Voltaire had fre-  
 quent occasion to light his own taper  
 at his neighbour's fire, and therefore  
 he should not have expressed himself  
 so vehemently when he entrapped

Il veille autour de lui, tel qu'un puissant  
 genie,  
 Tel qu'on feignait jadis aux Champs de la  
 Phrygie  
 De la terre, et des cieux les moteurs eter-  
 nels,  
 Mêlés dans les combats sous l'habit des  
 mortels,  
 Ou tel que du vrai dieu les ministres terribles,  
 Ces puissances des cieux, ces etres impas-  
 sibles.  
 Environnés de vents, des foudres, des eclairs,  
 D'un front inalterable ebranlent l'univers.

The beauty of the above lines can-  
 not be disputed, but Voltaire is in-  
 debted to Addison for the ideas, the  
 whole passage being a well executed  
 translation of the beautiful simile of  
 the Angel in Addison's *Campaign*.

another in the same occupation; but geniuses are men, and men are most ready to condemn in others the very fault of which they are conscious themselves are guilty.

I shall, in my next, adduce several instances, to prove that the great German poet Klopstock, has borrowed some of his finest images from Milton.

R. H.

*The ADVENTURES and TRAVELS, in various Parts of the Globe, of HENRY VOGEL. Translated from the German.*

[Continued from Vol. XII p. 284]

MY parents had hitherto lived as happily as human nature can live upon this earth. My father pursued his business with contentment, and he cherished the most auspicious hopes of us children. One fine morning he resolved to go with our mother and ourselves, and pay a visit to a worthy friend, (who lived a good mile from us), to pass a few pleasant hours; but, by a trifling circumstance, we were thrown into the greatest affliction. We had to ascend a steep hill, the coach inclined on one side, on account of the condition of the road on the descent of the hill. The horses made a little bend on that side, and the coach turned over. My father, who drove himself, was hurled down the hill, and remained, insensible, at the bottom, bathed in blood; the same happened to the servant. The horses became restive from the fall, and dragged the coach down the hill. My mother held her seat, together with us children, for some time, in the vehicle, till at last we were all thrown out by a violent shock which it sustained. My brother came to himself first, and found us all in the most dreadful condition. My father could with difficulty utter the words, "call my wife, I shall not live a quarter of an hour longer." My brother hastened to his mother. She called her resolution to her aid, as she heard the fate of her husband, flew to him, and prayed to God, with tears, that he would not take from her the husband of her heart, without whom she could not live. We children escaped

without any material hurt. A countryman, who heard our cries, but did not come to our assistance because of leaving his horse, reached the neighbouring village before my brother, and sent some country people to our aid, who carried back my dying father. Here every means were tried to save him, but in vain; he expired. The agony which this event caused to us and to my mother cannot be described. My mother felt this loss so keenly, that she fell into a consumption, which, in the course of nine months, put an end to her life also.

Thus were we, in a short time, and under such distressing circumstances, deprived of both our parents, and we passed under the superintendence of guardians. Had these persons acted honourably by us, our property would not only have been sufficient to enable us to acquire something useful, but we should have had enough left to establish ourselves in life afterwards. But this good fortune was not reserved for me! I had a guardian who acted with mine very irregularly.

His name was KIRCHOF, and he was descended from a family which, for five generations, had continued to inhabit the temple of Hygeia. His father, whose *Praxis* was not a golden but a leaden one, had destined him merely for an underling of Esculapius, that he might not be altogether out of the privileges of his race. But the barber's bason, which he had carried for some years, would not suit him any longer. He resolved, accordingly, to become Dr. Kirchof, as his forefathers had been.

What cannot the industry of man effect, when he is seriously devoted to any thing? With the help of what he had amassed in various ways, he carried his point without costing his father any thing more than the mere expences of the diploma. His college studies had not cost him much, for he had troubled them very little. According to his opinion theory was of subordinate importance: practice, on the contrary, made a complete man. He disputed with the best of them, and though he knew not a word of Latin, yet his fine long silk waistcoat, which reach-



ed down to his knees, invested him with all due dignity. The five principal heads of the medical catechism, purging, clyster, bleeding, vomiting, and blistering, he was well acquainted with, and for the rest he trusted to the recipes which had descended, in his family, from father to son, and which were carefully preserved in casks, to help him through. By these means he became a distinguished practitioner in the town, and was upon exceeding good terms with the clergymen and grave diggers.

To one of these clergymen I was indebted for having such a man for my guardian; for he had recommended him to my mother on her death-bed, and she therefore implored him hereof, to take care of me after his death. Perhaps Kerchof misunderstood my mother, for he troubled himself very little about me, but a great deal about my money, which procured him many happy hours.

After I had been nearly five years acquiring knowledge at the school, in order to lay the ground of future happiness, activity, and talents, I exchanged the school for the university, by the advice of my tutor. As he had studied in Jena, and still loved that happy seat of the muses, he recommended that university to me above all others, and promised me also that he would accompany me thither, and conduct the future house-keeping of myself and his son. As soon as the Easter vacation was concluded, in 1760, we began our journey, and after five days, we finished it happily and safely. Our mentor gave us some very good advice on the way; and he represented to us the dangers of a university life exactly as we found it.

About mid-way between Gotha and Erfurt, we saw a woman travelling on foot, who groaned at every step, and could scarcely move forwards. She begged of us, for God's sake, to convey her to the next village. She had a fever, and on that day one of her legs had become so stiff that she was unable to walk, except with the greatest pain. The postillion remembered to have seen this woman, in the forenoon, as he was driving to Gotha, lying under a pear tree; and as he was a good hearted youth, who

did not require to have his pity excited by money, he halted and helped up the poor woman into the carriage. She wept from gratitude.

She had one of those open, free countenances which are so frequently met with in the country. Her eyes were generally cast downwards, but when they were raised they had such a pure and friendly expression in them, that they seemed to unfold the very bottom of a heart in which heavenly and earthly love held divided sway. Exposure to the sun and wind had changed her from a brunette to a swarthy complexion: yet it was easy to see that she could not be more than twenty years of age. The plain simplicity of character which distinguishes this class of people, displayed itself as soon as she was safely seated. She shewed her pass, unasked, and related her history (as is usual in a post-chaise) so naturally and so simply, that the most stiff-necked skeptic must have believed her.

A young man, who had served her father (a butcher at Bayreuth) for six years, had seduced the daughter in her sixteenth year, and persuaded her afterwards secretly to leave her father's house with him. Near Hof they were put into a vehicle by two Prussian recruiting officers, and sent to Neise in Silesia. This lad was tall and well grown; the officers considered it as perfectly just, therefore, to instigate him, from the hope of possessing his beloved, first to betray his master, and then to become a soldier. He even wished this girl to break open her father's coffers before her flight, but she refused. The poor deceived creature left her parental roof, beneath which happiness had been hers, and found herself, after a painful journey, in a barrack. The *ci-devant* butcher could not, like the rest of his comrades, turn his profession to any use. The bounty money was soon spent; the impulse of passion had subsided, and he now had to live with his wife upon his pay, cut off from all prospect of future amendment!

He felt this melancholy situation into which he had been betrayed by his own indiscretion, so keenly, that neither the high walls, the deep ditch,

nor even the careful sentinels, at every twentieth step, with loaded fire-arms, could deter him from seeking his liberty, and deserting to the imperial army, because there the term of service is limited to six years. He fled, was overtaken, and was sentenced to run the gantlope two successive days. He escaped again, with four others, and was again caught and brought back. He was then sentenced to the same punishment for four successive days: his back was lacerated to the very bone, and the flesh hung from it in shreds.

He then promised both his officers and his wife not to desert again; but on the very day that he was dismissed the hospital, together with his comrades who had shared the same fate, they formed another scheme, and succeeded in it. They even had the temerity to leave, on the other side of the moat, through which they waded naked, holding their clothes on their heads, an insolent letter, and full of threats to their officers.

The poor forlorn wife of the deserter was put in confinement, and kept upon bread and water, in order to force her into the confession that she knew of her husband's intended flight; she confessed nothing, however; and she assured us also, that though she certainly did know something of his intentions the first two times he deserted, yet she was perfectly ignorant of his resolution on the last occasion. She was at length released, and received a travelling passport, but no money to defray her expences on the road.

The unhappy wife, who had yielded to the seducer in the hope of leading a happy life with him, was doomed to endure all these calamities in consequence of her first false step, and had to wander so far towards her home, unaccompanied and unprotected. She was attacked on the way by a fever, and must have passed the preceding cold night under the canopy of Heaven had not the kind postillion taken pity on her. She had also met on the way from Neisse to Gotha, other compassionate postillions, who gave her a lift now and then, and also two merchants who conveyed her eight miles on her journey. The principal innkeeper in the town she

did not much commend, but in many country inns she had found so much kindness and philanthropy that she, with tears, confessed there yet existed some good people in the world, and she expressed her determination, when she reached her own home, never to suffer a poor person to depart from her door unaided. Thus had the unhappy woman travelled on, sometimes meeting with good, and sometimes with bad, luck, till she reached that pear tree, under which the postillion saw her lying. A violent retching and headache compelled her to lie down there, and it was probably in consequence of becoming chilled that her foot became lame. We conveyed her, at our own expence, as far as Jena, and gave her also some money to help her forward on the rest of her journey. The whole appearance and deportment of this woman testified the truth of her account. She spoke of her error with candour, and yet with remorse: she believed that her parents would shed, perhaps, even more tears than she herself, when they beheld her present condition. She showed, in all her answers to the questions that were put to her, the same simplicity as was expressed in her countenance; and she had such an honest abhorrence of begging that she would rather have starved.

[*To be continued.*]

#### *Further Observations on the Use of the final C. and K.*

SIR,

I N your number for November I offered my sentiments upon a point of English spelling which had been propounded in some previous numbers by other correspondents, relative to the right use of the double *ck* and the single *c*, thinking, as I still do, that the former belongs to words of Gothic extraction, and the latter to those of Greek or Latin original.

When, in the number for February, I read your correspondent Philo's remarks upon this, I frankly own he "almost persuaded me to be a" convert, for I am rather partial to the old school, and listen to innovations or proposals of change with great caution, sensible at the same time



that the English is a living not a dead language, nor of course to be tried and bound by immutable rules as such. Alas! Sir, I am an apostate still: I go with the multitude: more than ninety writers in a hundred carry me along. I go with the multitude, for I think here it is *not* "to do evil." It is to the writers of the present age that I allude; for whatever may have been the elegance and purity of style of some that are gone, orthography in our time is more fixed, ascertained, and uniform. I am aware that this is deserting the argument and appealing to fact or suffrage—in plain English, begging the question—call it so—A very acute critic of antiquity says that in such matters it is the only resort—that *use* is the umpire.

It may be proper, however, to notice your correspondent's arguments, and to weaken at least, if not set them aside. The first is, that the lengthening of our words in *ck*, from the learned languages, is by vowels, before which *c* is hard, as *politick* political, *critick* critical. This is answered at once, when we recollect *politician*, *criticise*; to which add many more, *rhetorician*, *eccentricity*, *Gallicism*, *publicity*.

His next remark is, that Gothic words are lengthened by vowels which *do* soften the consonant. Here, indeed, examples for my purpose are perhaps not so numerous as in the first case, nor would it be of moment if none at all were to be found; they

exist however--beck beckon, reck reckon, block blockade, cock cockade. It may be said the two last are French—true, but not inadmissible. The French had them from the Gothic, not the Latin.

Philo next draws a parallel between this and another class of words, and proceeds with an appeal to analogy and etymology. But is it not much better to judge a cause by its own merits? Comparison is vague, and often misleads; it is but a feeble instrument, and at best only *admirricular*, tending to evince not the strength but the weakness of a case, as if it could not stand on its own legs; and it is not easy, in the present instance, to perceive what the application of it has produced that is decisive of the point. But to go on to the analogy and etymology. We are told, that to write *musick* musical, *publick*, *publican*, is consistent with analogy. I do not exactly see how: but let us grant it; then, surely, to write *public* *publican*, *music* *musical*, is *more* consistent: while etymology (which, being interpreted, is the *true* pedigree or derivation of words) seems imperiously to demand, that when the consonant is either single in the one fountain where we draw, or double in the other, it should continue just so when drawn and adopted.

I remain Sir,  
Your most humble servant,  
LECTOR.

## CRITICISM.

"Nulli negabimus, nulli differemus justitiam"

*The LIFE of FENELON, Archbishop of Cambrai; compiled from Original Manuscripts, by M. L. F. DE BAUSSET, formerly Bishop of Alais, &c. Translated from the French by WILLIAM MUDFORD. 2 vols. 8vo. 1810.*

FENELON was, perhaps, the greatest character that adorned the age of Louis XIV.; that reign which Frenchmen boast, and justly boast. He was great, not only from his talents and the situations which he held, but from his virtues: he was morally illustrious. It would be difficult to name a man whose life pre-

sents a nobler lesson, than that of the Archbishop of Cambrai; nor would it be easy to name one whose intellectual powers have been greater. Without seeking literary fame as a literary man, he acquired it as an instinctive homage which was paid to his excellence. The renown of an author was forced upon him by those who were compelled to do justice to his abilities.

It has often, however, been a subject of regret with us, and doubtless with many others, that there existed no adequate life of the Archbishop of Cambrai. There were several biogra-

phical memoirs, but no ample and detailed account of him. There were, indeed, considerations of policy which prevented a complete developement of his character and conduct for some years after his death. But those considerations have now passed away, and the Bishop of Alais has given, without reserve, many things in the present volumes, which would have been imprudently given fifty years ago.

Before we proceed to consider the work itself, we shall extract the following paragraphs from Mr. Mudford's preface, as they will serve to shew the importance of the present production.

"The name of Fenelon, as the author of *Telmachus*, is familiar, in this country, to every one whose skill in the French language enables him to spell through *Calapso ne pouvait se consoler*, &c. for it is almost the first book that is put into the hands of the tyro, whether in school or out of school. But the name of Fenelon is little known as the wise, and pious instructor of the Duke of Burgundy, as the virtuous friend of the Duke de Beauvilliers, as the learned antagonist of Bossuet, as the philosophical correspondent of the Duke of Orleans, as the political adviser, even in exile, of the ministers of Louis XIV. as the friend, the comforter of human nature, the glory and shame of his own age, and the ornament of mankind. In these various characters he has hitherto been faintly, or not at all known. Half his glory has slumbered in the tomb with him till now: rumour of his virtues was general, but their evidence was hidden. We had learned to venerate the man, upon the testimony of his friends; let that veneration be now founded upon his own.

"Fame is as often the child of custom as of true desert. We are habituated to pronounce certain names with certain encomiastic phrases, and many who are warmest in praise would be confounded were you to demand of them the motives of their praise, were you to demand a recital of the great actions, the virtues, or the talents of those they celebrate. It is quite common to hear of the *sublimity* of Milton, the *strength* of Dry-

den, the *harmony* of Pope, the *humour* of Addison, the *pomp* of Johnson, the *sweetness* of Goldsmith, and the *fire* of Gray: so common, that these epithets are received as axioms by half the world: and are retailed by them with as much conviction of their propriety, as when they pronounce the soul to be immortal, or the will to be free. So has it been, to a remarkable degree, with Fenelon. I am acquainted with no life of him in our own language, except what is to be found in a common biographical dictionary, and I am not ashamed to confess that, till I had read the following work, I spoke of him, rather from what I imagined than from what I knew. The previous accounts of him gave little else than an adumbration of his character, if that by Querbeuf be excepted: and even he left much to be supplied by the present writer.

"Perhaps there never existed an individual to whom might be applied, with greater truth, the words of Shakspeare:

His life was gentle; and the elements  
So mix'd in him, that nature might stand  
up,  
And say to all the world, THIS WAS A MAN!

"The qualities which composed his character were so admirably compounded, that pre-eminence was swallowed up in general excellence. When we speak of other great men, it is easy to dilate upon some commanding superiority, and too often, it is easy to contrast their virtues with their errors. But Fenelon was a model so exquisitely formed, that the eye contemplates it with that calm satiety of delight which precludes comparison, and almost forbids admiration; we are filled rather with the serenity of contentment than with the turbulence of surprise. Even they who were least favourably disposed towards him, have allowed, with a sort of extorted confession, the extraordinary endowments with which nature had gifted him. Such were the mild attractions of his person, even that the Duke de St. Simon, (whose testimony cannot be suspected of adulation) says, *Il falloit faire effort pour cesser de le regarder*. What a volume of meaning is contained in that simple assertion, and what an idea does it convey to the mind of the fascinating and aposto-



tical simplicity of Fenelon's countenance and deportment. Such a countenance and such deportment, added to such a mind, (of which, indeed, they were but the outward and visible effects) must have powerfully concurred to give him that ascendancy over the thoughts and affections of all who approached him, which is so loudly proclaimed by contemporary writers.

“Modesty, which is a rare attendant upon excellence of any sort, and peculiarly so upon intellectual excellence, was conspicuous in Fenelon. It was not in him, as in some men, a vain affectation springing from rank pride of heart. It was a principle engrafted upon his mind, emanating from piety and supported by it; it pervaded all his actions; he was modest because he was humble, and he was humble because his self-estimation was by no standard of this world; the scope of his comparison was vast as eternity, and his soul was filled with becoming humility; he did not depreciate what he was; he only assigned its true value; while others, with half his excellence, attach a higher and a false importance to what they possess. To Fenelon the thoughts of a future being were always present, and those thoughts, without unfitting him for his duties in this life, gave him the power of duly appreciating their value and authority without becoming their slave and their pander. His piety, operating upon a weak mind, would have driven it to the barren loneliness of solitude, robbed it of its utility to man, and doomed it to a life of gloomy penance and unavailing seclusion. But in him it was a vital principle. It was the sun that cheered and illuminated his path; which matured his thoughts and gave them the ripeness of action; which fostered the virtues of his bosom; and which purified the affections of his nature from those weaknesses that have obscured the glory of so many renowned men.

But, it is to be regretted, perhaps, that this piety should have produced a modesty which, if it did not check the current of his genius, at least prevented him from giving to it all its energy and application. Ever diffident of his own capacity, he shrunk from enterprises in which he might

have beneficially exerted his great talents for the welfare of mankind. The bustling candidates for renown stepped before him into the vantage ground of reputation and notice, played their part, and were forgotten, while he silently retreated, and coyly shunned corivalry, content with wisdom and with virtue happy. But, though retired, he did not yield to the sluggish apathy of a recluse. He still looked abroad upon man and upon his country, and when he felt that he could benefit either, he needed no other motive to employ his whole power. It is only to be regretted that that power had not a wider sphere for action.

I know not, also, whether we may not justly wish that his time had been less occupied with theological discussions: with questions of momentary import which have long ceased to be remembered with general interest. They have, indeed, an accidental value from their connection with Fenelon, for nothing on which he employed his pen can be indifferent; but we feel at the same time, that he might have treated subjects of lasting importance with equal skill, and with more success. Who now inquires about the collusion of the Jansenists, or the fanaticism of the Quietists? No one can read his disquisitions in the following volumes upon *Religious Worship*, *The Immortality of the Soul*, and upon *Free Will*, written to satisfy the inquiries of the Duke of Orleans, without lamenting that he ever devoted a moment of his time to the barren speculations of controversial divinity.

“Fenelon, however, has produced enough for immortality. His name has a twofold existence. It lives in his works, and it lives in his virtues. They emblazon each other. The author and the man are equally illustrious. It would be irreverent to separate them. If we speak of the author of *Telemachus*, we think, also, of the preceptor of the Duke of Burgundy, of the friend of mankind, the pattern of human excellence. When we speak of the docile prelate, of the pious instructor, the comforter of the afflicted, the support of the indigent, and the object of veneration even to hostile armies, we think also of the

elegant author of *Telemachus*, of the wise counsellor of ministers, of the theologian, of him whose excellence was as various as the objects of his knowledge. What a proud glory is this! What an interesting reciprocation of greatness! How excellent and yet how rare! How commonly are we obliged to separate the children of genius from the children of men: and how frequently are we called upon to do homage to the vastness of their powers, while we drop a tear over the record of their transgressions! Not so with Fenelon. Half his lustre is obscured, when only half his character is contemplated. During the close of a life which was marked by persecution, and contumely, and slander, the equanimity of his mind, the meek forbearance of his heart never forsook him: he walked his course with the patient consciousness of rectitude, unmoved by the rancorous attacks of malice, envy, and fanaticism.

Ut altus Olympi  
Vortex qui spatio ventos hiemsque relinquit,  
Perpetuum nulla temperatus nube serenum,  
Celsior, exurgit pluvius auditque ruentes  
Sub pedibus nimbos et rauca tonitrua calcat.  
*Claudian.*

"I can conceive that some readers may wonder at the docility of Fenelon towards the Holy See, and towards Bossuet and other ecclesiastical characters: they may, perhaps, view it as a proof of a certain imbecility of character. But, let them reflect what was his religion. It is a delicate consideration. Philosophy sees less than faith. Modes of religious worship are, individually speaking, of little moment. While the Catholics call us *heretics*, and we call them *idolators*, the eye of reason beholds, in both, seekers of the same temple: they do but take different roads, and of which there are many: some longer and some shorter; some easy and some difficult; some certain and some dubious: but they all terminate in one common centre, where distinction is no more. It is not demanded of those who arrive, by what path they came.

"To us it may appear absurd, to see Fenelon bowing the majesty of his own reason before the infallibility of

a being like himself: probably much inferior. But, let it be remembered, that the acknowledgment and belief of that infallibility was a principle engrafted upon the heart and mind of Fenelon from his very cradle: it was a thing not to be questioned: it was a fundamental truth, which to doubt had been sacrilege. Call it a prejudice: and what but prejudice actuates us in half, in more than half, the concerns of life?

Give me that man  
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him  
In my heart's core; ay, in my heart of heart.

*Shakspeare.*

"If, then, we view this part of Fenelon's character with a just and philosophical reference to its cause and motive, it will not strike us as indicative of imbecility, but as completing the full harmony of all its parts. His conduct is remarkably contrasted with the proud, petulant, and contumacious proceeding of the Cardinal de Noailles, in the affair of Jansenism and P. Quesnel."

Bausset commences his narrative with the following account of Fenelon's family, which may be interesting to the reader:

"Francis de Salignac de la Mothe-Fenelon, archbishop of Cambrai, was born in the castle of Fenelon, in Perigord, August 6th, 1651. The family of Fenelon is no less distinguished for its antiquity than for its celebrity.

"Pons de Salignac, count de la Mothe-Fenelon, father of the archbishop of Cambrai, married, first, Isabella d'Esparbes de Lussan, daughter of the Marshal d'Aubeterre. He had, by her, children who were already in the king's service, when he married again, and chose for his second wife Louisa de la Cropte de Saint Abre, of an ancient family in Perigord. The Marquis de St. Abre, her brother, was in the road to the highest military preferment when he was killed, on the 26th of June, 1674, at the battle of Sintzheim, where he commanded as lieutenant-general under Marshal Turenne.

"This union, which combined every advantage of a similarity in taste, in opinions, and in birth, appeared to be



injurious to the children of the former marriage; because it produced a necessary diminution in their patrimonial inheritance. But the Marquis Antoine de Fenelon, of whom we shall soon have occasion to speak, wrote to the eldest of his nephews, exhorting him to "submit to Providence, who often produced the greatest advantages (and those even temporal ones) from events which appeared to be the most opposite to our interest and our ambition."

"Francis de Fenelon, archbishop of Cambrai, whose life we are now recording, was the offspring of this second marriage. When we remember the dignified character which he sustained during his life, and the glory which dwells upon his name in death, we cannot but confess that after-events fully justified the pious and the wise reflections of the Marquis de Fenelon. — His family has derived more lustre from the single name of the Archbishop of Cambrai, than from a long series of ancestors who filled the most distinguished stations in the cabinet, in the field, and in the church.

"Fenelon was brought up under his paternal roof until his twelfth year, for his constitution was weak and delicate. His father cherished this child of his old age with an affection and an anxiety which were excited by the amiable dispositions of the child itself. 'His first education was simple, rational, and christian,' observes Querbeuf. 'There was nothing remarkable attending it; and it was most probably of the ordinary kind.' It was entrusted to a preceptor, who appears to have possessed the principles of sound literature, and who knew how to render those principles acceptable to his pupil. He gave him, in a few years, a more extensive knowledge of the Greek and Latin languages than is usually to be found at so tender an age. To this assiduous and almost exclusive study of the great models of Greece and Rome, Fenelon owed that perfection of style which is discernible even in the earliest productions of his youth. It is remarkable, that there cannot be discovered in his writings those almost evanescent shades of excellence, and that progressive perfection, which are to be traced in the best authors of the same period,

and which indicate an increase of years by an increasing superiority of composition. In him we always find the same ease, the same grace, the same elegance, and the same perspicuity; and it is this peculiar diction which has obtained the denomination of the *style of Fenelon*.

"When he was twelve years old, he was sent to the university of Cahors, which was then in a flourishing state, and not far removed from the residence of his family. He there completed his philosophical and his philological studies; and he even took the degrees which were afterwards of sufficient efficacy when he was elevated to ecclesiastical dignities.

"The Marquis Antoine de Fenelon was much interested by all that he had heard of his young nephew, and he sent for him to Paris, and placed him at the college of Plessis, there to continue his philosophical studies. He also commenced those of theology. This seminary was conducted by a man of very superior merit (*M. Gobinet*), and it was while he was there that he formed a connection with the young Abbé de Noailles, afterwards Cardinal and Archbishop of Paris. This connection subsisted during a great number of years; and if it was afterwards weakened by a concurrence of unfortunate circumstances, there can be no doubt that two men, so virtuous as they were, still continued to entertain a just esteem for each other.

"The young Abbé de Fenelon distinguished himself so much at the college of Plessis, that they suffered him to preach, at the age of fifteen, a sermon which had an extraordinary success. A similar circumstance is recorded of Bossuet, who, at the same age, preached before the most brilliant assembly in Paris, and with the greatest applause. It is added, that Bossuet was allowed only a few moments to think upon the subject that he was to discuss. It is curious to remark this coincidence of opinion so prematurely formed of two men who were both destined to be the instructors of princes, and to become the ornament and glory of the French church."

[To be continued.]

**GUY'S SCHOOL GEOGRAPHY** on a new and easy Plan; comprising not only a complete general Description, but much topographical Information, in a well digested Order, exhibiting Three distinct Parts, and yet forming one connected whole. Expressly adapted to every Age and Capacity, and to every Class of Learners, both in Ladies' and Gentlemen's Schools. By JOSEPH GUY. 1810. pp. 172. 3s. bound.

**T**OO much praise cannot, in our opinion, be given to those who successfully devote their time and talents to facilitating the progress of youthful instruction. Whatever renders that process easier to the tutor and more grateful to the pupil, is eminently entitled to commendation. It is not unusual, indeed, to mention, with a sort of dignified contempt, the author of a school book; but the contempt recoils upon those who express it. If that which is, in itself, laudable, can be said to acquire authority from great names, we may remember that even Milton did not disdain to stoop from his towering flight to compose a Latin *Accidence* and an improved method of logic, for the better instruction of youth: and Isaac Watts employed much of his time in producing elementary books of education, for which he has been justly commended by Johnson. It is not our intention, however, to compare Mr. Guy either to Milton or to Dr. Watts; but what was laudable in them, must be equally so in him: and that which is useful in the cultivation of youthful intellect can never merit to be regarded with supercilious contempt. Perhaps, indeed, a rigid inquiry might teach us that the author of one really useful work of instruction, is above him who produces a book of mere amusement which is read to be forgotten.

With regard to the present work, we think it entitled to unqualified approbation. It unites utility with cheapness. Its method is simple and practicable, and well adapted to the first wants of the mind. Its ample title-page professes no more than what is performed in the body of the work. Mr. Guy is already known as the author of some other works of a

similar nature, and this will add to his merit in that species of composition.

*THE SORROWS OF SEDUCTION, in Eight Delineations: with other Poems.* 1 vol. pp. 160. 1810.

**T**HE name of a poet is not to be cheaply acquired. It is a distinction which few, among men, have truly attained. The mind that can conceive, the power that can express, and the taste that can discriminate the various objects of poetical embellishment are rarely to be met with. It has often been observed, nor can it be too often repeated to the present generation, that versification is not poetry. Words and sentences, harmoniously collocated, are ornamental adjuncts: but, if the vigour and sublimity of thought be not there, those adjuncts are like kingly state and pomp investing an idiot: they but render his imbecility more conspicuous.

The little poem now before us is well entitled to perusal. Its morality is without exception: and, though the subject is trite, it is one which must, from obvious causes, always maintain a strong hold over the affections. It has long been a favourite theme for declamation: and he that cannot excite sympathy by a tale of innocence seduced, holds the pen to little purpose. *Maria*, who is the heroine of the tale, is pleasingly drawn: but the whole narrative is too abruptly conducted. The progress of seduction is not developed: and, as the reader passes rapidly from her first interview with *Lorenzo* to her fall, he is apt to believe that she yielded with a too eager willingness. There is no display of that artillery of love by which a timid virgin is subdued: vows, protestations, sighs, tears, schemes, and deception: no conflict of passion is represented: no strong circumstances which might help to palliate, if not to justify. It may, perhaps, be replied that the author's limits did not permit of such amplification: but we would answer that such a restriction of design was an original defect, and remains a capital blemish. He loses an oppor-



tunity of exciting that interest in his heroine's behalf which would enhance the moral efficacy of his tale.

The following picture of *Maria's* parents, after her departure from her native cot, will convey a favourable idea of the author's powers :

See now upon an ivy-shaded seat,  
Erewhile of mild Content the fond retreat,  
Maria's parents mutely sit forlorn,  
Musing on pleasures never to return;  
Mourning the hour that led their child  
astray,

And with her bore their hopes and joys  
away.

As o'er the landscape strays the joyless eye,  
Maria's image claims the labouring sigh;  
In vain to them the smiling ev'ning glows,  
The gloom of sorrow lours upon their  
brows;

In vain does nature her mild charms display—

All that can please—their child—is far away.

"Where is my child!" the aged mother  
cries,

"Alas! my child!" is all the sire replies.

An empty seat they view fast by their side,  
Where sat the maid, their happiness and  
pride;

In silent tenderness they eye her Tray,  
Half slumbering in the farewell smiles of  
day;

Then with side looks their souls consenting  
meet,

And mutual looks their mutual grief complete.

"Ah, happy days! when circled in my  
arms,"

The mother cries—"I view'd her infant  
charms:

With musing fondness oft' I lov'd to trace  
A father's image, deck'd with female grace;  
With rapture which a mother only knows,  
I saw bliss rise, nor ever fear'd those woes.

Ah, happy days! when cradled on my  
breast,

Nestling, my infant sought her balmy rest,  
With silent yearning on her form I gaz'd,  
And to kind Heav'n my grateful eye up-  
rais'd;

Ah, happy days! when on my looks she  
hung,

Catch'd my fond accents on her lisping  
tongue, [kiss,

Then stretch'd her little hands to woo the  
And with her smiles increas'd a mother's  
bliss!

What now of all those joyous years re-  
mains?

Remember'd pleasures chang'd to poignant  
pains!

Nought brings remembrance but renewed  
grief,

And hope in vain essays to bring relief;

Life, blighted life, now seems a cheerless  
wild,

Since lost to virtue is my darling child."

"Heaven's will be done!" begins the fa-  
ther's pray'r;

His upturn'd looks his piety declare.

"On all below thy fair creative hand

Has stamp'd the image of thy mercy bland;

Yet when envelop'd in affliction's haze,

Without a ray to guide our doubtful ways,

Despondence weeping in a lonely hour,

Sees nought in view but thine avenging  
pow'r.

Yet all is good—for goodness self is thine—

Whatever thy will, O grant us hope divine;

O wipe those tears—tears of parental love,

And point our bosoms to the realms above.

O may my child, when from this prison free,

Almighty Sire! for ever dwell with thee."

The author is sometimes pleasing  
in his similes. The following are  
among the best:

While love around the nymph his net en-  
twines,

The fair one foresight's sage advice declines.

With glancing eye she marks his frolic  
play,

Smiles as he smiles, and mocks his weak  
essay.

Strong and more strong his toils he slyly  
weaves,

Leers as he works, and as he fawns de-  
ceives;

Till to full strength those slighted toils at-  
tain—

She strives to break them, but she strives  
in vain.

Thus is Maria bound—her joys o'erflow,

Nor in the lover does she dread a foe;

With guileless breast, no guileful act she  
dreads,

From the youth's lip she deems that virtue  
pleads;

His looks are virtue's, and its charms dis-  
close,

His heart is vice's, there it nestling grows.

"O, shall I leave my parents?" sad she  
cries,

"O, no, return!" Affection prompt replies.  
Half wrested from her purpose, mute she  
stands,

While all the daughter in her heart ex-  
pands.

Thus the young bird that meditates its  
flight, [light,

With untried plume, along the fields of  
The wide expanse with cowering neck sur-  
veys, [essays,

And flutt'ring fain would make its weak  
Now hope, now fear alternate fills its breast,

It looks behind—and sinks into its nest.

*Lorenzo*, after seducing *Maria*, dies: and the author indulges in the following moral strain:

Behold this scene—this scene with wisdom fraught,  
Calls from its airy flight each vagrant thought;  
Bids slow-pac'd Meditation hither move,  
And mourn the sorrows of disastrous love.  
Ye who yet feel the gen'rous warmth of youth,  
With glowing bosoms seek the fane of truth:  
Shall vice, shall folly quench th' ethereal fire,  
That bids the soul to noble deeds aspire?  
Vain pleasures pall, and noisy laughter cloy,  
Vice proves repellent to life's purest joys.  
Hear, wisdom calls, and shall she call in vain?  
Will ye, O youth, your noble pow'rs profane?  
Ignobly waste in infamy and shame,  
And the high birth right of a man disclaim?  
O'er sloth, o'er vice, with hearts exulting rise,  
Gain fame's proud height, and virtue's future prize;  
Fly to the walks where science pours her ray,  
To light your bosom, and to guide your way;  
On bright examples fix the youthful gaze,  
On men ennobled by worth's fondest praise;  
Inhale then fire, their deeds divine renew,  
And hold the path by which they fame pursue.

We noticed several errors of diction, and some unmusical lines. A few we will enumerate for the author's future amendment.

Gay pleasures, ever new, *encircling* shed  
Their mildest influence *round* her graceful head.  
p. 12.

This is tautology, and the epithet *graceful* is unskilfully used.

Whether young morn, with *scintillating* eyes.  
ib.

This is a new and a very inappropriate image.

Pursues *Maria* as she homeward *strays*.  
p. 16.

To *stray* implies a careless wandering, a devious and erratic course: but *Maria* is represented as *hastening* home, in consequence of approaching night. Unfortunately it rimed with *gaze*, and therefore the author used it.

*Lorenzo*, love, and joy—all *is* forgot.  
p. 27.

This is a grammatical error which admits of no extenuation.

While mirror-like the plain and *dimpled* flood.  
p. 54.

An unauthorised and an inelegant word.

When first my *blushing eye* your form surveyed.  
p. 61.

This is a phenomenon in nature which we never yet beheld. We have heard indeed of *blushing up to the eyes*, but a *blushing eye* is what we really cannot comprehend. In the event of another edition, the author will do well to amend these and several other parts of his volume.

Of the smaller poems which are subjoined, it is not necessary to say much. They have no peculiar merit, nor are they conspicuous for any striking defect.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

LINES on surveying the Space between  
DOVER and CALAIS

HOW proud the thought, that this short  
breadth of sea  
Should stay th' usurper's course; who, at  
one nod,  
Can annihilate the pow'r of kingdoms,  
And make their sov'reigns bend the abject  
knee  
To his despotic throne.—Ill fated *Swedes*!  
Where is the glory?—where the solid fame?  
Which *Charles* in toilsome bloody battle  
won?  
Did he ambition's course eager pursue,

To buy the chains with which ye now are  
bound:—

Ye who in *Russia's* clime, by nature form'd  
To bear hardships severe; if *Peter's* ghost  
Were to revisit this distracted world,  
Would not he start with horror at the sight,  
And cry with bitter scowl, "Shame, shame  
on ye?"—

Where is the spirit which in *Switzerland*  
Once broke forth, and o'erturn'd fell ty-  
ranny?

Immortal *Tell*, with thee and with thy cause  
Expir'd all eager thirst for liberty.—  
Ignoble *Frederick*, if perchance thy sire



In airy incorporal texture  
Hovers around thy dastard, shame-crown'd  
head;  
Say can thy conduct give his mind relief?  
Can ought console for *Prussia's* present  
woes?

Of all the continental train of states,  
*Austria* has most essay'd to lower  
Th' encroaching arbitrary pow'r of France:  
But nought avails, tho' once in *Asperne's*  
plans,

The fickle goddess smil'd on *Francis's* arms.  
*Britons*, then hail! for ye alone are left  
To carry on a single-handed fight  
Shew forth your wonted valour 'gainst the  
foe,

And crush to earth the vile despoiler's pow'r;  
Let nations know that *Freedom* still exists  
In this our far-fam'd hospitable isle.

April 1810.

A T.

#### TO A LADY WEeping.

O! sweet's the tear that fills thine eye,  
When call'd by Pity's pensive sigh;  
While o'er thy cheek it gently flows,  
It paints the dew-drop on the rose.  
Tho' pale the tear, thy roseate hue  
Makes it delightful to the view.

Survey the lily on the plum,  
When gently sprinkled by the rain;  
Mark how it droops, and seems to mourn,  
Yet cheerful rise at Sol's return.

When cares around the heart entwine,  
Thus Hope extends her aid divine,  
Commands the sinking heart to cheer,  
And wipes away affliction's tear.

Should stern Dejection rend thy peace,  
And seem to bid each transport cease,  
O may that pow'r, celestial born,  
Forbid thy soul in grief to mourn:

Instruct thy heart in Heav'n to trust,  
And own its dispensations just.

1810.

A. K. RUSTICUS.

On a SAILOR, lately condemned to be hung,  
receiving his MAJESTY'S PARDON.

AS when the shipwreck'd mariner grasp-  
ing life,

Upon some portion of his shatter'd bark,  
When howls the night in loudest tempests  
rife,

And scowls the face of Heav'n in horrors  
dark;

Beholds with wondering joy the dawn ap-  
pear

In embryo-brightness thro' the storms  
black shroud,

Driving the tempest 'fore her chariot clear,  
Dispelling from the sky each angry cloud;

And bursts upon his sight a happier sail,

Escap'd destruction in the general wreck;  
His thankful eyes the glad deliverance hail,

While scarce he thinks his vision is cor-  
rect.—

Such strange emotions seiz'd his sinking soul,  
Condemn'd to die the death the laws de-  
creed!

When he beheld the blessed page unroll  
A gracious pardon, from his sentence  
freed.

His mind with awful horrors overspread,  
And all the gloomy terrors of the grave,  
With joy unutter'd heard that blessing read,  
Which heavenly mercy to his misery gave.

O Mercy! thou of Heaven, the dearest boon  
That yet remains 'mong mortals here be-  
low,

How oft when justice has pronounc'd the  
doom,

Thy hand divine has ward'd off the blow!

If ought on earth can make us taste of  
Heaven,

And raise the song of praise from human  
kind,

'Tis thee, thou gift divine! to sinners given,  
To save them, when to endless death  
consign'd!

27th Feb. 1810.

NAUTICUS.

#### PASTORALS.

Attempted in the Manner of Shenstone.

No. I.

YE lovers, so sprightly and young,  
Whose hearts never bitterly pine,  
Who ramble the woodlands among,  
Enrapt with their music divine:

O! list to my sorrowful lay,  
To the tortures I'm forc'd to endure;  
But if you won't hear what I say,  
Why that I can't help I am sure!

I have liv'd, but alas! all in vain—

I have stuck to the fair one I chose—

I thought that she lov'd me again,

For she always kept treading my toes!

My body is scarlet and blue

With the treatment I've often receiv'd;

You may think the confession not true,

If not—I am grossly deceiv'd!

At eve when the gentle gales blow,

I steal to her dwelling of clay;

And pressing her bosom of snow,

I fall down on my marrows to pray:

To beg she'll be friendly and kind,

And yield to my tender desire;

But she swears she was never inclin'd

In the arms of a bard to expire!

I urge her to list to my strain,

But the devil a word will she speak;

I beg her to solace my pain,

But this to her ladyship's Greek:

With trouble confounded and sad

I pensively roam thro' the dale,

Then go to the cot of her dad,

To blubber my pitiful tale.

I talk of my learning and wit—  
 My skill in the verse-making line,  
 I fall in a desperate fit,  
 And grumble and grunt like a swine :  
 The mother, alarm'd at my case,  
 Runs swift to the neighbouring stream ;  
 Sprinkles water all over my face,  
 And thus puts an end to the dream.  
 Awaken'd, as you may suppose,  
 I rush'd to the dark shady grove ;  
 But, the last time, I fell on my nose,  
 Which soon put a stop to my love :  
 I call for the aid of my fair—  
 Till echo grows sick of my voice,  
 But, alas ! Dollalolla takes care  
 To turn a deaf ear to my noise.  
 1810.

J. G.

## ELEGY to my NATIVE VALE.

DELIGHTFUL spot ! still to my bosom  
 dear :  
 Dear as the stream that mantles round  
 my heart,  
 Where nature's complicated charms appear,  
 Sad was the task from thy sweet scenes  
 to part ;  
 'Twas there the earliest spark I drew,  
 First woo'd the muse in the ambrosial  
 grove  
 There hail'd the seasons as they rose anew,  
 Which call'd my genius forth to sing its  
 love.  
 Enchanting vale ! still nurtur'd by the Dart,  
 Long may thy banks an ample product  
 give ;  
 May Heav'n its blessings to thy sons impart,  
 And teach them still in happiness to live.  
 Portray'd by fancy sweet thy scenes appear,  
 The hill, the dale, the river murmur'ing  
 sweet,  
 The blooming beauties of the vernal year,  
 That Flora strew'd beneath my youthful  
 feet.  
 Altho' I'm doom'd to bid thy scenes adieu,  
 And brave the frowns of hoary-headed  
 care,  
 Still shall my soul filial throb for you,  
 And for thy welfare breathe the fervent  
 pray'r :  
 Extend thine arm, thou Great Almighty  
 God !  
 Subvert the threat'ning ills that may im-  
 pend :  
 O shield my kindred and their lov'd abode,  
 For on thy goodness all our hopes de-  
 pend :  
 Give them that peace which thou alone  
 canst give,  
 And in return our gratitude receive.  
 1810

A. K. RUSTICUS.

LOVE LETTERS to my WIFE. By  
JAMES WOODHOUSE.

## LETTER XI.

[Continued from page 224.]

WITH manufacturers form'd by futile  
 taste,  
 Must more substantial traders bow, abas'd.  
 Fishmongers soon must finally account—  
 Butchers and poulterers meet their last  
 amount—  
 Confectioners as quickly close their books ;  
 And all the upper class of poisoning cooks  
 No more could practise their pernicious  
 skill,  
 To spoil pure cates, and epicures to kill.  
 Vintners and brewers look no longer big,  
 But learn and labour both to plough and dig ;  
 Their wives and daughters useful arts begin,  
 And make their lily fingers learn to spin,  
 Either the flaxen thread or woollen twine,  
 And teach their labouring hands to look  
 like thine :  
 While all that sell their articles retail,  
 Venders of spirits, porter, wine, and ale,  
 Must impious customs with vile callings  
 leave, [weave ;  
 And strive to thresh and winnow, card and  
 Not coming curses—vending vicious news,  
 But manufacturing or repairing shoes—  
 Instead of keeping mints for novel oaths,  
 Be making new or mending aged cloaths—  
 Their consorts, kind, such scenes of guilt  
 forego,  
 With female children learn to knit and sew ;  
 Their sons might exercise their mental  
 parts  
 In useful knowledge or mechanic arts—  
 Then maugre, cursed creeds of wicked wits,  
 That private vice yields public benefits,  
 In every place profaneness would be  
 checkt—  
 Hypocrisy experience no respect—  
 No gluttony or drunkenness beguile,  
 Or treach'rous trick supply the place of  
 toil—  
 No longer ignorance, indolence, or vice,  
 Become one single reasoning creature's  
 choice ;  
 But pure morality conspicuous stand  
 In every law and custom of the land ;  
 Religion meet encouragement, in short  
 The world must soon be much the better  
 for't.

## LETTER XII.

DEAR HANNAH,

LET not here the critic scoff,  
 And try to strip my Muse's feathers off,  
 Nor join the drunkard's and the glutton's  
 train,  
 To prove my rules and recipes are vain—  
 My self denial as mere folly flout,  
 Objecting triumphs of unconquer'd gout.



For tho' the piteous narrative was penn'd,  
 When I with lions was in dungeon denn'd;  
 While there the first resolves my reason  
     wrought,  
 'Midst misery's throbs and labyrinths of  
     thought—  
 My full, felicitous experience, now,  
 Has crown'd my purpose and confirm'd my  
     vow:  
 Strict abstinence still blunts gout's pungent  
     pangs,  
 Tears out his talons and envenom'd fangs;  
 While warning to avoid all vicious whims,  
 Which kill man's comforts by disabling  
     limbs.

Who, that might wish to 'stablish fair  
     pretence  
 To wisdom, reason, or e'en common-sense,  
 Would, for the sake of gratifying taste,  
 Lay strength, and ease, and every comfort  
     waste?  
 And, to indulge in deleterious food,  
 Encourage such a cruel, biting brood!  
 For moments of mere animal delights,  
 Feel months of martyrdoms both days and  
     nights!  
 Would, for such foolish, base, and beastly  
     ends,  
 Perplex and pain their families and friends;  
 Curtailing life and murdering mental pow'rs,  
 With years of pain to purchase pleasant  
     hours.

But why should I express such strange  
     surprise,  
 And wonder mortals will remain unwise?  
 Will stupidly and blindly blunder so,  
 As buying hours of bliss with years of woe,  
 While we can find such multitudes of fools  
 Becoming slaves of sin and Satan's tools—  
 With wilful phrenzy, infinitely worse!  
 For life's frail joys incurring endless curse!  
 For momentary intervals of pleasure,  
 Incurring misery without end or measure.

This we remark with pain among the poor,  
 Who waste on trifles all their little store;  
 Their little store of treasure and of time,  
 Impairing spirits and increasing crime!  
 Treasure and time which might be better  
     spent  
 In cultivating talents Heav'n had lent.  
 But when with more amazement we survey  
 Wealth's sons and daughters in their im-  
     pious play,  
 With wit and learning, sciences and arts,  
 Wasting their time, and property, and parts,  
 With eager haste in temporal pursuits,  
 For folly's flow'rs and sin's more fatal fruits.  
 What can our intellectual sight perceive,  
 Our heads discover or our hearts believe,  
 But that for trifles they resolve to sell  
 Their bodies and their souls to death and  
     hell!

When God establish'd his primeval plan,  
 He order'd what was best for beast and  
     man:  
 And tho' the obvious meaning millions  
     miss,  
 The law's as clear as light, and simply this:  
 'Tis Revelation's call—'tis reason's cry;  
 "For lusts delight no sentient life destroy,"  
 Ev'n human wisdom dares this inference  
     draw  
 From universal nature's general law,  
 Trees, shrubs, and plants to animals dispense  
 All useful food, and feasts for threefold  
     sense;  
 Dispensing from their foliage, flow'rs, and  
     fruit,  
 All necessary things their calls can suit;  
 While variously receiving ample pay  
 From what all living creatures cast away.  
 What animated nature spoils and spurns,  
 To them becomes most bountiful returns.  
 All meats receiv'd from animals or them,  
 Thrown off in filthy ordure, fumes, phlegm,  
 Poisonous to man and every leastly brood,  
 Yields them rich nourishment—their no-  
     blest food!

Should man, confin'd in artificial dome,  
 Permit such filth in heaps about his home,  
 Its foul effluvia would pollute the air,  
 Damp all his pleasures, perfect health im-  
     pair;  
 But, scatter'd o'er his fields, the mischiefs  
     cease,  
 His comforts heighten, and his crops in-  
     crease.  
 The very vapours animals respire,  
 Unfitted ther to feed their vital fire,  
 Like richest aiments in currents rise,  
 To yield those benefactors fresh supplies,  
 And thro' their leafy lungs, well-filter'd  
     flow,  
 In wholesome airy show'rs to all below:  
 Thus purg'd and pure, return their tainted  
     breath,  
 And all the refuse cleanse in life and death;  
 Like mutual friends affording mutual bread,  
 Serving each other both alive and dead.

Oh! that mankind would this clear truth  
     attend,  
 Becoming mutual every fellow's friend,  
 Then would the world be what its Maker  
     meant,  
 A course of pleasure and of pure content!  
 That was creative Wisdom's first design,  
 Nor can man's skill improve the plan di-  
     vine,  
 For when the whole before its Maker stood,  
 His word announc'd that "all was very  
     good!"

[To be continued.]

## TRANSACTIONS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES.

## ROYAL SOCIETY.

**T**HE meetings on the 1st, 8th, and 15th of March, were occupied in reading Dr. Herschel's supplementary remarks and illustrations of his former papers, on the nature of coloured concentric rings seen between object glasses. On the 22d, a letter to the president from Mr. Knight was read on the functions of the leaves of trees. In this Mr. K. merely confirmed opinions and observations which he made on this subject several years since, namely, that the leaves of trees perform the same functions as the lungs of animals; that grafts of trees perish as soon as the parent stock, from the inability of the leaves to perform their office, and support the increased circulation of a young and healthy stock; and that consequently a rich soil and augmented nourishment to the roots of such trees rather accelerate than protract their decay. This theory of the perishable nature of grafts, Mr. K. now considers as sufficiently established on the sure ground of physical demonstration.

## ROYAL ACADEMY.

*Lectures on Painting.*

**M**R. FUSELLI has read his lecture on Invention in painting, which embraces whatever is represented by form and colour, the physical elements of the art, and by character and action, its moral properties. Invention, which implies something to be found, has been vulgarly confounded with the almighty act of Creation. Every work of art should constitute a whole, should fully and essentially tell its own tale, and its most valuable incident. It should constitute a beginning, a middle, and an end, nor dissipate the force of its plan in episodes. The learned professor dilated on the various species of subjects which call forth Invention and exercise the pencil, illustrating each by well told and judicious examples from the works of distinguished masters, and concluding with the epic, the loftiest subject that can exercise the painter's powers. He entered

into a deserved and lively ridicule of that corrupt adoption of allegory and those pedantic emblems which are inefficient substitutes for Invention. He expatiated on the failure of the great masters in adopting a standard of form, and on their having only agreed in insignificant emblems of the perfections and attributes of the Deity. He censured the erroneous opinion of Rafaele Mengs, that the perfect idea of form in the redeemer, might be constituted from the perfections of the divinities exhibited in the antique statues of Deities whose characters directly militated against the benignant, meek, humble "Man of Sorrows." He treated on those negative works which, insipid in themselves, are ennobled by the skill of the artist, on those that are merely ornamental, and on that portraiture which represents the mere exterior likeness, undignified by character, which ranks it between history and the drama. He concluded with descanting on that direct delineation of individual nature in landscape, which unlike the elevated performances of Titian, present only particular spots, and are significantly called—Views.

Mr. Fuselli's last lecture was upon Composition, and its assistant and interpreter, Expression. Their constituent elements he explained with the precision of an enlightened professor, in language animated and enriched by bold and impressive figures, the progeny of a vigorous and fertile fancy. He judiciously exemplified his various positions from various performances of the distinguished old masters, and the talismanic energy of his descriptions placed their glowing canvass before the intellectual eyes of his absorbed auditory. In language, his last was the chastest, this the most impressive of his discourses. As a lecturer on painting Mr. Fuselli is learned, discriminating, comprehensive in his attainments, glows with and inspires enthusiasm for his admirable art. His style is masculine, but like the frame of a vigorous young beau, it is sometimes decked in extravagant ornament. Stripped of this, he would resemble the powerful and



nobly formed Gladiator, every part of whom is energy and grace. Some critics however, will allow him none of the latter, and that he rather resembles the fierce Laocoon, raging and writhing in every part with pain justly inflicted on him by the sting of legitimate criticism. But truth lies in the middle; and in my humble opinion, the learned Professor's lectures, like his best pictures, bear the powerful impress of genius; and when the criticising sons of genius present his faults for condemnation, be it said to the best of them, what the wisest and best of characters said to the accusers of a female unfortunate,—“Let him that is without fault cast the first stone.”—At the conclusion Mr. Fuselli was deservedly greeted with three loud and long peals of applause.

#### SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

**A**N account of the Earl of Cumberland's expedition to the Azores was read to this society; but it contained no new facts of particular importance, except so far as it proved the early superiority of the British navy.

Part of a very accurate description of Rippon-minster was also read, in which it was alleged that at least a wing of this church was built prior to the Norman Conquest.

#### SOCIETY FOR BETTERING THE CONDITION OF CLIMBING BOYS.

**F**ROM these it appears that by substituting a mechanical mode of cleansing chimneys; and by watching the conduct of the masters, and noticing any acts of tyranny and oppression that have come to its knowledge, it has certainly somewhat lessened the sufferings of these poor infants; and by the invention of a machine by which more than ten thousand flues have been cleaned in the metropolis, has proved to the public, that the operation may generally be performed without climbing boys. The committee states in one of its reports, that it has explored scenes of distress which none can hear without pain, and which few could conceive could exist in this country. It has lately been ascertained that, to the disgrace of those who are con-

cerned, *female infants*, in some parts of the country, have been employed in this painful and destructive operation. Many a melancholy instance is to be found in the reports, but the following is a more recent instance than any which have been published, and being accompanied by the legal attestation of a Coroner's Inquest, deserves to be made known.

On Friday morning, the 24th of November last, Lewis Realy, a chimney-sweeper's boy, about eight years of age, was sent up a chimney in the house of his mistress, Susanah Whitfield, in Little Shire-Lane; near Temple-Bar. After ascending the first part of the flue, he came down, and objected to climbing it the second time. His mistress, and the journeyman, John Best, then ordered him to make a second attempt, which he accordingly did; this happened about ten o'clock. He remained in the chimney a considerable time, and then a boy, William Best, went up and tried to pull him down by the legs; this not succeeding, Duncan ascended another flue which communicated, but could not extricate Lewis Realy, though he received from him his cap and scraper. At a quarter past one, William Herring, a bricklayer, was sent for, who broke an opening into the flue, through which the body of the poor boy, then dead, was taken. He had been completely jammed in the chimney. It appears, the only notice of this cruel transaction was, that John Best, the journeyman, was discharged from Mrs. Whitfield's service, at the instance of the coroner!!!

The inquest was held at the Punch Bowl in Hemlock-court, Ship-yard, St. Clement's, when the following verdict was delivered:—“Dead through very great negligence of Mrs. Whitfield, and her journeyman, John Best, in not sending for proper assistance to extricate the deceased out of the chimney flue whilst living.”

The Society in their report, recommend the following chimney-sweepers as using machines:—Richard Johnson, 4, Baldwin's Gardens; George Smart, Ordnance-Wharf, Westminster-Bridge; Robert Smart, 15, Bell-alley, Coleman-street; Benjamin Watson, Portland-str: Cavendish-square.

# WERNERIAN NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY.

**T**HE Rev. Dr. Macknight has laid before them a sketch of the mineralogy of the highlands of Scotland, from the Pass of Leny to Balahelish. The general rock in this tract is mica slate with its usual subordinate beds, such as granular limestone, hornblende slate, &c. It contains also, in some districts, beds and veins of leadglance, and indications of iron-glance. Beyond Zyndrum, the mica slate approaches to Gneiss till we pass Inverouran, where selenite appears. In the neighbourhood of King's House, newer granite, feldspar, porphyry, and hornstone are found: and the adjacent country, as might be expected from these rocks in their decomposition, presents for many miles, an unusual aspect of bleakness and sterility. Glencoe, which is singularly interesting both in a picturesque and in a mineralogical point of view, consists of hornstone and compact feldspar, in beds subordinate to the primitive rocks, and capped with porphyry. At the bottom of Glencoe, mica slate again appears covered with the formation of clay slate, which affords the well known quarries of Balahelish. Thus it appears that the relative positions of the great formations which occur in the highlands of Scotland,

correspond to the principles of the geognosy of Werner.

Professor Jameson read some observations on the universality of rock and metalliferous formations previous to his account of a particular formation of lead ore, found within fifteen miles of Dunkeld, in Perthshire, much resembling that at Strontian, in Argyleshire. The secretary read some new and interesting observations on the natural history of the common Greenland whale, by Mr. William Scoresby, jun. of Whitby, with a correct drawing.

## FRENCH NATIONAL INSTITUTE.

**T**HE class of history and ancient literature, has proposed the following as a prize dissertation:—"What were the people who inhabited Cisalpine and Transalpine Gaul, at the different epochs of history anterior to A.D. 410? Determine the position of the capital cities inhabited by these people, and the extent of territory which they occupied. Trace the successive changes that took place in consequence of the divisions of the Gauls into provinces." The prize will be a gold medal of 1500 francs. The memoirs may be written in Latin or French, and are to be transmitted to the secretary of the Institute at Paris, on or before the 1st of April, 1811.

## VARIETIES, LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL;

*With Notices respecting Men of Letters, Artists, and Works in Hand, &c. &c.*

**T**HE Life of the late Mr. T. Holcroft is preparing for the press; the earlier part of this was dictated by himself, during his last illness; but the portion he was unable to finish, has been drawn up by a literary gentleman, many years in habits of intimacy with the deceased.

A work upon the prophecies, containing a very original and striking view of them, is now in the press, entitled "Revival of the Roman and Greek Empires, being Observations on the Prophet Daniel's Metallic Image, the Interpretation of whose form was to make known that which was to happen in the latter days; also an investigation of those parts of the Apocalypse as it appears to be derived

from, and illustrative of the Prophecies of Daniel and the ancient types of the Old Testament, many of which were from the first, indicative of the present opening Signs of the times."

Translations of the Medea and Octavia of Seneca, with other Poems, original and translated, by a member of Trinity College, Cambridge, will soon be ready for publication.

The Rev. Henry Rowe, rector of Ringshall, Suffolk, lineally descended from Nicholas Rowe, Esq. has in the press, Fables in verse, to make one large volume octavo, embellished with thirty engravings.

A new edition of Dr. Russell's History of Modern Europe, continued to the Treaty of Amiens, by Dr.



Coote, will be published in a few days.

Mr. Charles A. Elton, has in the press, a foolscap 8vo. volume, *Tales of Romance*, with other poems.

A Lyrical Poem in two parts, entitled *the Genius of the Thames*, will shortly appear from the pen of Mr. Peacock, the classical author of a poem on the Ruins of Palmyra.

The third part of Mr. Crabb's *Preceptor and Pupil*, is in the press, containing an etymological and analytical elucidation of synonymous words in the English language, and a new edition of his *German and English Dialogues*; and of *Extracts from the best German Authors for translating into English*.

The lovers of Walton and of Angling will soon be gratified with an exact reprint of the first edition of the *Complete Angler*; the plates will be exquisitely engraved on silver, and the printing be executed in a style of corresponding beauty. The number printed will be limited. The rarity of the first edition of this favourite work is not its only, nor its chief recommendation; it is most valuable as being the earliest specimen of that stile of writing, and really curious as it differs from all the other editions in having only two persons engaged in the dialogue, *Piscator and Viator*, whereas, every subsequent edition has three persons, *Piscator, Viator, and Anceps*.

Lackington, Allen, and Co.'s Catalogue, will, we understand, be ready for delivery in a few days; it is said to be particularly rich in rare and curious books, and some alterations which have been made in the arrangement of the classes, afford the greatest facility of reference to those who are in the habit of consulting the catalogue of that stupendous library.

*The Pleasures of Possession*, a poem, by Mr. Verral, Surgeon, of Seaford, is in the press. It will form an interesting counterpart to the *Pleasures of Memory and Hope*, and those who have seen it speak of it as a poem of equal, if not superior, merit.

*The Life of Thomas Paine* is in hand and nearly completed, by Clio Rickman. This work will be an impartial and comprehensive memoir of that great man.

No. XX. of Britton's *Architectural Antiquities*, contains seven engravings of Roslyn chapel in Scotland: with historical and descriptive accounts of Waltham Abbey Church, and Heddingham Castle. The author announces his intention of devoting more plates to elucidate the architecture of that very singular chapel; and accompany the same with an ample historical account. Among the numerous examples of Ancient Architecture already brought forward in the first and second volumes of Mr. Britton's work, that in the present number is the most singular, complex, and capriciously fanciful. Its style is calculated to puzzle all the antiquarian system-mongers; and those who are desirous of judging of buildings rather by theoretic principles, than by facts and historical deductions.

The Medical Student and Practitioner will soon receive, from the able pen of Dr. G. H. Toulmin, of Wolverhampton, a work under the title of *Elements of the Practice of Medicine*.

Miss Mary Houghton has a work in the press, in three volumes, entitled *Mysteries of the Forest*.

Miss Lucy Aikin has in the press, *Epistles on the Character and Condition of Women in various Ages and Nations*, with other poems.

A General History and Survey of London and Westminster, founded principally upon Strype's edition of Stowe, with introductions, notes, and supplements, bringing down the whole to the present time, in one volume, royal quarto, will soon be ready for publication.

Mr. Carlisle, Secretary to the Society of Antiquaries, has made considerable progress in a *Topographical History of Ireland*, which has been some time under his hands.

Dr. William Muller, Lieut. of the Royal German Engineers, author of several works on Military and Mathematical Science, has in the press a new work, entitled *the Elements of the Art of War, &c. &c.* illustrated by notices of the most famous battles, the most remarkable sieges, and other celebrated and memorable operations, and about one hundred maps and plans, in three volumes.

A Grammar of the Art of War, on the same plan as the Grammars of Geography, Commerce, History, Law, Geometry, Philosophy, and Religion, is in the press.

The White Ladies, or Memoirs of the Ingram Family, a Worcestershire story, a novel, in three large volumes, is preparing for the press, by Mr. Byerley, the translator of Machiavelli's Prince.

Extracts from the Diary of a Lover of Literature, comprising a series of Critical Observations on eminent Works, literary Anecdotes and Conversations, Excursions through picturesque Parts of this Island, &c. &c. is in the press.

A new and greatly enlarged edition of the Biographia Dramatica, or Companion to the Playhouse, is at press, in two volumes, octavo, to which a third volume will be added by Mr. Stephen Jones, the former editions being conducted by the late Mr. Isaac Reed. This third volume will contain the great accession of plays that have been acted, or published without being performed, within the last twenty-five years.

The Bishop of St. David's has prepared for publication, Rudiments of Hebrew Grammar; and *Selecta loca ad Messiam pertinentia*, which will shortly be published.

A new edition of Maundrel's Journey from Aleppo to Jerusalem, with Bishop Clayton's Journey from Grand Cairo, with fifteen plates, is nearly ready for publication.

The First Class of the Dutch Institute have lately added to their corresponding members, Dr. Olbers, of Bremen; Spengel, of Halle; Haüy, of Paris; Thunberg, of Upsal; and our countrymen Messrs. Nicholson, and Arthur Young.

#### ARTS, SCIENCES, &c.

The excellent plan proposed by the Calcographic Society for the encouragement of the Art of Engraving, has received the high sanction of his Highness the Duke of Gloucester, whose love for the fine arts reflects as much honour on his taste, as his moral worth and manners do on his heart.—Sir J. Leycester and Mr. T. Hope also merit the thanks of the society and

the country at large, for their zealous espousal of this useful and advantageous establishment.

Mr. Owen has finished a half-length picture of a female, which rivals the best productions of Sir P. Lely. It is for Sir J. Leycester's charming gallery of British masters, which he has enhanced by a richly-coloured picture of infancy, by Mr. Thomson, and a chef-d'oeuvre of the famous Gainsborough.

On the Jubilee Day (25th October last), a couple of small bells were made to ring by means of *The Electric Column*, lately invented by Mr. De Lue of Windsor.—It is conjectured, that a small clapper may, by this *Column*, be kept in motion for years together, without stopping: if so, not only might the Jubilee Day have been celebrated by the ringing of miniature bells, but the whole jubilee year.—Should this contrivance be brought to that state of perfection which it is *supposed* it may be in time, many persons, there is little doubt, who do not consider the subject philosophically, will be led into an error, by imagining, that the *Perpetual Motion* is at last discovered. The principal obstacle to the continuance of the motion, through all the changes of the atmosphere, appears to be the want of a very accurate insulation of some parts of the apparatus.

A Gentleman, near Kendal, who owns a quarry in one of the most mountainous districts, has discovered a substitute for stone pencils hitherto used for writing upon slates, and which were brought from Holland in abundance till the late decrees of France were strictly enforced. The Westmorland stone is said to be of a superior quality to that of Holland, and the proprietor has likewise a machine for cutting these pencils in a circular form.

The black pepper plant thrives remarkably well in the Botanic Garden at St. Vincent, under the care of Dr. Alexander Anderson, and has been producing fruit there some time. The Doctor finds it a plant of more easy cultivation than he had imagined. He has likewise collected a considerable quantity of cloves.

A correspondent of the Philosophical Journal states, that camphor is



contained in considerable proportion in the seeds of carroway; one pound of seed yielding about four ounces of oil, and half an ounce of camphor.

Several gentlemen of the town and vicinity of Bradford, in Yorkshire, have formed themselves into a "Literary and Philosophical Society," having purchased a library, &c. &c.

The University of Glasgow has lately conferred the degree of Doctor of Laws on Mr. Kelly, Master of the Academy in Finsbury-square, London, on account of his publications on Nautical Astronomy, and other useful sciences. The testimonial of merit presented on this occasion was signed by the Rev. Dr. Maskelyne, Astronomer Royal; Dr. Herschell, Dr. Hutton, and several other eminent mathematicians and distinguished literary characters.

The scarcity of gold and silver has led to the invention at Berlin of a metallic composition, denominated *as caldarium*, because it is said to be an imitation of the metal so called by the Romans. Utensils of this metal exactly resemble gold, are neither tarnished by use, nor pernicious to health, and is sold at the rate of 1s. per ounce.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has made a magnificent present to the University of Oxford, through their Chancellor, Lord Grenville.

He has requested the Noble Lord to present to that learned body, in his name, the whole of the *Papiri* rescued out of the ruins of Herculaneum, which were presented to him by the King of Sicily, together with those which his Royal Highness has been the means of obtaining by his own exertions, together with all the fruits of the labours employed in recovering the text. The learned body have expressed their most lively gratitude for this most gracious mark of his attention. And, we have no doubt, but that the ingenuity and industry of their best scholars will be employed in still further bringing to light the contents of the treasures they have received.

**Salting of Flowers.**—The following is given as an improved mode of preserving these vegetables. "Take 3lbs. of roses, rub them for two or three minutes with 1lb. of common salt; the flowers being bruised by the friction of the salt, yield their juice, so

that a paste is immediately formed, which may be put in an earthen jar, or in a barrel, till filled by repeating the same process. It is then to be closed, and kept in a cool place till wanted. When it is to be distilled, this aromatic paste is to be put into the body of the still, with twice its weight of water. Any season of the year will serve for this operation.—Hence it arises, that all plants, being well salted, need only to be distilled when wanted, and may thus be used while all their medical virtues are in perfection."

**Moss substituted for Wool in stuffing Beds, Furniture, and Garments.**—In the *Annales de Chimie* it has been recently observed, that "the dearness of wool, and more particularly the property it has of imbibing putrid miasmata, and propagating contagious disorders, had suggested the idea of supplying its place, in beds, by the *hypnum crispum*, a kind of moss of moderate length, and rather of a fragrant smell. Mr. Isengard, inspector of direct contributions at Savonne, has sent to the Society of Encouragement a specimen of this moss, taken from a mattress that has been in use for some years, with a paper, in which he relates the methods of preparing it for domestic purposes. In consequence of this, M. Bouriat has drawn up a report, in which the inconveniences and advantages which might arise from the proposal are justly estimated. An intelligent army physician, writing on this subject, says, 'A great number of patients labouring under fevers, all of a nervous kind, in the French hospital at Genoa, convinced me that the bedding of the sick is of itself sufficient to render the slightest disorder complicated; as it is generally acknowledged that wool imbibes contagion, and propagates it, which dangerous properties vegetable substances happily do not possess. This moss, in Italy, collected from beech trees, beaten like flock, does not retain moisture, or form into lumps as they do; it is little liable to decay, and costs only the price of labour, so that four mattresses made with this moss will cost less than one of wool. To preserve its fragrance, it is only necessary to dry it in the shade. Neither sweat nor urine produces any fermentation in

this moss; he, however, recommends the steeping of it in lime-water, to prevent it from germinating. According to the poets, however, the idea of using moss for bedding does not appear to be new; and though it may be advantageously adopted in many cases, any thing like a general use would soon render an adequate supply impracticable.

#### France.

In the vestibule of the public library at Grenoble, the busts of the nine Dauphins that reigned in Dauphiny have lately been placed.

Dr. Louis Valentin, Member of the Academy and Medical Society of Marseilles, has publicly called upon the French nation to bestow on Dr. Edward Jenner a reward worthy the services which he has rendered mankind; and he recommends the medical societies of France to place the bust of *Dr. Jenner* by the side of that of *Hippocrates*.

A French Journal remarks, that it has been observed, that, in 1806, at the moment of the dreadful eruption of Mount Vesuvius, all the other volcanos, with which we are acquainted, vomited an increased quantity of flame. This was the case with Etna, Hecla in Iceland; and some volcanos, supposed to be extinguished, awoke with new fury. The communication of volcanos with each other is not doubtful; but how is the electrical fluid conveyed?—By subterranean passages, or by the medium of the atmosphere?

A new method of preparing extract of opium has been published in France, by which its offensive smell and malignant qualities are, in a great measure, destroyed. The method is this: Macerate 24 ounces of opium in rain-water for five days; then boil for a quarter of an hour with two pounds of pulverized charcoal; strain and clarify with the white of an egg; and, by evaporation, twelve ounces of extract will be obtained.

#### Germany.

The Austrian Government has proposed the following prize-questions, relative to substitutes for various foreign articles in the *Materia Medica*, viz.—What indigenous or European

productions, distinguished by specific effects, may be substituted for those now brought from India? A substitute for camphor, for Peruvian bark, for senna, jalap, and ipecacuanha, and for opium.—Five hundred dollars is the prize for each of these questions.

M. de Luc, of Gottingen, some years since contrived a travelling barometer, which was highly approved. Dr. Schultes has recently invented a new instrument of this description, which may be placed horizontally or vertically, without suffering the air to penetrate into the interior cavity.

M. Lampadius, of Fribourg, has discovered a method of condensing vapours in distillation, more rapidly than has yet been done, by means of a disk, attached to the tube of the still, which has the figure of a lens flattened as much as possible, and is made of copper, and produces a much better effect than the worms used for that purpose.

M. Geitner produces, by the aid of various substances drawn from the green shells of horse-chestnuts, very beautiful yellow and brown colours, which are found to stand both on woollens and silks, though the stuffs have been wetted and wrung out, and some of them even washed in caustic liquids.

Christopher Heeren, organ-builder, at Gottesbuhren, in Westphalia, has invented a loom, which performs all the operations of itself, without the weaver's intervention. It sets the treadles in motion; throws the shuttle, and stops it at the opposite side; loosens the web when a certain portion is finished, and winds the cloth upon the axle. Every thing is thus kept in proper order, and the piece of stuff is smoothed when it is finished. An index, attached to the machine, shows at any time the number of ells that are woven.

Many ladies of Munich have learned to knit without needles. A person named Nellisen, also, teaches this art in the Bavarian capital; but the knitters can only knit breadthways, and not circularly.

M. Degen, of Vienna, some months since noticed, on account of his raising himself in the air, having found that his weight exceeded the power of his



machinery by 84 pounds, conceived the idea of combining his first machine with an air-balloon. The experiments he has since made, before a numerous company in the Prater, have been completely successful. He flew, at pleasure, in all directions; and, while he raised and lowered himself, the balloon appeared to follow him spontaneously which ever way he turned. The diameter of the latter was 19 feet 5 inches; and, after deducting the weight of the manager, and his flying machine, the balloon possessed a power equal to 32 pounds.

As some compensation to the Academy of Sciences at Berlin, when the French carried off the antique busts, &c. the French government intends to send it casts of the same, taken off with care.

A remarkably large parabolic lens was recently purchased at Vienna, for the French government, made at Gratz, in Styria, by Rospine, a celebrated mechanist, for some alchemists. It was not cast, but softened by heat, and bent over a parabolic mould.—Several pieces were broken before he succeeded, so that it cost originally from 300 to 1200 guineas. It is three feet three inches in diameter, and of eight feet four inches focus; composed of two pieces of glass, united together by an iron hoop, so as to form a hollow vessel capable of holding 80 or 90 quarts of spirit of wine. It burned a diamond in a few seconds, and fused platina in a few minutes.—A button of platina, weighing 29 grains, was melted by it, and made in part to boil. The diameter of the focus does not appear to exceed four lines. It weighs 550lbs. avoirdupoise.

Two new institutions are on foot at Ratisbon; the first, an Academy for Design; the second, an Office for Succour on account of the fires that happened during the Austrian bombardment, in April 1809, when, among the buildings damaged, were 37 belonging to religious societies, and eight belonging to the city, with private houses, making 184 in all. Twenty houses are already rebuilt; but not so the churches of St. Paul and St. Clare, the convent of that name, and the hospital of St. Catherine.

Proposals have been published at Vienna, relative to a Miscellany of

Asiatic Learning, to be entitled "The Mines of the East." This journal will include whatever relates to the East; translations, dissertations, observations, annunciations, extracts, notices, descriptions, drawings, and compositions of every kind. The journal will be written in German; but other languages will be admitted, viz. English, Italian, Spanish, and Latin. All arts and sciences will be included, even politics and theology.

At the evacuation of Clagenfurth, in Carinthia, the French, while employed in destroying a ravelin, found a serpent of immense size, which wounded several persons before they succeeded in killing it. This reptile weighed 65 pounds.

#### *Italy.*

By a decree of the government of Lucca, a School of Sculpture is to be established at Carrara, to which revenues will be granted for founding prizes, and for assisting young sculptors.

Canova, the celebrated sculptor, has erected a funeral monument to the memory of his friend and fellow-citizen Giovanni Volpats, an eminent engraver. It consists of a beautiful marble tablet, sculptured in demi-relievo, representing a striking portrait of the artist. Friendship, seated before him, mourns the loss she has sustained. The bust is placed on a cippus, or the shaft of a column, supported by a simple pedestal, and adorned with a garland. Friendship, being personified by a young and beautiful female, in a pensive and sorrowful attitude, is raising to her eyes a corner of her garment. The drapery is well contrived, and, notwithstanding its numerous folds, shows the contours of the figure. It is to be placed in the vestibule of the church of the Apostles. By an imperial decree, the Museum of Sculpture, at Turin, is to be restored. M. Spalla has been appointed director and sculptor to the Emperor, with a pension of 6000 francs.

M. Fabroni has produced a simple contrivance for transforming any good common balance into a hydrostatic balance. It is a moveable column, which, being placed in a vessel proper for the purpose, beneath any balance whatever, provided it be exact, ren-

ders it capable of giving it specific gravity, without the necessity of recurring to the extraordinary and expensive methods with which the machines, now called hydrostatics, are attended.

M. Gonzatti has discovered a liquid which instantaneously extinguishes fire, which has been proved by some recent experiments at Venice, when some resin and oil were set fire to, which a few drops of this liquid extinguished, without leaving behind the least trace of fire. Billets of wood, besmeared with pitch and resin, and afterwards dipped in this liquid, resisted the action of the hottest fire several hours. It is probable that a solution of alum, pot ash, and vitriol, is one of the ingredients which he uses.

Prince Eugene, the vice-roy, and his consort, in October last, visited the ruins of the ancient Pompeia, accompanied by Chevalier Arditti, who presented them with several pieces of ancient pitch, a vessel full of wheat, a piece of coral, several beautiful paintings, and a lump of baked earth in the form of a loaf, and bearing a Latin inscription. This lump was covered with a very fine varnish, or vitrification, which gave it a silvery, or pearly appearance. Their Majesties having expressed a desire to have some of the ruins dug up under their own inspection, the workmen had the good fortune to find several pieces of money, a quantity of bronzes, a very fine vase, and an urn for wine: some articles formed of bones; a quantity of glasses of various shapes and dimensions, and particularly a number of vases, improperly called Etruscan, on which were Latin inscriptions. On the same occasion their Majesties found some works in marble; some comic masks, adorned with bas reliefs, and weights marked with cyphers in the upper parts.

Hitherto only a single subterranean apartment, improperly called a *Cantina*, had been explored, but which ought to have been called *Crypto Portico*. In the recent researches, one was discovered consisting of several stories. It is remarkable for having a pipe or tube of stucco, placed in a corner, intended as a conveyance for smoke. This discovery might set the

question at rest, whether the ancients were acquainted with the use of vents or chimneys, for carrying off smoke? In the same apartments were also found several pieces of marble and alabaster, valuable on account of the bas reliefs and inscriptions with which they are adorned. Their Majesties afterwards proceeded into a *triclinium*, or dining apartment, recently discovered; its walls are covered with exquisite paintings, representing fishes, birds, and game of all kinds. Here are three couches of mason work, in the highest preservation, being the beds on which the ancients rested during their meals. Adjoining to these beds, there still exists a marble foot, which must have served for a support for the table on which the dishes were placed. The necessary orders for exposing these discoveries to public view, were issued before the departure of their Majesties.

#### *Russia.*

Several marbles, with Slavonic inscriptions, were discovered in 1792, among the ruins of Phanagoria, stating that a Russian prince, Glied of Tinuktorokan, had caused the extent of the Cimmerian Bosphorus to be measured in 1068: hence Count Musin Puschkin published, in 1794, *Historical Researches on the geographical situation of the principality of Tinuktorokan*. Alexei Nicolai Oleinin, Councillor of State, has published a letter on the same subject, addressed to the Count, in which he describes, among others, five manuscripts of Nestor, the most ancient historian of Russia.

#### *Sweden.*

The King has not only repealed the prohibition to import French and Danish books, but also restored the liberty of the press, on condition that the publisher shall give up the name and address of the persons concerned in any obnoxious work; in which case the former is released from all responsibility.

#### *Switzerland.*

The calamities experienced at different times from the sudden rolling down of huge fragments of rock, and other component parts of the mountains in the Grisons, have suggested to the government the propriety of employing M. Escher, a geologist of



Zurich, to survey that district. From the Grisons, are threatened with the his enquiries, it appears that the visitation of avalanches, which can valley of Nolla, behind the village of only be averted by the prompt adop- Thusis, and the valley of Plesner, be- tion of the measures of precaution hind the town of Caire or Coire, in which he has suggested.

## MISCELLANEA, FACETIOUS AND ECCENTRIC.

A COUNTRY parson was boasting in a large company of the success he had in reforming his parishioners, on whom his labours, he said, had produced a wonderful change for the better. Being asked in what respect, he replied, that when he first came among them, they were a set of unmannerly clowns, who paid him no more deference than they did to one another; did not so much as pull off their hats when they spoke to him, but bawled out as roughly and as familiarly as though he were their equal; whereas now they never presumed to address him but with cap in hand, and in a submissive voice made him their best bow when they were at ten yards distance, and styled him "*your Reverence*," at every word. A quaker, who had heard the whole patiently, made answer, "And so, friend, the upshot of this reformation, of which thou hast so much carnal glorying, is, that thou hast taught thy people to worship thyself."

### *A Negro in Ruben's Picture of the last Judgment.*

There seems now to be a laudable curiosity to discover all the eminent men who in former periods declared themselves against *negro slavery*. Rubens, in the eminent picture alluded to, formerly in the gallery of Dusseldorf, has given a negro a rank among the *elect*. This symbolical avowal of a sentiment of humanity and true philosophy is the more noble, considering the age in which the painter lived, and that he was born at Cologne. It is singular, that in the same picture, Rubens has placed his wife and himself in such a manner that one cannot distinguish to what side they appertain, whether to the *elect* or *non-elect*. Was this pure modesty, or was it a sarcastic allegorical representation of the state of matrimony?

Junius, the celebrated professor of divinity at Leyden, in Holland, passed for a *heretic*. He once held a public theological dispute with a Franciscan, which a great number of people assembled to hear. An old man bustling in the crowd, expressed a prodigious desire of seeing the *heretic*, which, when Junius was informed of, he desired might be granted. The crowd made way; the old man marched forward, and diligently surveying him from head to foot, cried—"Now I know the falsehood of what I have been told." "What have you been told?" said Junius. "I was told," replied he, "that you had cloven feet!" It is to be observed, that the unhappy-creatures who formerly suffered under the savage cruelty of the Inquisition, were disguised and disfigured before they were burnt.

The frequent appellation of Lady given to the lower order of the fair sex, particularly in the public offices, appears in the following short colloquy.—A dirty bunter stood at the bar of one of those tribunals, charged with assaulting another, quite as dirty. *Magistrate*.—"Attend to me, woman. What did the *prisoner* do to you?" "Your Worship, that *lady* was standing at the door of the *Rum Puncheon*, with a glass of *gin* in her hand; I came by, and because we had quarrelled over-night, she threw the *gin* in my face, and then dashed the glass at me; and *cut* me over the nose." *Magistrate*.—"Who did this?" "Why that *lady*," pointing to the prisoner at the bar.

### *Round the World.*

Speculating upon human propensities, it has been frequently observed, that men generally fix upon some prominent action or event of their lives, and on every occasion refer to it as the standard of existence. Cibber has

stated how he escaped being made a bishop. In the hard frost of 1740, a man who fell into a hole in the ice, and had the good fortune to be drawn out, took that circumstance as the meridian of his time, and either antedated to, or post-dated from it. In the like manner, if we may be allowed to compare great things with small, an adventurer who had accompanied Sir Joseph Banks and Dr. Solander in their voyage of discovery, made that his grand criterion. This gentleman used to frequent Old Slaughter's Coffee-House, in St. Martin's-Lane. Coffee-Houses were then very different from what they are at present: the company were rational, they took their coffee, &c. chatted agreeably, and departed at an early hour. However, this harmony was in some degree interrupted by the travelled gentleman: he used to go from box to box, and set every party and person right with respect to dates: such a thing happened just before he went round the world: another, while he was on his voyage round the world: and a third, fourth, and fifth, just after he had been round the world. In short, as the song says,\* "Round the world, round the world, round the world," pervaded his whole discourse, and was nightly a most intolerable annoyance to the company. An artist, however, of great gravity, yet exuberant humour, undertook his reformation. He chose the time when "my picked man of countries" was travelling his nocturnal circuit from box to box; and descanting on a variety of subjects that were by him connected with his having been round the world. The artist, watching his opportunity, went up to the traveller, as he stood in the middle of the room, and, moulding his features into the gravest form, took off his hat, bowed, and walked round him. This ceremony he performed three times, to the infinite amusement of the company.

"What the devil are you about, Sir," said the traveller.

"Now I have done, I'll tell you," said the reformer. "I have long had a desire to do something that I may talk of all my future life; therefore I have seized this happy opportunity. I may now proudly say, that I, simple

as I stand here, have been *thrice* round the man that had been *once* round the world.

#### *Elixir Vitæ.*

An apothecary had, among his numerous patients, a lady whose *megrims* foiled his utmost skill. She was positively what Shakspeare terms *Armado*.

#### "The Child of Fancy."

In her active imagination, every day, nay, almost every hour, produced a new whim, and every whim terminated in a *new disease*. She nearly exhausted the copious catalogue which forms the bills of mortality. The gentleman to whom we have alluded, was her diurnal attendant. This was his constant rule; but he was very frequently sent for by her, morning, noon, evening, night, as her creative genius operated upon her mental powers.

This patient had been duly visited; the business of the day was over, and the apothecary was enjoying himself with a party of his friends. A large bowl of punch, a liquor which he composed better than he even did his medicines, graced the centre of the table; when, after a loud rap at the door, the servant announced a message from the lady. — "Confound her whims!" said he; "What new fancy has possessed her?"

This he was, however, obliged to descend and learn from her maid. At once he was convinced that the complaint was the mere operation of fancy upon a nervous system the most susceptible; but he could not explain this to her servant: he therefore said, that he perfectly understood the case of her mistress, and would send her something: he called for an eight ounce phial, took it upstairs, filled it with *warm punch*, and ordered it to be labelled—"To be taken previous to retiring to rest."

The next morning, the apothecary made it his first business to visit his fair patient. Her maid looked cheerful, which he hailed as a good sign; but when introduced to the lady, he was astonished at the alteration that had taken place. "Oh, Sir," said she, "you administered to me a heavenly medicine: I took it all, and slept through the night without intermission. What is it called?"

\* Flitch of Bacon.



"Called, Madam!" said he, a little posed what name he should give it, "O, it is called *Elixir vitæ*."

"*Elixir vitæ*!" said the lady, in rapture, "Never have I had a medicine so congenial to my constitution: I therefore desire that I may

have the same dose of *elixir vitæ* every night."

These doses (ditto repeated) were actually administered; and, we have the pleasure to add, that the lady derived the greatest benefit from the prescription.

## STATE OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

**F**RANCE and England have presented a very different appearance in the last month to an astonished world. In France, joy and pleasure have reigned paramount to every other consideration: in England, melancholy apprehensions, fearful forebodings. In France, all has been in motion to adorn a bridal day: in England, all in motion to immure a fellow-subject in a prison. The arms of the soldier in France were brightened to give brilliancy to the show, and the cannon emitted their strong voice in unison with the joyful shouts of the people: in England, the dress of the soldier was frequently disfigured with mud, his sword was stained in the blood of his fellow-citizens, and, instead of the sounds of triumph, was heard the solemn voice of a coroner's jury, crying out—Murder!

Is this the France that a few years ago was declared to be blotted out of the map of Europe? Is this the England whose constitution is the boast of its own subjects, and the admiration of surrounding nations? Marvellous are the events that have occurred: the pen of the historian will describe them; but to paint them in their true colours would be dangerous in the present times. We must conceal our abhorrence of the outrages that have been practised; we may relate the events, however, that have taken place in the two countries, and we will not be so selfish as to repine, that France is recovering from her wounds, is enjoying repose and tranquillity, is governed by wise and good laws, and has arrived at a pitch of glory that was far beyond the conception of any of its antient monarchs.

The marriage, performed by proxy at Vienna, has been consummated in France. The imperial bride was conveyed with the utmost pomp through Germany to Paris, where the civil and

religious ceremonies of marriage were performed with a splendour superior to any thing that was ever known in that kingdom, though distinguished by its superiority in all the arts of elegance and show. The civil preceded the religious marriage, and in this the sovereign acted most wisely, giving in his own person an example of obedience to the laws, and setting a fashion, which we doubt not will hereafter be followed with universal satisfaction.

The fashion is a very good one, and we hope to see it one day adopted in our own country; for what can be more preposterous than two persons to be on their knees before a priest who never, at any other time, go into the church, who look upon the priest's vestments as an abomination to the Lord, and set at nought his benediction. From this reproach France is now free. Her citizens declare their marriage before proper civil authorities, in whose presence the contract is signed, and the two parties are united together, subject to the laws belonging to their new state. The religious ceremony is then performed in the place of worship which the parties choose.—The Papist goes to his altars; the Protestant to his meeting-house; the Jew to his synagogue. With this difference of opinion the state does not interfere; but the clergy of England would cry out, the church is in danger, if the same plan were proposed for adoption in this country.

On a following day the religious ceremony was performed according to the rites of the Gallican church. Cardinals, archbishops, and bishops united together to consecrate this act, and the whole was performed in a most solemn and impressive manner. The Emperor is of the Gallican church; the lady of the old Romish church: by the marriage at Vienna,

all her scruples were settled, and by the marriage at Paris, the laws of the kingdom were obeyed. After the solemnities, the happy couple retired to their country palace. To describe the rejoicings in every part of the kingdom, the modes taken by various communities to express their satisfaction at this event, the illuminations, fireworks, plays, balls, superb dresses, splendid equipages, &c. &c. would take up volumes. In one word, all that was formerly conceived of brilliancy in the old courts, was surpassed upon this occasion; and the sons of butchers, attornies, post-boys, printers' devils, common soldiers, labourers, shewed themselves to be so much better in their royal and princely garbs, than the sons of the same number of kings, dukes, marquesses, barons, inasmuch as the former, by their 'prenticeship to honour and glory, and by noble achievements, had acquired that firmness in their gesture, that majesty in their looks, that decorum in their whole appearance, which is too frequently wanting in those persons, who, by the chance of birth, are under the necessity of shewing their awkwardness in a grand assembly.

Addresses of congratulation were presented from all parts of the empire; and as the event was a real subject of joy, they contained more truth than is customary upon such occasions. As to the adulation in them, it was natural: for when we compare the language of these addresses with the achievements of the hero to whom they are addressed, they form a strong contrast to those contemptible addresses to insignificant sovereigns, praising them for imaginary qualities, and celebrating actions of no importance. The Emperor received the addresses with great dignity, and gave to each an appropriate answer.

The completion of the marriage is indeed a great political event. We can now account for the sudden armistice after the great battles at Wagram; for the prudence of Bonaparte in not pursuing his enemy to extremity. He has now consolidated his power in a manner not likely to be shaken; and Europe is beginning to revive under the new system which he was destined to establish. His newly allied family will be made powerful to

the rest of Europe, and yet will not be strong enough to injure the Germanic body; whilst that body is united to France, and weak in itself, is strong in conjunction with the great empire. Austria will gain by the alliance. Its monasteries and its nunneries are not destroyed, but the ruined state of its finances will be relieved from their wealth; and the priestly power will be gradually brought into subjection to the civil. Instead of making ruins the buildings now occupied by lazy and idle priests, and monks and nuns, will be converted to useful purposes. That country will gain also by an easier intercourse with France. Knowledge will be more widely disseminated. The old, stupid, heavy, German code of laws being abolished, it will embrace the new improvements. The blood of the tinkers, and tailors, and cobblers, will improve that which has grown so poor by its sixty-four quarters. Man will rise a little from his degraded condition; though the present revolution in religion, in government, in laws, and in manners, completely called for by the former state of the countries in its vortex, is but a small step towards that improvement which may hereafter be expected in the situation of mankind.

After the marriage, the sovereigns who attended the ceremony returned home with their queens and princesses to their respective dominions. Among them was the king of Holland, and he is still king of Holland. It was expected that he would lose that dignity, and that his kingdom would be swallowed up in the great empire. Bonaparte is contented with a part only of his dominions, and has taken from him the southern province; but in return he has extended his territories to the north-east, and given him a portion of the ancient bishopric of Munster. These territories are guaranteed to him by a solemn treaty, and an alliance offensive and defensive is formed between the two potentates, the Emperor of France and the King of Holland. The latter, indeed, has the most arduous task to perform; for he is to provision a body of French troops, and to provide a squadron of nine ships of the line, to be ready early in the summer, to assist the French arms. He is, besides, to enter



into the common engagement against the introduction of the English commodities into his dominions: but this will end only in the putting of a proper quantity of fees into the hands of inferior officers.

The King of Westphalia has taken complete possession of his Hanoverian dominions; and the inhabitants of that country have offered to him dutiful addresses, accompanying their allegiance. To these addresses he has returned the most gracious answers; and his subjects are arranging themselves agreeably to their new condition, and reconciling themselves to the improvement in their laws and their civil rights. One act of sovereignty the new King has performed which is of importance to this country. We have, it is well known, a large body of German troops in our pay, and a great proportion of them is supposed to belong to the country under his government. He has called them home under the pain of the confiscation of their property; but there is every reason to believe, that the edict will be executed with great lenity. He will chuse to retain this hold upon all that are in our service; so that we may have the satisfaction of keeping them, and he may have a good offer to make to them whenever they may be in a situation to render him effectual assistance. This is of serious concern to us, for our foreign troops are not like the Swiss, who used to be in the service of different powers with the full consent of their own country. The French and Germans in our pay are acting in supposed violation of the bond they are under to their own country; and the attachment to home is so strong a feeling, that we should be very sorry that a body of these mercenaries should at any time be brought into action against their own countrymen.

Denmark, Sweden, and Russia offer little worthy of notice; the latter power does not seem to have been consulted on the marriage, nor to take any umbrage at it. The probability is, that its interests have been completely consulted in the arrangements respecting Turkey; and as no peace has been made between these two powers, some important matters may be soon expected on the south of the Danube. Yet it is extraordinary how

little real information can be obtained of the state of Turkey; and we are as little acquainted with the disposition of the people of Dalmatia and their neighbours. The Tyrolese are, however, now perfectly reduced, and neither they nor the Swiss are likely to produce farther commotions. The iron yoke is fixed, and ages will be required to remove it.

But Spain still excites attention and commiseration. The enemy has spread over the greater part of the country: and, if we occasionally hear of rumours of success, they are but partial rencontres, which produce little effect on the great point at issue. The eastern part of Spain seems to be completely reduced; the south is over-run with troops; in the west reliance is placed on the British arms in Portugal; but they do not seem to have made, or to be intending to make an irruption into the Spanish provinces. The real efficacious resistance is placed in Cadiz, on which no impression has hitherto been made; but the designs of the French are not easily penetrated, and they will not hazard any thing till they are morally sure of success. We might say, indeed, considering the situation of Cadiz, its being open to the sea, and consequently not reducible by famine, its peninsular situation, and strong fortifications, where alone it is assailable, we might say that it would defy any attack; but when we reflect on the skill and persevering spirit of the assailants, when we consider the Alps that Bonaparte passed over with his cannon, and his bridges on the Danube, we cannot be without our apprehensions, that some plan may be adopted which shall baffle all the defences of the besieged, and they will, in no great length of time, become subject to the new dynasty.

Of the Junta of Spain we hear but little, and, in fact, their exertions are now reduced to a very narrow compass. They correspond, it may be presumed, with their distant colonies, but that thread will speedily be broken. Portugal is in quiet and security. The taking into our pay a large body of Portuguese, gives bread to a number of people, and they serve at least to preserve the peace of the kingdom, till the French enter, and supersede their labours. Every thing is done

under the authority of the Prince Regent; but the effective part of the government lies, as it ought to do, with the English: and, if we had the resolution to make them an independent kingdom, we might possibly be able to prevent Bonaparte from bestowing one crown more at least on his followers. As it is not likely that such a measure should be adopted by us, time must discover whether Portugal formed a good bribe for one of the princes of Austria.

Bonaparte persists in his anti-commercial schemes; and has made an immense seizure of American property. What sensation this produces in the United States, we shall know next month: but it is now evident, that whatever may be the complaints on English conduct, they may be fairly balanced by similar behaviour on the part of the French. In fact, their commerce with the European world is in so precarious a state, that little advantage will result from it: and, as they cannot cope with both powers, nor, in fact, side with either consistently, they must be content to exercise some time longer the virtue of forbearance. We still trust that violent men may not induce them to change the prudence of their measures; that they will continue to look upon war as God's curse upon mankind; and, if they cannot trade with French or English, they will find sufficient employment for their faculties in the improvements of their own soil, and voyages to other quarters, where they may be unmolested by the passions of European politicks.

But all thoughts of foreign powers have been absorbed at home by a more powerful consideration,—by the grand point at issue between the House of Commons and the People of England. The House of Commons claims privileges—the people contend for their rights. The great champion for the latter is Sir Francis Burdett, and he has acted in such a manner as to bring down upon himself the furious vengeance of the parties who are battling to obtain or to preserve their places. A curious circumstance has occurred, which, we believe, has been noticed by some of the journalists, namely,—the remarkable time in which Sir F. Burdett made his stand; for a resem-

blance has been found, in one respect, between our political martyr, and the great martyr of our religious faith. The Pharisees and Sadducees could agree upon no point, but on the seizure and condemnation of our Saviour for his libels, or blasphemies, as was the term in those days; and Herod and Pontius Pilate shook hands together, and became friends on an act of abominable injustice.

The question, traced up to its source, which has raised such a ferment in the kingdom, is of a very simple nature; and the originator of it little expected the serious consequences that have arisen to himself and the country.—He has lost by it his seat in parliament, to the great satisfaction, we believe, of every independent man in the kingdom: and we are now, and were at the beginning, at a loss to conceive what could possibly have excited so much his bile in the debate held upon his conduct at a speaking club. Mr. Yorke enforced the order for excluding the public from the gallery of the House of Commons; this was seized as a subject of debate; and the question proposed was, whether it was a greater outrage on the public feelings, than the speech of another member on the liberty of the press? Mr. Yorke called it a breach of privilege, and quoted, most perversely and entirely contrary to its obvious and designed meaning, a clause in the Bill of Rights, allowing to members of parliament freedom of speech without liability of being impeached or questioned for his conduct in any court whatsoever. We can never allow, for a moment, this construction of the clause: but Mr. Gale Jones, the author of the question, was summoned before the House, where he acknowledged the fact of writing the paper in question, but expressed his contrition at having offended the House. Not content with the humble apology thus made, Mr. Yorke, professing sovereign contempt for the opinions in the paper, and the medium of discussion, moved that the author should be sent to Newgate; to which, without a dissentient voice, the House agreed.

Sir Francis Burdett was not in the House at the time, but he soon after recalled its attention to these violent proceedings, by moving, after a very



admirable speech, proving that the House had gone beyond its powers, that Mr. Gale Jones be discharged. The success he met with was exactly what might have been expected:—fourteen voted on his side, and a hundred and thirty were against him.—Soon after, Sir F. Burdett, in an admirable letter to his constituents, stated the whole law on this question to them, and left no shadow of doubt in the minds of all constitutional men, that he was perfectly right in his argument. This letter, a Mr. Lethbridge, the member for Somersetshire, called a libel upon the House, and read several passages with which he was exceedingly offended; such as these;—Whether our liberty should lie at the absolute mercy of a part of our fellow-subjects, collected together by means which it is not necessary to describe?—If they have the absolute power of imprisoning and releasing, why may they not send their prisoners to York jail, as well as to a jail in London?—Why not confine men in solitary cells, or load them with chains and bolts?—They have not gone these lengths yet, but what is there to restrain them?—Several other passages of a similar nature occur, of which, as of the above, we say, that they are of great importance; and we differ so far from Mr. Lethbridge, that, instead of calling them libellous, we desire a plain rational answer to them. That some members of the House of Commons might be offended by other passages, was natural: for, if they come in by means disgraceful, and by practices at which, as the Speaker said, our ancestors would startle with indignation and horror, they must feel abashed by the truths uttered by the Representative for Westminster. Other members would also have their feelings, and might say,

*Pudet hæc opprobria dici,  
Et dici potuisse, et non potuisse refelli.*

The discussion of the question was deferred, notwithstanding every effort of the minister, for a week, when the resolutions of Mr. Lethbridge, that Sir F. Burdett's letter was a libel on the House, and that he was guilty of a violation of its privileges, were read, and an animated debate took place, when Sir S. Romilly distin-

guished himself, by not allowing the publication to be a libel, or to intrench upon the privileges of the House. In doing this, he referred to the original cause of the whole, namely, the commitment of Mr. Gale Jones; and gave strong and convincing reasons for doubting the legality of the right of the House to commit for libels.—Mr. Perceval, on the contrary, was for punishing, what he called, one of the grossest attacks ever made upon the character and privileges of the House.—General Mathew expressed a sentiment much more congenial with the feelings of the country, as he declared his entire coincidence, not only in every expression in the publication complained of, but in the whole political conduct of Sir F. Burdett; and in one point he most particularly concurred with him, namely, that the House had not a leg to stand on.—The question was carried, that Sir F. Burdett was guilty of a libel; and then Sir Robert Salisbury made his name known, and it will hereafter be distinguished by his moving that Sir F. Burdett be committed to the Tower. In this vote concurred one hundred and eighty-nine persons, and against it were one hundred and fifty-two.—The Speaker soon after signed the warrant for commitment, and most extraordinary scenes were the consequence.

The vote of the House was soon spread abroad in the metropolis, and consternation and indignation filled the minds of all. Looking on Sir F. Burdett as a man of high honour and integrity, as having advanced nothing but what was founded on the law, and knowing that, by the truths in his speeches, he had excited the utmost envy and jealousy, and every malignant passion in the breasts of the borough-mongers, they looked up to him as the martyr of political liberty. His own constituents were particularly hurt on this occasion; a requisition was prepared, and the signature of many hundreds affixed before noon of the Friday, for a meeting, to take the proceedings of the House into consideration. Numbers went to the house of the Baronet, and all were in expectation that he would be seized that day. The Baronet was at Wimbledon when the vote passed, and

came to town on horseback at his usual time in the morning, where he found a letter from the Serjeant, to which he replied, by appointing the next day, between 11 and 12, for an interview. The Serjeant, however, came in person between five and six in the afternoon, when he saw Sir Francis, who told him that he would not obey the warrant, but resist force by force. The Serjeant, not having force enough with him, prudently retired, and informed the Speaker of the House of Commons, who seemed to be as much at a loss as the Serjeant, and the night passed without any seizure: but not without several outrages committed on the houses of persons who had made themselves obnoxious by the parts they had taken in the late proceedings.

The next day passed without a seizure; for it afterwards appeared, that the Serjeant was completely puzzled with his warrant, as was the Privy Council, which had a long debate on the subject, and much more so the Attorney General, who gave an opinion that made every thing more doubtful than before. At one o'clock, however, on the Saturday, a very strong detachment of the Guards marched to Sir F. Burdett's house, and completely occupied the ground before it; upon which he wrote to the Sheriff, who came, and removed the Guards, who took stations to the east and west of the house, leaving the whole space before the house free. The house fronts the Green Park, and there strong detachments of the Foot Guards were placed, and troops and artillery were marched from all quarters into town. It is supposed that, with the volunteers, the armed force put in motion upon this occasion, about doubled the number employed in the Walcheren Expedition. Sunday passed without a seizure, but on Monday morning the whole space before Sir F. Burdett's house was again occupied by the military, who extended themselves both ways to a great distance in Piccadilly, so that at ten o'clock there was no passage; and about that hour a gang of Bow-street runners and House of Commons officers got into the area, broke open the house, rushed up stairs, opened the hall-door, and let in the military;

so that, to Sir F. Burdett's apartment, the whole space was occupied by an armed force. The Serjeant, with his warrant, entered the room where Sir Francis was sitting with his lady, brother, and children, and on his refusal to obey the warrant, a great number closed round him, whilst he called in vain in the King's name for protection; they hurried him down the stairs, through the hall, into a hackney coach, when, preceded and followed by a large body of troops, he was conveyed to the Tower. Multitudes had got to Tower-hill before them, and when the carriage was seen, the shouts of "Burdett for ever!" rent the skies. After the usual ceremonies, Sir Francis was received by the governor at the gate, and conducted to the apartments prepared for him, being two rooms up two pair of stairs, in a small house on the parade.

A dreadful scene now took place in the neighbourhood of the Tower. The military fired in several quarters upon the multitude; wounded a great number, and some have died of their wounds. Three coroner's inquests have already been taken: one was declared to be justifiable homicide, one wilful murder against a soldier in the Life Guards, and one murder against a soldier in the Life Guards, but this last murder was perpetrated in the liberties of Westminster. There can be no doubt that the military received provocation, both in Westminster and in the city: but the question must occur to every one, what business had they in either place? We do not hear of the military being called in to execute the warrants of the King or a justice of the peace—why, then, is the Speaker's warrant to be so distinguished? If the murderers are found out, this question will be brought to a very proper issue.

The account of these proceedings was laid before the House of Commons in the evening, when the Serjeant was examined as to the leading facts; the meeting of the Privy Council was established, the names of the persons attending it recorded, the consulting of the Attorney-General made known, and his opinion was read. The whole was ordered to be printed for the use of the members, and it remains to be seen, after the holidays, whether the



House will justify the outrage committed in breaking open the house of a quiet and peaceable citizen. Sir Francis's letter to the Speaker was read, in which he persisted in denying the legality of the Speaker's warrant; but it was referred for consideration to the next night, when, after some debate, the House very prudently determined not to enter into any resolution upon it. Every thing was quiet in the metropolis, and it was evident that the civil power was perfectly competent to have preserved the peace of the city.

The commitment of Gale Jones was the original ground of the whole disturbance; and Sir Samuel Romilly, agreeably to a notice he had previously given, moved for his discharge; but, that he might not irritate the feelings of the House, did not enter into the legality of the commitment, but argued in favour of his motion, on the ground that the prisoner had suffered a punishment more than adequate to his supposed offence. In this opinion he was ably supported; but a formidable obstacle presented itself, of which the Chancellor of the Exchequer eagerly availed himself, namely, that the custom of the House required a petition from the prisoner for a release, with an expression of sorrow for his offence, and Mr. Gale Jones had not presented a petition. To this it was observed, that he had already made ample apology, and how could he know, as that apology had not been taken, what other he could possibly use? But Sir Samuel Romilly stated his own opinion very properly on the subject, that he would sooner rot in a jail than petition, or make another apology. The majority, however, did not concur with him, and Mr. Gale Jones remains a prisoner for an unlimited time, and will probably not be released till the prorogation of Parliament, unless before that time a dissolution should take place.

On the day after this debate was the meeting of the city of Westminster, when it was supposed that upwards of twenty thousand persons were assembled in the Palace Yard, who conducted themselves with the utmost regularity. Motions were made and seconded by two most respectable householders, in large lines of business, who, in their speeches, gave a suc-

cinct account of the late proceedings and the grounds on which their motions were founded. These resolutions passed unanimously, not a single dissentient voice was heard, nor an opposing hand raised. The whole assembly felt and concurred in every expression. The tenor of them was an entire approbation of Sir F. Burdett's conduct; the agreement to a petition to the House of Commons, and to a letter to be sent to their beloved representative. The petition stated how sensibly the City felt the indignation offered to it in the person of their representative, for a letter which ought to have induced the House to reconsider the subject of commitment, in which they were, in their own cause, prosecutor, judge, jury, and executioner. It called for the release of their representative, and adjured the House to endeavour with him to reform the representation, whose necessity was pointed out by the conduct of Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Perceval, in jobbing for seats, and by the acknowledgment of practices at which the Speaker said our ancestors would startle with horror and indignation. The letter to Sir F. Burdett expressed their affection and attachment to him, and their approbation of his conduct in strong and animated terms.

Lord Cochrane presented the petition in the afternoon to the House, when some members were very indignant at its being styled also a remonstrance; they were offended also at the commitment of Sir Francis being termed an indignity to the City; they felt most poignantly the bitter truths conveyed on the jobbing for seats in Parliament; and they were very eager that the petition should not be received. Others more prudently examined the petition clause by clause, and in vain looked for the means of rejecting it; and it was observed by Mr. Cauning, that however distressing the petition might be to the feelings of the House, it would be better to let it rest on the table, as the rejection of it would only be the means of occasioning another meeting, and another petition, in which the same propositions would be conveyed in still more offensive terms. At last the petition was permitted to be laid on the table; and it will be highly for the benefit of the kingdom, if similar pe-


titions should be sent from every part of the country. Meetings, indeed, have been advertised from some places. A requisition has been signed for a Common-Hall of the City of London, and for a meeting of the Freeholders of Middlesex.

The letter to Sir F. Burdett was presented to him by the High Bailiff, and he returned to it a most spirited and animated answer, in which he urges the absolute necessity of a reform in parliament, that the kingdom may not be in complete vassalage under borough-mongering sovereigns, and groan under the curse of Canaan, that of being the slaves of slaves. He has also sent a letter to the Speaker of the House of Commons, in which he has informed him of his intention to bring an action against him for his warrant; and this letter was read to the House, and ordered to lie on the table. The Easter recess has given an opportunity to the members of the House to consult their constituents upon the important question now at issue; and it is to be hoped that many will come back in better temper, recollect that they are Englishmen, and that every infringement on the liberties, or supposed

liberties of the people, will alienate still farther from them their only means of support; and, if a future contest should arise between them and either branch of the legislature, the consequences will be fatal to them. The name of House of Commons imports what it ought to be; and every Englishman would willingly give to real representatives every privilege that would secure to them the freedom of debate, and maintain their true honour and dignity.

The question is indeed of the highest importance. We shall be glad to see it treated properly by all parties; and we hope that it will lead to the conclusion generally desired, namely, a fair representation of the people in parliament. Without this last object, all boasts in our constitution are idle and ridiculous: the supposed excellence of it consists in a government by king, lords, and commons; but if a great number of the commons are brought into the House by means which it is not necessary to describe, the votes of real representatives will be depreciated, and our constitution become merely a name when the substance is gone.

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## HISTORICAL CHRONICLE.

*The following is a compendious Sketch of the leading Circumstances that succeeded the Vote of the House of Commons for the Commitment of Sir FRANCIS BURDETT to the Tower on Thursday, April 5.*

**A**T an early hour on Friday a placard, of which the following is a copy, was posted all over Westminster: "Burdett—Westminster."—"A requisition is signing for a public meeting of the electors of the city and liberties of Westminster to adopt such measures as may be expedient, in consequence of the House of Commons having deprived us of one of our representatives."

In the evening a meeting was held at the Crown and Anchor, by several of the electors, chiefly of the Old Committee, for the purpose of framing a set of resolutions, to be proposed at the public meeting, which took place on Tuesday, the 17th instant. Nearly 2,000 electors signed the requisition, which was presented to the High Bailiff late on Friday evening.

The reason why Mr. Colman did not proceed instantly after the House broke up to take Sir Francis into custody is, that it was necessary to afford a little time to make preparations at the Tower for his reception. Instructions to that effect were given to Earl Moira, the Constable of the Tower, who immediately proceeded to carry them into execution. So early as half past eight o'clock in the morning, three pieces of artillery were taken from the ramparts, and placed opposite the gate. The Tower Hamlets Militia received orders to be in readiness, and a brigade of artillery, which was to have marched to Woolwich, was ordered to remain; and no stranger was suffered to enter the Tower, who could not give a satisfactory account of himself and his business. Even after admission at the outer gate, he was questioned by the centinel in every quarter through which he had to pass.

At ten o'clock, Earl Moira arrived, on horseback, attended by a single

groom, and alighted at the Governor's house. The people then began to assemble in great numbers, anticipating the approach of Sir Francis Burdett. Some surrounded the Tower gates, and filled the immediate avenues, on the land-side; where, notwithstanding the rain, they continued to accumulate, to the amount of several thousands, and remained until dusk. Many concluded that he would be conveyed down the river to the Tower, as a safer way, and better calculated to avoid tumult. These, in great numbers, lined the banks of the Thames, and the wharfs in the vicinity, where they continued until a late hour. At five o'clock a dragoon arrived with an express to Lord Moira, and was conducted to the Governor's house; and, about six, his Lordship went away. Orders were given to let all the strangers out, and to admit none upon any account. Great bustle and confusion ensued. The apartments intended for Sir Francis Burdett were completely prepared for his reception at an early hour.

The Guards were called out, and 350 men were sent to protect the magazine in Hyde Park. Some of the guns at the Tower were loaded with grape shot. Notwithstanding these preparations however, it does not appear that there was the least disposition in the crowd to commit any other sort of violence than the petty mischief of breaking windows.

The Serjeant at Arms, upon his return from the Baronet's house on Friday night, called together all the door-keepers and other servants of the House of Commons, and it was then agreed, that they should assemble on Saturday morning at five o'clock, for the purpose of proceeding to Wimbledon, expecting that Sir Francis would sleep there. They proceeded there accordingly at the appointed hour, on Saturday morning, but returned without effecting their object.

Upon its being known that Sir Francis Burdett was resolved not to be accessory to what he deemed an unconstitutional act of violence upon his person, and that he would not submit to be taken out of his house, but by force, the Privy Council was immediately summoned, and expresses were sent off to the Judges on the circuits

nearest London, to take the best legal opinion of what further measures should be adopted in this difficult and alarming crisis. And a number of regiments of horse and foot were ordered to march to London.

Saturday afternoon, the Serjeant at Arms went to Sir Francis's house, and communicated the purport of his visit through the door, while the chain held it fast; the servant answered that he was forbidden to open the door. Upon this the Serjeant retired. Consultations were next day held among the magistrates of Westminster, what steps ought to be adopted for taking the Baronet into custody. Sir Francis did not mean to evade the caption by flight, but to shew that resistance which would render it a forcible arrest, and then try its validity, and seek for redress. The Riot Act was read by Mr. Read in Piccadilly, about one o'clock on Saturday.

On Saturday night, the assemblage of persons in Piccadilly was not diminished, and they appeared in formidable parties until dispersed by the military: yet several persons were permitted free egress and regress to Sir Francis's house.

Sir Francis Burdett, in the course of Saturday, wrote the following letter to the Sheriff.—

"Gentlemen,

"In furtherance of an attempt to deprive me of my liberty under the authority of an instrument which I know to be illegal, viz. a Warrant by the Speaker of the House of Commons, my house is, at this moment, beset by a military force.

"As I am determined never to yield a voluntary obedience to an act contrary to the laws, I am resolved to resist the execution of such a Warrant, by all the legal means in my power; and, as you are the Constitutional Officer appointed to protect the inhabitants of your bailiwick from violence and oppression, from whatever quarter they may come, I make this requisition to you, Gentlemen, to furnish me with your aid, with which the laws have provided you, either by calling out the *Posse Comitatus*, or such other as the case and circumstances may require.

"It is for you to consider how far



you may be liable, should I, by an unlawful force, acting under an unlawful authority, be taken from my house.

"I have the honour to be Gentlemen, your very obedient humble Servant,  
(Signed)

FRANCIS BURDETT."

"*Piccadilly, April 7, 1810.*"

*Mathew Wood, Esq. and John Atkins, Esq. Sheriff of Middlesex.*"

In consequence of this Mr. Sheriff Wood immediately attended at Sir Francis's house with a number of Constables, and ordered the military to withdraw from his house, as he would not suffer the peace to be broken.

At eleven o'clock on Saturday night the crowd accumulated alarmingly, and called for illumination on the spot of its assemblage. The military forbade, as far as they could, compliance with the will of the people, while the terrified inhabitants wavered between the mandates of one and the other party.

On Sunday morning early the populace again assembled. The Sheriffs arrived in the course of the morning, and soon afterwards the military was cleared from the Baronet's house to about one hundred and fifty yards on each side, at the remonstrance of Sir Francis. The populace kept their favourite spot, and insisted upon all who passed in carriages or on horseback pulling off their hats; those who refused were plentifully pelted with dirt. About five o'clock the crowd increased, and reinforcements of military arrived. At this time a printed bill was issued by the Sheriffs, with their signature, exhorting the multitude to peace and good order, and to subject themselves to the civil power, or the military would be compelled to act. On the arrival of the reinforcements, Mr. Leach, the Hatton-garden Magistrate, again read the Riot Act, and requested the people to disperse. To enforce this order, above one hundred constables began to move them. The military formed at the corner of Albermarle-Street, and at Half-Moon-Street, and not a person or a carriage was suffered to approach nearer to the Baronet's house. The Life Guards paraded the adjoining streets, and the populace flew for shelter into the adjacent courts, where they kept their

acclamations of "Burdett for ever!" "No Piccadilly expeditions!" &c.

The mob rallied again at eleven o'clock, and the cavalry stationed there drove them along Piccadilly to near the Hay-market. The populace then obtained a ladder from a house that was under repair, and placed it across Piccadilly. By this manœuvre the military were stopped in their direct progress, but they immediately took a circuitous route, and came upon the mob through Windmill-Street. In the mean time, the infantry came up, and their pioneers broke the ladder to pieces. The populace again dispersed, after breaking most of the lamps in Piccadilly and the Hay-market. Tranquillity was restored, and passengers were again permitted to pass along Piccadilly.

The Serjeant at Arms, Mr. Colman, and the Deputy Serjeant, Mr. Clementson, with the Messengers, Messrs. Wright, Jones, Skelton, Blake, &c. were in Piccadilly throughout the night, in order to execute the Speaker's Warrant for the arrest of Sir Francis Burdett, but in vain. The Serjeant and Deputy Serjeant, with their assistants, were at the Gloucester Coffee-House. No effort whatever was made to force an entrance into the house of Sir Francis Burdett. Sir Francis was at home all night.

The disposition of Sir Francis to yield obedience to any legal authority was expressed as unequivocally and uniformly as his resolution to resist what he conceives to be an illegal warrant. His declared purpose is not to compromise the rights and liberties of his countrymen, by conceding to an authority which would set those rights and liberties at naught.

The following is a list of the different houses that have received injury on this occasion:—

In Grosvenor-Square, the windows of the Duke of Montrose and the Earl of Westmoreland were completely broken; the walls and doors covered with mud; two empty houses, in the same square, and several in South Audley-Street, were also broken.

In Berkley-Square, the windows of Mr. Pain and Mr. Raikes were partially broken. The fine plate-glass windows of the Earl of Dartmouth, on the east

side of the square, were shivered to atoms.

In Hill-Street, Berkeley-Square, the house of the Earl of Chatham was hideously disfigured; the windows broken, and the parlour shutters driven in by the mere force of brick-bats. The parlour windows of Sir H. Strachy, M. P. in the same Street, were also broken; a few others were slightly injured.

In Charles-Street, Berkeley-Square, the house of General Stewart, brother of Lord Castlereagh, had several windows broken, which was the case with other houses in the same street; but these windows, and indeed many others, seem to have been broken more from the tardiness of the illumination, than from any other circumstance. Mr. Yorke's house, in this street, has had a terrible visitation; windows and window frames were all in ruins, and the front of the house bedaubed with mud.

At the top of Albermarle-Street, the house of Sir John Austruther seems to have been the object of particular vengeance. Not a pane of glass from the kitchen to the garret has escaped; the window frames, and Venetian blind shutters, were all shattered in the parlours; and, from its present appearance, the buildings cannot be tenable for a considerable period. Not only the windows, but some glasses, chandeliers, and other valuable furniture in the interior of the rooms were destroyed.

The same observation apply to Lord Castlereagh's house, the entrance to which is in King-Street, and the front in St. James's-Square. The windows, &c. were totally demolished.

On Monday morning, it seems, ministers determined to put an end to the uncertainty and hesitation under which they had acted. Sir Francis Burdett had remained at home all Sunday night, and the Serjeant at Arms, Mr. Colman, the Deputy-Serjeant, Mr. Clementson, with the Messengers Wright, Jones, Skelton, Blake, &c. continued in Piccadilly, in order to execute the Speaker's Warrant. About eleven on Monday morning was judged a favourable opportunity to make the attempt, and with that view they proceeded to his house, from the Gloucester Coffee-

house. A ladder was brought and placed against a window in the front dining-room, on the first floor, and one of the constables mounted it; but the shutters were closed against him, and he was obliged to descend. The attempt to enter at the dining-room window having failed, an entrance was effected at the kitchen window, in front, by Oddy and J. Townsend, two of the patrol belonging Bow-Street, who forced open the door with an iron crow. After some difficulty, and traversing several dark passages, they found their way to the great hall, where they saw a lusty gentleman, and inquired of him whether Sir Francis was at home? He answered—"Yes, Sir Francis is always at home." He asked—"Who are you?" They answered,—*"The Civil Power,"* and requested him to bring them to Sir Francis, with which he readily complied, and conducted them to the drawing-room, where Sir Francis was standing, accompanied by Lady Burdett, two young ladies, and a young gentleman, supposed to be his children and his brother, Mr. Jones Burdett. One of the patrol, who followed Oddy and Townsend, asked, "Which is Sir Francis?" He answered, "I am he? who are you, and what do you want?" Oddy replied, "We are the Civil Power, and are come to demand your person, in the name of the King." Sir Francis asked if the Sheriffs were in attendance?" Oddy said, not that he knew of, but their officers were. Sir Francis then demanded their authority to enter his house. Oddy, in answer, said, he should immediately see it, and at that instant the Serjeant at Arms and his Deputy entered the room. Oddy and J. Townsend then laid hold of him by each arm, and said he was their prisoner. He asked for his hat, and, addressing himself to the lusty gentleman, said, "As force is used I must go." He then kissed Lady Burdett, and parted with his family as if he was only leaving town for his country seat. His brother, Mr. Jones Burdett, said nothing but death should part them, and insisted upon accompanying him, and they went down stairs. A dark-coloured glass coach, which had been waiting in Clarges-street, since Saturday morning, was



brought to the hall-door, and Sir Francis entered it, accompanied by his brother, and Mr. Wright, one of the messengers of the House of Commons. The military force was now very strong, and became concentrated around the carriage, which drove up Albermarle-street, Bond-street, into the New-road, Mary-la-bonne, down the City-road, and along Finsbury-square, to the Tower, where it arrived at twelve o'clock. Two troops of the Horse Guards preceded the carriage, and several of them rode along-side. The 15th Light Dragoons, the Duke of Cumberland's regiment, commanded by Lieut. Col. Grant, immediately followed the carriage, and the rear was brought up by a very strong body of Life Guards.

Besides the force that accompanied Sir Francis Burdett, a regiment of the Foot Guards proceeded up the Strand, about half past eleven, for the Tower; and every possible precaution was taken to prevent riot and to preserve the public tranquillity. After Sir Francis was safely lodged in the Tower the military prepared to return to their quarters, but they scarcely set themselves in motion when the mud and stones from the populace began to play on them in showers. Opposite the Trinity-house they could endure the assault no longer, but charged the multitude sword in hand. The firing of the carbines became now pretty general, and numbers of the people fell. The contest continued up Fenchurch-street, where shot entering the shop of Mr. Goodeve, a boot-maker, No. 43, killed a man in conversation with Mr. Goodeve at the time. Another shot penetrated into a carpet warehouse opposite, but did no mischief.

The Bank, the Mansion-house, and all the shops in the streets, in the city, leading to the Tower, were closely shut up. This was the first instance of the Bank being shut up from a similar cause, since the riots in 1780.

The part of the troops thus assaulted on their return from the Tower, was the rear-guard. When the great body had passed, the populace were encouraged to fall upon it. The troops, after leaving Sir Francis Burdett at the Tower, did not return

through the city, but went over London-bridge, through St. George's Fields, and over Westminster-bridge, to the Horse-guards, &c. where they arrived at three o'clock; some of them without their hats, and many of them bedaubed with mud.

About six o'clock, a heavy rain commenced, which continued during the whole night. It contributed, no doubt, materially to the tranquillity of the metropolis, by keeping people at home, whom a fine night would have induced to crowd the streets. As many different reports have gone abroad, relative to what passed previously to the seizure of the Baronet's person, the following account, as delivered before the House of Commons by the Serjeant at Arms on the night of Sir Francis's committal will be read with interest:—

“On Friday morning, as soon as I received the warrant, I repaired to the house of Sir Francis Burdett, in Piccadilly; I knocked at the door, and inquired for him, and the answer I received was, that he was not at home. I returned to my own house, and wrote a letter to Sir Francis, informing him that I had called on him, to serve a warrant for his apprehension, and to convey him to the Tower. I also told him, that it was my wish to consult his convenience as to the time and manner of conveying him. This letter I sent by Mr. Clementson, the Deputy-serjeant. Soon after, I was told that Sir Francis had been seen going towards his house on horseback; I went back to Piccadilly, and saw him. He told me that I might see him to-morrow, at eleven, and that, in the mean time, he would write to the Speaker. I then left him with the impression and expectation that he would go with me to the Tower at eleven o'clock the next day. I thought the quietest way in which this could be done was best; and was the more ready to give this time, as the Speaker had told me, when he gave me the warrant, to treat Sir Francis with proper delicacy and respect, or words to that effect. If I have erred, in either doing too much or too little, it is from proper motives of delicacy and respect, with which I always thought it right to treat members of Parliament. If I had wished to carry

the warrant into effect at that time, I could not have done it, on account of the large mob assembled round Sir Francis's door. From his house I came and reported to the Speaker what had passed. He advised me to execute my warrant, and at the same time to call at the Secretary of State's office for any assistance I might think necessary. At the Secretary of State's office I was detained for a very considerable time. I then went to Sir Francis Burdett's; I told him I was sorry I must name an earlier hour for his removal than that before agreed on; I shewed him the warrant, which he read. He said he disputed its legality, and that he would submit to nothing but actual force—that he would resist as far as was in his power. Upon this I withdrew, as I could not at that time effect my purpose. I went to the Secretary of State's office, to request the necessary assistance, and saw large mobs at Sir Francis's house, and in other parts. It was nine o'clock, and as no communication had been made to the Lord Mayor for having assistance ready to support us going through the city, and we would have had no aid, either civil or military, I determined to put the business off till half-past six o'clock next morning. I went to the Secretary of State's office to arrange what aid I thought necessary to enable me to enforce the warrant, and I sent Mr. Clementson to the Lord Mayor, to make similar arrangements with him for following us to the Tower. At half-past six I went to Sir Francis, accompanied by several messengers, and about twenty or thirty police-officers. I knocked, and was informed by the servant, who opened the door, that his master was not at home; nor did he know when he would return. Imagining that he might be at Wimbledon, I went there, with two messengers and eight police officers, leaving a messenger in the hall of the house, in Piccadilly, with the warrant, to deliver to Sir Francis, in case he came back in our absence. At Wimbledon, I was told Sir Francis was not there. I returned to town, and went to my own house, where I staid some time. Going out to consult the Speaker, I was told that Sir Francis had been seen in the streets. I went to his house, and knocked at

the door, which was opened a little way; there was a great chain across, and the servant, saying 'You cannot come in,' shut the door. On Sunday morning I went again. I knocked several times, but could obtain no admittance, and withdrew. I waited in the neighbourhood all the remainder of that day and night, leaving the messengers to watch the various avenues near the house. I thought Sir Francis might again come out to ride, and I might have an opportunity of executing the warrant. I ought to have mentioned, that, when the legality of the warrant was doubted, I sent it to the Attorney General for his opinion, and also to know how far I was justifiable in forcibly entering the house to execute it. It was this opinion I received, in consequence of which I acted in the manner I did this morning. Last night I arranged, at the Secretary of State's office, what military force was necessary. At ten to-day I went to Sir Francis Burdett's with twenty or thirty police-officers, and a detachment of cavalry to escort the carriage to the Tower. I made a forcible entry by the area with the police. I left a party of guards in the hall, and went with the police into the room where Sir Francis was. I told him, that, however painful it was to me, I had such a force with me as would render resistance ineffectual, and called on him to surrender. He asked to see the warrant; I told him it was the same which he had already read. When the carriage was brought round, Sir Francis Burdett got into it with his brother, Mr. Clementson, and a messenger. I went on horseback, and delivered him to the Deputy-lieutenant of the Tower. If I have either exceeded or fallen short of my duty on this occasion, it must be considered that the case was unprecedented; that resistance was not expected; and that I felt a great degree of delicacy and attention was due from me to any member of the House."

On Monday, April 9, the Speaker said, he had to acquaint the House, that, in consequence of their vote, he had, at half-past eight o'clock on Friday morning, signed the proper warrant for taking Sir Francis Burdett, and conveying him to the Tower. He then gave it



the Serjeant at Arms, with directions not to delay its execution beyond ten of the clock. The Serjeant would have to state to them all the circumstances attendant upon his execution of this warrant. Before, however, he was called to the bar for that purpose, he had to inform the House, that on Friday last he had received a letter from Sir Francis Burdett, on the subject-matter of his committal. This letter he had no power to dispose of himself, but would be directed by the House, whether he should read it to them or not.—(*Cries of read! read!*)

Mr. Freemantle wished to know when the letter was received?

The Speaker, in answer, re-stated, that he had received it late on Friday evening. He had made notes from hour to hour, from the very commencement of this business, and could be most particular in his statements. The letter was left at his house by two gentlemen, at ten o'clock. They said they waited for an answer; to which he replied, that there was no answer required.

The Speaker having taken the pleasure of the House upon the subject, proceeded to read the letter, signed "F. Burdett," and dated "Piccadilly, 6th April, 1810." It was nearly as follows:—

"SIR,—When I was returned, in due form, by the electors of Westminster, they imagined they had chosen me as their trustee in the House of Commons, to maintain the laws and liberties of the land. Having accepted that trust, I never will betray it.

"I have also, as a dutiful subject, taken an oath of allegiance to the King, to obey his laws; and I never will consent, by any act of mine, to obey any set of men, who, contrary to those laws, shall, under any pretence whatsoever, assume the power of the king.

"Power and privilege are not the same things, and ought not at any time to be confounded together. Privilege is an exemption from power, and was, by law, secured to the third branch of the legislature, in order to protect them, that they might safely protect the people—not to give them power to destroy the people.

"Your warrant, Sir, I believe you

know to be illegal. I know it to be so. To superior force I must submit: I will not, and dare not, incur the danger of continuing voluntarily to make one of any association, or set of men, who shall assume, illegally, the whole power of the realm, and who have no more right to take myself, or any one of my constituents, by force, than I or they possess to take any of those who are now guilty of this usurpation; and I would condescend to accept the meanest office that would vacate my seat, being more desirous of getting out of my present association than any other man may be desirous of getting profitably into it.

"Sir, this is not a letter in answer to a vote of thanks; it is an answer of a very different kind. I know not what to call it; but, since you have begun the correspondence with me, I must beg you to read this my answer to those under whose orders you have commenced it.

"I remain, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

"FRANCIS BURDETT."

"Piccadilly, April 6, 1810."

The whole of the subsequent proceedings of the House go to prove that the authors of the proceedings against Sir Francis Burdett had by no means agreed even upon the *legality* of breaking open his house!

It was not to be expected that men with arms in their hands, on being assailed with mud and stones, would have acted wholly without passion. The Light Dragoons, and the Guards in general, conducted themselves with much temper and humanity; these gallant fellows had experienced the miseries of war on foreign service; they had cheerfully drawn their swords in Spain; but felt great reluctance to shed the blood of their fellow subjects, and therefore, when assailed, they either passed on without noticing the people, or made a shew of punishment only and fired into the air. But some of the Life Guardsmen, who have never seen actual service, and are mere parade soldiers, by all accounts, behaved in a very different manner; they were irritable in the extreme; they kept constantly charging upon the *parlement*, singled out, struck and pursued many individuals, and

even *women* who had committed no other offence than that of crying "Burdett for ever," and repeatedly fired directly on the crowd, making no distinction between offenders, and persons going upon their business. One of the first persons known to have been killed was W. Bryant, a poor bricklayer's labourer, 60 years of age; this was near the Trinity House, Tower Hill, whilst passing peaceably on his master's business. A coroner's jury, in the city, however, to the surprise of every impartial person, brought in their verdict, in this case, "justifiable homicide," or *man-killing*, though they neither knew who killed the man, or whether he was doing any thing by which those that killed him could be justified. Two juries in Westminster have since returned verdicts of "*wilful murder against Guardsmen unknown*," upon similar cases?

Thomas Ebrall, who is dead in St. Thomas's Hospital, took the following oath, previous to his decease:—"That I did not molest or provoke the military, either by throwing bricks, stones, or dirt, &c. or by hooting and hissing at them; or by any other means whatever; nor did I give encouragement to others to do so." Thomas Ebrall was a musician by profession, and in August last, volunteered his services to assist in landing his Majesty's forces on the Island of Walcheren.

On the part of government, two proclamations have been issued; one on the 10th states, that a number of disorderly persons had, during the last four days, assembled in a riotous and disorderly manner, and have been guilty of many acts of outrage, attacking the houses of loyal subjects (Lord Castlereagh, &c.) in several parts of Westminster; for the discovery of which, five hundred pounds and a pardon is offered. The second proclamation of the 12th inst. offers a like sum to any one discovering the person who, about twelve o'clock on Monday night, April 5, fired a gun or pistol off, near Ensign John Stephen Cowell, of the Coldstream Foot Guards, who was on duty in Old Palace Yard, while he was passing the passage near St. Margaret's Church. A ball passed through the ensign's hat.

Some days after, when some obser-

vations by Mr. Whitbread were made in the Commons, relative to the murders committed by the troops; the public first heard from the Treasury Bench, that the patience of the troops was such as almost dwindled into pusillanimity. Near St. James's-street, it was said twenty discharges were made upon them by the populace, out of an alley, before they fired once in return: however, it was not even pretended that one of these imaginary shots took place. An investigation on the part of government, it was then said, was going on. A meeting of the electors of Westminster on the 17th of April, was supposed to have been attended by 20,000 persons, who voted that a letter should be sent to Sir Francis Burdett in the Tower, and that the following petition and remonstrance should be sent to the Commons, which was accordingly brought up by Lord Cochrane the same day:—

*"To the Honourable the COMMONS of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, in Parliament assembled.*

*"The Petition and Remonstrance of the Inhabitant Householders of the City and Liberties of Westminster, assembled in New Palace-yard, the 17th day of April, 1810, by the appointment of Arthur Morris, Esq. the High Bailiff, in pursuance of a Requisition for that purpose.*

*"We, the Inhabitant Householders, Electors of the City and Liberties of Westminster, feel, most sensibly, the indignity offered to this city in the person of our beloved representative, whose letter to us has fallen under the censure of your Honourable House; but which, so far from deserving that censure, ought, in our opinion, to have led your Honourable House to reconsider the subject which he had so ably, legally, and constitutionally discussed. We are convinced that no one ought to be prosecutor and juror, judge or executioner, in his own cause, much less to assume, accumulate, and exercise all those offices in his own person. We are also convinced that the refusal of your Honourable House to inquire into the conduct of Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Perceval, then two of his Majesty's ministers, when*



distinctly charged with the *sale of a seat in your Honourable House*, evidence of which was offered at the bar by a member of your Honourable House; and the avowal in your Hon. House, "*that such practices were as notorious as the sun at noon day*," practices, at the bare mention of which, the Speaker declared, that our ancestors would have startled with indignation: and the committal of Sir F. Burdett to prison, enforced by military power, are circumstances which render evident the imperious necessity of an immediate reform in the representation of the people. We, therefore, most earnestly call upon your Honourable House to restore to us our representative; and, according to the notice he has given, to take the state of the representation of the people into your serious consideration: a *reform* in which is, in our opinion, the only means of preserving the people from military despotism." — Ordered to lie on the table.

#### LETTER.

"SIR,—We nominated you to be our representative without your knowledge, and we elected you without your interference. We were confident that you would perform the duties of a representative in parliament with ability and fidelity. In every respect you have not only fulfilled, but exceeded our expectations. We derive the utmost satisfaction from having pointed out to the nation the way to be fairly represented. Had it been possible that our example could have been followed, and a proper representation of the people thereby produced, the scenes we have lately witnessed would not have disgraced our country. We understood the nobleness of your mind, and were confident that you would not descend to barter your trust for a place under government, nor be the partizan or leader of those who support or reject measures just as they happen to be preposed on this or that side of the House. We feel the indignity that has been offered to you; but we are not surprised to find, that, when every excuse is made for public delinquents, the utmost rigour is exercised against him who pleads for the ancient and constitutional rights of the people.

You nobly stepped forward in defence of a fellow-subject unjustly imprisoned; and you questioned, with great ability and knowledge of the laws, the warrant issued upon that occasion. The House of Commons have answered your argument, by breaking into your house with a military force, seizing your person, and conveying you by a large body of troops to the Tower. Your distinction between *privilege* and *power* remains unaltered: the privileges of the House of Commons are for the protection, not for the destruction, of the people. We have resolved to remonstrate with the House of Commons, on the outrages committed under their order, and to call upon them to restore you to your seat in parliament, which the present state of the country renders more than ever necessary, for the furtherance of your and our object, a *reform in the representation in that House*. While so many members are collected together by means "which it is not necessary for us to describe," we cannot but entertain the greatest apprehensions for the remainder of our liberties; and the employment of a military force against one of their own body is but a sad presage of what may be expected by those who might, like you, have the courage to stand forward in defence of the rights of the people. When we reflect on your generous exertions to destroy the horrors of secret and solitary confinement; to mitigate the severity of punishment in the army; to prevent the cashiering of its officers without cause assigned; to restore, for the comfort of the worn-out soldier, the public property conveyed by a job to a private individual; to prevent the extension of the barrack system, the obvious effect of which is to separate the soldier from the citizen; to prevent the introduction of foreign troops; to bring to light an atrocious act of tyranny, by which a British sailor was left to perish on a barren rock; and, above all, your unremitted exertions to obtain a full, fair, and free representation of the people in parliament; when we reflect on the firmness, the unshaken constancy, which you have invariably shewn 'in evil report and good report;' we are eager to express the sentiments of gratitude and attach-

ment to you with which we are impressed; and we are convinced that those sentiments are not only felt by the inhabitants of this city, but by every person throughout the land who is not interested in the continuance of public abuses."

*Letter from Sir Francis Burdett in Reply to his Constituents.*

*Tower, April 20, 1810.*

Sir Francis Burdett presents his respectful compliments to the High Bailiff of Westminster, and transmits to him his answer to the letter of the electors of that city, which he did him the honour to present to him this morning.

Arthur Morris, Esq. High Bailiff  
for the City and Liberties of  
Westminster.

*Tower, April 20, 1810.*

GENTLEMEN—If any thing could increase or confirm the constant resolution of my life never to betray the confidence you have placed in me, it is the kindness and affection which your letter of the 17th testifies to me, and the wisdom and propriety of your conduct at the late meeting.

A scrupulous adherence to the common law of this land, and the wise provisions of the ancient statutes, declaratory of that law, which, together, form what I understand by the constitution, raised our country to an unexampled height of happiness and prosperity; and in an exact proportion to the invasion and neglect of them has the country declined.

In defence of these laws and this constitution, I smile at any privation to which, personally, I may be subjected, thinking, as I do, that life cannot so well and so happily, because it cannot be so honourably and usefully, expended, as in defence of this our best inheritance, and in the maintenance of the good old cause, for which Hampden died in the field, and Sidney and Russell on the scaffold.

Laws, to be entitled to respect and willing obedience, must be pure—must come from a pure source—that is, from common consent; and through an uncorrupt channel—that is, an House of Commons freely elected by the people. Moreover, they who pay the reckoning ought to examine and controul the account; and the only

controul the people can have, is by a fair representation in parliament.—The necessity of obtaining this check, by a constitutional reform, is now acknowledged by all, except those who, contrary to law, have possessed themselves of a property in the House of Commons, by whom this land, this England—

——— this dear, dear land,  
Dear, for her reputation through the world,  
Is now leas'd out———  
Like to a tenement, or pelting farm;  
England, bound in with the triumphant  
    sea,  
Whose rocky shore beat back the envious  
    surge  
Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with  
    shame,  
With inky blots and rotten parchment  
    bonds.

From this foul and traitorous traffic, our Borough-monger sovereigns derive an immense revenue, cruelly wrung from the hard hand of honest labour. I do, however, now entertain an ardent hope, that this degraded and degrading system, to which all our difficulties, grievances, and dangers are owing, will at length give way to the moderate, but determined, perseverance of a whole united people.

Magna Charta, and the old law of the land, will then resume their empire—Freedom will revive—and the caterpillars of the state, coiling themselves up in their own, naturally, narrow sphere, will fall off and perish—property and political power, which the law never separates, will be reunited—the king replaced in the happy and dignified station, allotted him by the constitution—the people relieved from the bitterest of all curses, the curse of Canaan (that of being the servants of servants), and restored to their just and indisputable rights.

To these great, important, and necessary purposes, no exertions of mine shall ever be wanting; without their attainment, no effort of mine can avail.

The people of England must speak out—they must do more—they must act; and if, following the example of the Electors of Westminster, they do act in a firm and regular manner, upon a concerted plan—ever keeping the law and constitution in view—they must finally succeed in recover-



that to which they are legally entitled—the appointment of their own guardians and trustees, for the protection of their own liberty and property. They either do this, or they must inevitably fall a sacrifice to one or the other of the most contemptible factions that ever disgraced this or any other country.

The question is now at issue; it must now be ultimately determined, whether we are henceforth to be slaves, or be free. Hold to the laws—this great country may recover;—forsake them—and it will certainly perish.—I am, Gentlemen, your most obedient humble Servant,

FRANCIS BURDETT.

To the Electors of Westminster.

A Coroner's Inquest has been held at the King's Head, James-street, Westminster, on the body of James Pledge, who died in Westminster-Hospital, in consequence of a wound he received from a pistol, on Saturday night, the 7th of April, discharged by a soldier of the Life Guards. The evidence was given principally by the companion of the deceased, who stated that about half-past ten he and the deceased were standing at the top of Church-court, leading into Jermyn-street, the street at this time having been nearly cleared of the people as far as the top of the Haymarket. While they were standing peaceably in this situation, two gentlemen ran out of Piccadilly, and said, "the soldiers are coming;" they ran to the court; a soldier rode by the top of the court, but turning round, on seeing the people there, he levelled his pistol at them, and shot his companion. The evidence stated, that at the time the pistol was fired, there was not the least disturbance in the court.—Mr. White, Surgeon, of Parliament-street, who attended the deceased, stated that in passing up Yorke-street, St. James's-square, on Saturday night, he was met by some women running down the street, exclaiming that a man was shot in Jermyn-street. Mr. White saw a number of people assisting in carrying off the man, who was taken to an apothecary's house in the street; that he went to the house and found a bullet had entered the left side, which he discover-

ed lying near the spine, from whence he extracted it. Mr. White sent the man to Westminster Hospital, where every possible assistance was administered; that for three or four days the bad symptoms yielded to medical treatment, but that on Thursday se'nnight the patient began to sink, and expired the next day. The deceased was 18 years of age, the son of a bricklayer, residing in Yorke-street. The jury returned a verdict of—*Wilful murder against a Life Guardsman unknown.*

On Wednesday, April 18, a Coroner's Inquest was held at St. Thomas's Hospital, on the body of Thomas Ebrall, who was killed in Mr. Goodeve's shop, Mincing-lane, on Monday, the 9th instant. Mr. Goodeve stated, that when the first part of the soldiers had passed his house, there were not more than twenty people assembled near his shop, and those were neither hissing nor throwing stones. As soon as the rear guard had passed his window, four or five of them turned round and fired: at this time he did not see any person near his shop. He forced his family into the cellar. The deceased was standing by his side in the shop. He observed *one soldier* in particular turn his horse round, and level his piece at his window; the window broke, and the glass hit his face; at the same instant the deceased fell.—Thomas Woolcot met with the deceased at the corner of Mincing-lane, and stood with him near the boot-maker's shop. All was very quiet in that quarter. After the rear guard had passed, four or five of the soldiers turned round and fired; he by this time missed the deceased, and he supposed he must have gone into the shop. After the firing commenced, every one near Mr. Goodeve's shop went away, except himself and one or two others; he did not go, because he did not believe they were firing with ball. He stood against Mr. Goodeve's shop-window until a ball struck it, and on looking in, he saw a man lying on the floor wounded, whom he knew to be the deceased. At the time the pistol was fired, there were not more than two beside himself. Neither hissing, nor any other insult was offered to the soldiers near him. On going to procure a surgeon

to assist Mr. Ebrall, another pistol was fired, the ball from which passed so near him that he took shelter in a shop. He observed several of the soldiers with mud and dirt on them. The people assembled in Fenchurch-street, near Mark-lane, he believed not to be more than from forty to fifty. The instant the soldiers began to fire, about half of the above number ran up Star-court, and he saw one of the Life Guards go and deliberately fire upon it. Mr. Elliot, a druggist, who lives in Fenchurch-street, saw some of the mob with brick-bats, and saw them throw them at the soldiers, but this was not near the shop where the deceased was killed. He saw two soldiers fire, when they had nothing that he saw to fire at; and he had a strong suspicion that one of them was the person that shot the deceased.—Thomas Lycett was at a two-pair of stairs window; he saw seventeen or eighteen young men throw something at the soldiers, but this was not near where the deceased was shot. Witness heard the soldiers who formed the rear guard repeatedly called on to join the ranks, but they did not obey. He noticed one foot passenger walking along very quietly, when one of the rear guard, apparently in a rage, levelled his pistol at him, and pulled the trigger, but it missed fire; he then re-cocked it, and fired again at the passenger, but fortunately missed him. The ball went through the shop-window of Mr. Phillips, an auctioneer. He proved that there was no disturbance at any time near the shop of Mr. Goodeve, occasioned by the people.—Mr. Thornton, Mr. Swan, and Mr. Wilson, of Fenchurch-street, corroborated the evidence of Mr. Lycett.—Mr. Shelton summed up the evidence, and laid much stress on the evidence

of Mr. Goodeve, who had positively sworn that a particular soldier had fired into the shop, when there was no apparent cause to justify it. The jury retired for about five minutes, and brought in a verdict of wilful murder against a soldier in the rear of the Life Guards, that passed through Fenchurch-street, about one o'clock, on Monday, the 9th of April.

#### DEATHS IN AND NEAR LONDON.

Aged 56, Mr. William Howell, upwards of twenty years master of Garraway's coffee-house. Mr. Howell, by habits of industry and attention, raised himself from narrow circumstances to a state of comparative opulence. His manners, however, were still unaffected, and his tongue was truly the index of his mind.

Mr. H. Cavendish, worth one million two hundred thousand pounds; seven hundred thousand of which are bequeathed to Lord George Cavendish, two hundred thousand to the Earl of Besborough, and the remainder in legacies to other branches of the Devonshire family. He was the largest holder of Bank Stock in England.

Mr. Gilbert Pidcock, of the Menagerie, Exeter 'Change, aged 67.

In Charles-street, St. James's-square, aged 51, John Hoppner, Esq. one of the Royal Academicians. The Prince of Wales has been pleased to appoint W. Owen, Esq. to be portrait-painter to his Royal Highness in his room.

At St. Martin's watch-house, the celebrated and well-known character, Sir Harry Dimsdale, many years representative for the ancient borough of Garrett.

Mr. W. Justins, printer of "The County Chronicle."

## PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES.

### BERKSHIRE.

**A**T a meeting of gentlemen and freeholders of this county, to take into consideration the propriety of voting an address to George Vansittart and Charles Dundas, Esqrs. the county Members, to beg their endeavours to get repealed or amended several oppressive clauses in the As-

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sessed Tax Acts, Mr. Deane, of Waltham, was unanimously called to the chair. The several obnoxious clauses were then read, and discussed.—On the clause respecting Surveyors and Inspectors, the meeting were of opinion, that Surveyors ought to be residents in their districts, and receive a salary, and by no means have part-



cipation in a surcharge—they should take an oath to inspect assessments, and to use their authority in obtaining full and perfect returns. Their duty should be, if they see reason to object to any return, to wait on the party, and give notice, if it is not amended, they must apply to the commissioners, where the defaulter should be liable to a moderate fine, or surcharge for the subject omitted. Surveyors to be subject to a fine for a wanton or vexatious summons or surcharge. Inspectors should be altogether removed as useless, vexatious, and expensive characters.

*Died.*] At Wallingford, William Mayne, Esq. seven times mayor, and father of the corporation of that borough. Under a gradual decay of bodily health, he sustained a mind that was at all times firm and serene; with pious resignation to the will of God, and humble confidence in his Redeemer, he yielded to the last conflict of suffering nature, in the 65th year of his age. Benevolent as a man, upright as a magistrate, affectionate as a relation, and orderly as a Christian; the loss of such a character, and such he was, is duly regretted in the town, and by the established church, of which he was a faithful member.

#### HEREFORDSHIRE.

• The inhabitants of Greytree have voted six pieces of plate to as many commissioners of that county under the Property Tax Acts, as have patriotically refused to put in practice the *retrospective surcharges* of the inspector, by submitting an appeal to the Barons of the Exchequer, who decided “that the agents of the revenue had no power to re-open, at any indefinite period, a tax account, which, according to every known and legal form, had been previously completed and filled.”

#### KENT.

The schools established in this county, upon the principles of Joseph Lancaster, increase astonishingly. That at Dover, established by J. Jackson, Esq. has already been productive of much good. The children, mostly belonging to sea-faring people, it was said, “if you can bring these boys into order, you can do any thing.” This, however, was accomplished with

small exertion by one of J. Lancaster's lads, only seventeen years of age. This school consists of more than 200 boys, many of whom have learnt to read and write. The cities of Canterbury and Rochester have followed these examples. In the first, what is called “A Royal Free School,” has been established, with the sanction of the mayor, aldermen, the members, and deputy-lieutenant of the county. Among the subscribers are General Cartwright, aid-du-camp to the King, and several military officers. Here the children amount to 400. At Rochester the number of children amount to above half of the former; but great credit is due to the committee for their philanthropic zeal in promoting the education of the poor, by precept and example.

#### LANCASHIRE.

• A great improvement has recently been made in the cultivation of marsh and moss lands in the townships of Overton, Middleton, Heaton, and Heysham, from the discovery of a bed of sea sand, of an unknown depth, lying about three feet below the surface of the earth. The farmers dig pits in the form of marl-pits, and after taking off the soil and a stratum of blue clay, about two feet and a half deep, they arrive at the sand, which, being spread upon the surface of the earth, mixes with, and loosens the soil before it is too stiff for agricultural purposes, and converts it into the best kind of arable land, being capable of bearing four or five successive crops of grain without manure.

*Died.*] Alexander Douglas, Esq. of the Old-hall, near Manchester. His ancestor Alexander Douglas, of Reath, near Yorkshire, whose possessions in that county were granted to him by James I. on his coming into England. He raised and equipped, at his own expence, a troop of horsemen for the service of Charles I. On his march to join the royal forces, by a detachment from Cromwell's army, he was intercepted, and made prisoner. Having effected his escape into one of his own woods, he was there, for a long time, concealed and supported by a faithful servant. After the restoration of Charles II. many but fruitless applications were made

to that ungrateful monarch for the recovery of his confiscated estates. Mr. Douglas, on the female side, was descended from Stephen Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester and Lord Chancellor of England. His mother, the last surviving relative of his blood, was daughter to Mr. Gardiner, of Healing, near Croydon in Surrey; which mansion was originally built by the Bishop, and to which Queen Elizabeth, in one of her progresses, on a visit to that palace, gave the name of Healing, or All Heal, from the salubrity of the spot. Sand-place, near Dorking, was also a mansion of the above gentleman, whose sister was married to the Right Hon. Arthur Onslow, Speaker of the House of Commons. The only surviving brother is the Rev. James Douglas, well known by his valuable publications, the "Nenia Britannica," "Theory of the Earth," "Treatise on Celts," &c. &c.

## NORFOLK.

*Died.*] Aged 72, Mr. Henry Tilney, of Harleston, Norfolk, upwards of 40 years master of the Mathematical School in that town, which he conducted with a most conscientious regard for the improvement and future welfare of his pupils; and in honour to the memory of this worthy man, some of the first mathematicians of the present day received their rudiments of education under his care. He was of a very humane and charitable disposition; and in his religious principles firmly attached to the church of England. No man ever lived more respected, nor died more sincerely regretted. Mr. Tilney was descended from an ancient family of that name in Norfolk.

## SHROPSHIRE.

*Died.*] Deborah Derby, widow of Samuel Derby, of Colebrook Dale, Shropshire, aged about 58. This worthy woman had been a very acceptable minister among the Society of Friends for 30 years, and had devoted herself to promote the cause of religion and virtue with unremitting zeal; but she was by no means fettered by any sectarian prejudices; for, believing that "the grace of God which bringeth salvation, hath appeared unto all men," it was her ear-

nest labour and desire that all men would attend to this divine grace, and conform their lives and actions to its pure teachings; for she believed that "in every nation, kindred, tongue, and people, those who fear God and wish righteousness are accepted of him." This enlarged view of the Christian dispensation induced her to appoint religious meetings in her travels among her friends (which were very frequent), for those of other societies, which were often very large; and the love of the gospel, with which she was eminently endued, rendered her services particularly acceptable among those who did not profess with her. She paid a religious visit to the meetings of the Friends in America (leaving the plenty and accommodations of this world, in which she abounded), with earnest desires to promote the great cause of Christianity in those remote regions. Her whole life was devoted to this one object; but in the midst of her religious engagements she preserved so much calmness, meekness, and resignation, that she irresistibly engaged the affections of those who were favoured with her company. The last time the writer of this saw her, was at her own abode at Colebrook Dale, five months ago. He, with others, breakfasted with her; and after breakfast a chapter in the Holy Scriptures was read (a practice much recommended by the Society of Friends); after which she addressed the company in a very solemn and affectionate manner. She had been for some time in a declining state of health, and was apprehensive of her approaching dissolution, which she waited for with humble resignation, praying that He whom she had earnestly endeavoured to serve would support her to the end; and at length she gently sunk into the arms of death, as if asleep.

## SOMERSETSHIRE.

The following is an extract of a letter, dated Kingsdowne, near Bristol, April 17:—

"Sir Vicary Gibbs, the Attorney-General of England and Recorder of Bristol, has arrived in this city, for the purpose of presiding in his official capacity at our assizes. About the middle of the last week, a letter



was thrust under the Council House door, containing sentiments of the strongest nature; and yesterday morning our chief magistrate received one signed by six fictitious names, declaring that a secret society existed, who had resolved that Sir Vicary should not come into the city alive, or, if he did chance to escape, that their vengeance would reach him ere he quitted the town; this letter was forwarded to Sir Vicary Gibbs, with a request from the mayor, that he would enter early, in consequence of which he arrived here full three hours sooner than usual, and in disguise—What a dignified situation for the Attorney-General!!! Letters were posted about the city, in which his votes on the Duke of Yorke's business, the Walcheren expedition, and Sir Francis Burdett's committal, were stated as recommendations to his fellow-citizens, and entreating them to pay him proper respect; this, as was to be expected, only served to fan the flame, and when the recorder arrived, about half-past four, he was received with one universal hiss, execrations poured in from all quarters, and the air rang with cries of "Burdett for ever;" but our magistrates, having enforced the attendance of a large body of constables, no personal violence was attempted. He then proceeded to the Guildhall, opened the court, and adjourned to the Council House, from whence the cavalcade removed to the Mayoralty House in Queen-square, accompanied by the howlings of the mob: when they reached that place, oyster-shells and other missile articles were thrown at the carriage inclosing the Attorney-General, who hung back in a corner. On descending from the carriage, many stones were hurled from the mob, one of which nearly struck Sir Vicary on the head, and after they had proceeded to the interior of the mansion, several windows were broke; a large body of additional constables were sworn in, which served to keep the populace in awe, but in the interim the Council House was attacked, and all the windows broke; the Guildhall shared the same fate, and all the lamps in the principal streets were demolished. Our corporation has issued a proclamation, offering a reward of fifty pounds for

the discovery of offenders. The Attorney-General slept out of town last night, at his brother's house, Redland."

*Died.*] At a very advanced age, Dame Barbara Mostyn, only daughter and sole heiress of Sir George Browne, bart. of Kiddington, in Oxfordshire, by Lady Barbara Lee, sister to the Earl of Litchfield. Her Ladyship was first married to Sir Edward Mostyn, bart. of Talacre, in Flintshire, by whom she had the present baronet, Sir Pyers Mostyn, and Charles Browne Mostyn, of Kiddington-house. By her second husband, Edward Gore, esq. of Barrow-court, near Bristol, whom she has survived some years, she has left, likewise, two sons, William Gore Langton, esq. of Newton-park, near Bristol, M. P. and Colonel of the Oxfordshire Militia, and the Rev. Charles Gore, of Basing-park, in Hampshire. Her Ladyship was paternally descended from a younger brother of the first Lord Viscount Montague, of Cowdrey house, Sussex; which noble and ancient family became extinct in the male line by the untimely death of the last Viscount, a few years since, in venturously attempting to shoot the falls of Schaffhausen, in Switzerland. The active benevolence of Lady Mostyn, and the unaffected politeness of her manners, endeared her to all who had the pleasure of knowing her; and after her increasing age and its consequent infirmities confined her to a narrow circle of acquaintance, the ease and vivacity of her epistolary correspondence rendered her letters highly acceptable to distant friends. She retained her faculties unimpaired almost to the last; and exchanged this life for a better, full of years, respected and beloved. Her remains were deposited in the family-vault in Kiddington church.

#### SUFFOLK.

*Died.*] At Ipswich, William Beeston Coyte, M.D. F.L.S. He united, to a benevolent disposition, much urbanity of manners. He published, in 1793, a work entitled, "*Hortus Botanicus Gippovicensis; or, a Catalogue of the Plants, &c. cultivated in the Botanic Garden at Ipswich;*" to which was added, some judicious observations on Suffolk grasses.

## DEATH ABROAD.

*Died.*] On the 7th of March, Admiral Lord Collingwood. The *Nereus* frigate arrived on Monday, April 17th at Portsmouth from Gibraltar. His lordship died on board his flagship the *Ville de Paris*, off Minorca, from whence she sailed on the preceding day on her way to England. Lord Collingwood had been seriously indisposed for several months, and recently obtained leave to come home for the purpose of re-establishing his health. Sir C. Cotton was appointed to succeed him in the command of the fleet on the Mediterranean station.

Lord Collingwood succeeded Lord Nelson in this station, and for the last five years, he had scarcely set foot on shore. For his services in the battle of Trafalgar, in which he was second in command, his Majesty conferred on him the rank of a Baron. His lordship, had nearly attained his 60th year, and was born in the county of Northumberland; he died of a stoppage of the pylorus, or inferior aperture of the stomach, and for some time was incapable of taking any sustenance whatever. [For the life and portrait of the gallant Admiral, see *Universal Magazine* for March 1806.]

## ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES.

MARCH 25, to APRIL 24, 1810, inclusive.

[*Extracted from the London Gazette.*]-----*The Solicitors' Names are between Parentheses.*

**A**DAMS E. G. High-street, St. Mary-le-bonne, apothecary, (Becket and Co Broad-street). Anderson G. and Eades G. H. Bridge-yard Wharf, Tooley street, merchants, (Palmer and Co. Copthall-co.). Addis C. New Boswell-court, money-scriver, (Hindman, Dyer's-court).

Bennett T. Liverpool, merchant, (Windle, John-street, Bedford-row). Boyd T. Maida-hill, Edgware-road, shopkeeper, (Jeves, Charlotte-street). Brandon I. and Cortissos S. Leadenhall-street, merchants, (Swain & Co. Old Jewry). Ball J. Adam-street, Adelphi, auctioneer, (Greenhill, Gray's-lun-square). Banton E. Walsall, Stafford, sadler's ironmonger, (Turner and Co. Bloomsbury-square). Baker J. Sea-coal-lane, press-joiner, (Hudson, Winkworth-buildings). Brown R. W. Lambeth-merchant, (Hill, Rood-lane). Burt W. oil-merchant, (Sherwood, Cushion-court). Barber Wm. Alnwick, Northumberland, brewer, (Flexney, Chancery-lane).

Clonney N. Liverpool, merchant, (Middlecroft, Gray's-lun). Chapman W. Beverley, linen-draper, (Hall, Beverley). Collens W. Fransham, near Farnham, potter, (Turner, Edward-street, Cavendish-square). Cox J. and Smith J. Manchester, auctioneer, (Willis and Co. Warrford-court). Cox E. Olveston, shopkeeper, (Meredith and Co. Lincoln's-lun). Castle A. Furnival's-lun, money-scriver, (Hill, Rood-lane).

Dalley C. Manchester, lace-manufacturer, (Willis, Warrford-court). Dongworth J. Grove-str. Commercial-road, and Amer T. Stepney, builders, (Rutson, Wellclose-sq.). Davis W. Cradley, Worcester, gun-barrel-maker, (Strong and Co. Lincoln's lun).

Drury W. Canterbury, victualler, (Wimburn and Co. Chancery-lane). Davies J. Ledbury, glass and earthenwareman, (Pewtriss, Gray's-lun). Dixon M. Borough-high-street, hop-merchant, (Day and Co. Lime-street). Davis J. Hereford, cornfactor, (Brown and Co. Gray's-lun).

Fallon A. Hart-street, wine-merchant, (Chapman and Co. St. Mildred's-court). Forest J. Chester, cotton-dealer, (Avison, Hanover-st. Liverpool). Fildes R. Upton-upon-Severn, builder, (Whitcombe & Co. Gloucester). Fleming H. Hanway-street, jeweller, (Hodgson, Clement's-lun). Felton J. West Thurrock, Essex, baker, (Aubrey, Tooke's-court). Foulkes J. Hackney-road, builder, (Rutson, Wellclose-square). Foy W. Beech-street, linen-draper, (Nind, Throgmorton-street). Fairfield J. and J. Buckley, Liverpool, merchants, (Blackstock, St. Mildred's-court).

Gough W. Cranbourne-street, mercer, (Turner, Edward-street). Gorsuch T. Peter-street, cheesemonger, (Pullen, Fore-st.). Griffiths W. Westwood, Wilts, dyer, (Williams, Red Lion-square).

Horwood J. Woodchester-Park-Mill, Gloucester, miller, (Whitcombe and Co. Serjeant's-lun). Hamilton J. Bristol, merchant, (Tarrant, Chancery-lane). Hooker T. Mary-le-bonne-street, grocer, (Stevenson, Checquer-court). De la Hault C. Birmingham, Spanish leather-dresser, (Rosser and Co. Bartlett's-buildings). Holt S. Manchester, grocer, (Wilson, Greville-st.). Henzell G. Little East-cheap, underwriter, (Sherwood, Cushion-court). Hartley J. Manchester, grocer, (Kay and Co. Manchester). Hern W. Hincksey, Berks, victualler. Harrison G. Manchester, merchant, (Birkett, Bond-court, Walbrook).



Ingham F. Norland, Halifax, clothier, (Willis and Co. Wainford-court). Rene de Joachim L. Bowling-green-buildings, distiller, (Wadeson and Co. Austin-friars). Inman J. Kent-road, broker, (Briant, Copthall-court).

Kruse A. Union-court, Broad-street, merchant, (Palmer and Co. Copthall-court). King W. Bream's-buildings, cabinet-maker, (Washrough, Wainford-court. Knight J. Wilts, clothier, (Jamss, Gray's-Inn-square).

Littlejohn J. J. Gosport, mercer, (Bleasdale, New-Inn). Lloyd W. Chester, chair-maker, (Milne and Co. Temple). Long J. Deptford, victualler, (Pearson, Elm-court). Lucas J. Bromsgrove, Worcester, dealer in timber and malt, (J. and W. Richardson, New-Inn). Luke T. Exeter, brewer, (Loxley, Cheapside). Lomas D. Watford, corn merchant, (Francis and Co. New-sq.).

Moore H. Radcliffe-highway, victualler, (Fothergill, Clifford's-Inn). Moseley D. Wakefield, innkeeper, (Clarkson, Essex-street). Moloy J. Moymouth-str clothes-salesman, (Coote, Austin-friars). Maggs G. Bristol, linen-draper, (Tilson, Chatham-place). Mellor S. E. Liverpool, cotton-dealer, (Avison, Hanover-street, Liverpool). Mayhew R. Stutton, Suffolk, miller, (Taylor, Southampton-buildings). Maclean J. Old Change, victualler, (Howell, Sion College-gardens). Marshal C. Ratcliffe-sq. mariner, (Sherwood, Cushion-court). Morris J. Maple, boat-builder, (Willis and Co. Wainford-court).

Pawlett D. Nottingham, tallow-chandler, (Bromley and Co. Holborn-court). Parkin J. Sheffield, innkeeper, (Chambre, Chapel-street, Bedford-row). Pearson J. Bath, hosier, (Shephard and Co. Bedford-row). Potter W. Nottingham, grocer, (Taylor, Field-court, Gray's-Inn). Palmer T. Bristol, jeweller, (Gabbell, Lincoln's-Inn). Phillips F. Shaftesbury, shopkeeper, (Pearson & Son, Pump-court). Perkins A. Stamford, grocer, (Thompson, Stamford). Prance G. Swansea, linen-draper, (Jenkins

and Co. New-Inn). Page J. Hornsey, butcher, (Platt, Tanfield-court).

Riddiford W. Uley, Gloucester, clothier, (Price and Co. Lincoln's-Inn). Roose J. Liverpool, merchant, (Windle, John-str.). Reynolds W. Cheshunt, (Coppard, Baptist-Chambers). Rippon T. Horiton, confectioner, (Rippon, London-road). Russell W. G. Fleet market, dealer and chapman, (Dalston, Took's-court). Robertson R. Stourbridge, druggist, (Strong and Co. Lincoln's Inn). Rady G. Great St. Helen's Chambers, merchant, (Druce Billiter-sq.).

Spencer W. F. Gosport, mercer, (Dyne, Serjeant's-Inn). Smythe R. Tottenham, money-scribeher, (Winbolt, Fore-street). Stevens J. and Baker E. Whitcombe-str. brewers, (Reynolds, Castle-street). Serres J. T. Queen-street, picture-frame-dealer, (Warrand and Co. Castle-court). Shafe J. Shoe-lane, copper plate-maker, (Pullen, Fore-street). Sturley T. Swaffham, Norfolk, upholcer, (Sweet and Co. King's-Bench-Walks). Stafford A. Stealey-bridge, Ashton-under-Line, shopkeeper, (Clarke and Co. Chancery-lane). Scott A. and Purves T. St. Mary-Axe, merchants, (Hackett, Chancery-lane).

Taylor D. Great Totham, Essex, grocer, (Carter, Staple-Inn). Taylor T. City-road, victualler, (Allingham, St John's-square). Taylor D. Mile-end-road, cabinet maker, (West, Red Lion street).

Vaughan J. Braunston-quay, near Daventry, merchant, (Marson, Church-row, Newington-Butts).

White A. Westmorland-place, merchant, (Hughes and Co. King's-Bench-Walk). Wharton G. Northowram, calico-manufacturer, (Evans, Hatton-garden). Waller T. Canterbury-place, Lambeth, tallow-chandler, (Meymott, Burrow's-buildings). West R. Oxford-street, draper, (Mason, Foster-lane). Wagner F. Uxbridge, clothier, (Gale and Son, Bedford-street).—Whitehead T. and T. Failsworth, cotton-manufacturer, (Willis and Co. Wainford-court).

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April 21, 1810.

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Lancaster ditto, 25*l.* 10*s.* ditto  
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Croydon ditto, 50*l.* ditto  
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Albion ditto, 60*l.* ditto  
Rock Life Assurance, 6*s.* per share prem.  
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West-India ditto, 175*l.* ditto.  
East India ditto, 199*l.* ditto.  
Commercial ditto, 92*l.* per share prem.  
East London Water Works, 232*l.* per sh.  
West Middlesex ditto, 180*l.* ditto  
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L. WOLFE and Co. Canal, Dock, & Stock Brokers.





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Days 1810	Bank Stock.	3 p Cent. Reduc.	5 p Cent. Consols.	4 p. Ct. Cons.	Navy 5 p. Cent.	Long Anns.	Imperial 3 p. Cent.	Imperial Anns.	Irish 5 p. C.	India Stock.	India Bonds.	S. S. S Sto. Anns.	Sea Anns.	Exche. Bills.	Lottery Tickets.	City Freeh. Ticks.	Om- nium.	Cons. for Acct.	
Mar.																			
27	Shut	Shut	68 <sup>7</sup> / <sub>8</sub>	Shut	99 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	Shut	67 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>		95 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>		13s. pm			9s. pm	24	6	8	15	69 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub> 9
28			68 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>		99 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>						11s. pm			8s. pm	24	6	8	15	69 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub> 9
29			68 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>		99 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>						10s. pm			7s. pm	24	6	8	15	69 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub> 8 <sup>3</sup> / <sub>4</sub>
30			68 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>		99		67 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	7 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>			11s. pm	79 <sup>3</sup> / <sub>4</sub>		6s. pm	24	6	8	15	68 <sup>7</sup> / <sub>8</sub> 9
31			68 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>		99 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>				95 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>		12s. pm			6s. pm	24	6	8	15	69 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub> 1
Apr.																			
2			68 <sup>7</sup> / <sub>8</sub>		99 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>						12s. pm			8s. pm	24	6	8	15	6 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub> 9
3			68 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>		99 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>						11s. pm			5s. pm	24	6	8	15	68 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub> 7 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>
4			68 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>		99		Shut	Shut	95 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>		9s. pm			4s. pm	24	6	8	15	68 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub> 7 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>
5			68 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>		99 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>						11s. pm			7s. pm	24	6	8	15	69 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub> 9
6		68 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>		83	99 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	18 3-16ths					17s. pm			12s. pm	24	6	8	15	68 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub> 9
7		68 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>		83	99 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	18 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>					20s. pm			15s. pm	24	6	8	15	68 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub> 9
8		68 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>		83	99 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	18 3-16ths					20s. pm			14s. pm	24	6	8	15	68 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub> 9
9		68 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>		83	99 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	18 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>					19s. pm			15s. pm	24	6	8	15	68 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub> 9
10		68 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>		83 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	99 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	18 5-16ths					20s. pm			15s. pm	24	6	8	15	69 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub> 70
11		68 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>		84 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	99 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	18 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>					20s. pm			14s. pm	24	6	8	15	70 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub> 70
12	269 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	68 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>		84 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	99 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	18 5-16ths				187	19s. pm			15s. pm	24	6	8	15	70 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub> 9 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>
13	269 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	68 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>		84	99 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	18 5-16ths					15s. pm			14s. pm	24	6	8	15	59 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub> 70
14	269	68 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>		83 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	99 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	18 5-16ths				185 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	14s. pm			15s. pm	24	6	8	15	69 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub> 70
15	269	68 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>		83 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	99 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	18 5-16ths					15s. pm			15s. pm	24	6	8	15	69 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub> 70
16	269	68 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>		83 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	99 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	18 5-16ths					17s. pm			14s. pm	24	6	8	15	70 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub> 1
17	270	68 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>		84	99 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	18 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>			96 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	185 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	17s. pm			14s. pm	24	6	8	15	70 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub> 1
18	270	69		84	99 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	18 5-16ths				186	17s. pm			14s. pm	24	6	8	15	70 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub> 1
19		69 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>		84 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	99 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	18 5-16ths													
20	holiday																		
21		69 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>		84	99 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	18 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>				186	18s. pm			13s. pm	24	6	8	15	70 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub> 1
22	holiday																		
23																			
24	Ditto.																		
25	Ditto.																		

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# THE UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.

N<sup>o</sup> LXXVIII.—VOL. XIII.]

For MAY, 1810.

[NEW SERIES.]

"We shall never envy the honours which wit and learning obtain in any other cause, if we can be numbered among the writers who have given ardour to virtue, and confidence to truth."—DR. JOHNSON.

## ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

CANONS of SCANDAL, or RULES for blasting the REPUTATION, degrading the PERSON, and calumniating the INTENTIONS of a YOUNG GIRL; accurately taken down from existing Female Practice.

To the Editor of the Universal Mag.

SIR,

THE "Directions to Servants," written by Swift, are well known, and sufficiently admired as an admirable specimen of reproof, couched beneath the simular of advice. The ingenious Mr. Edwards also, whose *Canons of Criticism* gave such offence to Warburton, that he abused him with coarse and heavy malice in a note on the *Dunciad*, is no unsuccessful effort in the same kind of composition, though its object cannot be considered so laudable as the writing of the Dean of St. Patrick's. The one amuses us by skilful irony directed to a subject, at most, but very unimportant; while the other employs as vigorous (perhaps more vigorous) a weapon to encounter a real grievance in society.

Let me not, however, be accused of presumption, if I assert the superiority of the present topic even over that of Swift's. The insolence, the indolence, the prodigality, and the vices of a menial may be obviated wholly, and can always be partially redressed; but the rancour of a slanderous tongue, who can controul? It is a moral pestilence which infects all the sources of the mind's felicity, sows dissention between man and man, fills families with discord and jealousy, and subverts the whole purpose of social life. What I have further to say in condemnation of this practice, I shall reserve for the conclusion of my letter, and I shall now

UNIVERSAL MAG. VOL. XIII.

proceed to lay down rules by which those, who are yet novices in this honourable craft, may soon become expert practitioners. I mean this as only one of a series of directions, to be applied on all the various occasions of domestic life as they usually arise; and I have chosen to begin with the process of blasting a youthful female's reputation, &c. because it is of such perpetual occurrence that it were a pity any should be ignorant of the proper mode, who have *hearts* and *minds* capable of reducing it to practice. For the sake of brevity and perspicuity I shall reduce them to certain fundamental canons.

### CANON I.

If a young girl is obliged to go into the country for her health, never think, for a moment, that she goes for any other cause than *to lie in*. It is impossible that any other circumstance can occasion her departure; and it will be an admirable sneer to say, *behind her back*, "she will be worse before she's better; she'll return very small and genteel, I dare say; long stays are convenient inventions; no doubt they were first thought of by *ladies*, who have children without husbands."

This is an important rule; and be sure never to forget it.

### CANON II.

If a young girl proposes to be in the country for two or three weeks, you may hint that it is more likely she will remain two or three months; "because she will have *longer time to get better*:" these words must be uttered with an admirable sneer.

### CANON III.

It is of no sort of consequence that you are daily requesting and receiving favours at the hands of the person whom you are thus traducing: grati-



tude is a very inconvenient thing: continue to get all you can from her, smile upon her when she is present, and revile her when she is absent. This is a very common procedure and the world will hourly give you precedent in it.

## CANON IV.

If she have done you ninety-nine good offices, and cannot do the hundredth, forget the ninety-nine, and hate her for omitting the hundredth. This too is usual, and besides, it is very convenient, for it furnishes you with a pretext for offence, and, being offended, is a very weighty reason why you should slander those who offend you.—Be careful to remember this.

## CANON V.

The more deceit you employ the more you will manifest your own proficiency. Praise your victim to those whose regard for her would not suffer you to utter a disrespectful word. You will have plenty of opportunities to indemnify yourself for this unwilling commendation, by traducing her to those who care nothing about what is said of her, and who delight in *cutting up* a reputation as much as yourself.

## CANON VI.

If she should happen to be in a room along with a male friend, (no other person being present) and if in that room there should chance to be a sofa, you will then have an admirable opportunity of observing, "*that sofas are convenient things.*" Never mind, that by the insinuation, you cast an infamous suspicion upon the purity and virtue of your victim: never heed the consequence: though she be chaste as the unplucked smile upon Diana's lip, and though her friend be a man of moral integrity and unimpeached honour, it must not deter you from venting your insidious poison; and, as a corollary to the preceding insinuation, you may notice that her complexion is *always improved after she has been thus alone with her friend*, thence meaning to imply that kisses, from a bearded lip, have heightened the rosy hue of her cheeks.

## CANON VII. (Universal).

Be careful to misinterpret every expression, to misconstrue every action,

to calumniate every motive. If she be gay and cheerful, "she is a laughing idiot—a simpering tit:" if she be serious and reserved, "she is proud and hypocritical:" if she dresses, "she is *Miss Tawdry*:" if her dress, though genteel, be economical, "she has nothing but trumpery—she'll not bear turning up:" if she dress fashionably, "where does she get the money for such articles?" insinuating that it is criminally got: if she be ill, "its affectation:" if she talks, "she's foolish:" if she be silent, "she's foolish." In short, distort every look, every word, every action, from its true and harmless import, and then you may consider yourself as having made no inconsiderable progress in the ancient and honourable science of scandal.

## CANON VIII.

There is another method which I would call the *reflective scandal*, which, when dexterously employed, is of great service. If you have a daughter, grand-daughter, niece, or pupil, who is yet a child, and who mingles much in the society of your victim, it is likely, as we are all prone to imitation, that she will ape her in some particular or other. You will then have an excellent occasion for exercising, at once, your scandal and your authority. You may reprove the child, when you notice her imitating your victim, by saying, "Don't *you* make yourself a fool by doing so and so, if *other people do*:" pronounce these last words with a proper emphasis, and they will be immediately felt and understood. And this is an excellent method: for the person alluded to cannot notice the allusion, as you would have an unanswerable recrimination, by replying that she had applied it to herself from a consciousness of its propriety.

## CANON IX.

Remember, that all these things must be said and done *behind the back* of your victim. Scandal-mongers skulk in darkness. You must use courtesy and kindness to her face, that your covert attacks may have more force. If you can practice a sort of *Risus Sardonicus*, smiling with your upper lip, and reviling with your under, it will be of much advantage to you. By that means

you may sometimes boldly venture to attack your victim in person, with considerable chance of success.

I think you will allow, Sir, that the above Canons are sufficiently apposite and comprehensive. Any one who wishes to be skilful in the dignified art of defaming innocence, will find them of service. *I have known them practised with considerable success.*

But now, for a moment, *valeat res ludicra*. I would address a few serious words to those who indulge in this criminal propensity, without being apparently aware of its turpitude.

Slander usually includes the vice of lying. It seldom happens that the slanderer is content with calumniating by the means of *truth*, even when truth will serve the purpose. No. Mean and despicable falsehood is called in to aid the cause of the back-biter. Their rancour must be fed with grosser food. Yet, they have not the honourable intrepidity of villainy. They have not the open, daring attack of avowed infamy. They deal in insinuations, half-phrases, dark hints, double allusions, and sneering expressions. These are their arms, and with these they coolly and maliciously sacrifice the innocent. By Heavens! were it possible that the Eternal Destiny could give me my unenviable choice in the future character of my child, whether it should grow to desperate villainy, or skulk through existence a mean defamer, I would prefer, tenfold, (supposing no choice but between the two) that he should perish, ignominiously, as a violator of his country's laws to being a living canker in the happiness of society.

An inclination to traduce the innocent is abhorred: even to expose the guilty it is mean. The pious and the amiable Fenelon has observed, that "Charity does not require of us that we should not see the faults of others, but that we should avoid being unnecessarily attentive to them; and, that we should not be blind to their good qualities, while we are clear-sighted to their bad ones."—We are taught also, by the precepts of our religion, to avoid

such practices. "Bear ye one another's burden." Gal. vi. 2. Nay, that comprehensive rule of morality, "Do unto others as you would they should do unto you," strikes at the root of this, as it does of all other evil. Is there one of us who would be content to be thus aspersed? Is there one of us who would not anxiously endeavour to avoid it? Nay, if we knew the assertions to be true, should we not equally dread them? and, if false, should we not wish them unsaid? I have heard, indeed, of that heroic dignity of innocence which affects to smile with contempt upon every allegation which is founded in falsehood; but it is seldom possessed. It is a thing rather talked of than enjoyed. And even when it is possessed, it is no justification nor palliation of the calumniator. *Their* purpose is equally criminal, and their practice equally infamous.

A poet, who keenly felt the effects of slander, has feelingly admonished its votaries in the following lines:

Then gently scan your brother man,  
Still gentler sister woman;  
Tho' they may gang a kennin' wrong  
To step aside is human:  
One point must still be greatly dark,  
The moving *why* they do it;  
And just as lamely can ye mark  
How far perhaps they rue it.

Who made the heart, 'tis He alone  
Decidedly can try us:  
He knows each chord, its various tone;  
Each spring, its various bias:  
Then at the balance let's be mute,  
We never can adjust it:  
What's *done* we partly may compute,  
But know not what's resisted. Burns.

If I could hope that the perusal of this paper would turn one slanderer from his practice, it would give me heart-felt joy. I know of nothing which would contribute more to the happiness of mankind than the abolition of this hateful practice. The peace of families, the comfort of individuals, and the confidence of society are all affected by it. It is a wide-spreading pestilence, which every honest man should strive to counteract; and I hold it of such magnitude in the black catalogue of human vices, that I heartily wish it formed, more frequently than it does, the subject of those discourses which



are delivered from the pulpit. There are those who might listen with reverence to such an organ of admonition: at least, I am willing to hope so. Above all, I should regret to see the matter (as I often have regretted) treated with the playful levity of satire. It is not thus that deep rooted vice is to be eradicated. It rather flatters it. We laugh: we are pleased: and with feelings of pleasure and hilarity we turn our eyes inwards. We are not in a temper to be seriously amended.

Here I conclude my first letter: if it be inserted, I shall cheerfully resume my pen on a future occasion.

I remain, Sir,  
Your obedient servant,  
London, May 7, 1810. W. M.

#### SOLOMON in SEARCH of HAPPINESS.

[Continued from p. 296.]

**I**T is thus that the lapse of years proves the inconstancy of things. The superb pyramids of Egypt will become a heap of ignoble sand; future ages will be ignorant where the Euphrates flowed; and the traveller will ask for the fields on which proud Babylon was raised.

The changes which incessantly strike our view appear to us to be natural, but an unexpected overthrow or destruction astonishes us, and is regarded as a miracle. Will the human mind always act on the extreme, and in all the objects which present themselves to its observation?—will it always see too much or too little? Were a withered branch to revive, would it be more astonishing than to see a wood despoiled by winter, resume in the spring its former verdure, and be decorated with buds and flowers? Were the Heavens, during the night, to yield to man the food of angels, would it be a greater miracle than to behold the beneficent earth supplying our wants in abundance, and producing, from a single grain, innumerable ears of corn? Every thing which presents itself to our senses, whether common or miraculous, ought to be the subject of reflection for our soul.

Nature is subject to fixed and immutable laws; there is no effect which does not suppose a cause. Let

reason emancipate itself from the galling chains of prejudice: let it exalt itself: let it touch each link of this mighty chain—it will at last be found to confess a first cause, a first life, a Being gifted with all perfection, with all goodness and power. Dare we interrogate that Being why his creature is subject to a thousand pains—why the mind of man is tormented by passions, his body by sickness—why he is subject to dissolution and decay; and for what impenetrable reason the work of him, a sovereign and almighty Being, is wretched, feeble, perishable, and defective? O reason, how cruel are thy doubts: how limited thy views: thou canst not tell the formation of a grain of sand, and yet will poise the universe, and measure infinity.

Let us awhile forsake the earth—let us elevate our look to the Heavens—let us admire it in its various attire, in the colours of Aurora, in the splendid azure of the mid day, in the dark veil in which night envelopes it. Let our mind instruct us in the causes of these changes. It beholds the effects of them: the knowledge of them extends not further than our senses; and all that we can say with confidence is, that the sun illumines the Heavens, and that the absence of its rays produces darkness. Impenetrable mists often veil from our eyes the charms of Aurora; tempestuous clouds often obscure the brilliancy of noon-day; the night then gives birth to our fears by the thickness of its darkness, and often excites our admiration by the sparkling light of its innumerable stars. The sun, in his double course, describes the days and the years; when it has ceased to shine, the moon gives to our hemisphere its unsteady light; every day changes its form: it is but constant in its inconstancy. Every planet, in its sphere, pursues constantly its course; it impedes not another in its revolution, nor transgresses its bounds. Whence do they derive their splendor? Are they indebted for it to the sun, or to their own nature? If the sun emits on the earth but a temperate heat, how can it impress the influence of its fire on those stars which nature has placed at a greater distance? But those stars

which we denominate *fixed*, are, perhaps, in themselves as many suns. Other moons may be supplied with their light, and other worlds illumined by their rays. In vain we pretend to measure this admirable sphere: in vain we attempt to fix its centre. Its circumference admits not even of an imaginary space; and our imagination, in the boldness of its creations, cannot conceive its extent. What then will become of all those brilliant monsters with which we have peopled the Heavens? Their figures and power exist only in the papers of the Chaldeans, and in the heads of astronomers. But are all those brilliant points inhabited worlds? or are they placed merely as a garniture for our universe? Can we conceive that they have only been created for our utility and amusement? Vain man! thou art but dust: thy existence is but a moment, thy space a point. An insect equals thee; like thee, it can say, Caucasus was raised to impede its progress. A snail can tell thee, that the woods of Lebanon are destined for its nourishment and pleasures. If thought were given to the smallest shell-fish, it could, like thee, believe that the rocks were formed for its safety, and the waters of the ocean to appease its thirst. Man!—in reason thou art great, in power thou art limited. To thee 'tis given, above all creatures, to enjoy the works of Heaven; to thee, it is not given to know their causes or their ends. Presume not to search the secrets of a God; wrap thyself in thy humility, and adore his greatness.

Let us forsake the material world—let us elevate our mind above the azure of the Heavens—let us penetrate into the abode of the angels—let us investigate their forms—let us strive to obtain a knowledge of their mental and corporeal powers. If greater than we in virtue, are they not also greater in vice? The rebel Lucifer attacked his Creator; hosts of angels waged war with Omnipotence; Heaven resounded with the shouts of victory, and Hell with the cries of despair. What were those substances of which the Holy Writings speak, who, in thousand and tens of thousands, surrounded the throne of Heaven, singing hallelujahs to

Him who filled the throne? Some revolted, others remained faithful; the former, condemned to eternal torments and to the privation of God, swim in lakes of sulphur and vortexes of fire; the latter, exalted to the primitive light, intoxicated with delight and felicity, know no interruption to their happiness.

Is not God omnipresent? Who will dare to fix the limits where his presence is not felt? He who created all things, is he not every where? How then could the rebel angels find a night sufficiently obscure to conceal them from that piercing light which formed the eye, and who gave it the power of vision? What are these angels? Are they matter, or are they pure spirit? Did not our forefathers believe that they were subject to the wants of mortals? and that they had a body, and its members? Or how could Abraham have washed their feet? How could Lot have trembled before them? And how could Jacob, in battle, obey or resist their power? Is spirit tangible? And can it assume at will material powers? Has spirit the dominion over matter? And can that which is simple and indivisible, touch that which is material and compounded?

Having now traversed the whole universe, and not having found any thing which formed itself, my soul elevates itself; it abandons the meadows, the springs, the rivers, the plains, the woods, and the ocean; it forsakes every thing with which the earth is peopled, which traverses the air, or lives in the waters. It abandons man, a creature gifted with a rational soul, contemptible master of the globe. It forsakes that luminous orb, that brilliant canopy, studded with innumerable stars; that host of celestial spirits, ministers of the all high; and it exalts itself towards that sovereign cause, by whom all things are; who gave to nature her immutable laws; whose mighty fiat drew from nothing every object which strikes our senses, the most minute as well as the most gigantic; to whom millions of years are but as one moment; who commanded that light should be, and light was: who can with one word confound and destroy all which he has created. To the



knowledge of that eternal being my mind exalts itself; with love and admiration it bends before the throne of Heaven, reveres its goodness, and its power confesses.

The philosophers who surrounded me were astonished at my words, and regarded me with embarrassment. He, who by his age and wisdom, shone conspicuous above his peer, broke at last the silence. "You have opened to us (he said) the gates of human knowledge. Our wisdom, in comparison to yours, is ignorance. We have but lightly skimmed the surface of the material world: you have penetrated its depth, unlocked its hidden stores, and have traced the origin of things to their source. Your knowledge is equal to your power; and the world acknowledges that you surpass Moses or David."

Another philosopher rose, and in a prophetic voice, exclaimed, "Your name, O Solomon, will be respected by future ages; we hail the sage of sages, wisest of the wise. Where shall we look for thy equal? Who shall contend with thee in knowledge and wisdom?"

O dangerous flattery, thou source of the most degenerate vice, and poisoner of every virtue; thy malignant influence seduces the minds of men; by thee is vice arrayed in gaudy colours, and dressed in all the charms which virtue only owns. Thou shinest a serpent with a lovely skin, fair to the gaze, but filled within with rankling poison.

With impatience I awaited an answer to my questions. The ignorant crowd sounded aloud my praise, but ventured not to answer my interrogations. They, even, who laid a claim to superior knowledge, could not explain the origin nor the nature of things. An atom baffled all their skill to tell its uses or its end. Wretched impotency of the human mind! In our very errors we find excuses for the justification of them. We proudly march along in an eternal obscurity, and yet are never willing to confess our blindness. We attempt to wrest, from the hands of an omnipotent Being, the sceptre of his government. From the actions of a mortal we judge analogically of the actions of a God, and a human em-

met presumes to establish the laws by which that God is bound.

I pretended to believe in the sincerity of the eulogiums which were lavished on me, but, retiring into the shady alleys of my garden, I meditated on the subjects of my doubt: in vain, however, I renewed my researches—my labour was fruitless. At last, I placed ignorance and knowledge in the scales, and with chagrin I found that the former outweighed the latter. Now, convinced by my reflections, I am constrained to confess, that human science is at the best but mere conjecture. We grasp the clouds, and build on the air; and the attention to it confuses the mind which it is intended to enlighten. The human thought cannot extend itself beyond the limits of matter—it cannot define what are space and time. In vain do we exalt our presumptuous look towards those objects which the Creator has determined to conceal from us—the object vanishes, it escapes our researches; and that, which we believe we perceive, serves only to excite a curiosity which it is impossible to satisfy: opinions change, but our doubts still remain the same, and study only augments the pains, and the difficulty of him who applies himself to it.

How confined are the limits of the human mind—how vain its projects—how ambitious are its views. Having surveyed the earth; it attempts to measure the Heavens. Race of Adam, remember, that the vain desire of knowledge was the source of all your evils; renew not a vain pursuit—your labour is fruitless—the fatal tree is interdicted to you—ignorance is your state—your researches are vanity.

[To be continued.]

#### REPUBLICATION OF SCARCE TRACTS. No. I.

*A new DISCOVERY of a LITTLE SORT of PEOPLE, anciently dis-coursed of, called PYGMIES.*

[Concluded from p. 282.]

AND here he broke off at the sign his father gave, soon after which our supper was brought in after the

former manner. Only having understood, that Eucompsus was a great admirer of Homer, and not unhappy in Greek poetry, they brought in after supper, a Greek Talcomummi, one of the Homerides, who was lately sent thither by the king, about some business, when the youngest squire pointing to him, gave Eucompsus intimation of it, who thus accosted the Pygmie :

EUCOMPSUS.

Ἀρχεὺ ἑλλήνισι λαλεῖν, τότ' ἐφέλομαι αὐτός  
Οὐκ αἰδέομαι πάμπαν Ὀμήρου ἐνθάδ' ἱκάνω.

PYGMIE

Δὴ πό τε μοὶ τόδ' ἐνίπαι, πόθεν τοι δῶμα πόλιν τε.

EUCOMPSUS

Γράντη μοι πόρε δῶ. Λονδῖνον δ' αὖτε πόλιν.

PYGMIE.

Ὅσοντα σοὶ ποῖον; τὴν γὰρ φύσιν ἔνομα δειξέει

EUCOMPSUS.

Ἐυκομφὸν με καλεῖσι παῖδες καὶ πότνια μήτηρ.

PYGMIE.

Ναίγε μοι ἔυκομφῶν νῦν φαίνεται ὅζῳ Ὀμήρου,  
Ἀλλὰ φίλῳ μάστιγι, πόθεν μάθεις ἔργα θαλάσσης;

EUCOMPSUS.

Κλαυθῶ μοι τῆτον νῆσεν πόντον, ὅφρ' ἀπὸ γαίης  
Τηλόθι βρετιάδῳ πλαγχθεὶς καὶ ἀλώμενῳ  
αὐτῶς  
Πολλῶ ἀνθρώπων, νόον, ἄσπερ, θεομὲν ἴδωμαι.

PYGMIE

Πρῶτον μὲν μοι Ὀμηρῶς ἀταρ νῦν φαίνεται Ὀδυσσεύς  
Ἡμετέρους μὲν γὰρ τε νόμους μάθεις, ἰδὲ καὶ ἑλλήνων,  
Ὅφρ' Ἀγγλῶ περ ἔων νῦν Ἀγγελοῦ ἀπονεύσαι.

EUCOMPSUS.

Δὲ μοι ἐρομένῳ, τί πρακτέον ἔσχατον ἐστὶ;

PYGMIE.

Ἔργα θεῶν πρῶτον καὶ γαίαν ἠδὲ σεαυτῆ.

EUCOMPSUS

Εἰπέ δὲ μοι, πόσσα ταῦτα πέλ' ἔρχμαλα ὅφρ' ἐν  
εἶδῳ.

PYGMIE.

Γράμματα ταῦτα λαβὼν σέο πάντ' εἰδέσθαι ἔργα.

Which short dialogue is thus rendered in English :

EUCOMPSUS.

Begin in Greek, I'll answer you the same,  
For not in Homer rude I hither came.

PYGMIE.

Where was you born? Where did you  
after live?

EUCOMPSUS.

London my birth, Cambridge did breeding  
give.

PYGMIE.

Tell me your name; names oft the nature  
shew :

EUCOMPSUS.

Eucompsus: both my parents call me so:

PYGMIE.

That shows your learn'd and witty, nature  
right;  
But why, being learn'd, do you in seas de-  
light?

EUCOMPSUS.

Clotho this toil ordain'd, that far from  
home  
A stranger I to other lands should come,  
And view the laws, cities, and minds of  
some.

PYGMIE

Homer at first you seemed, Ulysses now,  
For our and other's manners well you know,  
And at return your skill to friends will  
show.

EUCOMPSUS.

But tell me what all men should chiefly  
do?

PYGMIE.

Duties to God, themselves, and neighbour  
too.

EUCOMPSUS.

But tell me, how many these duties be?

PYGMIE.

Peruse this volume, and therein you'll see.

And saying this, he gave him a fair small roll of parchment in very small characters of gold, digested into three columns, which you will find translated out of the Greek, at the end of this narration; and he added, how every pygmie, man and woman, was, from four years old, obliged to read it over once a day all their life long; and to that end bore it always about in their bosom, excepting only that his order had them in Greek, and all the rest in their mother tongue, which every parent is bound to teach his children, not only to speak, but to read perfectly. After all this, we thanked the antient gentleman for all the knowledge imparted to us, and kindnesses conferred on us, promising, if ever we returned to our own country, to publish their hospitality and goodness; and so we declared our steadfast purpose of leaving them the next morning, which, when they perceived, they professed how loath they were to part with us, and promised all possible accommodations; and so taking our leave of them that night, we were conducted to our several lodgings after the usual manner. The next morning early, the youngest of the brothers expected Eucompsus at his chamber door, who was at that instant considering and devising to speak with him before his depart-



ture; so that, as their intent was mutual, their meeting found no impediment; but after the tedious ceremonies of their obliging discourse, the young squire embraced Eucompsus, his knees, and he lifting him up in his arms, kissed his tender cheeks, and promised to extol the virtue of that small people, but chiefly that of him, to all the greater nations he should come to; and saying so, he gave him a pretty considerable volume in Greek, which he had formerly composed in his youthful days, with his lively effigies on the frontispiece; and the grateful pygmie, in requital of such a worthy present, gave Eucompsus many precious and choice rarities, among which there was his own picture, set with diamonds, drawn after the life; and when unfolded, expressing his true stature, which Eucompsus received with abundant testimony of his joy and gratitude. But by this time Sol had drove his chariot almost half way towards his noon-baiting place, in a high town called Meridies, when the other two brothers having loaded me and my other friend with excessive compliments and presents, we were at last dismissed with twelve chariots of provision for our ship, drawn by he-goats, who went directly, without lash or threat, before us, and the nine ram-horsemen accompanied us, as they had met us the other day, to the utmost limit of the mountain tops, and bidding us, after we had taken out the provision, to send the chariots back again, they left us; but when we returned to the ship, and had already spooned her for launching, we saw those well-taught creatures to go directly homeward in the same order they came loaded, but with much more speed; and we all admired the works of God, and the power of nature, who hath made so small a people so wise, that they fail in nothing of that absolute dominion ourselves have over the creatures.

*Χάρις βασιλεὺς ὀρνέει.*

#### COLUMN I.

*You that seek life, pleasures, or worldly store,  
Seek God; he's life, joy, riches, and much more.*

*First, love your Maker, let your mind  
Be chiefly to his ways inclin'd;*

*Still seek his glory, and proclaim  
The sacred honours of his name.  
And when perhaps you chance to read  
His mystic oracles, take heed  
That no base mungrel thought divert  
The understanding of your heart;  
Pull off sin's veil, and put on grace,  
For God and you speak face to face:  
Then with due reverence hear his voice,  
'Twill make your soul and bones rejoice:  
And whate'er law he shall impart,  
Write on the tables of your heart:  
His word, his life, his word's a treasure,  
Beyond all time, without all measure.  
When tow'rd his temple you proceed,  
Repent of every evil deed;  
Request his grace and special aid,  
That you may practice all that's said.  
With tears your temple purge within:  
God will not dwell in hearts of sin.  
His sacraments with meekness take,  
And for your precious Saviour's sake,  
Send forth a sigh or two, and say,  
O Lord, who can thy love display?  
Who thus didst sin-skill'd souls revive,  
And dy'dst thyself, that we might live?  
With such unfained thoughts desire  
To praise Jehovah, and lift higher  
Your earth-clogg'd soul, that it may rise  
Unto a pure love-sacrifice.  
God doth no fragrant incense crave,  
Nor blood of oxen would he have;  
He such oblations doth detest;  
A contrite heart affects him best.  
An heart sin-loathing, sweetly praying,  
And not unto the tongue gain-saying.  
Make not long prayers for ostentation;  
Seek peace, if you expect salvation.  
Christ was his father's love, and he  
Would have his church alike to be,  
Knit as one soul in peace and love,  
Receiving pattern from above.*

*Approve yourself as one that bear  
The glorious name of Christ, and are  
An heir to such a kingdom's right,  
Whose glories are transcendent bright.  
With chearfulness desire still  
You may perform your Maker's will,  
Acknowledge all to be his due:  
Believe't, he doth much more for you.*

#### COLUMN II.

*If farther you would lead a blameless life,  
Seek virtue, love your neighbour, hate all strife.*

*Honour the king, and still obey  
Those that do justly bear the sway:  
Kings are god's images, and so  
(Next him) to them we duty owe.  
Reverence those of high degree,  
Your equals love, and those that be  
Inferiors, study to defend;  
'Tis hard to find a poor man's friend.*

The ambassadors of Christ esteem,  
Follow their ways; but if they seem  
In manners from God's words to stray,  
Hate what they do, do what they say.  
Honour your parents, and at need  
Their belies with your labour feed;  
Cherish the poor, honour the old,  
All men with charity behold.

Speak unto your neighbour fair,  
If hate within your heart you bear;  
Freely disclose what you intend,  
There's nothing worse than a false friend.

Think not that man is truly just  
That's undel'd with theft or lust;  
But he is so, who flies away  
From vice, and sins not, though he may.

If you desire to live and see  
The comforts of posterity,  
Abstain from sin; 'tis that alone  
Gives wings to death, who else hath none.

If God has lent you worldly store,  
Steward-like, distribute to the poor;  
In ~~the~~ love, will reap in peace;  
Thus scatter'd seeds bring great increase  
Affect your neighbour; and express  
Charity to the fatherless.

What in another man you blame,  
Abhor yourself to do the same.  
To shun contempt, be grave, and bear  
A look not proud, nor too austere.

Be as you seem, for time will bring  
To the world's knowledge, every thing  
In all affairs few words are best;  
Wise men act most, and prattle least.

Think not those powerful men, that l  
Subduers of an enemy:  
He's the best conqueror, that knows  
To pardon crimes, and love his foes:  
That sways the passions of his mind;  
That serves not vice in any kind;  
That is no slave to his desire,  
Nor burns in lust's polluting fire;  
That knows to manage any state,  
And scorns the threats of slipp'ry fate.

#### COLUMN III.

*One duty more, if you would perfect be,  
Love your ownself, cherish your family.*

Honour your bosom-friend, and be  
Her shield against all injury;  
Be not morose in taking wrong,  
But put a bridle to the tongue;  
'Tis a great sin, for man and wife  
To spend their days in mutual strife;  
For those whose bodies Heaven hath join'd,  
To be so different in mind.

No curse more sad than that; no state  
More troublesome than such debate,  
Why, if she's good, should he complain,  
If bad, bad speeches are but vain  
Silence, perhaps her will may force,  
But scolding, sure, will make her worse.

Grant she be bad; are you not so?  
If, without sin, the first stone throw.  
But husbands may perhaps offend,  
And wives their duty should attend

UNIVERSAL MAG. VOL. XIII.

Oh! no, if men bad actions do,  
Well may the women do so too.  
If any pain afflicts the head;  
The whole's thereby endangered.  
Shun fiery wrath; for wrath hath slain  
Millions of souls and wrought their bane.  
Be master of your anger, and  
Over your pleasures bear command.

Hate chiefly brutish drunkenness,  
Which makes purse, life, and credit less.  
It is unfit drunkards should be  
In any sober company;  
And for the sober 'tis unfit,  
That they with drunken men should sit;  
Sad men, who lose their stamp divine,  
Changing their shape to filthy swine.

Talk not of what's a sin to do;  
Nor prove unto your word untrue.  
Follow your trade, and purchase gold,  
By youthful pains, against you're old.  
Some heap up riches many a year,  
To leave unto their children dear;  
But riches quickly find a blast,  
When virtue will for ever last.  
If therefore virtue you can give,  
Your children have enough to live.  
This is a portion, which no fume  
Of sparkling fame can e'er consume;  
This is that portion that will be  
Then conduct to eternity.

Whatever thing in hand you take,  
That you may it successful make,  
Weigh it with due deliberation:  
Nothing's more safe than consultation.

If fortune on your actions smiles,  
Know she first laughs, and then beguiles  
Nay, though for ever wealth should stay,  
Death and time hurry men away.  
Yet still endeavour in your mind  
That a good name you leave behind.  
If Providence doth cast you down,  
And angry fates begin to frown;  
Be patient, and this maxim know,  
There's nothing certain here below.  
In all your actions take due care  
And act as if the King were there.  
For the King's KING be sure doth spy  
Your deeds; nay thoughts, that deeper lie.  
Use moderation most of all;  
For too much honey's worse than gall.  
Think on the shortness of your breath,  
Think on our loving saviour's death;  
Let Heaven's joys, the world's temptation,  
And pains of Hell be still your meditation.

To satisfy the reader's curiosity, I  
shall here produce the epitaph of the  
pygmy governor's son, that was slain  
in a battle with the cranes, mention-  
ed in page 278, as I afterwards trans-  
lated it out of the Greek:

#### THE EPITAPH.

Parca hujus tenuem descerpit fornice lanam,  
Et quæ vix potuit fila videre, scidit.



This distich was writ in Latin, in the front of the Epitaph; at the end of which there was written in great letters,

BAVHVS: ANTVFRP.  
JESUIT. EPIGR. LIB. II.

And then followed 'Ενθα Κείμεαι, &c.

Thus rendered in English:

This tomb doth hold  
A Pigny bold;  
Who, when alive,  
In arms did thrive,  
But a Crane's bill  
My life did spill;  
And here I have  
A fitting grave.

If you ask why these verses are so short,  
Attend and take this serious reason forth;  
I was but one foot long; these two you see,  
Though short, they are one foot too long  
for me.

A SPANISH TALE. By MADAME DE GRAFIGNY, *Authoress of the Peruvian Letters.*

[Continued from page 292.]

THE brother and the sister continued to discourse of their affairs, and of their mutual feelings of kindness, until the time that Elvira was informed she must retire. Her griefs, which had, till then, been suspended by the presence of her brother, now broke forth with added violence.

The fatal and dreadful events which might occur, and which would separate them for ever, being present to her imagination, made her whole frame shudder with terror, and which she considered as the solemn warning of an eternal adieu. Her eyes were fixed upon her brother with mournful eagerness, and seemed to feast upon his countenance as if for the last time. Don Pedro, who was touched by such affecting proofs of a sister's love, saw only the danger with which her excessive affliction threatened her: and, trembling for each other, filled mutually with gloomy thoughts, which they dared not disclose, they parted without uttering a single word. The wretched would be less miserable, if they saw nothing but their misery.

Elvira found herself at home, without being conscious that she had been

conducted thither. Her mind was absorbed in one single thought, and it could pay no attention to external objects; her heart was so full, that it seemed to have no void; but when her servants, informing her what had taken place during her absence, told her that Don Alvar had been seized and carried away by the orders of the king, nearly at the same time as Don Pedro, she felt, that however great grief may be, it is capable of augmentation. It is not so with pleasures: their limits are prescribed.

Elvira had not yet experienced the necessity of being loved—a necessity which nature has taught elevated souls to feel, and which misfortune increases. Hitherto, the friendship of her brother had sufficed for her heart: in resigning it, a vague and indefinite sentiment led her to rely, without even being aware of it, upon the comfort which she found in the heart of Don Alvar. He loved her, and she could, unconstrained, discourse with him on their present misfortune, and perhaps on the hope of their future welfare. However afflicted she might be, she could insinuate joy into the heart of her lover, by telling him of the favourable inclinations of her brother towards him, and by letting him perceive her own. We are not wholly wretched when we can procure the happiness of those we love.

Elvira did not begin accurately to distinguish these flattering ideas, until the moment when she was compelled to relinquish them. The absence of Don Alvar, joined to that of her brother, appeared to her a total privation; she no longer beheld what surrounded her: she seemed to be alone in the universe. The excess of her sorrow became a sort of insensibility. Her women placed her in bed without her giving any sign of consciousness.

She passed such a night as may be imagined, yet she feared its conclusion: she feared lest the day should disturb the horrid calm which she felt, by acquainting her with fresh misfortunes which she did not feel herself able to support.

Isabella was the first who entered her apartment. She sat down on the side of her bed, and burst into tears.

"You weep," said Elvira, with a feeble voice. "Am I arrived at the height of misfortune?"

"I have nothing new to tell you," replied Isabella. "Your own situation, and that of your brother, are sufficient to afflict me. The king discoursed with me yesterday for a long time: he endeavoured to find out if I knew any thing of the pretended crime of Don Pedro; while, on my part, I strove to discover with what he was accused: but that remains an impenetrable secret. I reproached him with his injustice, though not with much success. We separated very little contented with each other.

"Did he speak to you about the stranger?" enquired Elvira.

"No," said Isabella, "he is too much occupied with your brother to think of any other: I even think that you have become very indifferent to him; for, is it not easy to believe that we love those whom we persecute? But, à propos," continued she, "I am going to the chamber of the sick man; I will return and tell you about him."

"What then," said Elvira, "you are ignorant of what has taken place?"

"I know nothing," replied Isabella. "Tell me what has happened."

Elvira was too wretched to be prudent: she could not resist the temptation of easing her heart, by confiding all her troubles to Isabella. She confessed her predilection for the stranger, and her uneasiness at his arrest: and she entreated Isabella, with so much earnestness, to employ her endeavours to discover the destiny which the king intended for him, that she was much moved by her persuasions.

"In truth," said she, "you were wrong to dissemble. If I had been aware of your passion, I should have carefully avoided to deprive you of the smallest attention of your lover. I do not love to give my friends uneasiness. If fate should permit our re-union, you shall have no cause to be dissatisfied with me. I will even aid you in obtaining your brother's consent."

"That will not be necessary," re-

plied Elvira. "I do nothing without his concurrence."

"Excellent," said Isabella. "The concurrence of your brother. Ah! you will not persuade me, that Don Pedro, proud and imperious as he is, will ever approve of your attachment for an insulated being. No, no: to please him there must be that merit which is founded upon a long course of ancestors of distinguished character. But let not that disturb you. Should I wed him, I would make him consent to your happiness. I love you sufficiently for that."

Elvira, without stopping to note the inconsiderate part of this discourse, did not hesitate to justify her choice, by disclosing to Isabella the secret of Don Alvar: and then conjured her, again, to obtain exact information of his destiny, but to do it discreetly, and without compromising his interest. She promised every thing, and departed to put her promises in execution.

Elvira, comforted a little by this discourse, thought herself strong enough to go and comfort, by her presence, the captivity of her brother. She arose, but a violent fever, with which she was attacked, obliged her to return to her bed.

Isabella came in the evening to tell her that she had heard nothing particular respecting Don Alvar: that it was merely observed, at court, that the king had had long private interviews, during the last two days, with a man whom he kept confined, and who, doubtless, was Don Alvar.

"But," said Elvira, "do they not allege the reasons for which he has been arrested?"

"No," replied Isabella, "not a syllable has hitherto transpired."

"We must then await his fate," said Elvira, with a deep sigh: "but, my dear Isabella, write, I entreat you, to my brother, and tell him what it is that hinders me from seeing him. Your letter will comfort him, if you do not withhold a few expressions which may flatter his love."

"Indeed," said Isabella, "that will cost me nothing. His misfortunes afflict me. I have not deigned to speak to a man since he has been a prisoner. You see the little attention which I pay to my dress. If he



continue to be long unhappy, I would not answer but that I should love him quite. But I will not make you talk," added she, seeing that Elvira suffered much: "I will write to your brother: I will not quit you."

As soon as the king heard of the illness of Elvira, he sent to her, to assure her, that she had nothing to fear for her brother; that every thing should remain as it was, until she was in a state fit to assist him with her advice; and that he wished, as much as she, he might be found innocent. Elvira needed this assurance, to enable her to support the evils with which she was overwhelmed; but that feeble consolation was soon embittered by a new kind of misery, certainly no less bitter than what she had already experienced.

Isabella, who never quitted Elvira but to go and learn such tidings as might be interesting to her, returned, one evening, later than usual. After having eagerly ordered the women of Elvira to retire from the apartment, "Rejoice," said she to her, "I bring you delightful news of your lover. He appeared to day at the king's palace, beautiful as love, adorned like an idol, and surrounded with all the appearance of a decided favourite of royalty. It was amusing to see the astonishment of the courtiers, and the admiration of the women. I saw even our old governante follow him step by step, with her neck stretched out, her eyes half shut, and her mouth puckered up, incessantly speaking to him, but without being heard. Certainly, his figure is very striking, and his fine, languishing eyes serve to soften the haughtiness of his deportment; the majesty of his form is embellished by a thousand charms which overspread his whole person; dignity reigns in every action: in short, he is a charming man:—"

"He spoke to you, no doubt," said Elvira.

"No," replied Isabella smiling.

"Ah! hide nothing from me, my dear Isabella, I conjure you," replied Elvira. "What did he say to you?"

"Nothing at all," answered Isabella. "Be not jealous: I am much deceived, if the favour of the king do not so intoxicate him as to make him

forget his friends. He looked at me, but took no notice of me. He had an indolent manner with him, which might be taken for melancholy, if it were possible to have cause for melancholy in the midst of such universal applause."

"How," answered Elvira, "he did not speak a word to you."

"Not a word," replied Isabella: "must I take an oath to convince you," added she, smiling. "Your folly diverts me. Your lover is free—he is happy. Why should you be miserable?"

"How shall I be able to support so many evils," exclaimed Elvira. "Don Alvar is ungrateful. Don Alvar prefers fortune to Elvira. He forgets that she is wretched! Oh Heavens! let me never behold the light of day again!"

Isabella, astonished, knew not what to think of the grief of Elvira. However, she endeavoured to comfort her by general conversation, which is more calculated to irritate, than to soothe, real sorrow. None but those who have been the victims of love know how to assuage its pains.

Elvira, who remained motionless, with her eyes closed, did not even hear the ill-timed consolations which her friend endeavoured to offer. It would have been doubtful whether she was alive or not, but for a torrent of tears which gushed from her eyes. Isabella called for aid; but, is there any aid which can be proffered for those ills whose source is in the soul?

Elvira soon felt the effects of this new calamity. In a few days her life was despaired of; but, what will not nature undergo when supported by the energies of despair? She constantly refused to take any of those remedies with which they would have overwhelmed her, had she felt the least desire to live. But her obstinacy produced the very contrary of what she expected. In a short time, she found herself in a state of convalescence, which, at least, removed all fears as to the safety of her life, if it did not secure the certainty of her health, the progress of which was interrupted by the deep melancholy into which she was plunged by her

endless reflections and conjectures concerning the conduct of Don Alvar.

The king had caused him to be arrested at the same time as Don Pedro, because it was believed he was an accomplice in the crime which had been imputed to the latter. But jealousy, which multiplies by itself, had so far possessed his heart since the time of first beholding the stranger, that he was not perhaps sorry to avail himself of a reason of state, to avenge his own private injuries.

Besides, the silence of Don Alvar seemed to him to contain some mystery. It was in order to ascertain this, that, instead of making him a prisoner, as he had Don Pedro, he was satisfied with having him secured in a chamber of his palace.

The impetuosity of his feelings led him to the spot at the very moment when Don Alvar arrived. His noble, tranquil, and steady countenance struck Alphonso with astonishment, and immediately allayed the suspicions of his mind. He put to him,

he thought likely to induce him to speak; but Don Alvar replied only by a firm and respectful silence. Baffled in obtaining nothing by his entreaties, the king resolved to try another method.

Turning towards his confidential minister, who alone had permission to follow him, he said, "I wish no other proof of the crimes of Don Pedro than this obstinate silence of his accomplice. Artifice is the sole resource of dastardly souls; go," continued he, "let Don Pedro be conducted to the torture, and let his sister

Don Alvar, struck by these dreadful words, interrupted them, by throwing himself at the feet of the king. Alarmed friendship, candid truth, and noble confidence, spoke with such energy, in behalf of Don Pedro, that Alphonso, filled with admiration, and with a sort of respect which even kings owe to virtue, ordered him to rise, and to declare his name, his rank, and his situation. Don Alvar satisfied his curiosity as much as he could, without infringing upon that secrecy which he owed to himself; and he then modestly exhort-

ed the king not to exact any thing more from him. His words, the tone with which he pronounced them, and the candour which was visible in his countenance, had so powerfully excited the king's natural partiality for virtue, that, looking at Alvar with kindness, "You surprise me so much," said he, "that you must be an extraordinary person. I will not require any further elucidation from you; yet, let me know the motives for such a singular silence."

Don Alvar then told him, that his misfortunes having preceded his birth, he owed his education to a citizen, who was, perhaps, too zealous an enemy of the falsehood of man, for, he had instructed him much more in their vices than in their virtues; that, however, notwithstanding the mistrust with which he had inspired him towards his fellow creatures, he had caused the death of his benefactor by an unpardonable indiscretion, and that, equally to punish himself for that indiscretion, and to avoid new snares, he had resolved to maintain an eternal silence but that he was forced to break his resolution to employ truth in defence of Don Pedro. Kings so seldom hear the language of virtue, that they are of course struck by it whenever it does approach their ears. Alphonso, from that moment, never passed a single day without devoting a considerable portion of it to Don Alvar.

This prince, who united to much penetration a sincere desire to experience the charms of friendship, soon gave proofs of the choice which he had made of Don Alvar to replace the loss of Don Pedro. He heaped favours upon him with profusion; he merely exacted he should have no intercourse either with the brother or the sister; and he attached such dreadful consequences to the infraction of this law, that, had Don Alvar been more expert in his knowledge of the world, he would still have been restrained by the timidity which his first indiscretion had excited.

From the moment of his first entrance into court, he became the prince's favourite; and his merit was so precisely of that nature which pleases every one, that envy herself could not condemn the choice of the



king; who, delighted to find so many excellent qualities combined in a single man, found little other pleasure except in his conversation; and Don Alvar, acknowledging the favours of the king, appeared solely sedulous to please him; yet they were not content with each other. Don Alvar did not endeavour to conceal the chagrin which oppressed him, and the king could not help reproaching him with it sometimes.

"What," said the prince to him, one day, when he seemed more than usually dull, "I have raised you to the highest point of grandeur; I have anticipated every wish that a subject can form; I have reposed more confidence in you than I ever did in Don Pedro. I love you, Alvar, and yet I cannot make you happy!"

"Ah, sire!" replied he "nothing can equal my gratitude. I never formed an idea of such a king as you are. My friendship, (since you command me to employ this term to express my respectful attachment) my friendship is the offspring of my admiration: but, sire, can I behold, without grief, that so many virtues and so much goodness, should produce wretchedness? I cannot consider the favour with which you distinguish me, but as the spoils of a generous friend, who owes his misfortune to calumny alone. I confess it, sire, his misfortune poisons all your kindness to me."

"You offend me, Alvar," replied the king, "and you add a fresh crime to that of Don Pedro. Certain intelligence, opportunely given, have hindered him from completing his original intentions; but, since he impedes those which I have towards you, I will punish him for depriving me of the pleasure of making you happy."

"Ah, sire!" exclaimed Don Alvar, throwing himself at the feet of the king, "it is by tears alone that I can express the tender feelings with which your goodness inspires me. The more I experience that goodness the more am I miserable as to the fate of my unhappy friend. Tell him of his crime, sire, and his justification will soon appear. Since you know the value of a heart, Don Pedro might —"

"No," said the king, "I know him. The conviction of his offence

would only lead him to brave me. I have yet some pity for him. The love which I bear Elvira, induces me to defer his punishment; but, without the confession which I require of him, nothing shall save him from my vengeance."

"No, sire," replied Don Alvar; "your majesty is too just."

"Stop" said the king, "do not abuse the privileges which my kindness has conceded to you; above all, observe, faithfully, the only law which I have imposed upon you. I cannot too often repeat to you, that more than one consideration would induce me to punish the infraction of it with severity. When friendship and authority exact but one sacrifice, that sacrifice ought to be without reserve."

Such conversations, often repeated, were but little calculated to diminish the chagrin of Don Alvar; hence, every one, who visited Elvira, entertained her with nothing but the singularity of the new favourite; the women, especially, overwhelmed him with ridicule. Could he please them? He had never deceived any one.

Elvira found some slight consolation in attributing to herself only that indifference with which he was generally reproached. But how justify his silence?

The interest of Don Pedro, and perhaps the desire of seeing how Don Alvar would support the sight of her, made her resolve to quit her apartment sooner than her strength would warrant. She was carried to court; and Don Alvar was near the king when she arrived.

The health of Elvira was too much affected to sustain, all at once, the emotion inseparable from the sight of those we love, and that which a dignified mind always feels when it is forced to humiliate itself. She would, therefore, have fallen to the ground, as she bent upon her knees before the king, if Don Alvar, forgetting every other consideration, had not caught her in his arms, and conveyed her to a sofa, before the king had leisure to reflect upon his presumption. As soon as Elvira came to herself, he ordered those who were about her to retire. The prince could no longer resist the sentiments with which the sight of Elvira inspired him; pale,

dying, and ten-fold more charming, from the modest embarrassment which she experienced.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

*To the Editor of the Universal Mag.*

SIR,

MUCH has been said on the subject of dreams; and as the enquiry concerning them has employed the pens of the ingenious in all ages, it is presumed the following extract, from a production of Thomas Paine, will be very acceptable to your readers. The placing every thing in an acute, new, striking, and incontrovertible light, is the peculiar character of this writer; and this he evinces on the present subject.

I am, Sir,

Your respectful and obedient servant,

CLIO RICKMAN.

May 8, 1810.

EXTRACT of an ESSAY on DREAMS.

IN order to understand the nature of dreams, or of that which passes in ideal vision during a state of sleep, it is first necessary to understand the composition and decomposition of the human mind.

The three great faculties of the mind are imagination, judgment, and memory. In a state of wakefulness, as in the day time these three faculties are all active; but that is seldom the case in sleep, and never perfectly; and this is the cause that our dreams are not so regular and rational as our waking thoughts.

The seat of that collection of powers, or faculties, that constitute what is called the mind, is in the brain. There is not, and cannot be, any visible demonstration of this anatomically, but accidents happening to sons shew it to be so. An injury done to the brain, by a fracture of the skull, will sometimes change a wise man into a childish idiot; a being without a mind. But so careful has nature been of that sanctum sanctorum of man, the brain, that of all the external accidents to which humanity is subject, this occurs the most seldom. But we often see it happening by long and habitual intemperance.

Whether those three faculties occupy distinct apartments of the brain, is known only to that Almighty Power that formed and organised it. We can see the external effects of muscular motion in all the members of the body, though its primum mobile, or first cause, is unknown to man. Our external motions are sometimes the effect of intention, sometimes not. If we are sitting and intend to rise, or standing and intend to sit, or to walk, the limbs obey that intention as if they heard the order given. But we make a thousand motions every day, and that as well waking as sleeping, that have no prior intention to direct them. Each member acts as if it had a will, or mind of its own.

Man governs the whole, when he pleases to govern, but in the interim the several parts, like little suburbs, govern themselves without consulting the sovereign. And all these motions, whatever be the generating cause, are external and visible. But with respect to the brain no ocular observation can be made upon it. All is mystery! All is darkness in that womb of thought!

Whether the brain is a mass of matter in continual rest; whether it has a vibrating pulsative motion, or a heaving and falling motion, like matter in fermentation; whether different parts of the brain have different motions, according to the faculty that is employed, be it the imagination, the judgment, or the memory, man knows nothing of it. He knows not the cause of his own wit. His own brain conceals it from him.

Comparing invisible by visible things, as metaphysical can sometimes be compared to physical things, the operations of these distinct and several faculties have some resemblance to a watch. The main spring, which puts all in motion, corresponds to the imagination; the pendulum, which corrects and regulates that motion corresponds to the judgment; and the hand and dial, like the memory, record the operation.

Now in proportion as these several faculties sleep, slumber, or keep awake, during the continuance of a dream, in that proportion will the dream be reasonable or frantic, remembered or forgotten.



If there is any faculty in mental man, that never sleeps, it is that volatile thing, the Imagination. The case is different with the judgment and memory. The sedate and sober constitution of the judgment easily disposes it to rest, and as to the memory it records in silence, and is active only when it is called upon.

That the judgment soon goes to sleep may be perceived, by our sometimes beginning to dream before we are fully asleep ourselves. Some random thought runs in the mind, and and we start as it were into recollection that we are dreaming, between sleeping and waking. If the pendulum of a watch, by any accident, becomes displaced, that it can no longer controul and regulate the elastic force of the spring, the works are instantly thrown into confusion, and continues so, as long as the spring continues to have force. In like manner, if the judgment sleeps, while the imagination keeps awake, the dream will be a riotous assemblage of mis-shapen images, and ranting ideas, and the more active the imagination is, the wilder the dream will be. The most inconsistent and the most impossible things, will appear right, because that faculty, whose province it is to keep order, is in a state of absence.—The master of the school is gone out, and the boys are in an uproar.

If the memory sleeps, we shall have no other knowledge of the dream than, that we have dreamt, without knowing what it was about. In this case it is sensation, rather than recollection, that acts. The dream has given us some sense of pain or trouble, and we feel it as a hurt, rather than remember it as a vision.

If the memory slumbers, we shall have a faint remembrance of the dream, and after a few minutes it will sometimes happen, that the principal passages of the dream will occur to us more fully. The cause of this is, that the memory will sometimes continue slumbering or sleeping, after we are awake ourselves, and that so fully, that it may, and sometimes does happen, that we do not immediately recollect where we are, nor what we have been about, or have to do. But when the memory starts into wakefulness, it brings the

knowledge of these things back upon us like a flood of light, and sometimes the dream with it.

But the most curious circumstance of the mind in the state of dream is, the power it has to become the agent of every person, character, and thing of which it dreams. It carries on conversation with several, asks questions, hears answers, gives and receives information, and it acts all these parts itself. Yet, however various the eccentric the imagination may be in the creating of images and ideas, it cannot supply the place of memory, with respect to things that are forgotten, when we are awake. For example, if we have forgotten the name of a person, and dream of seeing him and asking his name, he cannot tell it, for it is ourselves asking ourselves the question.

But though the imagination cannot supply the place of real memory, it has the wild faculty of counterfeiting memory. It dreams of persons it never knew, and talks to them as if it remembered them as old acquaintance. It relates circumstances that never happened, and tells them as if they had happened, it goes to places that never existed, and knows where all the streets and houses are, as if we had been there before. The scenes it creates are often as scenes remembered; it will sometimes act a dream within a dream, and in the delusion of dreaming tell a dream it never dreamed, and tell it as if it was from memory.

It may also be remarked, that the imagination, in a dream, has no idea of time as time; it counts only by circumstances, and if a succession of circumstances pass in a dream, that would require a great length of time to accomplish them, it will appear to the dreamer, that a length of time equal thereto has passed also.

As this is the state of the mind in a dream, it may rationally be said, that every person is mad once in twenty-four hours; for were he to act in the day, as he dreams in the night, he would be confined for a lunatic.

In a state of wakefulness those three faculties being all active, and acting in unison, constitute the rational man.

In dream it is otherwise, and there-

fore that state which is called insanity, appears to be no other than a dismissal of those faculties and a cessation of the judgment during wakefulness, that we so often experience during sleep; and idiocy, into which some persons have fallen, is that cessation of all the faculties of which we can be sensible, when we happen to wake before our memory.

T. P.

*The LITERARY LIFE and TRAVELS of BARON HOLBERG. Written by Himself. Extracted from the Latin Edition of Leipsick, in 1743. By W. HAMILTON REID.*

[Continued from p. 285.]

**I**N the house of M. John Baptist, a Piedmontese, to which I made my next remove, I found every thing more cheap and convenient than before. My landlord was a very worthy and obliging kind of man, and from him I learned how to manage for myself in Rome. For this purpose I bought a kettle, pots, &c. in which I cooked my dinner and supper, a matter which brings no kind of disgrace upon a traveller in Italy, because it is a common practice. Here the landlord made a practice of calling upon his lodgers every morning, to know what they wanted previously to his going to market; after which, he would return with meat, roots, herbs, &c. the dressing of which every one managed as he liked.

Had I learned nothing of the fine arts at Rome, still I could have boasted of learning how much fire was necessary for preparing a *menestra* or soup; how long peas, bacon, &c. required boiling; how many Ave Marias could be said while an egg was boiling, and the like. Taking such matters as these into the account, I certainly may claim an exception to the common saying,—“He went a simpleton to Rome, and a simpleton he came back.”

Some authors have asserted, that a man who could not mend his own shoes does not deserve the name of a learned man. But I think the knowledge of preparing one's supper, in a case of necessity, is not less necessary or meritorious than mending shoes. However, not to let my cookery tres-

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pass too much upon the hours which I devoted to study, I always took care to have pen and ink near at hand. If inclined to read while watching the boiling of the pot, I held my book in one hand and a spoon in the other. —However, I have, more than once, learnt, to my cost, that it is not so very easy to cook and philosophize at the same time. Thinking too intensely of what I have read, my meat has sometimes burnt to the bottom; my broth boiled over, or the whole been smoked. At first, indeed, I thought this smutty kind of employment rather low, especially when I reflected how neat and cleanly I used to appear. But this kind of diffidence did not last long when I found the custom in Italy was general. There were two Neapolitan noblemen in the same house with me, and I have often surprised them at their culinary labours. If our doors happened to be open at the same time, I used to think the wabbling of our pots formed a pretty concert; my pot, which was the smallest, played a kind of treble, to which their's, as the larger, served as a bass.

I remarked upon this journey, that the further I removed from the northern regions, the less the people, in general, were addicted to drunkenness and gluttony. In France, I saw very few instances of habitual drunkenness: in Italy I met with very few smokers. The Danes think the Norwegians indulge in this habit to an excess; but both Danes and Germans, too, agree that the French, in this respect, and in their manner of living in general, are by far too sparing. In Italy they look upon the French as absolute prodigals, while the Spaniard condemns the Italian upon the very same ground. Here, in some of the greatest houses in the country, it is by no means uncommon to see the remains of the dinner-table served up again at night. I remained alone a whole month in my lodging. At first I was much surprised to find so few persons resident in so large a house, and where the apartments were so numerous: but this I soon found was the case with most of the houses in this city. According to the ground upon which Rome stands, it may be reckoned as large as Paris. The num-



ber of inhabitants at Rome is exceeded in several other cities: they are scarcely 200,000; consequently, excepting the jubilee time, one may always have a house at a very cheap rate. When a Pope is elected this is the case again, so that the Romans think these elections very fortunate for them; the long life, therefore, of Clement XI you may be sure did not please them. Till the end of December every thing was uncommonly still in the quarter where I lodged; but when the new year commenced, whole troops of jugglers, rope dancers, players, &c. were to be seen at Rome, as if all Italy beside had been deserted. Even the house where I lodged received several of them, and they disturbed me so much with their rehearsals during all hours of the night, that I could not pursue my studies by day.

The fever, which had not yet left me, did not prevent my going out every day to see the curiosities of the place. I was a constant visitor of the public libraries, and I found the librarians not only disposed to accommodate the visitors with the books they wanted, but likewise to supply them with pen, ink, and paper. Visitors, however, are not permitted to make use of any of the forbidden books without the special permission of the inquisitor. On this account I suffered here like a second Tantalus, being obliged to content myself with the sight of what it was not in my power to enjoy. It seemed that almost every book I asked for was among the prohibited. A simple and illiterate monk, a kind of assistant at one of the libraries, once helped me to a volume of Bayle's Dictionary; but, on account of this mistake, he was most severely lectured by the librarian, a Dominican friar, and a member of the College of the Inquisition. I endeavoured, in vain, to mitigate the anger of the principal librarian, but I was compelled to give up the volume I had in hand, and was informed that I could not expect to have the reading of any book in future without first obtaining his special permission. This being a proof to which I could not willingly subject myself, I found I could no longer read there with pleasure, and there-

fore I removed to another library, where I flattered myself I should not meet with any obstacles of this nature; but I found my mistake here also, though I openly acknowledged that I was a protestant, and in no danger of being hurt by books of this kind.

The course of my reading was now so far interrupted, that I was obliged to content myself with perusing the ancient authors and some of the descriptions of modern Rome. The latter served as my guides when walking through the streets, and when seeking for the remains of antiquity. When the weather permitted, I frequently passed whole days among these magnificent ruins. By the help of the memoranda, and the extracts which I made in the libraries, I was enabled, after seeking a whole month, to discover the *Portam trigeminam* of Horace: but most of the ancient monuments are no longer known to the learned by their proper names. For instance, should one ask in the streets of Rome for the Pantheon, the answer would certainly be *Non lo so*—I know not. If you ask for the *Amphitheatrum Vespasiani*, the reply is *Non intendo*—I do not understand you. But, in order to discover the ancient monuments not yet destroyed by time, one should first become acquainted with the new names. If we ask, for instance, for the *Celisco*, they will shew us the theatre of Vespasian; and if we enquire for the Pantheon, they naturally refer us to the *Rotunda*.

However, I was not so much engaged with the antiquities of Rome as to neglect its present state. I was alternately pleased with its modern as well as its ancient appearance. In short, I traversed every street and every corner of the city, inspecting every church, cloister, palace, and place of note. I was particularly pleased with the *Chiesa Nuova*. Here was a kind of perpetual oration kept up every day by some priests of the order of preachers, in succession. One of these could scarcely leave the pulpit before another was in readiness to recommence the labour of panegyrising some saint. I have been often perplexed to determine whether the beauty and elegance of these harangues, or the insignificance of the

subject predominated. Trifles, however, and even dreams, may be tricked out by eloquence.

During my stay in Rome, one of these orators treated of the powerful intercession of the Virgin Mary, and illustrated his position by the following story:—A man, of the name of Johannes, had entirely devoted himself to the Virgin. On this account he was necessarily exposed to various temptations and conflicts with Satan, in which he was always conqueror, because he never failed fortifying himself, every morning, with an *Ave Maria*. However, being at length invited to a wedding, kept at the house of one of his relatives, he came home at night intoxicated. Satan was too cunning not to avail himself of this fine opportunity; and, therefore, assuming the form of a handsome young woman, he threw himself directly in the way of this poor man, who, at first, resisted the concupiscence, which this tempting object excited in him, most manfully; but, in the end, gave way to those desires of which he was no longer the master, and even committed violence upon the fiend in the shape of a female. The next morning, when he had outslept his debauch, he was so much abashed at what he was conscious had happened, that he had not confidence sufficient to enable him to say another *Ave Maria*: so that being thus deprived of his usual defence, the devil was encouraged to make a still more open and direct attack upon him. He wished to pass a river in a boat; the devil upset the boat, and being then obliged to remain three days in the water, the devil then possessed him fully and wholly. The Virgin, however, hearing of his misfortune, interceded with her son, who rebuking the devil, the body of poor Johannes floated upon the surface of the water just like a log. When the body was driven on shore, the Virgin was graciously pleased to restore him; and, coming to himself, he afterwards built a chapel, which he dedicated to her, and in the same passed the remainder of his days. From this ridiculous legend, the orator drew an inference relative to the advantages enjoyed by those persons who sincerely respect the Virgin.

I satisfied both my hearing and seeing with beauty of the buildings, and the excellent music of Italy. I must own I gave the preference to the instrumental rather than the vocal music; and I have before mentioned my objections to the whining of the Italians in their singing.

I had the good fortune to see Clement XI twice, and no more; as, owing to his ill health, he very seldom appeared in public. Some years ago he gave an audience on the first of the month to every person who requested it. He used to be carried into the chapel by four Swiss, a part of his life-guard. Here he bestowed the apostolic blessing, which, among true believers, is supposed to have great efficacy: I, however, as a heretic, did not experience the least benefit whatever, as my ague at the time I received it did not in the least abate. —After the Pope, the cardinals followed in succession, each of them kissed his hand, and particularly the finger upon which he wore the fisher's ring. After this, with a faltering voice, he began the *Dominis Vobiscum*; but a cardinal continued and concluded for him.

At length, I began to think of returning to my own country; but I thought it unsafe to embark upon the ocean: and though a journey on foot was much more tedious, still its security would make me amends. In fact, my finances would not admit of another voyage by sea. Besides, action I thought would be much more convenient for driving away my fever, or rather my ague; and under this idea I reached the city of Florence in the course of one fortnight. Upon my arrival here I was by no means so weary or foot-sore as I apprehended I should be. Here I met with a German, who made me a voluntary offer to accompany me all over the town. I thanked him for his courtesy, thinking he had been instigated to this good office by pure generosity; but I laboured under a gross mistake, for our walk was no sooner at an end than he made a demand for his trouble. In consequence of this our acquaintance immediately ceased.

I next pursued my way over the Appenines to Bononia, where, in order to obtain the liberty of eating



flesh during Lent, I made application to a physician, and obtained a certificate from him for that purpose. This I immediately communicated to the priests in the cathedral, who made no scruple of accepting it, being probably moved thereunto by my external appearance. The reason assigned in my indulgence ran thus,—*Comme il sign mich recco non puo senza pericolo di sanita guardare la quaresima.*

I next passed through Parma, Placentia, and Turin, and at the latter place made some stay, not merely for the sake of rest, but for the satisfaction of my curiosity. Turin was the finest of all the cities I had ever seen. The buildings in the new town rather resemble palaces than private dwellings. Such is the uniformity of these buildings, that unless the names of the principal inhabitants were not upon the doors, it would not be an easy task to distinguish them. I remained here two days, and imagined I had rested myself; but I found myself rather the worse than otherwise for this inaction. It is much better to continue a foot journey than to break it by short rest-days, as in this case the journey seems ever beginning. I found that after resting I could not walk more than ten (English) miles a day, though, when I walked regularly, I generally walked twenty or more.

From Turin I passed the Alps into Savoy. On my way I observed many traces of the cruelties of the French, who had destroyed a great number of towns and villages. I did not find any difficulty in passing through any place, for many of the enclosed towns that had been very strong were now quite open, and even without any garrisons. While passing the Alps, I remarked three seasons in the course of one day. In the plains of Piedmont, the weather resembled summer; at the foot of the Alps one would have thought the winter had already set in; while in Savoy it appeared to me as if the autumn had commenced! In passing the Alps it was necessary to make use of mules, which may be hired near the spot at a very reasonable rate. Upon the summit of the Alps the road is sufficiently broad and smooth for waggons to pass. Here also we found sledges,

in which, in a very few minutes, we could descend, or rather fly, to the bottom.

Having passed the Alps, I proceeded, on foot, through Savoy or Dauphiny to Lyons; when, because I had a sufficiency of money left for the payment of my passage by water, I went on board a vessel very cheerfully. But the issue of this undertaking was rather inconvenient. I made no secret to my fellow passengers of my ague and fever, and they all advised me to drink. All joined in one voice to declare that there could not possibly be a more certain method of getting rid of the ague than by a hearty drinking bout; adding that I must be content to keep my ague to eternity, if I could not reconcile myself to this measure. By their persuasions I suffered myself to be guided; and, adjourning to a cabaret, I drank with them jovially the whole evening, and at length went to bed in a decent state of inebriation. Next morning, however, I found my blood heated to such a degree, accompanied with a violent head-ache, that, in spite of all my companions could do to get me on board the vessel, I was obliged to forfeit the money I had deposited for my passage, and, after passing one day in perfect abstinence, proceed on foot towards Paris.

At Paris, neither my landlady nor any of my friends knew me at first sight, partly because my complexion had obtained such a brown, that I might have passed for a Spaniard, and partly because I had increased in flesh very considerably. When I first left Paris for Rome, I was so spare that, according to a common phrase, I might have been *seen through*. But my appearance was now so different, that I was told, that instead of travelling so far on foot, it seemed as if I had been living completely at my ease. For a whole month, when last at Paris, I took uncommon pains to get rid of my ague; but all that the most able physicians could do for me was equally as unserviceable as throwing water into a sieve.

All my attention was now turned to getting home; and my delay in Paris, a short time, was only occasioned by a dispute with a person to whose care I had entrusted some mo-

ney. After this was settled in my favour, I proceeded to Holland, and at Amsterdam, in the house of my old landlady, I found every thing just as I had left it. Thinking I was dead, she told me she had, more than once, had it in agitation to pack up my things and send them to my friends in Denmark. My ague was still my constant companion; and it excited surprise in every person acquainted with the circumstances, to hear that neither the ablest physicians nor the continual exercise to which I had been accustomed were sufficient to remove it. However, I, at length, got rid of it in a very singular manner. A countryman of mine, who lived in Amsterdam, assured me that he had a physician in his house who could most undoubtedly relieve me, and that he would also perform it without fee or reward. But, when I came to my countryman's house, instead of a medical man, I found a *musician*, with whom I had used to perform in a concert before I travelled to France. He gave me an instrument, and I passed the whole day with him with great pleasure and satisfaction. On the following day, being at home, I, as usual, expected my ague at the accustomed hour; but found, to my surprise, that it was, in all probability, gone back to Italy, where I first found it.

After this I never had the least touch of it whatever; so that music succeeded where medicine failed; or, perhaps the cure may be ascribed to nature herself. Soon after this I took shipping for Hamburgh, and from thence proceeded by land towards Copenhagen.

After I had arrived at home, I was compelled to pass two years in a very uncomfortable manner, and was much concerned to find that there was no vacancy for me in my profession. In the interim, I published a work in Danish, entitled *An Introduction to the Law of Nature and Nations*. I grounded my theory upon those of Grotius and Puffendorf, who, with Christopher Tomassius, I had taken as my guides. Instead of the Roman code, I quoted those of Denmark and Norway; and the historical examples with which I illustrated my arguments, I likewise

drew from the history of the northern nations, instead of referring either to Greeks or Romans. Every one seemed to agree that nothing could be of more importance, in Denmark, than a proper acquaintance with the laws of nature, as, without this, the Danish laws are so concise that a judge, deficient in this knowledge, would be frequently at a loss in making a decision. In Germany, and those countries where the Justinian code has been introduced, the situation of a judge is quite different from those in Denmark. In these places, should the judge himself want experience, and not be able to trust his own judgment, yet among the great number of precedents there to be found, it is next to an impossibility that a man of experience and intelligence should not find the case in a manner already decided to his hand, so that he would have little more to do than pronounce the decision. Amongst us, on the contrary, where no such facilities abound, much labour and fatigue is required in finding and comparing of cases. I could, and might enlarge very much upon this subject, had I not purposed to write an Introduction to the Laws of Denmark.

[To be continued.]

#### REPLY to the SUBLIME OBSCURITY of the SCHEDULE of ASSESSED TAXES.

Sir,

**H**AD your correspondent perused with attention the portion of assessed taxes, of whose obscurity he complains, I am persuaded your truly enlightened pages would not have been applied to for its illustration. I do not deem myself possessed of any uncommon share of penetration; and therefore, on a cursory perusal, I did not attempt to unravel a mystery, belonging to a subject which I have always considered as *hyper-mysterious*.

The arrangement of the language, *prima facie*, certainly exhibits much confusion and apparent incongruity. Pursuing, however, the remarks of J. M. I began to hesitate in my belief, that such a *total* dereliction of common sense, and such a want of concatenation, as he had represented, could



have possibly escaped, unobserved, even his Majesty's printers.

I trust the mode of payment, by quarterly instalments, at the periods specified in the schedule, *or within ten days afterwards* is clearly understood. It appears also sufficiently clear that the full amount for the first half year (which terminates on the 20th of September) will be collected and levied on our goods and chattels on the 10th of October next ensuing, *if not sooner paid as aforesaid*, that is, by the instalments as they become due. Also, (continues the schedule) "the full amount for the 2d half year, (terminating on the 20th of March) will be levied in like manner on the 5th of April," (if not sooner paid as aforesaid), or within twenty-one days after *those respective periods*. What periods can be here meant but the before-mentioned *levying* periods, viz. the 10th of Oct. and the 5th of April? at which times distress is to be made upon the defaulter, or within twenty-one days after them *respectively*.

Abating all farther observation, I think, Mr. Editor, this "legal mystery" now stands sufficiently near the regions of common sense to be understood by any one whose "intellect may not be fabricated of the most subtle materials."

If it should thus appear to you, Sir, and your correspondents, I shall esteem myself very happy in having been able to remove "the dirt and rubbish" from this specimen of "sublime obscurity."

Your's, respectfully,

LECTOR CONSTANS.

Botesdale, May 9, 1810.

L. C. wishes to add, in a word to the Editor, that, he humbly conceives, the more the above explanation is considered, the more conspicuous will J. M.'s misrepresentation (unintentional no doubt) appear. He says, "We are next informed, that they are to be paid in periods of 6 months." Pray, *where* is this information? The meaning of the schedule is plainly this; that, in case of non-payment, *distresses* will be deferred *no longer* than the 10th of Oct. for the *first half* year, or the 5th of April for the *second* half, including the days of grace.

### AN ACCOUNT of a VISIT which the ABBÉ LE DIEU made to CAMBRAI.

[Extracted from the Appendix to Bausset's Life of Fenelon, just published]

IT may be a matter of some curiosity to know the impression which was made, upon a private secretary of Bossuet, by the noble and edifying sight of Fenelon's mode of living in his diocese. Even the singularity of the circumstance may add some interest to the recital. The Abbé le Dieu, who had been the secretary of Bossuet during the last twenty years of that prelate's life, resolved, five months after the death of Bossuet, to pay a visit to Fenelon; his family resided in the neighbourhood of Cambrai, and the archbishop, who had often seen him at Germigny, had invited him, with his accustomed courtesy, to visit Cambrai, as often as the wish of seeing his relations, or as his personal affairs might bring him into Flanders.

It may be easily conceived, that during all the rest of Bossuet's life, and after the termination of the long controversy which had taken place between him and the Archbishop of Cambrai, the Abbé le Dieu possessed neither the liberty, nor perhaps the inclination, to avail himself of the obliging offer of Fenelon.

But, in the month of Sept. 1704, the Abbé le Dieu profited by a journey which he made into Flanders to go as far as Cambrai. Perhaps, he was somewhat stimulated by a desire to ascertain whether there were not a little exaggeration in the voice of popular renown, which so loudly descanted on the virtues, the wisdom, and the sort of noble and episcopal magnificence which Fenelon displayed in his exile and in the government of his diocese. Perhaps also, he might hope to detect, in his discourse with the Archbishop of Cambrai, something which might unfold his real sentiments, respecting Bossuet and his conduct towards him. Doubting, though very unjustly, as to what might be his reception from the Archbishop of Cambrai, he thought it expedient to provide himself with a letter from Madame de la Maisonfort, the venerable nun of St. Cyr, who had displayed such attachment to the

person and the maxims of Fenelon, and who had solicited to be placed in the diocese of Meaux, under the direction of Bossuet, when she was sent away from St. Cyr.

The Abbé le Dieu arrived at Cambrai, on the 15th Sept. 1704. Fenelon was then visiting his diocese. But, on the following day a courier arrived to say that he should return that day to Cambrai to dinner. The Abbé le Dieu repaired to the archiepiscopal palace, and mingled with the relatives, grand vicars, and almoners of the archbishop, who received him as he alighted from his carriage.

"I thought it fit," says the Abbé le Dieu, "to leave these gentlemen undisturbed and free in the first ceremonies of politeness which took place. I was then in the large *salle de Billard*, near the chimney. As soon as I saw him enter, I approached towards him with great respect: he seemed to be, at first, cold and reserved, yet gentle and polite, and invited me to go in with kindness, but without much fervour of solicitation. I avail myself, Sir, said I, of the permission which your eminence was pleased to grant me, to come here and pay my respects when I might have an opportunity; this I uttered in a modest tone of voice, but intelligibly. I added, in a lower tone, and in his ear as it were, that I brought him some intelligence and letters from Madame de la Maisonfort. *You do me great pleasure*, said he; *come, come in*.

"The Abbé de Beaumont then appeared, who received me with embraces, and in a very cordial and agreeable manner."

Fenelon seems to have infused his own soul, his character, and, as it were, his very mode of procedure, into every one who was with him.—The secretary of Bossuet might fear that he should not find quite so friendly a reception from the Abbé de Beaumont, whom Bossuet had deprived of his situation of sub-preceptor to the royal princes.

The Abbé le Dieu then relates, with seeming satisfaction and delight, all the actions of kindness, of politeness, and of courtesy, which Fenelon displayed towards him.

"I gave him my packet of letters,

as I entered his chamber; and, without opening it, he made me sit down above him, in an arm chair similar to his own, not leaving me at liberty to take any other seat, and bidding me be covered.

"During our conversation they came to tell him that dinner was ready. He rose, and invited me to partake of it with him.

"All the guests were waiting for him in the dining-room; no one approached his chamber, where they knew I was with him. They sat down without ceremony, as among friends. The archbishop said grace and took the first seat, as was fit. The Abbé de Chanterac sat on his left hand: I took a place indifferently. On the right hand of the prelate there was a vacant seat; he made a motion to me to sit there. I endeavoured to decline it; he requested me mildly and politely: come, said he, this is your place. I then went without any further hesitation.

"There were fourteen of us at table; and, in the evening, there were sixteen. These all consisted of his relations, of ecclesiastics whose duty necessarily attached them to his person, and of friends who never quit him.

"The table was magnificently and delicately served. The servants in livery were numerous, attended diligently and properly, and without any bustle. I did not see any pages.

"The archbishop took the trouble of helping me, with his own hand, to whatever there was most delicate at table. I thanked him, each time, with great respect, and with my hat in my hand, and each time he returned the courtesy by taking off his own hat. He did me the honour, also, of drinking my health. All this was done with much gravity, but yet with eminent affability and politeness. The discourse at table was quite free, agreeable, and even cheerful. The archbishop spoke occasionally, and left to each a discreet freedom of conversation."

The Abbé le Dieu adds, as a remarkable circumstance, "that the almoners, secretaries, and others of the archbishop's establishment, spoke as freely as the rest of the guests; but no one presumed to use railery



or censure. The young nephews did not speak at all. The Abbé de Beaumont maintained the conversation, which turned principally upon the journey of the Archbishop of Cambrai; but that abbé was very courteous, and I did not perceive, towards any one, any of that supercilious and haughty manner which I have so often experienced elsewhere. I found, in fact, more real modesty and discretion there than I ever found in any other place, not only in the master, but in the nephews, and in every one else."

The Abbé le Dieu observed, also, during the repast, "that Fenelon ate very little, and only of mild food, and such as was not very succulent; in the evening, for example, he tasted only a few spoonfuls of milk and eggs, and drank but two or three glasses of a small white wine, weak in colour, and consequently in strength. It is impossible that any one can be more temperate; and, hence, he is very thin; his countenance is clear and luminous, but without much colour; he carries himself very well; and on his return from a journey of three weeks, he did not exhibit any symptoms of fatigue or weariness.

"After dinner, all the company repaired to the grand bed-chamber of the archbishop, where he wished me to occupy a distinguished place; but I sat down at the foot of the bed, against the wall, near M. de L'Echelle, leaving the bottom of the room for accidental visitors. The archbishop sat opposite the chimney, in about the middle of the room, having a small table near him to write and transact such business as might be presented to him; his secretaries and almoners *en soutane* alone speaking to him, and receiving orders relative to their different functions.

"Coffee was brought for every one; and the Archbishop of Cambrai had the politeness to have mine given to me with a white napkin. The conversation turned upon the news of the day, and the journey which Fenelon had made into Flanders.

"Between two and three o'clock, the archbishop went to see the Count de Montberon, the governor of the

place, who was going to Paris in the course of a few days; when he returned, he gave me an interview in his chamber. It is known that these two noblemen are very intimate, and that the governor entertains the highest esteem for the archbishop.

"Fenelon, returning from his visit to the Count de Montberon, found me in his ante-chamber. He made me again sit above him, with the same distinction as in the morning. We discoursed upon piety, spirituality, and other doctrinal topics. Madame de Maisonfort was not forgotten. He had read her letter, and he was more qualified to speak about her. It turned also upon M. de Bissy, at present Bishop of Meaux; he spoke of him with much esteem, and said that he had patronage, meaning that he was the friend of Madame de Maintenon, to which I assented.

"Our conversation was interrupted by the arrival of the governor, who came to return the visit of the archbishop.

"When his excellency was gone, the archbishop sent for me, and walked with me along the suite of rooms of his apartment, always talking to me upon piety, and referring to it the whole ecclesiastical government, without, however, uttering a single word respecting the Bishop of Meaux, either in his favour or disavow; it was not for me, therefore, to speak to him upon the subject. I was there for Madame de Maisonfort, and I naturally had to speak only of her to him."

But, the Abbé le Dieu adds, immediately afterwards, a remarkable circumstance, and which might have convinced that ecclesiastic that the silence of Fenelon, with regard to Bossuet, arose wholly from a refined delicacy of feeling. He relates, that during the same conversation, speaking of Christian simplicity, the Archbishop of Cambrai, turning suddenly towards him, said, 'Ask me whatever question you wish, and I will reply to you with the sincerity of a child.' This was opening a noble opportunity for speaking about Quietism; but I was careful not to mention that subject; it was for him to question me, had he wished to know many particular circumstances, of

which, he must have been well aware, I could not be ignorant."

The Abbé le Dieu might have discovered, in the delicate reserve of Fenelon, that he did not wish to put, to the slightest trial, the discretion of an ecclesiastic, who had been employed by Bossuet for twenty years, and who was the confident of his most secret labours; and, that it became him still less to hurt his feelings, which were justly founded upon attachment to Bossuet, by reverting to the unhappy dissensions which had arisen between them, and which had caused their separation. Fenelon, in simply saying to the Abbé le Dieu, "Ask me whatever question you wish, I will reply to you with the sincerity of a child," sufficiently evinced that he did not wish to affect any mysterious reserve with regard to that delicate subject, as far as it concerned himself, and that his heart harboured no resentment, no secret, which might not be freely confided to a friend, and even to a servant of Bossuet himself. It is quite natural, on the other hand, that the Abbé le Dieu should not have considered himself at liberty to tamper with the sincerity of Fenelon, relative to an affair which had been so long concluded, and which offered no further opportunity of educing from it any public advantage, as Bossuet was dead.

"The archbishop," continues the Abbé le Dieu, "kept me to supper, and placed me at the table, and treated me, with the same distinction as at dinner. After supper, in the course of conversation, they spoke to me about the death of the Bishop of Meaux; they asked me if he anticipated his death; if he received the sacraments, and from whom? And the Archbishop of Cambrai asked me who had exhorted him to die? To all these questions I answered simply as the facts were. I am inclined to think, however, from the last question, that the archbishop was of opinion that the Bishop of Meaux needed able exhortation in the hour of death, and from a person of authority capable of giving it to him: probably because of the many important affairs which had passed through his hands during a long life, and some of them of so delicate a nature. No inquiry

was made respecting his will, or any private matter, and still less about Quietism.

"During this conversation, the archbishop had a small table placed before him, upon which he folded up, himself, his packet for Madame de Maisonfort, and directed it with his own hand. Before ten o'clock at night, he asked if all the persons in the house were together, and added, '*Let us pray,*' which was done in his large bed-room, where the whole family was assembled. An almoner read the formula; and the *Confiteor*, as well as the *Misereatur*, were simply repeated without any thing from the archbishop.

"As he left the table, he ordered that a room should be prepared for me. After prayers, he put the packet into my hand, and ordered the servants to get wax candles and a wax flambeau to conduct me to my chamber, apologising to me, at the same time, because I had to cross the court-yard to arrive at it. He made many offers of service to my family, who resided so near him. I took leave of him and of the Abbé de Beaumont, meaning to set off at daylight the ensuing morning. The archbishop attended me as far as the large *Salle au dais*; a servant walked before me with wax candles, and a flambeau of white wax. I told the servant, that I would sleep at the inn, to be in readiness for departure early the next day, and he conducted me thither with his waxen flambeau."\*

\* Surely the reader will behold, with a smile, the humble vanity of the Abbé le Dieu. He sees with what repetition of delight he dwells upon the waxen tapers and flambeaus. To sit in an arm-chair like Fenelon's, to be helped by him at dinner, and to have his health drunk by him, seem to have filled him with ecstasy. But the measure of his self gratification is completed by the wax candles and flambeaus. Yet, what was there in all this beyond common courtesy; beyond that simple politeness, the performance of which is scarcely a merit, though the neglect would have been a fault? The good abbé, however, thought otherwise. To record such trivial circumstances with such



At the end of this account, the Abbé le Dieu relates that, on his return from Cambrai, he passed by Noyon, where he stopped to pay his respects to M. d'Aubigné, who was bishop of the place, but that he did not receive quite so gratifying a reception as from Fenelon. "The Bishop of Noyon talked of his supping with him, and of his sleeping at the palace, but so indifferently, as if he did not much wish his offers should be accepted; therefore he declined them; he received, indeed, civilities; but they were altogether very different from those of the Archbishop of Cambrai."

The Abbé le Dieu felt himself under a necessity of concealing, from the Abbé Bossuet, his journey to Cambrai. He heard of it, however; seemed to be displeased, and testified his displeasure. The Abbé le Dieu endeavoured to persuade him that the visit was merely the effect of chance: an accidental concurrence of circumstances which led him to Cambrai. The Abbé Bossuet exacted from him a promise that he would not mention the journey to any one; but, he gave a detailed account to Madame de la Maisonfort, in a letter which we shall here transcribe from the original copy, because it exhibits all those feelings of respect and gratitude with which the character and virtues of Fenelon had inspired him.

*Letter from the Abbé le Dieu to Madame de la Maisonfort.*

"MADAM, "October 30, 1704.

"Being arrived from Plessis, I shall have the honour, with your permission, of communicating these tidings to you. I found the Marchioness d'Alègre alone, yesterday, in perfect health, and delighted at having received, by express, some tokens of remembrance from the Archbishop of Cambrai. She perfectly approves of my journey to that city, and especially, Madam, on your account. It was impossible, she says, to be other-

apparent felicity, has little to do with veneration for the character of Fenelon; but it is indicative of something like imbecility in the narrator. Trifles swell into important magnitude in the mind of a trifler.—*Trans.*

wise than well received with that recommendation, added to the respect and veneration which would prompt one to take a much longer journey to see so great a prelate. To you, therefore, am I solely indebted, Madam, for the honours which his Grace the Archbishop of Cambrai shewed to me, and to such a degree as to confuse me. The Marchioness d'Alègre was as well acquainted as myself with every thing which I beheld at Cambrai; and yet, methought, she felt a pleasure, as you do, in hearing the account, and particularly in being informed of the benevolence and courtesy of that prelate, with which you are as well acquainted as she is, but not towards so humble and unimportant an individual as myself. She agreed with me, that every thing is maintained in the Archbishop of Cambrai, even his external conduct and his government of his diocese, by a piety which captivates all hearts. Of this piety I felt the gentleness and the consolation in his discourse; and I shall never forget how highly he elevated the fidelity of saintly souls, perfect attachment to God, and a contempt of life both in sickness and in health. I did not scruple to repeat, to the Marchioness d'Alègre, what I have had the honour, Madam, of observing to you, that such an exemplary piety, together with such rare talents, made that prelate be regarded as if he were the only bishop in the Low Countries, and even in France, as will be seen when it shall please God to permit the disclosure. 'You are right,' said she to me; 'I have noticed that as well as you.' He is venerated, not only in his archiepiscopal town and in his diocese, but also in all these provinces: and he is venerated among the great even more than among inferior persons. Of this I myself had a recent proof, in the journey of the Archbishop of Cambrai into Flanders, and in his sojourn at Lille, where he was detained by the Elector of Cologne, from motives of particular esteem: I heard of nothing, in every town, but the question, who should shew him the most respect and honour. I shall confine myself, however, to what I saw at Cambrai. The magnificence of his table, of his apartments, and of

his furniture, was remarkable; but, in the midst of all this magnificence, there was a striking contrast in the modesty, and, literally speaking, the severe mortification of this holy prelate. The opulence and splendour of his house belonged to the situation which he held, and to the dictates of propriety; it was a dazzling outside which enveloped him; but, in his person, he preserved the same simplicity and modesty as before: his manners, even, and his discourse, are unaltered; they are full of affability and courtesy; he is, in fact, the same individual as I had the honour of discoursing with at Germigny above eighteen years ago. 'It was exactly thus,' said the Marchioness d'Alègre, 'that I found him.' 'I know not, Madam,' I replied, 'whether you entered into such details; as for myself, who have examined every thing closely and at leisure, I never saw his arms either on his furniture of state, nor on his canopy, for example, nor on his church ornaments, nor even on the hangings of the archiepiscopal throne, nor in any part of that superb building which he built at his own expense, without trenching upon the funds of the archbishopric. This is a rare example of modesty, which cannot be parallel in France; and it is a still more rare example of disinterestedness. 'Judge, Madam,' continued I, 'whether I am satisfied with my journey. It was not only the honour of my reception which has charmed me, and of which I shall retain, to the last hour of my life, a grateful recollection; but it was more especially the noble model of prelati- cal conduct, in which I noted and admired more things than rumour had uttered abroad. I have returned, therefore, with a greater desire than ever, to re-visit the place once more, if God please, and if I can obtain permission, to learn something further; for I saw the archbishop only in the private circle of domestic life; I wish to contemplate him in public, in the church, and in the pulpit; this is what the holy fathers denominate, after St. Paul, *Videre Petrum et contemplari*; to study the grace and marvellous gifts. The Archbishop of Cambrai should also be viewed in action, and in the careful discharge of his pastoral office, with regard to his

seminary, the public school, his curacies, his parishes, and churches.'— The Marchioness d'Alègre was well pleased to observe this eagerness; and I must tell you, Madam, that she praised, as well as yourself, my desire for another journey to Cambrai. I added, also, that in the domestic economy of the archbishop, every thing bore the impress of order, attention, and propriety; and there was displayed, likewise, every possible politeness and civility by all the members of his numerous family and establishment. Nor was there any constraint even in the presence of the prelate himself, who, on the contrary, inspired every one with confidence and freedom. I have been so struck with all these things, that I often thought, since my return, of making my most humble acknowledgments to the Archbishop of Cambrai, but, I confess, Madam, that I felt as if I ought to abstain from so doing, out of respect for so great a man. It is sufficient that you know my sentiments; it is to you that I am indebted for these favours, and to you, therefore, do I owe my first acknowledgments. I have endeavoured, also, to make the Marchioness d'Alègre participate in my feelings. She intends residing some time at Plessis; and she will contrive to make an excursion to Meaux, to have the honour, she says, of seeing you, and obtaining your friendship. You may judge, Madam, what will be the link that will unite you; she seems eagerly to desire it, and your reputation entitles you to all her esteem. We shall have more to say when it shall please you, Madam, to let me have the honour of seeing you, and when your health will permit of it. I must receive your commands for Paris also, whither I am engaged to go, to give a verbal account of the Archbishop of Cambrai to the Abbé de Fleuri. I shall await your determination, Madam, respecting the visit which I have proposed. I am in no hurry: suit yourself entirely; meanwhile I have the honour to be, &c."

It may be doubted whether even the secretary of Fenelon himself could have rendered a more sincere homage to his virtue than is here rendered by the secretary of Bossuet.



*THE DEVIL'S HORNS and TAIL.*

SIR,

THE image of Satan, as presented to our ocular perception by the pencil, has often struck me to be a gross outrage upon common sense. Generally he is portrayed as a sable cloven-footed monster. Oftentimes has the airy imagination of the artist launched into more gross absurdities; such as representing him with *wings*, while horns, claws, and a tail as frequently make up this horrid but ludicrous figure of monstrosity. Such will doubtless appear very terrific to children; but no one, arrived at the age of discernment, and in possession of rational ideas, can, I am convinced, for one moment, suppose that such a conception of the form of Lucifer is either consistent with reason or divine revelation.

To the advocates of the latter, namely, those who look to the Scriptures as the only mirror in which they can with certainty view him, the absurdity must appear peculiarly striking. By the sacred writ, we are taught to believe that he is a fallen angel—the tempter of mankind—the instigator of every thing that is diabolical or iniquitous: but we do not learn that that circumstance, or these demoniac qualities, have contributed to the changing of his colour or the altering of his form. There are not a few who will deny the existence of Satan altogether; maintaining that the term devil bears a figurative meaning, and that the portraiture in question ought to be regarded in no other light than an emblematical representation of sin. How far this opinion is correct, I leave others to determine; convinced that even in this point of view it is still a matter of deprecation, inasmuch as it is likely to mislead the weak and illiterate, (by their conceiving it a literal description), thereby adding to the power of superstition, in the trammels of which they are (much to be lamented) the foremost to be found.

The insertion of these thoughts of a moment would be pleasing to,

Your's, &amp;c.

J. CURWEN.

April 4, 1810.

ANIMADVERSIONS upon ANIMADVERSIONS.—(See page 196 of the *Univ. Mag. for March*)

SIR,

HE who takes it, let him have it. Your surly northern correspondent continues to snarl like an old mastiff at the door of his kennel; and he is wishing, by his hints, to make the public believe that he is deeply read in the history of nations, and in the various branches of science; but his chief fort seems to be in finding fault, without judgment sufficient to guide him right.

It is folly in the extreme to be seeking opportunities to excite any person to litigate facts, but more especially when the person is concealed and unknown to him; and yet I believe it will be seen that he has run into this excess of folly, by accusing me of committing one of “the grossest errors he has ever met with in the course of his reading.”—He adds, “ignorance accompanied with modesty ought ever to be treated with indulgence; but when it assumes a high dictatorial tone, and censures those who take things upon trust, the exposure of such presumption becomes a duty;” and I now ask him, in a high tone, if this duty consists in misrepresentation?

In my observations on the supposed gunpowder-plot, I brought forward the statute which passed in the third year of James the First for a yearly thanksgiving, to shew that there was not any thing contained in that act to induce the most credulous to believe that any such plot ever existed; unless we admit that the king had a special revelation from Heaven to forewarn him of his danger. Where we might expect to find the fullest account of the intended plot, we find nothing but the most fulsome adulation; and as the act did not cast one feeble ray of light on this dark subject, it was necessary to turn to the subsequent part of the history of the Stuarts for further information. As the Right Hon. Charles James Fox had made this part of our history his particular study, I extracted what he had offered on this subject, that your readers might form some judgment for themselves.

It is true I did not mention the date of the act, nor of the transactions which Mr. Fox has mentioned; nor did I think it necessary; for his arguments, and the words he makes use of, sufficiently point to the era on which he was writing to be in the reign of Charles the Second. He has not only brought forward the names of Tonge, Oates, and others, but adds, "the crooked politics of Charles could not have led him to countenance the fictions of his enemies."

It is not sufficient to shew that Mr. Fox was treating of transactions in the reign of Charles, what he further says will place it beyond all controversy (without the date of the year and the day of month) among those who attend to what they read. He says, "It is a truth that, if there was a design to introduce popery and arbitrary power, the king and his brother were at the head of it."—What king? It could not be James, for he had no brother; nor could Mr. Fox mean any other than Charles the Second, nor can his words be twisted or tortured to mean any other but the king he last mentioned, which was Charles the Second.

As the jaundiced eye taints every thing with its own yellow hue, so does your northern correspondent invent difficulties to favour his prejudices; but if he is capable of taking shame to himself, I would advise him to be a little more guarded in future, lest some irritable scribbler should give him a tickler for his rashness. I would not have taken notice of his futile animadversions myself, if it had not been to shew your readers how far bigotted prepossessions are capable of biasing the judgment, and drawing a person from the straight path of duty. If I see any more of his crude misrepresentations, I shall treat them with the silent contempt they merit; and I shall leave him endeavouring to make the public believe that he knows more ways than others how things may be done, though he takes particular care not to tell them how to do it.

*To the Editor of the Universal Mag.*  
SIR,

I WILL thank any one of your learned correspondents to give me

some information respecting the following work:—

*"A Treatise of Treasons against Q. Elizabeth and the Crowne of England: partly answering certain Treasons pretended that neuer were pretended: and partly discoueing greater Treasons committed that are by few perceived."*

What I would inquire is, the date of this work, and its author's name. The copy in my possession is perfect in every respect but the title-page, the want of which is, probably, the reason why I have now to solicit the present information from any of your readers who can satisfy my ignorance. It is a highly curious work, and written with singular energy of style. It is printed in black letter.

I remain, &c.

A. B.

London, May 11, 1810.

*MR. BURDON on the NECESSITY of MODERATE PARLIAMENTARY REFORM.*

*Mr. Editor,*

THE pages of your useful Magazine will bear testimony that for the last five years I have attempted, though perhaps with a feeble voice, to call the attention of the public to the great cause of reform; and how incessantly I have tried to enforce these salutary maxims, that it is from the middle ranks, from the great body of the people, that reform can alone proceed; that it is in their power, by timely and temperate meetings, to convince the government that their complaints and grievances can neither be overlooked nor despised with impunity; and that it is by such meetings only that the hopes of violent and headstrong demagogues can be destroyed, when they see the people moderate in their desires and firm in their resolves. But there is a sort of infatuation, a sort of mental blindness, which divines call judicial, that frequently hinders men from seeing their true interest, and makes them suppose that the very measures which are most calculated for their happiness and prosperity will be productive of their ruin; so that one almost ceases to wonder at the ob-



with which they persevere in submitting to the most rigorous privations and the most glaring encroachments on their comforts and liberty. How else can we possibly account for it, that the people of England have so long sat quiet under the pressure of the most oppressive and unequal system of taxation that ever Englishmen endured; whence is it but because they either think their exertions will do no good, or that they have such confidence in the wisdom of government, as to conceive that whatever they do is right? To this latter opinion the long and delusive administration of Pitt considerably contributed: for such were the arts of his eloquence and his policy, that he succeeded in blinding the majority of the people to the ruinous tendency of his measures, and making them trust to those short-sighted schemes which marked his whole administration; for, what good has the nation gained by that desperate contest into which he plunged them in the year 1793? Nothing, but that he and his minions might put off the evil day of reform; that it might come upon them and the nation with accumulated force from the burthens of a seventeen years of war and taxation: The same blind adherence to his measures, which misled so many of the higher and middle ranks during his life-time, still continues to attach them to his successors now that he is no more: and should any considerable part of the nation remain much longer firm to these desperate and headstrong men, the conflict between the reformers and the enemies of reform will be most violent, and the sober part of the community, who wish to avoid all such struggles, will be drawn, even against their will, into the contest.

A writer in the *Edinburgh Review*, a publication, which, under the name of review, is a mere party pamphlet, for the thin disguise of review is sometimes completely laid aside, and the article proposed to be examined is never once mentioned, nor even quoted; one of these writers, I intended to say, has, in a late number, after many former ineffectual attempts to bolster up the cause of corruption, at length unwillingly acknowledged that reform can be no longer delayed, and there-

fore he advises his friends, the leaders of the opposition, to unite with the popular party, and it must be confessed from a very good motive. But, it seems that he knows little of the men to whom he addresses himself, if he can imagine there can be any possibility of adhesion between the Greys, the Grenvilles, the Windhams, and the Burdets, Folkstones, and O'Connors: oil and water cannot be more repulsive to each other, than the aristocratical pride of the one party and the popular freedom of the other, and particularly if there is any foundation for his supposition, that the latter party have any intention to overturn the government and substitute one of their own creation in its room.

The whig party and the aristocracy may, however, yet do much to conciliate the reformers; for there are many of them who are little known to the public, having never committed themselves by any imprudent speeches or advice. Should they come forward to give their aid to the cause of the people, they may possibly stem the torrent of violent measures, if any such are in contemplation: nay, it is my opinion that even the ministers themselves might do much to allay the storm, by making prudent concessions to popular rights and demands: and such a thing is not improbable, from a hint dropped by Mr. Perceval, in the debate of receiving the Middlesex petition; for he said, that the House might think it right to punish their officer for the arrest of Sir F. Burdett, and that they might revise and rescind their proceedings in that affair at some future period.—By whatever means it may be best restored, my only wish and prayer (if I ever prayed) should be for the prosperity of England, and I would add, in the words of the dying patriot, father Paul, “*Esto perpetua.*”

I remain, &c.

W. BURDON.

*Harford, near Morpeth,*

*May 8, 1810.*

AXIOCHUS, on the FEAR of DEATH,  
Translated from the Greek. By  
Dr. TOULMIN. (See *Universal  
Magazine* for Aug. last, p. 106.)

[An unpleasant mistake has occurred in giving this communication to our read-

ders. At p. 108, of last vol. appeared "*An Analysis of a Dialogue of Æschines, entitled 'Axiochus on the Fear of Death;'*" after the insertion of which our learned correspondent (Dr. Toulmin) sent us the first part of the translation of the Dialogue itself, which was accidentally mislaid. The conclusion of the Dialogue was afterwards forwarded to us, and, by some strange negligence on our part, was inserted, at p. 14 of the present volume, as the CONCLUSION of the ANALYSIS. It may seem strange that the hiatus occasioned by the total omission of the first part of the Dialogue did not prevent such an error: it did not, however: nor were we aware of it till a polite note from Dr. Toulmin pointed it out to us. We then sought for that portion which was mislaid, and have luckily found it: and now present it to our readers entire, having reprinted, from p. 14 of the present volume, what there appeared, and subjoined it to its preceding part, so that it now forms a connected whole, in continuation from p. 110 of Vol. XII.]

AS I was going to Cynosarges, and was near to Elissus, I heard the voice of some person calling "Socrates, Socrates." On turning about to observe from whence it came, I saw Clinias, the son of Axiochus, running to the fountain Callirhoes. There were with him Damon, the musician, and Charmes, the son of Glaucon. The former was a music-master; the latter was his particular, beloved friend. I thought it best, therefore, to leave the straight road, and to meet them by the shortest way.

Clinias, weeping, said, "Now, Socrates, is the time for thee to display thy celebrated wisdom. For my father, a few hours since, was suddenly taken very ill, and is nearly dead; and he meets his dissolution with great dejection, though he used, heretofore, to smile at, and with good humour ridicule, those who were terrified with the thought of death. Come, therefore, and comfort him, according to your custom, that he may submit to fate without a groan; and that in this, as well as other instances, I may fulfil the obligations of filial piety.

Socr.—I will not refuse, you, Clinias, any reasonable request; especially when urged from such pure principles. Let us hasten to him then: for, if such be his situation, there is need for speed.

Clin.—The very sight of you, Socrates, will revive him: for he has been often recovered from such critical symptoms.

As soon as we came by the wall to the Itonian gates, (for his residence was near the gate, at the Amazonian pillar), we found him in the possession of his senses and strong in body, but very dejected in mind, and in great want of consolation: often raising himself from his bed, and pouring out lamentations with tears and wringing of his hands.

Socr.—On seeing him, I asked, What is the meaning of this, Axiochus? Where are thy former boastings, and continual praises of virtue, and thy unspeakable self-confidence? For, like a cowardly wrestler, who comes on the stage with boldness, you fail in the moment of contest. Should not a man of your years, and devoted to literature, and (if there were no other consideration) an Athenian, calmly reflect on the common sentiment which is in every one's mouth, that life is a journey? and that it becomes those who have finished it well, to submit to death with readiness, and almost with songs of triumph? But to behave thus effeminately and reluctantly like a child, does not savour of the wisdom of mature years.

Axiochus.—Your observations, Socrates, are very true and just; but, I know not how it is, in this critical moment, these excellent and invigorating sentiments evaporate, leaving no impression; and are dishonoured; and to them terror succeeds, and agitates the mind at the thought of being deprived of the light and all its blessings, of being no more seen or heard of, of becoming putrified and being changed into worms and insects.

Socr.—Truly, Axiochus, you inconsiderately and injudiciously associate sensation with insensibility, and talk of and imagine things that are repugnant to one another. You do not reflect that you bewail, at the same



time, a state of insensibility, and lament about worms and the loss of your enjoyments, as if you were to die into another state of life and perception, instead of exchanging this existence for one in which you will have no more consciousness than you had before you were born. For, as you then felt no evil from the tyranny of Draco and Clisthenes, (for you had no being to suffer from it), so it will be after death, you will have no existence to be affected by its consequences. Reject then every such trifling thought, and consider this, that as soon as the tie of life is broken, and the soul is fixed in its own place, the body, which is left earthy and destitute of reason, is not the man. We are, in mind, an immortal principle, enclosed in a mortal prison. But nature hath formed this tabernacle for our punishment. It enjoys pleasures, but they are superficial, transient, and mixed with many pains: it suffers long and pure pains; untempered with any pleasures. Reflect on the diseases of the external senses and the internal distempers. By which the soul, as if diffused and feeling through all the pores, desires and breathes after its heavenly and native sky, seeking the life and pleasures to be enjoyed there: so that a departure out of life is an exchange of evil for good.

*Axiochus.*—Looking on life as such an evil, why, Socrates, dost thou remain in it; especially when thou art so given to inquiry, and so much surpassesst us, who are but the herd of mankind, in intellect?

*Socr.*—You do not speak the truth of me, Axiochus; for, like the generality of the Athenians, you imagine that, because I am given to inquiry, I am knowing. I wish that I was acquainted with common matters, so deficient am I in the more excellent acquisitions. My instructions are only the echo of the wise Prodicus; some of whose lessons I purchased with two oboli, others with two drachms; for this man taught no one gratis: therefore he was always repeating that sentence of Epicharmus, "One hand washes the other; give something and take something." And very lately, indeed, as he displayed his wisdom at the house of Callias,

the son of Hipponicus, he spoke so much against life, that I have represented it as a momentary concern, and I desired death.

*Axi.*—What did he advance on the subject?

*Socr.*—I will repeat it as far as I can remember. He said, What portion of life was exempted from grief? Doth not the infant, as soon as born, cry; beginning existence with sorrow? There is no kind of pain from which it is free. It feels pain from want, from cold, from heat, from wounds; not able to tell what it suffers, but by crying; for this is the only way it has of expressing its distress. When it has reached its seventh year, the tyrannies of a wrestling-master and a tutor harass it with various tasks: when it is further grown up, there succeeds a multitude of other lords, the teachers of criticism, geometry, and tactics. When he ranks with the youth, greater fears haunt him in the Lyceum and Academy, from the president of the exercises, his rods and menaces. The whole period of youth is under the restraint of the tutors, elected by the Areopagus, to guard its sobriety.—When he is released from these, schemes for future life occupy the mind, and anxious cares succeed. Compared with these last difficulties, all the former appear no more than as they really were, the fears of childhood and terrors of infancy. Amongst these are military expeditions, wounds, and perpetual wars. At length, old age insensibly steals upon us; into which flows every incurable infirmity of nature. And if the debt of life has not, in an early period, been paid, nature, like a rigorous usurer, exacts the interest; from one—sight; from another—hearing; from some—both. If the man continues to live, it afflicts him with the palsy, or takes from him the use of his joints and limbs. Some reach to an advanced age with vigour: but others fall into a second childhood. On this account, the Gods, who preside over human affairs, grant to those whom they most love an early dismissal out of life. Agamedes and Trophonius, when they had built the temple of Apollo at Delphos, having implored what might be the greatest blessings, fell

sleep, and awoke no more. The sons of the priestess Argiva, their mother, having requested Juno to recompence their filial piety, in drawing her to the temple, on the failure of the oxen, died the night after her prayer was made. It would be tedious to repeat the sayings of the poets, who, in their divine compositions, have delivered their oracular sentiments on human life, and who have bewailed it. I will quote one only, and him the most eminent :

“ The Gods  
Ordain man’s miserable race to mourn.”  
COWPER.

And again,

“ Of all things that breathe or creep the  
earth,  
No creature lives so mere a wretch as man.”  
1a.

What saith he concerning Amphiar-  
aus ?

“ Amphiaraus, warlike chief renowned,  
Whom with all tenderness and as a friend,  
Alike the Thunderer and Apollo priz’d ;  
Yet reached he not the bounds of hoary  
age.”  
1a.

What thinkest thou of the poet, when he exhorts “ a man to bewail his birth on account of the evils to which he is destined ? ” \*

What plan of life, what art is there, which he who hath adopted does not find fault with, and complain of its pressing evils ? Visit the labourer and artist, working from night to night, and scarcely procuring necessities for himself, how he bewails himself, and fills his waking hours with lamentations and tears. Behold the sailor, encountering the numerous dangers of the sea ; as Bias expresses it, he is neither to be reckoned amongst the dead nor the living : the man, formed to inhabit the earth, like an amphibious creature, casts himself upon the ocean, and risks his all on its waves. But, it will be said, husbandry is a pleasant employment. Truly : it is ; it may be said, a scene of vexation, always supplying cause of grief ; and for lamenting one time the drought, at another time the heavy rains ; now the scorching sun,

then the rust in the corn ; now the unseasonable heat, then the cold.

But, to pass over other situations in life, that of the government of the state is held in high and honourable estimation. But into what evils doth it draw a man ! Its felicity is like a throbbing and thining boil.

*Axio.*—These wise remarks, Socrates, flow only from the rhetorical flourish that is now in fashion ; mere talk, played off to catch young minds. Though you should address me with more specious arguments, to be deprived of the enjoyments of existence would grieve me. The understanding does not listen to the delusive strokes of oratory. These superficial speeches do not come home to me ; their utmost perfection consists only in a glare and pomp of language. They are destitute of solid truth. Diseases are not to be cured by sophisms. Conviction only satisfieth the mind.

*Socr.*—You injudiciously, Axiochus, confound together two distinct things ; and, forgetting that we are speaking of a state of death, you talk of a privation of good as consisting in a sensation of evil. It is the sense of opposite evil that afflicts in the privation of good : but, when a man no longer exists, he is no more sensible of having sustained any loss. How can grief affect him who has no knowledge of what creates it ? For, if you once grant that there can be no feeling in what is destitute of all perception, you would not be inconsiderately terrified at the thought of death.—You mislead yourself, on the one hand, by the dread of being deprived of life, and on the other, by imagining that you shall be conscious of the privation. You fear losing all sensation, and yet think that you shall be sensible of your want of it.

To this may be added many good arguments for the immortality of the soul. For a mortal nature could not rise to such sublime exertions as to despise the strength in which the brutes surpass it, traverse seas, build cities, found states, contemplate the heavens, observe the revolutions of the stars, the courses of the sun and moon, their rising and setting, their eclipses, their quick progress through the signs of the ecliptic, the equinoctial and tropical changes, the prog-

\*. Homer. *Iliad*. B. xxiv. 556, 7. B. xvii. 522, 3.—*Odysse*. xv. 294, 5, 6.



nostications of summer and winter afforded by the Pleiades, the winds, the fall of rain, the irregular tracts of the lightning, and even so as to reduce to certain rules the revolutions of the heavens; if there were not a divine principle in man, by which he attains to this skill and knowledge. So that, Axiochus, you do not exchange life for death, but for immortality. You will not be deprived of happiness, but have a more pure enjoyment of it. Your pleasures will not be the mixed ones of a mortal body, but unalloyed by any pain. You will be released from this imprisoned state of labour, groans, and old age. A life, tranquil and unproductive of evil, awaits you; serene and undisturbed in the contemplation of nature and in philosophical researches, not to please the multitude, and to exhibit on a stage, but to discover truth, presenting itself with force from every quarter.

*Axi.*—Your discourse has led me into entirely different views. I no longer fear death, but desire it; so that in imitation of the rhetoricians I could amplify on the subject. Now I entertain sublime views, and enter on my divine and eternal course: rise above my weakness, and am a new man.

*Socr.*—If it be agreeable to you, I will relate what I was told by Gobrias, one of the eastern magi. His namesake and grandfather was sent, when Xerxes passed over into Europe, to Delos, to guard the island, in which two gods were born; where he met with two brazen tablets, brought there from the north, by Opis and Ecaergus. From these he learnt that the soul, on its dismissal from the body, went to an invisible and subterraneous region, where Pluto had established his kingdom as extensively as were the domains of Jupiter. For, as this earth is fixed in the middle of the universe, and bears the form of a sphere, the upper hemisphere is occupied by the celestial deities, and the lower by the inferior gods, who are brothers, or the sons of brothers. The entrance into the palace of Pluto is guarded by iron doors and bars. He who opens these meets first with the river Acheron, and afterwards the Cocytus, both of

which must be crossed to reach the plain, called "the field of truth," where are Minos and Rhadamanthus.

Here sit the two judges, scrutinizing the characters of each one who comes before them: enquiring what life he has lived, and by what principles he was governed, while he dwelt in the body? It is not possible to answer falsely to these interrogations. As many as were inspired by a good genius, in this life, are sent to the seats of the pious. There, plentiful seasons enrich the fruitful earth, clear streams of water flow, and all the meadows are covered with the various flowers of spring. There, the conversations of philosophers, the recitations of poets, music and dancing, elegant entertainments, feasts on the spontaneous productions of the earth, and an immortal exemption from grief create a happy and delightful existence. There, will be no sharp cold, or burning heat; but a temperate air blows, warmed by the mild rays of the sun. There, the initiated rise to the first ranks and finish their holy purifications. Dost not thou aspire to partake of this honour, who art akin to the Gods? Hercules and Bacchus, Fame says, were initiated before they descended below, and that the fortitude with which they entered the lower regions was inspired by the Eleusinian goddess.

They, who have spent their life in evil courses, are driven by the furies through Tartarus, to Erebus and Chaos: there is the residence of the impious; there are the unfilled urns of the Danaides, the thirst of Tantalus, the bowels of Tityus always gnawed, and the stone of Sisyphus never reaching the top of the hill; whose labours, on the point of being finished, begin again. There dwell those whose whole bodies are licked by serpents; who are unceasingly burnt by the torches of furies; and who, tormented with every species of torture, are afflicted with eternal punishments.

I heard these things from Gobrias. You, Axiochus, will determine on them. As to myself, reasoning on the point, I am come to this conclusion only, that the soul is immortal: and when it leaves this state, it is released from all sorrow and trouble.

You, Axiochus, having lived virtuously, whether you go to the upper or the lower regions, must be happy.

*Axio.*—I am ashamed, Socrates, of what I have said: for now I am so far from fearing death, that I feel an ardent desire of it: so much has this discourse, like a heavenly oracle, impressed me. I even despise life as one who is going to a much better abode. I will silently revolve these things in my own mind; you will be with me, Socrates, at noon.

*Socr.*—I will do as you desire: in the mean time I must walk back to Cynosarges, from whence I was called away.

ACCOUNT of the SCHOOL conducted  
by the Rev. WILLIAM GILPIN,  
Vicar of Boldre.

SIR,

HAVING seen in a cotemporary publication an account of that much esteemed and valuable character, the late Rev. Wm. Gilpin, vicar of Boldre, in the New Forest, and author of many religious and scientific works, I conceive that a brief mention of his son, and of the well known seminary which both father and son conducted with so much reputation for half a century, cannot be unacceptable to your readers.

Cheam school, which is situated between Sutton and Epsom, in Surrey, will be immortalized by the conspicuous characters it sent into the world, while held by the late Rev. Wm. Gilpin. Amongst these may be reckoned the Right Hon. John Hiley Addington; and his brother Henry, formerly Speaker of the House of Commons, and now Viscount Sidmouth; the Right Hon. Nicholas Van Sittart, M.P.; the late Viscount Grimstone; and the illustrious Pitt.

The late Mr. Gilpin transferred the charge of his school, then consisting of about 100 boys, in the year 1780, (or thereabouts), to his son, the present Rev. William Gilpin, who, after having held it with equal reputation for the space of twenty-five years, gladly resigned his important charge in 1805, and is now retired with his numerous family, of eight or nine children, to a living in Shropshire,

which I believe was presented to him by one of his pupils, as a grateful acknowledgment for the attention paid to his scholastic pursuits.

The number of young gentlemen formerly received at Cheam fluctuated between 80 and 100; but the increase of the last possessor's family of necessity reduced it to about 70; but, although the number was curtailed, we find, to the last year of its being headed by a Gilpin, that no diminution, either in talents or respectability of the scholars, took place, as the following list of gentlemen, at Cheam at the end of 1804, will evince:—

The sons of John Whitmore, Esq. M.P.; the son of the Rev. Mr. Rose, rector of Carshalton, Surrey, and of Beckenham, Kent; Sir Archibald Murray, Bart. afterwards removed to Westminster; the two sons of — Mitchell, Esq. of Carshalton, Surrey, also removed to Westminster; Mr. Fairfield, of Gloucester Place; the son of W. Smith, Esq. M.P. for Norwich; Mr. Twisden, nephew of the Baronet of that name; the two Finches, sons of the late Hon. — Finch, and grandsons of the late, and nephews of the present Earl of Aylesford; the two Stevens, sons of — Stevens, Esq. M.P. for Tralee, Ireland; Mr. Steph. Hyde Cassan, son of the late barrister of that name, and nephew of Major C. of Queen's County; the two Mr. Wigstons, sons of — Wigston, Esq. of Hatfield Park, Herts; Mr. John Pitt Bontein, son of the late Sir James Bontein; the son of — Lock, Esq. of Norbury Park, Surrey; the son of the Rev. Mr. Bean, of Carshalton; the three sons of Captain Millett, of the India direction, &c. &c.

Many of these were removed at, and shortly subsequent to, Mr. Gilpin's retiring, in consequence of its having been understood that there was to be no successor. But, notwithstanding the increasing respectability of his school, he could not bring himself longer to endure the toil and constant anxiety attendant on a school-master; he therefore transferred the concern to the Rev. James Wilding, who had shortly before succeeded the Rev. William Waller as principal assistant. As a participator



at once in his labours and emoluments he has procured the aid of Mr. Wilson, in the room of Mr. Young, who had been one of the classical masters for twenty-four years, and whose industry, wit, and extensive knowledge of men and manners will long be remembered. This gentleman is now at a school near Shrewsbury, Shropshire; and I believe at no considerable distance from the living at which Mr. Gilpin resides.

I must not omit to state the names of a few other gentlemen brought up by the present Mr. G. and most of whom were contemporaries with the above named, but who were removed previous to the year 1804, viz. Lord Viscount Balgonie, the eldest son of the Earl of Leven and Melville; the honourable William Leslie, brother of Lord B.; Sir Simon Taylor, Bart.; the Honourable Francis Annesley, &c.

I cannot close this article without giving your readers some idea of the character of the late and present William Gilpin. I shall not dwell on their integrity, their universal benevolence, their moderation, patience, or domestic virtues, but I think I can sufficiently describe them by one comprehensive word: they were christians.

Yours, &c.

AN OLD READER.

#### EPITAPH on FLORA MACDONALD.

Sir,

If you think the following distich, written extemporaneously, upon the celebrated Flora Macdonald, worthy of a place in your Magazine, you will oblige a constant reader by inserting it:

Floræ æternum Macdonald Flora Fidelis,  
Floreat ut semper Flora perennis eris.

R. G.

#### QUERY respecting NATHANIEL BAILLEY, Author of the "Universal Etymological Dictionary."

SIR,

It is singular that no biographical work, which I have seen, contains any account of N. Bailey, the author of a well known Dictionary. Surely it is to be regretted, that such negligence has been shown to a deserving author: but it may, perhaps, be in the power of some of your numerous correspondents to satisfy my curiosity, by communicating some particulars of him, however scanty they may be.

I remain, &c.

May 20, 1810.

X. Y.

### CRITICISM.

"Nulli negabimus, nulli differemus justitiam"

*The LIFE of FENELON, Archbishop of Cambrai; compiled from Original Manuscripts, by M. L. F. DE BAUSSET, formerly Bishop of Alais, &c. Translated from the French by WILLIAM MURFORD. 2 vols. 8vo. 1810.*

[Continued from p 306.]

BY the care of his uncle, the Marquis of Fenelon, his nephew was placed at the seminary of St. Sulpice, under the direction of M. Tronson, a man of piety and virtue, and who formed the mind of his pupil to religion and a just knowledge of itself. While Fenelon was under the tuition of this respectable ecclesiastic, he formed the idea of attaching himself to some foreign missions, for propa-

gating Christianity; but the resolution seems to have excited some uneasiness in his family, as he had selected, for the theatre of his exertions, the regions of Canada; and they justly feared that the rigour of the climate would be too great for his delicate health to sustain. By their entreaties he was, accordingly, prevailed upon to relinquish the project, and he contented himself with being, in some measure, useful to the great cause of religion, by discharging the functions of a parish priest. In this office he employed three whole years of his life.

In the year 1674, he was invited to Sarlat, by his uncle the bishop of that place; and while there, he seems to have renewed his intention of be-

coming a missionary, but not to Canada. He turned his thoughts towards the Levant, the climate of which would be more congenial to his constitution. It was evidently under the impression of some such intention that he wrote the following letter from Sarlat :

“Several trifling events have, hitherto, prevented my return to Paris; but I shall, at length, set out, Sir, and I shall almost fly thither.—But, compared with this journey, I meditate a much greater one. The whole of Greece opens before me, and the Sultan flies in terror; the Peloponnesus breathes again in liberty, and the church of Corinth shall flourish once more; the voice of the apostle shall be heard there again. I seem to be transported among those enchanting places and those inestimable ruins, where, while I collect the most curious relics of antiquity, I imbibe also its spirit. I seek for the Areopagus, where St. Paul declared to the sages of the world the unknown God! But, after what is sacred, I am delighted with what is profane; and I disdain not to descend to the Piræus, where Socrates drew up the plan of his republic. I reach the double summit of Parnassus; I pluck the laurels of Delphos, and I revel in the charms of Tempe.

“When will the blood of the Turks mingle with that of the Persians on the plains of Marathon, and leave the whole of Greece to religion, to philosophy and the fine arts, who regard her as their country?”

..... *Arva, beata,  
Petamus arva, divites et insula.*

“Nor will I forget thee, Oh! thou island! consecrated by the celestial visions of the well-beloved disciple. Oh, happy Patmos! I will kneel down upon thy earth, and kiss the steps of the apostle, and I shall believe that the heavens open on my sight. I shall be indignant against the false prophet who sought to unfold the oracles of truth, and I shall bless the All-Powerful, who overthrew not the church as he did Babylon of old, but who rendered her victorious and enchained the dragon. I behold the downfall of schism, and the union of the east and the west; and the day-spring

again dawning in Asia, after a night of such long darkness. I behold the land which had been sanctified by the steps of Jesus and watered by his blood, delivered from its profaneness, and cloathed anew in glory; and I behold also the children of Abraham, scattered over the face of the globe, and more numerous than the stars of heaven, assembled from the four quarters of the earth, coming to acknowledge Christ whom they pierced, and to shew the resurrection to the end of time. This is enough, Sir, and you will, probably, be glad to learn, that this is my last letter, and the end of my enthusiasm, which has perhaps wearied you. Excuse the eagerness which prompts me to discourse with you at a distance, while waiting till I can do it in person.

“FR. DE FENELON.”

It appears that Fenelon had succeeded in obtaining the consent of his uncle to his going as a missionary to the Levant, because he could have no objection to the climate, as in the other case. But his friends directed his attention to another object shortly after this. He was nominated superior of the institution of the *Nouvelles Catholiques*, a community of females who had embraced Catholicism; and the business of the superior was to confirm them in their choice by proper instructions and exercises. Fenelon was, at this period, only twenty-seven years of age; and the office, with which he was entrusted, was one that was usually given to old, and experienced ecclesiastics. He entered upon his duties with pleasure because they had some affinity to those of a missionary.

About this time he was introduced, by his uncle the Marquis, to two persons, who have become inseparably connected with his name, the Duke de Beauvilliers and Bossuet.

As a contrast to the letter which we have just transcribed, we will insert the following, written by Fenelon to his cousin the Marchioness de Laval, and giving an account of his visit to his priory of Carenac, which his uncle, the Bishop of Sarlat, had ceded to him :

“Yes, Madam, doubt it not; I am a man destined to magnificent entries.



You know the one which took place at Belai, in your province; I will now relate to you that with which they honoured me here:

"M. de Rouffillac, for the nobility; M. Rose, the curate, for the clergy; M. Rigaudie, prior of the monks, for the monastic order; and the *Fermiers de céans*, for *tiers état*, came as far as Sarlat to pay their compliments. I walked majestically along, accompanied by all these deputies; I reached the port of Carenac, and I perceived the quay to be lined with a vast concourse of people. Two boats advanced, filled with the principal citizens; and, at the same time, I perceived, that, by a dexterous stratagem, the most warlike troops of the place were concealed in a corner of the beautiful island, which you are acquainted with; from which place they issued, in the order of battle, and saluted me with several discharges of musquetry: the air is darkened with the smoke of so many volleys, and nothing is heard but the fearful noise of salt-petre. The fiery courser which I was upon, animated with a noble ardour, wished to plunge into the water; but I was more moderate; and I alighted to the discharge of guns and the beating of drums. I crossed the fine river at Dordogne, which was almost covered with boats accompanying mine. On the shore, all the monks were gravely waiting, in a body, my approach. Their harangue is full of sublime praises: my answer has something grand and delightful in it. The immense croud disparts to make way for me; each of them fixes an attentive eye upon me, to read, in my looks, what will probably be his destiny. Thus I reach the castle, with slow and measured steps, in order to exhibit myself to the public curiosity. A thousand confused voices are heard, shouting with joy; and, on all sides as vociferated, *He will be our delight!* Behold me arrived at the door, and the sheriff's begin their harangue by the mouth of the royal orator. At this name you will not fail to anticipate all that there is of animated and sublime in eloquence. Who can recount the graces of his speech? He compared me to the sun: then I was the moon: then, all the most brilliant stars in the Heavens had the honour to resemble me: then, we came to the

elements and the meteors: and lastly, we finished, by good luck, at the beginning of the world. By this time the sun was gone to bed: and, to finish the comparison between us, I went into my room to prepare for the same thing."

After a short absence he resumed his duties as superior of the *Nouvelles Catholiques*, and he devoted ten years of his life to them. It was at this period, however, that he wrote his first work, his *Treatise on the Education of Girls*. His biographer speaks thus of it:

"Fenelon did not even compose this work for the public: it was written as a testimony of friendship, and to fulfil the pious intentions of a virtuous mother. The Duchess of Beauvilliers felt, for Fenelon, all that esteem which filled the bosom of her husband towards him. Occupied with the tender concern of educating a numerous family, she begged of him to direct her how she might fulfil the duties of maternal solicitude. Besides several boys, she had eight girls, who, from the domestic examples which were always exhibited to them, during their youth, and the principles which they imbibed from the instructions of Fenelon, became models of every virtue which springs from charity, and is ennobled by religion. As they were too young for Fenelon to be able to point out what would be the most eligible mode of procedure according to the different character of each, he generalised all his maxims; but he seized, with so much skill and dexterity, all those uniform qualities which belong to that period of life, and all those varieties which constitute the character of an individual, that there is no mother of a family who may not find, in this work, the counterpart of her own offspring, and a faithful delineation of those errors which it is her duty to eradicate, of those inclinations which she should seek to rectify, and of those qualities which she should strive to develope. Thus, a work, which was originally intended for the use of a single family, has become an elementary book, equally adapted for every family, and for all times and all places.

"He who reads this work would be

tempted to believe that Fenelon could not have acquired so just and accurate a knowledge of the customs and usages of society, otherwise than by an habitual intercourse with the world. Yet, at the period when he wrote it, he lived in complete retirement, and was solely occupied with his ecclesiastical duties. He resided indeed with the Marquis, his uncle, who had formerly mingled much with the world and the court. But at the time we are now speaking of, he himself passed his life in total retirement, wholly resigned to the meditation of the great truths of religion, and retaining, of all his former acquaintance, only a small number of those friends who professed the same religious notions and principles as himself."

The moment, however, arrived, when Fenelon was to issue from the obscurity which had hitherto enveloped him. Louis XIV. had revoked the Edict of Nantz, and sent missionaries into those provinces which were supposed to contain the greatest number of protestants, in order to confirm, in the Catholic faith, those who returned to it, and to lead thither those who might still hesitate to return to the religion of their fathers. It was under these circumstances that Bossuet proposed to Louis XIV. to employ Fenelon in the missions of Poitou and Saintonge. It need scarcely be added, that this employment was eminently congenial to the mind and wishes of Fenelon.

"Louis XIV. attached so much importance to his plan of reclaiming the protestants by mildness, by confidence, and by instruction in the catholic faith, that he was resolved to communicate his intentions to Fenelon in person; and it is well known that the only request that Fenelon made to the king was, to remove all the troops, and all appearance of military coercion, from those places whither he was to be sent to exercise the ministry of peace and charity. The king did not hesitate a moment to grant this request, after a few kind observations which related to the personal safety of Fenelon and his colleagues.

"Fenelon, being thus authorised

by Louis XIV. himself, to adopt such measures, as he should judge best, for the conversion of the protestants, he strove to unite the zeal of a missionary with that mildness and conciliation which formed so conspicuous a part of his character.

"His first care, when he arrived at the chief place of the province which was intrusted to him, was, to wait upon the Bishop of Rochelle, and to solicit, from him, in behalf of himself and his coadjutors, his benediction, as well as the necessary authority, for exercising his sacred functions. He well knew, that though the choice and support of the king might contribute to shed a certain degree of lustre upon his office, and even facilitate the success of it, yet he could not, nor ought not, to expect any real success, but by the intervention of that divine power, which has erected the church of Jesus Christ upon immoveable foundations, and which has fixed, itself, the order, the rank, and the jurisdiction of its ministers.

"The reputation of the new missionaries preceded them. The Bishop of Rochelle received them as angels sent from heaven, to second his righteous zeal: and the people, already informed of the noble confidence with which Fenelon declined the aid of military force, looked upon them as the ministers of peace.

"It was, in fact, a new spectacle in those provinces, which had been so long the principal bulwark of the protestant republic in France, and the theatre of so many wars, revolts and miseries, to behold ecclesiastics, distinguished by their birth, their talents, and their station, abandon the situations they held about the court, and forsake all the delights of the capital, to come into an unhealthy and desolate country; there to exercise the most humble, and the most painful duties of the most sacred ministry.

"Fenelon thought that the easiest and most certain method of reclaiming the protestants would be, to shew them in what manner their own clergy had usurped an authority which had not been delegated to them; an authority, the primeval title to which they could not shew; which had not been transmitted to them by legitimate succession, and whose ministry therefore



could not confer any of those spiritual effects necessary to their salvation. It was to this important point that the missionaries directed their first endeavours; they foresaw, that the moment the people were convinced that their former pastors had assumed a title and a jurisdiction that did not belong to them, they would naturally be disposed to listen to the voice of those who approached them with that allowed character which was derived from the consecration of the church, and with all those rights which an incontestible succession had transmitted to them.

"Fenelon had already familiarised himself with this important question in his *Traité du Ministère des Pasteurs*. He had not yet printed this small work, but he made the happiest use of it in his conversations with the protestants of Poitou.

"Fenelon's next step was to undeceive them with regard to the ridiculous prejudices which their clergy had nourished in them respecting the practices and ceremonies of the Roman church. He taught them the indispensable acts which it prescribes, and he cautioned them not to confound these indispensable acts with those other practices which it counsels, or which it tolerates.

"The success which attended Fenelon and his colleagues in Poitou, may justly be attributed to this simple and precise manner of presenting religion to a people, little capable of discussing the abstruse points of a controversy, which were far beyond their comprehension.

"Yet he was very far from being deceived by the illusive appearance of so many sudden conversions. He observed, with sorrow, that distrust and other merely human considerations were often the motives to insecure abjuration. It was in vain that he had obtained the removal of every thing which might appear, to the frightened multitude, like constraint or violence. He still saw them influenced by fears which were excited by the accounts of violence committed on the protestants in other provinces. In a letter to Bossuet, he says, 'if it were wished to make them abjure christianity, and follow the *Koran*, it would only be necessary to shew them a troop of dragoons.'

"Far from attributing to himself, as other missionaries had done, the glory of converting whole provinces, Fenelon reckoned, as true conversions, those only which were marked by any effective and durable change in opinion and conduct. He was firmly convinced, that the words of truth and charity, which he had promulgated in these unhappy provinces, where error had triumphed so long, would not be entirely lost to a future generation; and, that they would produce, with the blessings of heaven, the fruits of salvation in times to come. It seems, indeed, that Providence has justified, in a peculiar manner, the hopes and expectations of Fenelon; for it is remarkable, that these very provinces, which, at that time, abounded with protestants, and which had displayed such a bigotted attachment to their opinions, were precisely those, which, on a recent occasion, (the Vendean war) manifested the greatest zeal for the catholic religion, when it was endeavoured to overthrow the altars which Fenelon had raised."

We now approach to that period of his life from which flowed most of the events that afterwards distinguished him: his connexion with the Duke of Burgundy. Louis XIV. saw the period approaching, when the education of his grandson would require the cares of a tutor. He wished to confide him to the care of the most virtuous man of his court; that man was the Duke de Beauvilliers, who was appointed his governor, and he nominated Fenelon to the situation of preceptor the very day after he received his own appointment. This was on the 17th of August, 1689. On this occasion his early friend and tutor, M. Tronson, wrote him a letter, which deserves to be transcribed for its piety, good sense, and morality:—

"But, in the midst of all those applauses, and of all those honourable and flattering testimonies of admiration; in the midst of all the bustle of courtiers; of that delight which is often excited in the public, by an unexpected prosperity and a premature elevation; in the midst of the most sincere praises, which this splendid triumph of virtue drew forth from the mouth of every friend of religion and

of his country; one solemn, one austere voice was heard; a voice, which the heart of Fenelon had been accustomed to interrogate with docility for many years. It came, to guard him against the dangerous ebriety of success, and to recal his mind to serious reflections upon the duties and the dangers of his new condition. M. Tronson wrote to him the following letter:

“ ‘ *August, 1689.*

“ ‘ You will, perhaps, be surprised, Sir, at not finding me among the crowd of those who have felicitated you upon the recent mark of royal favour which has been bestowed upon you. But I entreat you, very humbly, not to condemn me for this little delay: I thought, that on an occasion which so greatly interested me, I could not do better than to commence, by adoring the designs of God towards you, and to implore, for you, the continuation of his mercies. I have endeavoured to do both according to the best of my ability; and I can assure you, that I felt, afterwards, a sincere joy in reflecting that you had been chosen.

“ ‘ The king has given, in this a proof of his piety, and a striking testimony of his discernment; and these are surely very consolatory truths. The education which his Majesty has thought fit to confide to your care has such an important connection with the welfare of the state, and the good of the church, that every sincere lover of his country must unfeignedly rejoice, that it is committed into such hands; but I very candidly confess to you, that *my* joy is considerably mingled with uneasiness, when I consider the perils to which you are exposed; for it cannot be denied, that in the ordinary course of events, our elevation only renders our salvation more difficult. It opens the door to the dignities of the earth; but we should tremble, lest it shuts us out from the eternal greatness of heaven. It is true, you may perform much good in your present situation; but you may also become guilty of great crimes. There can be no medium in such a post; the good or the bad success has, almost always, unceasing results. You are in a country where the Gospel of Jesus Christ is hardly

known, and where they, who do know it, use it only as a means of recommendation among men.—You live now among persons whose language is pagan, and whose example leads, too often, towards things that are perilous. You will behold yourself surrounded by a variety of objects which flatter the senses, and which are only calculated for awakening the most dormant passions. A more than ordinary degree of grace, and an uncommon portion of faith, must be necessary to enable you to resist such violent and such seducing temptations. The dark mists which cloud the moral atmosphere of a court, are capable of obscuring the plainest and most evident truths. It is not necessary to remain there long before we learn to consider, as unnatural and excessive, those very truths which had been so often felt, and so often acknowledged, when they have been meditated at the foot of the cross. The most established duties of life become, gradually, either doubtful or impracticable. A thousand occasions will present themselves, in which you will consider yourself as bound, by prudence and even by benevolence, to concede something to the world; and yet, what a strange state it is for a Christian to be in, and still more, for a priest, to behold himself obliged to enter into a compact with the enemy of his salvation! Truly, Sir, your post is a dangerous one: confess, with sincerity, that it will be a difficult task to remain unweakened, and that it will require a most consummate virtue to resist temptation. If ever the study and meditation of the sacred writings have been needful to you, they are now so in an especial manner. Hitherto, you have needed only to cultivate virtuous thoughts, and to nourish the love of truth; but henceforth, you will have to shield yourself from evil impressions, and to avoid falsehood. It is certainly of the greatest consequence to you, that you forget not the hour of your death; that hour when all the glory of the world will disappear as a dream, and when every creature in it, who may have been your support, will sink from beneath you.

“ ‘ Your friends, no doubt, will console you, because you have not



sought your employment: and this indeed is a source of just consolation, and a great mercy of God towards you; but you must not rest too much upon it. We have, often, more to do with our own elevation than we are aware of. It is very seldom that we see the path which conducts to it, and that we fly from it with sincerity. Few persons have arrived at this degree of self-denial. We do not, indeed, always seek for our promotion with our usual eagerness; but, at the same time, we seldom fail to remove the obstacles which are in our way; we do not, perhaps, solicit very urgently those persons who might be able to serve us; but we are not sorry when we exhibit ourselves to them under the most favourable aspect; and it is precisely to those minute discoveries of human qualities, that we may attribute the commencement of our preferment; and thus, no person can be quite certain that he has not influenced his own promotion. This way of evincing the talents which we possess is often done without much reflection; yet it should be avoided, and it is always useful to obviate its effects by contrition and humility.

“ ‘Perhaps you will consider this letter as being somewhat too free, and a little too long: or, you may probably regard it as a sermon injudiciously made, instead of a judicious compliment. I should certainly have been more laconic and more reserved, if I had been less anxious about your salvation.—Read it as the language of my heart, which cannot be otherwise than tenderly interested about your real welfare. I entreat you to believe, that I shall unceasingly implore God to fill you with an inviolable love of him, in order that no temptation may change nor weaken the pious sentiments with which he will inspire you. Such is the prayer made by the church to obtain the love of God for its children.

“ ‘I am, with respect, &c.’ ”

We have been permitted to anticipate a very interesting portion of these volumes, we mean the mode pursued by Fenelon, in his education of the young prince. Our readers will find a detailed account of this in our Mag. for February last, p. 118.

In conducting the religious education of the Duke of Burgundy, it may be expected that we can only speak with reference to the religion of the country, and of his pupil. It was, doubtless, such a one as a Catholic parent would justly delight in; and, in some respects, such a one as any parent might delight in, for it had its basis upon the general and immutable principles of human nature.

“ Religion,” says Bausset, “ was not merely an outward ceremony in the Duke of Burgundy. It had a visible and real influence upon his conduct. Fenelon, indeed, had so meliorated his violent nature by its aid, that he could, in an instant, command to silence his most imperious caprices, by only pronouncing the name of God. He relates, in a letter to father Martineau, that ‘one day, when the prince was in a very bad humour, and was striving to conceal the truth of something which he had done, he urged him to disclose it *before God*: this made him very angry, and he exclaimed, ‘Why do you ask me about it *before God*!’ Very well: since you do ask it thus, I cannot deny that I did do such a thing.’—He was almost mad with passion; and yet, religion so prevailed over him, that it extorted from him so painful a confession.”

The accounts which were spread of the mind and acquisitions of the Duke of Burgundy, astonished even Bossuet himself, who, in general, was very incredulous with regard to these intellectual prodigies. To satisfy himself, however, he obtained an interview with the young prince, and he afterwards confessed that report had not exaggerated his proficiency.

The happiness which Fenelon must have felt on witnessing the prosperous issue of his exertions, was overcast by the clouds of Quietism. A misguided zeal, as some would term it, but, as others would call it, a warm and elevated conception of religion, led him partially to embrace the enthusiastic, and not very exact, notions of Madam Guyon. This was the engine which, wielded by the crafty and potent Bossuet, finally drove Fenelon into exile and disgrace. In the court of Louis XIV. religion was a

fashion : courtiers and mistresses, generals and secretaries of state, pretended to reason deeply of grace and predestination, of the purity of our love towards God, and of the efficacy of Christ's propitiation. Malebranche was not too subtle, nor Jansenius too deep. They never thought it necessary to meditate or to enquire ; it was, with them, all inspiration ; they talked ; and they imagined that they reasoned. No wonder then, when the outcry against Fenelon was raised, that every one about the king and court was qualified to take a part in the question of Quietism ; and it is still less wonder that a falling favourite should behold the time-serving herd of courtiers ranged against him. Party, malice, and the abuse of religion were all brought into play ; and Fenelon, alone, unaided, had to conduct his contest against the power of Louis XIV. of Madam de Maintenon, of Bossuet, and the Pope, to whom the affair was referred. The whole of this controversy is minutely detailed in the present volumes, and forms its most conspicuous and interesting feature. From its miscellaneous nature, however, it is not very susceptible of extract ; but the following may be read with interest.

“ Madame de Maintenon resolved to task the sincerity of Fenelon, by requiring him to perform a service, which it is always delicate to solicit, and difficult to perform. She begged of him to disclose to her, in writing, her defects. Fenelon did so. The idea was singular, and the execution was no less so. If Madame de Maintenon doubted his sincerity, her doubts must, afterwards, have vanished ; and the frankness of Fenelon must have increased her esteem and confidence. We shall transcribe only the more remarkable parts of this curious document ; but they will be sufficient to shew that Madame de Maintenon was as worthy of hearing the truth as Fenelon was of telling it.

“ ‘ I cannot speak of your faults, Madam, but casually. You have never acted much with me, and I place but little reliance upon what others say of you. However, I will tell you what I think.

“ ‘ You are good towards those for whom you have conceived a pedilec-

tion ; but, you are cold and reserved where this is not the case ; and when you *do* shew dislike, it is strongly. Whatever displeases you, displeases you without any medium.

“ ‘ A sentiment of false glory leads you to find a pleasure in supporting your prosperity with moderation, and in appearing superior to your station.

“ ‘ You are naturally inclined to place confidence in persons of respectability, without being sufficiently convinced of their prudence ; but, when you begin to distrust them, you withdraw your confidence with too much precipitation. There is a medium, however, between unbounded reliance upon another, and that mistrust which suspects every thing because it has been once deceived.

“ ‘ It has been said, and apparently with justice, that you are severe ; that persons must be faultless to please you ; that, being rigid towards yourself, you are equally so towards others ; that when you discover any weakness in those whom you had hoped to find perfect, you are too frequently disgusted, and you shew your disgust with too much acrimony.

“ ‘ It is said, that you mingle too little in public affairs. They, who speak thus of you, are probably actuated by a certain restlessness of disposition, by a desire to interfere with the government, by disgust towards those who have the distribution of favours, or from the hope of obtaining them from you. Your zeal, for the welfare of the king, ought not to impel you beyond the limits which Providence seems to have assigned you.

“ ‘ You have nothing to fear from falsehood *while* you fear it. They who are deceitful, do not believe themselves to be so. They who love truth, always tremble lest they should depart from it. The true way of obtaining grace upon the king and upon the state, is, not by harrassing his majesty with clamorous reproaches ; but by instructing him in true religion : and, gradually awakening his heart, by a mild, a patient, and an ingenuous mode of conduct.

“ ‘ Your mind is more capable of active pursuits than you are aware of. You are perhaps, a little too diffident of yourself ; or, rather, you are fearful of entering into discussions which are



contrary to your decided inclination for retired and meditative life.

“ ‘ Every one, regardless of his own interest, strives to connect you with it, and thinks you insensible to the glory of God, if you are less eager than himself. Every one would even wish that your opinion should agree with his, and his own reason resemble yours.’ ”

“ But the following passage is very remarkable, from the boldness with which Fenelon speaks of the faults of Louis XIV. to the wife of Louis XIV.

“ ‘ As the king acts less from consistency of principle, than from the accidental influence of persons who surround him, and to whom he entrusts his authority, it becomes an essential consideration, to assemble round him, individuals of approved virtues, who would act in concert with yourself to induce him to fulfil his duties in their full extent, of which he has, at present, no conception. The great point is, to beset him, since he will have it; to govern him, since he will be governed; and, his salvation rests upon being beset by upright and disinterested individuals. You should, therefore, use all your endeavours to inspire him with a love of peace; to make him anxious for the welfare of his people; to give him moderation, equity, and a distrust of violent and harsh counsels; a horror of acts of arbitrary authority; and, finally, a love for the church, and a desire to provide holy pastors for it.’ ”

“ The whole of the advice which Fenelon gave to Madame de Maintenon, breathes the same wisdom and the same elevation of sentiment.

“ ‘ You have,’ continues he, ‘ at the court, many persons, who seem to mean well; they deserve your encouragement and your kindness; but, you must use caution; for there are a thousand who would appear religious to please you. With regard to your own family, shew them every care which can be expected from you, according to those principles of moderation which you possess; but, be equally careful to avoid two things; the one is, refusing to speak for your relations when it is reasonable to do so; the other, being vexed when your recommendation fails. You seem to me to love your relations as you ought to do, without being ig-

norant of their failings, or insensible to their good qualities.’ ”

“ The celebrated woman to whom these counsels were given, has proved that she was capable of adopting them as principles of conduct. There never was, perhaps, a female who raised herself to higher distinction, solely by her own efforts, and by such means as modesty and virtue may avow; and there never was a female who exhibited more moderation in such remarkable prosperity. But let us return to Fenelon.”

It would be of little advantage to our readers to enter, with minuteness, into the details of the controversy between Bossuet and Fenelon, respecting the doctrines of Quietism. The details themselves are interesting; but they are so inseparably connected that no part of them can be advantageously presented in the form of an extract. The Archbishop of Cambrai was exiled to his diocese, and there composed his numerous defences, &c.; and there lived, in such a stile of unaffected simplicity and patriarchal virtue, as extorted lavish commendations even from the secretary of Bossuet.\* It is known, that the Pope decided in favour of his antagonist, and that Fenelon humbly and piously submitted to the decree of the Holy See, which declared his own condemnation.

It was after the exile of Fenelon that *Telemachus* appeared. The circumstances attending the publication of this admirable work are thus detailed by Bausset:—

“ Every one knows, that the infidelity of a servant, whom the Archbishop of Cambrai had entrusted to make a copy of his manuscript, disclosed the existence of a work to the public, which obtained honours for its author, which he did not covet, and misfortunes which he did not de-

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\* This document of the Abbé le Dieu, Bossuet's secretary, we consider as so eminently interesting, that we have resolved to insert it in the body of our Magazine for the present month; p. 874, it being too long to be included in our review of the work. It presents a most interesting picture of the domestic life of Fenelon,

serve. The treacherous transcriber had discrimination enough to appreciate the beauties of such a work, and too little sense of honour to resist the desire of deriving advantage from it. Since the month of October 1698, he had mysteriously circulated, in several companies, a copy of the manuscript of Fenelon, without disclosing the author's name. The charms of the style, the beauty of the descriptions, and the interest which was to be anticipated from a work in which wisdom and reason were attired by the graces, were sufficient to excite curiosity, and to create a desire to read it. Encouraged by this success, the man sold the manuscript to the widow of Claude Barbin. It will be easily conjectured that the man forebore to disclose how he came in possession of the manuscript, or to tell that the Archbishop of Cambrai was the author of it. The printer believed, of course, that the author, whoever he might be, had no intention or ambition of being known. He demanded and easily obtained, in his own name, a privilege, which it was then the custom to grant without much examination to printers of repute, to publish literary works, which contained nothing that was offensive to religion or morals. They began, therefore, to print *Telemachus*, under this title: *A Sequel to the fourth book of the Odyssey, or the Adventures of Telemachus, son of Ulysses. Paris: printed for the widow of Claude Barbin, 1699: with the privilege of the King, dated April, 6, 1699.*

"The printing had already proceeded as far as the 208th page of the first volume, when the court was informed that *Telemachus* was the production of the Archbishop of Cambrai. It was at a period that his book, entitled the *Maximes des Saints*, had been condemned by Pope Innocent XII. and when an extreme watchfulness was maintained over all his writings and actions. The sheets which were already worked off were seized, the printers were ill used, and the most severe measures were adopted in the names of Louis XIV. to annihilate a work which was destined to produce so much glory to his reign. But it was too late; some copies eluded the vigilance of the police. This edition,

imperfect as it was, spread with rapidity; stimulated by interest, but intimidated by fear of the government, the printer sold, with the utmost secrecy, some manuscript copies of that part of the work which had not been printed: they were communicated to each other with equal avidity, and the mystery increased the curiosity and interest. It was from one of these copies that Adriaen Moëtgens, a bookseller at the Hague, printed, for the first time, and with all imaginable celerity, the whole work, in the month of June 1699. At first he had published only what had appeared in France; but, he printed, a short time after, the work in four volumes; the presses, say the editors of the *Bibliothèque Britannique*, from whom this account is derived, 'could hardly produce them fast enough to gratify public curiosity, and though these editions were full of faults, yet, through all these faults, it was easy to recognise the hand of a master.' "

[To be concluded in our next.]

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*The PRISON of MONTAUBAN; or, Times of Terror: A Reflective Tale. By the Editor of Letters of the Swedish Court. 1 Vol. 12mo. 1810. pp. 254.*

THIS is a moral and pleasing volume. It is written with good intentions, and in such a manner as is likely to render those intentions of avail. The author, who, it seems, has already appeared before the public, though with what success we cannot say, having never seen his former work, reprobates, in the preface to the present volume, the immoral tendency of novels in general. He might certainly make that charge without any fear of retaliation. A great part of *Montauban* is occupied with religious disquisition, and the whole of it is made subservient to the inculcation of morality.

The incidents are few; and they are placed at the epoch of the French Revolution, the mention of which gives the author an opportunity of making reflections, which, as they may be usefully attended to at the present time, we will extract.

"In arguing with a friend who was



ingeniously endeavouring to set forth the advantages of the Revolution, I, 'pour passer le tems,' minuted down a few that occurred to me at the moment.

"1. An almost impossibility of purchasing any thing you want at a shop, from the deficiency of specie. If you do not want so much as an assignat amounts to, the shopkeeper must owe you something; an acknowledgment must be given: endless confusion occurs sometimes—'Cela me fait perdre la tete,' said a poor old woman, 'et s'il continue, me fera mourir.'

"2. The inability to go from one place to another without a passport, for which even ladies are obliged to sit as for their picture, exposed to the insolence and ribaldry of the officers, every feature being described; and at every barrier subject to the impertinence of the municipal officer, while he stands pretending to read your passport, for many cannot even spell it, examining and insulting you.

"3. The dread of speaking before your servant, or even lifting up your eyes, lest you should be denounced; and the insolence you must bear with from these, and all the lower ranks, for fear of false accusations and imprisonment; with all the disgusting cant of Citoyenne, &c.

"4. The destruction of all the an-

cient vestiges of piety in the churches, of all venerable magnificence. The monuments of noble families dragged to the capital to form a national depot of sculpture. Their tombs ransacked. Their remains scattered and exposed. The sacking of Rome by the Goths, offers no picture equal to the licentiousness and barbarity committed in a country which calls itself the most enlightened in Europe.

"5. Domiciliary visits, at all hours of the day and night, the dread and horror of which cannot be expressed, under pretence of searching your apartments for refractory priests, that is, such as will not deny their God and King."

We think the alternate memorandums of Villeneuve and Miss Montford, when in prison, have a very ludicrous effect.

We noticed some expressions which would have been better omitted. *Singularist—oddity—revereist*—and some other of those modern fashionable abortions of language, which, whenever they appear, tend to depreciate the value of a performance.

On the whole, however, we would be understood to speak with approbation of the present work. Its morality alone, independently of any other merit, entitles it to that approbation.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

ODE.—1st April, 1810.

ALL hail! thou sweetly smiling morn,  
Which com'st the rolling year  
t'adorn,  
In robes of every dazzling hue,  
Bespangled with the pearly dew—  
To deck the soft and verdant plain,  
(Bright glowing like the azure main,  
When o'er th' unruffled waves, the rays  
In summer's peaceful morning blaze),  
With many a rich and beauteous flower,  
And fill with fragrance every bower.  
The primrose with its modest head,  
Low smiling on its rugged bed,  
Of thorns and briars by the glade,  
Surrounded by the rock's cool shade;  
First of Flora's lovely train;  
Proclaims she comes to gild the plain,  
And, o'er the earth, to hold her virgin reign.

How soft the gentle zephyrs play!  
Ushering in this April day,  
Skimming the air with balmy wing,  
Spring's early fragrance round they fling,

Cull'd from the cowslip's velvet bloom,  
And from the jonquil's sweet perfume;  
Bearing the wild notes of the grove,  
Breath'd by many a feather'd love,  
Woong his mate with luring song,  
The budding bowers and glades among;  
Their little hearts all own the power  
Of love's sweet influence at this hour:  
See! how they frisk and flap the wing,  
How sweet the melodies they sing;  
And when the sun sinks in the west,  
They from their loving cares scarce rest,  
But love-lorn chimes sweet flow from many  
a nest.

Softly flows the murm'ring wave,  
It scarce is heard the rocks to lave;  
But thro' each stony cavern steals,  
Till on the whiten'd rock it seals  
Its moisten'd print, a little o'er  
The line left by the way before—  
And smoothly skims the little skiff,  
Beneath the wood-crown'd rocky cliff;  
Scarce it stirs the tranquil tide,  
With its neatly painted side;

But silent seeks the whispering shore,  
Urg'd by the dipping feather'd oar.  
While cattle on the cliff's green steep,  
Hanging o'er the placid deep,  
With nostrils wide turn'd to the gale,  
Its tepid fragrance all inhale,  
Or, curious, eye the peaceful gliding sail.

O! if our days like this could glide!  
Along the wide world's troublous tide;  
Our little bark no storms to brave,  
But peaceful as that shining wave;  
And as it rolls to yonder shore,  
Unruffled by the tempest's roar:  
Just so might we, by zephyrs fann'd,  
Escap'd all storms and shipwreck's land,  
In peace and safety on life's bounding  
strand.

Ah no! that grant was never given  
For man to live on earth—a Heaven—  
His life is doom'd to many a storm,  
His breast to many a cank'ring worm;  
If fair his early morn appears,  
While Hope her pinions highly rears,  
To lure his thoughts from every fear,  
To make life's prospect sweetly dear;  
And ne'er one spot distain the ray  
That opes the morning of his day;  
Not even one streaky cloud appearing,  
Not even one little one storm fearing,  
But thinks the blooming morn shall last,  
Never to feel one bitter blast,  
Nor his horizon be by one dark cloud o'er-  
cast.

But, man! delusive are thy hopes,  
Built upon such fairy props:  
Full many a morn has shone as bright  
As this now open'd to my sight,  
And softer have the breezes blown  
The smiling vales and woodlands down;  
More glorious has appear'd the dawn,  
With purple streaks to gild the lawn.  
Alas! ere the unspotted sun  
Had to his highest circle run,  
Dark clouds have, threat'ning, gloom'd  
the sky,  
And storms began to howl on high,  
While many a deadly bolt hath flown  
To sum of some youth's days to crown,  
And whirl him from this fickle stage;  
The morn did promise a voyage  
Of undisturb'd tranquillity  
O'er life's once fair and charming sea,  
When blithesome sung the morn in peace-  
ful melody.

And many a bark has fallen a prey  
To raging seas and whirlwind's sway;  
Or on some hidden rock or sand,  
Or on some rugged boist'rous strand,  
Has split in pieces o'er the wave,  
When nought could comfort or could  
save;  
Which, in the fair and tranquil morn,  
Was from the smiling harbour borne,

And to the urging fanning gale  
Had spread aloft each silken sail;  
And smoothly kiss'd the wat'ry plain  
Its painted prow; and many a strain  
Did Fancy thro' the cordage play,  
While Hope, array'd in vesture gay,  
Did fondly promise many a halcyon day.

Even now I see the embryo cloud  
Far 'pearing in its misty shroud,  
It silent ushers on the sight,  
The morn's tranquillity to blight:  
Perhaps it bears the latent storm  
In its yet innocuous form;  
Perhaps its darkling bosom holds  
The drenching deluge in its folds,  
The little stream at eve to swell,  
The flood to urge thro' mead and dell,  
To sweep whole flocks and herds away  
Before its roaring liquid sway.  
To yet remind us of the time,  
When winter reign'd o'er every clime,  
To blast the early flowers of spring,  
And mock the gard'ners' culturing;  
To tell us, Boreas yet remans  
To curb the mirth of Flora's plains,  
Before he leaves the smiling year  
To hide himself in Zembla drear,  
In autumn's later days again his head to  
rear.

1st April, 1810.

NAUTICUS.

LOVE LETTERS to my WIFE. By  
JAMES WOODHOUSE.

#### LETTER XII.

[Continued from page 312.]

NO living creature then was doom'd to  
bleed,  
But each partook its kind Creator's meed:  
No show'r, no deluge, calm Creation knew,  
But all was water'd with celestial dew.  
Earth spread her table—smil'd with wel-  
come grace;  
And fruits and sallads fed the human race.  
Then vegetable births and limpid springs  
Gave sustentation to all living things;  
Whose various ranks in close gradations rise  
Tow'rd's man, the offspring of the earth and  
skies:  
Intended now, as grace attains its growth,  
The temporal and eternal heir of both!  
None then knew sanguine sacrifice or feast,  
Bird slew not bird, nor beast e'er slaugh-  
ter'd beast—  
Nor did the different breeds, by trick or  
strife,  
Thro' lust of blood, betray each other's life;  
But all things living, since man's lasting  
curse,  
As Milton sings, have suffer'd sad reverse.

Israel's historian speaks of spilling blood  
In sacrifice alone, before the flood;  
To typify the great atonement, then,  
In time to suffer for the sins of men;



Nor hints at all that, beast, or bird, or fish,  
Indulg'd mankind with cruel bloody dish.  
Then shall not man, since second Adam

came,  
Strive to renew thro' Him all nature's  
frame?

He fabricated all, and offers grace,  
To renovate our fall'n degenerate race;  
And ought not each restrain their wicked  
will?

Not make all creation groan together still.  
Led by enlighten'd reason, ought not we  
Endeavour to confirm God's first decree?

And fully with that first command comply  
That we may longer live and bolder die?

For did He not enforce His first commands,  
Requiring bestial blood at human hands?

And what are all the virtuous pleasures  
here,

That fairly come in man's contracted  
sphere;

The duties God of gifted christians asks,  
Or politics impose as proper tasks,

But simple diet, such as He ordain'd,  
Tho' not a board with blood be ever stain'd,

Might yield activity and strength of mind,  
Such duties to fulfil, such deaths to find!

Would men of leisure, learning, wealth,  
and wit,

Search the historic truths of sacred writ,  
Where, in emphatic terms, believers learn,

Who to such studies close attention turn,  
A case in point they, likewise, might pore

out,  
Which would not leave behind a single  
doubt.

In Chaldea's court a despot once decreed  
To separate some of Israel's captive seed,

Of princely class, within his walls to wait,  
To yield him service and augment his state,

Commanding strictly all should drink and  
eat

A daily portion of his wine and meat;  
And, after three years past, the pupils bring

To stand before the presence of the king;  
Supposing, if they persever'd with care,

Their faces would appear more full and fair.  
But one, who deem'd it impious to depart

From the pure purpose of his Heav'n-  
taught heart,

Join'd by like triple band, who never drank  
Inflaming draught, or fed on dishes rank,

Presented to their keeper this request;  
That ten days trial, separate from the rest,

Their usual regimen might be allow'd,  
And then compare them with the common

crowd,  
To mark, if, at the end of that short space,  
They look'd not nobler both in form and

face.  
They deem'd such diet venomous and vile,  
Which would their sense defraud, their

souls defile.  
What was the result? Let the text declare,  
Tho' pulse and water was their only fare,

Their countenances shone more fresh and  
fine, [and wine;

Than those that cramm'd with costly cates  
Nor only beauteous in beholders' eyes,

But, when the time was past, expert and  
wise;

With tenfold mental pow'rs more grace to  
gain [reign.

Than all the minions thro' that monarch's  
Nor did their courage or their strength de-

cay, [prey;

While wanting fresh supplies of bloody  
Nor was their faith or piety decreas'd,

Tho' no rich beverage reach'd their daily  
feast—

Witness that dauntless faith and fortitude,  
With which their pious spirits were endu'd,

When they defied the tyrant's fiery test,  
And God's own son with his pure presence

blest—  
Or when the chiefest of those chosen men,  
For his God's glory dar'd the lion's den.

But as proud infidels no scriptures read,  
Nor wealth or wit, let law or prophets plead,

I'll suit the argument to each degree,  
And aptly introduce a simile

When prudent, prying alchemists of old  
Base metals mix'd and strove to make

them gold;  
By sagest art and coolest caution led,  
Their well-watch'd fires and crucibles were

fed, [he cross'd,

Lest their laborious scheme should quite  
And study, time, materials, all be lost:

So, on pure Temperance, peace and health  
depend, end;

Which gains, by prudent means, its proper  
For christian man all circumspection needs,

When he undying spirits' vessel feeds;  
Lest he should suffer more essential loss,

And his eternal gold be turn'd to dross.  
All Vice's votaries were, by grace, de-

sign'd  
To purge and purify their fleshly mind—  
To try, and try, whatever the expense,

To cleanse away all filth and feculence—  
Still aiming to attain, with constant care,

To standard full of all that's good and fair—  
Melted and scumm'd, and smooth'd and

polish'd fine,  
To grace the heavenly court of king divine!

Not adding dregs and foulnesses of art,  
To load the head and to alloy the heart—

Cramming the tutor'd stomach's craving  
void, [pride;

To strengthen beastly lust and devilish  
While God and conscience, vex'd by vile

abuse, [loose;

Leave reason fetter'd, lust and passion  
Spurr'd on by every groveling, gross de-

light,  
By poisonous fumes of feverish appetite,  
Till pride and passion, with fierce, frantic

leap, [tal deep!

Plunge headlong down to death's most fa-  
[To be continued.]

## TRANSACTIONS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES.

## ROYAL SOCIETY.

**M**R. DAVY has laid before this learned society an account of some new analytical researches on the nature of certain bodies, particularly alkalis, phosphorus, sulphur, carbonaceous matter, and the acids hitherto undecomposed. In these experiments he employed potassium, procured by electricity; but he soon substituted for it the metal obtained by the action of ignited iron upon potash, in the manner discovered by MM. Gay Lussac and Thenard, because it gave the same results, and could be obtained of an uniform quality, and in infinitely larger quantities, and with much less labour and expense. When ammonia is brought in contact with about twice its weight of potassium, at common temperatures, the metal loses its lustre, and becomes white; there is also a slight diminution in the volume of gas. The white crust proves to be potash, and the ammonia is found to contain a small quantity of hydrogen. On heating the potassium in the gas, by means of a spirit-lamp applied to the bottom of the retort, the colour of the crust is seen to change, through various shades, into a dark olive. The crust and metal fuse together, and the brilliant surface of the potassium appears. In this state, as the potassium cools, it is again covered with the white crust; and in the operations a gas is evolved, which gives the same diminution by detonation with oxygen, as hydrogen, and the ammonia disappears. Mr. Davy, having examined the properties of the substance produced by the action of ammonia on potassium, thus describes them: 1. It is crystallized, and presents irregular facets, which in colour are not unlike the protoxide of iron: it is opaque, when examined in large masses, but semi-transparent in their films. 2. It is fusible at a heat a little above that of boiling water, and if heated much higher, emits globules of gas. 3. It appears to be considerably heavier than water. 4. It is a non-conductor of electricity. 5. When melted in oxygen gas, it burns with great vividness, emitting bright sparks. Oxygen is absorbed, nitro-

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gen is emitted, and potash is formed. 6. When brought in contact with water, it acts upon it with much energy, produces heat, and often inflammation, and evolves ammonia. When thrown upon water, it disappears with a hissing noise, and globules from it often move in a state of ignition upon the surface of the water. It rapidly effervesces, and deliquesces in air; but can be preserved under naphtha, in which it seems partially to dissolve. When plunged under water, it disappears instantly with effervescence; and the nonabsorbable elastic fluid liberated, is found to be hydrogen gas. From accurate experiment, Mr. Davy has no doubt, that the weight of the olive-coloured substance, and of the hydrogen disengaged, precisely equals the weight of the potassium and ammonia consumed.

As an inflammable gas alone, having the obvious properties of hydrogen, is given off during the action of potassium upon ammonia; and as nothing but gases, apparently the same as hydrogen and nitrogen, nearly in the proportions in which they exist in volatile alkali, are evolved during the exposure of the compound to heat; and, as the residual substance produces ammonia, with a little hydrogen, by the action of water, it occurred to Mr. D. that it ought, according to the antiphlogistic theory, to be a compound of potassium, a little oxygen and nitrogen, or a combination of a suboxide of potassium and nitrogen; for the hydrogen disengaged, nearly equalled the whole quantity contained in the ammonia employed: and it was easy to explain the fact of the reproduction of the ammonia by water, on the supposition, that by combination with one portion of the oxygen of the water, the oxide of potassium became potash; and by combination with another portion and its hydrogen, the nitrogen was converted into volatile alkali. To ascertain this, he made several experiments on various residuums, procured from the action of equal quantities of potassium on dry ammonia, each portion of metal equalling six grains; and in the trial which he regarded as most accurate,



two cubical inches and a half of oxygen were absorbed, and only a cubical inch and one-tenth of nitrogen evolved. The solid substance produced was pure potash. The quantity of nitrogen existing in the ammonia, which this residuum would have produced by the action of water, supposing it had been decomposed by electricity, would have equalled at least two cubical inches and a quarter. "On what," says Mr. D. "could this loss of nitrogen depend? had it entered into any unknown form with oxygen, or did it not really exist in the residuum in the same quantity as in the ammonia produced from it?"

He made an experiment, by heating the entire fusible substance, from six grains of potassium which had absorbed twelve cubical inches of ammonia, in an iron tube. The heat was gradually raised to whiteness, and the gas collected in two portions. The whole quantity generated, making the usual corrections for temperature and pressure, would have been, at the mean degree of the barometer and thermometer,  $14\frac{1}{2}$  cubical inches. Of these, nearly a cubical inch was ammonia; and the remainder a gas, of which the portion destructible by detonation with oxygen, was to the indestructible portion as 2.7 to 1. The lower part of the tube, where the heat had been intense, was found surrounded with potash in a vitreous form; the upper part contained a considerable quantity of potassium. In a similar experiment, the same elastic products were evolved. The tube was suffered to cool; the stop-cock being open in contact with mercury, it was first filled with mercury, and then the mercury displaced by water, when two cubical inches and three quarters of hydrogen gas were generated; which proved, that at least two grains and a half of potassium had been revived.

"If," says the professor, "a calculation be made upon the products in these operations, considering them as nitrogen and hydrogen, and taking the common standard, temperature and pressure, it will be found, that by the decomposition of 11 cubical inches of ammonia, equal to 2.05 grains, there is generated 3.6 cubical inches of nitrogen, equal to 1.06

grains, and 9.9 cubical inches of hydrogen, which, added to that disengaged in the first operation, are equal to .382 grains; and the oxygen, added to the potassium, would be  $\frac{6}{10}$  of a grain or .6; and the whole amount is 2.04 grains; and  $2.05 - 2.04 = .01$ . But the same quantity of ammonia, decomposed by electricity, would have given 5.5 cubical inches of nitrogen, equal to 1.6 grains, and only 14 cubical inches of hydrogen, equal to .33; and allowing the separation of oxygen in this process in water, it cannot be estimated at more than .11 or .12. So that if the analysis of ammonia by electricity approaches to accuracy, there is a considerable loss of nitrogen, and a production of oxygen and inflammable gas; and in the action of water upon the residuum, there is an apparent generation of nitrogen.

"How can these extraordinary results be explained?—The decomposition and composition of nitrogen seem proved, allowing the correctness of the data; and one of its elements appears to be oxygen; but what is its other elementary matter?—Is the gas that appears to possess the properties of hydrogen, a new species of inflammable aeriform substance?—Or has nitrogen a metallic basis, which alloys with the iron or platina?—Or is water alike the ponderable matter of nitrogen, hydrogen, and oxygen?—Or is nitrogen a compound of hydrogen, with a larger proportion of oxygen than exists in water?"

Mr. Davy means to apply himself to the solution of these important questions; but as the enquiry now stands, he thinks it evident that he is correct with respect to the composition and decomposition of ammonia; and that MM. Gay Lussac's and Thenard's idea of the decomposition of the potassium, and their theory of its being compounded of hydrogen and potash, are unfounded: for a considerable part of the potassium is recovered unaltered; and in the entire decomposition of the fusible substance, there is only a small excess of hydrogen above that existing in the ammonia acted upon.

The phenomena of the process prove the same thing. After the first slight effervescence, owing to the water absorbed by the potash, formed

upon the potassium during its exposure to the air, the operation proceeds with the greatest tranquillity. No elastic fluid is given off from the potassium. The chrystallized substance formed in the first part of the process, may be considered as a combination of ammonium and potassium; for it emits a smell of ammonia when exposed to air; and is lighter than potassium. Mr. D. first thought, that a solid compound of hydrogen and potassium might be generated in the first part of the operation; but his experiments do not favour the opinion. Potassium is very soluble in hydrogen; but, under common circumstances, hydrogen does not seem absorbable by potassium.

In the examination of sulphur, Mr. Davy made use of that which had been recently sublimed, and the power applied to it was that of a battery of 500 double plates of six inches highly charged. The action was most intense, the heat strong, and the light extremely brilliant: the sulphur soon entered into ebullition, elastic matter was formed in great quantities, and the sulphur, from being of a pure yellow, became of a deep red brown tint. The gas proved to be sulphuretted hydrogen. In other experiments, upon the union of sulphur and potassium, it was proved, that these bodies act upon each other with great energy; and that sulphuretted hydrogen is evolved in the process, with intense light and heat. In heating potassium in contact with compound inflammable substances, as rosin, wax, camphor, and the fixed oils, it was found that a violent inflammation was occasioned; that hydrocarbonate was evolved; and that when the compound was not in great excess, a substance was formed, spontaneously inflammable at common temperatures, the combustible materials of which were charcoal and potassium. Here was a strong analogy between the action of these bodies and sulphur on potassium. Their physical properties likewise resemble those of sulphur; for they agree in being non-conductors, whether fluid or solid; in being transparent when fluid, and semi-transparent when solid, and highly refractive. Their affections by electricity are likewise

similar to those of sulphur; for the oily bodies give out hydrocarbonate by the agency of the voltaic spark, and become brown, as if from the deposition of carbonaceous matter. But the resinous and oily substances are compounds of a small quantity of hydrogen and oxygen with a large quantity of a carbonaceous basis. The existence of hydrogen in sulphur is fully proved; and the substance which can be produced from it in such quantities, cannot be considered as an accidental ingredient.

The reddening of the litmus paper by sulphur, that has been acted on by voltaic electricity, might be ascribed to its containing some of the sulphuretted hydrogen formed in the process; but even the production of this gas is an evidence of the existence of oxygen in sulphur. Mr. D. heated four grains of potassium, in a retort of the capacity of twenty cubical inches; it had been filled with sulphuretted hydrogen, dried by means of muriate of lime: as soon as the potassium fused, white fumes were copiously emitted, and the potassium took fire, and burnt with a most brilliant flame. A small quantity of the residual gas only was absorbed. The non-absorbable gas was hydrogen, holding a minute quantity of sulphur in solution. A yellow sublimate lined the upper part of the retort, which proved to be sulphur. The solid matter formed was red at the surface, like sulphuret of potash; but in the interior it was dark grey, like sulphuret of potassium. The piece of the retort containing it, was introduced into a jar inverted over mercury, and acted upon by a small quantity of dense muriatic acid, diluted with an equal weight of water; when there were disengaged two cubical inches and a quarter of gas, which was sulphuretted hydrogen.

This, and other experiments, concur in proving the existence of a principle in sulphuretted hydrogen, capable of destroying partially the inflammability of potassium, and of producing upon it all the effects of oxygen. Sulphuretted hydrogen may be formed, by heating sulphur strongly in hydrogen gas. Now, if we suppose sulphuretted hydrogen to be formed by sulphur dissolved in its unaltered



state in hydrogen, and allow the existence of oxygen in this gas, its existence must likewise be allowed in sulphur; for we have no right to assume, that sulphur, in sulphuretted hydrogen, is combined with more oxygen than in its common form: it is well known, that when electrical sparks are passed through sulphuretted hydrogen, a considerable portion of sulphur is separated, without any alteration in the volume of gas. Hence the intense ignition produced by the action of sulphur on potassium and sodium, must not be ascribed merely to the affinity of the metals of the alkalies for its basis, but may be attributed likewise to the agency of the oxygen that it contains. The minute examination of the circumstances of the action of potassium and sulphur confirms these opinions. When two grains of potassium, and one of sulphur, were gently heated in a green glass tube filled with hydrogen, there was a most intense ignition produced by the action of the two bodies, and one-eighth of a cubical inch of gas was disengaged, which was sulphuretted hydrogen. Now sulphuret of potash produces sulphuretted hydrogen, by the action of an acid; and if the sulphur had not contained oxygen, the hydrogen evolved by the action of the potassium ought to have equalled at least two cubical inches, and the whole quantity of sulphuretted hydrogen ought to have more; and that so much less sulphuretted hydrogen was evolved, can only be ascribed to the larger quantity of oxygen furnished to the potassium by the larger quantity of the sulphur.

“From the general tenour of these various facts,” says Mr. D. “it will not, I trust, be unreasonable to assume, that sulphur, in its common state, is a compound of small quantities of oxygen and hydrogen, with a large quantity of a basis that produces the acids of sulphur, in combustion; and which, on account of its strong attractions for other bodies, it will probably be very difficult to obtain in its pure form.”

In metallic combinations, it probably retains its oxygen and part of its hydrogen. Metallic sulphurets can only be partially decomposed by

heat; and the small quantity of sulphur evolved from them in this case, exists in its common state, and acts upon potassium, and is affected by electricity in the same manner as native sulphur.

#### SOCIETY OF ARTS.

*On the Preparation of a Fibrous Substance from Bean-Stalks, as a Substitute for Hemp. By the Rev. James Hall, of Walthamstow.*

SIR,

THOUGH it has not been attended to, nor, so far as I know, has ever been mentioned by any one, yet it is certain that, according to its size, every bean plant contains from 20 to 25 filaments, or fibres, running up on the outside, under a thin membrane, from the root to the very top all around, the one at each of the four corners being *rather thicker* and stronger than the rest. It is also that, next to Chinese, or sea-grass, in other words, the material with which hooks are sometimes fixed to the end of fishing lines, the filaments or hempen particles of the bean-plant, are among the strongest yet discovered. These, with a little beating, rubbing, and shaking, are easily separated from the strawy part, when the plant has been steeped 10 or 12 days in water, or is damp, and in a state approaching to fermentation, or what is commonly called rotting. Washing and pulling it through hackles, or iron-combs, first coarse and then finer, is necessary to the dressing of bean-hemp; and so far as I have yet discovered, the easiest way of separating the filaments from the thin membrane that surrounds them.

From carefully observing the medium number of bean-plants in a square yard, in a variety of fields on both sides the Tweed, as well as in Ireland, and multiplying them by 4840, the number of square yards in an acre, and then weighing the hemp or filaments in every acre, admirably calculated for being converted into a thousand articles, where strength and durability is of importance, as well as, with a little preparation, into paper of all kinds, even that of the most delicate texture.

Now, since there are at least 200,000 acres of tick, horse, and other beans, planted in Great Britain and Ireland; and since where there is not machinery for the purpose, the poor, both young and old, females as well as males, belonging to each of the 9,700 parishes in England, &c. where beans are raised, might (hemp having risen of late from 60 to 120 pounds per ton) be advantageously employed in peeling, or otherwise separating these filaments from the strawy part of the plant, after the beans have been thrashed out; I leave it to the feelings of the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, &c. to judge of the importance of the idea held out here, not only to the poor, but to the landholders, and the community at large.

It is nearly twelve months since by analysing its component parts, I discovered hemp in the bean plant. I would have written to you then Sir, on the subject, and sent a specimen, but that I was trying experiments on other plants, as I am during my leisure hours at present; and I wished to ascertain in what degree this species of hemp is liable to injury from different situations, and the changes of the atmosphere. With a view to this, I exposed one parcel nearly twelve months to all the varieties of the air within doors, and kept another nearly as long, constantly under water, and I find them not in the least injured. The chief difference I perceive is, that the one, kept constantly under water, has assumed a rich silky gloss, and a much more agreeable colour than it had before.

But though this is the case with bean-hemp, after it is cleaned and dressed, and which, though stiff and hard when dry, is pliable and easily managed when rather damp or wet, it seems otherwise with it *previous* to its being separated from the straw. If bean straw be kept for years under water, or quite dry, it produces, I find, hemp as good and as fresh as at first. But if the straw be sometimes wet and sometimes dry, the filaments or threads are apt to be injured. If the straw of the bean was scattered thin on the ground, and exposed to the weather for two or three months, I have uniformly found that the hemp or fibres are loosened, and easily sepa-

rated from the strawy part, without any other process than *merely* beating, rubbing, and shaking them; but then from thus being exposed, and the fermentation in the strawy part, which is of a spongy nature, communicating itself to the fibres or hemp, I find that these are generally less or more injured, though not so much so, in my opinion, as to prevent them from being excellent materials for making paper.

When the straw is to be steeped for bean hemp, the beans are to be threshed in a mill; the beans should be put to the mill, not in *right angles*, but on a *parallel*, or nearly so with the rollers, or else the straw, particularly if the beans are very dry, is apt to be much cut. If the straw is not to be steeped, on putting the beans to be threshed at right angles, or nearly so, with the rollers of the mill, a certain proportion of the fibres or hemp may easily be got from the straw; these being in general not so much cut as the straw, being often found torn and hanging about it like fine sewing threads. The hemp thus taken off, though its lying for months under water would do it no harm, requires only to be steeped a few minutes, drawn through a hackle, and washed previous to its being laid up for use. If the hemp collected in this way (a fine light business for children, and such as are unfit for hard work) is intended only for making paper, it requires neither steeping nor hackling, but only to be put up into parcels, and kept dry till sent off to the manufacturer.

The bean straw contains a saccharine juice, and is highly nutritive, and like clover, the prunings of the vine, the loppings of the fig-tree, &c. produces a *rich* infusion, and commonly fine table beer, as well as an excellent spirit by distillation. It is the hemp or fibres that prevents cattle from eating it. These are like hairs in the human food. The collecting of it therefore should never be neglected, nor the boys and girls in workhouses be permitted to be idle while business of this kind would evidently tend both to their own and their employers' advantage. It is a fact, that about the generality of mills for beating and dressing of hemp and flax, a large



proportion in some inland places, both of Great Britain and Ireland, amounting to nearly one-half of what is carried thither, is either left there to rot, under the name of refuse, or thrown away as of no use, because too rough and short for being spun and converted into cloth. Now from the experiments I have tried, and caused to be tried, I have uniformly found, that this refuse, being beaten and shaken so as to separate the strawy particles from the stringy ones, becomes as useful for making paper as the longest, and what is reckoned the most valuable part of the plant after it has been converted into cloth and worn for years. By the application of muriatic acid oil of vitrol, &c. well known to every bleacher and to every chemist, the refuse of hemp, without being the least injured for making paper, can, in a few hours, be made as white as the finest cambric. Besides, paper-making from the bean-hemp, the bine or straw of hops is known to contain an excellent hemp for making many articles, particularly all kinds of paper. What quantities of these might be saved in Kent, Sussex, and Worcester, may easily be estimated. Mr. Hall thinks there would annually be found materials enough for three times the quantity of paper used in the British dominions.

The Society voted their silver medal to Mr. Hall, for the communication from whence this extract is taken.

Mr. Davy, the chemist, has returned to Mr. Hall, a small quantity of the bean-fibres which he had rendered as white as possible, by chemical means; he then observed that it seemed to bear bleaching well, and differed very little from hemp in its chemical properties. Its useful application Mr. Davy thought a mechanical question, and which must be settled by experiments on its comparative strength.

#### ROYAL ACADEMY.

**T**HE few works in the higher departments of art in latter exhibitions, and in that which is now opened at Somerset House, reflect some disgrace on the government of this country, but not on its genius;

for, independently of the expanding mass of merit presented by the youthful candidates for pictorial fame this year at the British Institution, a noble painting by the President, West, of *Christ teaching humility*, of two admirable sculptures by Flaxman, and energetic pieces by Messrs. Fuseli, Northcote, and Dawe, incontestibly prove the existence of high talent, if any proof was wanting in addition to the numerous capital works painted by Mr. West, Mr. Barry, Mr. Fuseli, &c. The exhibition teems with beautiful fancy subjects, landscapes, and portraits. Mr. Thomson's *Titania* is worth all his former pieces for its display of female beauty, for its taste, delicacy, richness, breadth, and brilliancy of chiaro scuro and colour. Mr. Woodford's *Calypso after the departure of Ulysses* is full of grace, delicate colour, and pathos. Mr. Devis has altogether forsaken his attachment to dingy complexions, and he has a portrait of a *Lady* never surpassed for unaffected grace, for delicacy, and purity of colour, light and shade. Though the most delicately light picture in the rooms, it is among the most brilliant. Mr. Phillips's portraits are eminently vigorous in mental and exterior character. His male portraits remind us of Milton's portrait of Adam, in the words, "For contemplation he and valour form'd," and Sir W. Beechey's, and Mr. Owen's females, of the succeeding line, describing Eve, "For softness she, and sweet attractive grace." Mr. Shee has several elegant portraits, and Mr. Lawrence some admirable ones. Two of them represent those *favourites* of England and Ireland, the late pistoling and parliament seat-selling ministers. We have the pleasure of beholding Sir Francis Bourgeois appear improved considerably in strength; he has lost the yellow jaundice, but is tinctured with the green sickness. Mr. Arnold has a rich *View of London from Greenwich Park*. The magnificence of India scenery and architecture adorns the splendid canvass of Mr. T. Daniell. The utmost fascination of colour, of light and shade, of aerial hues, and perspective, is stamped on that of Mr. J. M. W. Turner. Sir G. Beaumont's *Thunder Storm* is painted with boldness. Mr.

Callcott has far exceeded his former meritorious pieces, in the magnificent scenery, chaste but rich colour, and brilliant effect of a *Landscape, in which is introduced the story of Diana and Acteon*, with a characteristic and classical energy very unusual in landscapes, and which confers on them so vast an increase of interest and importance. Miss Gouldsmith's *Fisherman's cottage*, is deep-toned and vigorous. A *Scene on the Paddington Canal*, by Miss Reinagle, is forcible. Mrs. Long has two beautiful landscapes. Mr. Cranmer's *Crossing the Brook* has a pleasing breadth of effect, and is vigorously pencilled. Mr. B. Barker has two spirited landscapes, and Mr. Louthembourg two of rich and noble scenery. In the class of

genteel domestic life, Mr. A. Chalon has a rich characteristic piece called *The Toilet*, and Mr. Sharpe one called *The Bunch of Keys*. In that of vulgar life Mr. Bird has two of much merit, and highly characteristic: but it is lucky for him that Mr. Wilkie is absent from the Academy this year. A *Monument for India*, and a *Basso-relievo* by Mr. Flaxman, might be contemplated with pleasure by Phidias himself. Mr. Nollekens has some capital busts, as have also some other artists. There are many excellent architectural models. Mr. Pope's portrait drawings are superior to his former ones, and Mr. Edrige's are as excellent as usual. There are many beautiful miniatures, and Mr. Bone has many excellent enamels.

## VARIETIES, LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL;

*With Notices respecting Men of Letters, Artists, and Works in Hand, &c. &c.*

A FIFTH volume of *Anecdotes of Literature*, by the Rev. Mr. Beloe, is in the press.

The *Life and Original Correspondence of Sir George Radcliffe, Knt. L.L.D.* the friend of the Earl of Strafford, by Dr. Whitaker, is in the press.

Dr. Drake will shortly publish, under the title of the *Gleaner*, a Selection of Essays, from scarce or neglected periodical papers; with an introduction and notes. The work will make four volumes in octavo.

Mr. Dallas is preparing for the press a new edition of the novels of Percival Aubrey, and the Morlands, to be printed in a uniform manner, and to make in the whole six volumes instead of twelve: to these he proposes to add a seventh volume, consisting of poems, and modern dramas.

Mr. Chalmers has in a state of great forwardness, a *Chronological Account of the Commerce of England*, from the Restoration to 1810, distinguishing the years of war; on a board to hang up, or in a case for the pocket.

Also a new edition of his *Estimate of the Comparative Strength of Great Britain*, and of the losses of her trade from every war since the Revo-

lution, corrected and continued to 1810.

The State of the Established Church, in Ten Letters to the Right Honourable Spencer Perceval, with an appendix of official documents relative thereto, in one volume, is in the press.

The Rev. F. A. Cox proposes to publish by subscription, *Dissertations, Historical, Critical, Theological, and Moral*, on the most memorable events of the Old and New Testaments, by Saurin, Roques, and Beausobre.

Mr. George Cumberland, of Bristol, author of *Thoughts on Outline*, *Hafod*, *Life of Bonafoni*, &c. has in the press, two volumes of *Original Tales*. He is likewise preparing for publication, a work with sixty plates, on the Principles of the Composition of the Ancients.

The London Architectural Society have undertaken to publish a new volume of Essays, and an Historical and Scientific Disquisition on the Doric Order of Architecture, by Mr. E. Aikin, in folio, with seven plates, in which the examples from antiquity are drawn into one scale.

Preparing for the press, being intended for publication by subscription, a Fac-simile of Wilson's Sketch-Book,



being studies and designs by that great artist, made in Italy and Rome in 1752. It will consist of fifty plates, the size of the originals, to be engraved by Mr. J. Whessell, and will form one quarto volume.

Miss Mary Houghton has a work in the press, in three volumes, entitled, *Mysteries of the Forest*.

#### ARTS, SCIENCES, &c.

Mr. William Murdock, of Soho Foundry, Stafford, has obtained a patent for boring and forming pipes, cylinders, columns, and circular disks, out of solid blocks and slabs of stone of any kind. By the usual method, stone cylinders, pipes, &c. are cut out by the chisel, but Mr. Murdock's method enables the workmen to form the pipe by cutting out of the block a complete and perfect cylinder; and thus, from the same stones, several pipes of different sizes may be made with the smallest possible waste.

The Marquis of Stafford's grand collection of pictures will be kindly exhibited to amateurs and artists every Wednesday in May, June, and July.

A method of preparing a composition for varnishing coloured drawings and prints. "Take of Canada balsam, one ounce, spirit of turpentine two ounces, and mix them together." Before this composition is applied, the drawing or print should be sized with a solution of isinglass in water; and when dry, apply the varnish with a camel's-hair brush.

A pound of sugar-candy dissolved by heat in a quantity of white wine vinegar, and evaporated to the measure of one pint, during which operation as much garlick as possible, is dissolved with it, answers all the purposes of Godbold's Vegetable Balsam, and is probably the same medicine.

A collegiate seminary is establishing by subscription at Llandewlbressi, under the patronage of the Bishop of St. David's, for the admission of youths designed for the church, who will have all the advantages of an university education, free of expense.

Mr. Accum, of this city, has lately analysed a medicinal spring, recently discovered in the park of Sir William Paxton, at Middleton Hall, near

Llanerthey in Carmarthenshire. The effect it has already produced, gives reason to hope that this water will occupy a very distinguished place among those of the kind. The summary of Mr. Accum's analysis is as follows:—Carbonic acid gas, cubic inches 16—50; atmospheric air 4—50; cubic inches 21; solid contents in 100 parts; carbonate of iron 5—25 grains: muriate of soda 6—00; carbonate of lime 4—75; muriate of lime 3—25; sulphate of lime 2—00.—Total of grains 21—25.

*Method of cleansing Silk, Woollen, and Cotton Goods, without damage to the texture or colour.* By Mrs. Anne Morris, of Union-street, near Middlesex Hospital.—Take raw potatoes, in the state they are taken out of the earth, wash them well, then rub them on a grater over a vessel of clean water to a fine pulp, pass the liquid matter through a coarse sieve into another tub of clear water, let the mixture stand till the fine white particles of the potatoes are precipitated, then pour the mucilaginous liquor for use. The article to be cleaned, should then be laid upon a linen cloth on a table, and having provided a clean sponge, dip the sponge in the potatoe liquor, and apply it thus wet upon the article to be cleaned, and rub it well upon it with repeated portions of the potatoe liquor, till the dirt is perfectly separated; then wash the article in clean water several times to remove the loose dirt; it may afterwards be smoothed or dried.

Two middle-sized potatoes will be sufficient for a pint of water. The white fecula will answer the purpose of tapioca, and make an useful nourishing food with soup or milk, or serve to make starch, or hair powder. The coarse pulp, which does not pass the sieve, is of great use in cleaning worsted curtains, tapestry, carpets, or other coarse goods. The mucilaginous liquor of the potatoes will clean all sorts of silk, cotton, or woollen goods, without hurting the texture of the articles, or spoiling the colour. Soiled furniture and oil paintings may also be cleaned with it. Dirty painted wainscot may be cleaned by wetting a sponge in the liquor, then dipping it in a little fine clean sand, and afterwards rubbing the wainscot

therewith.—Various experiments were made by Mrs. Morris, in the presence of a committee at the Society of Arts; the whole process was performed before them upon fine and coarse goods of different fabrics, and much to their satisfaction.

A very large quantity of *glass of lead* has, by some means, found its way into the London market, as *glass of antimony*. This criminal imposition may be detected in the operation to which the glass of antimony is chiefly applied, viz. the making of emetic tartar. The public health, and even the lives of some patients may be considered as at stake on this occasion. Instead of having a rich brown or reddish colour, the glass of lead is deep and dull, opposed to the light, and sometimes quite opaque. Added to muriatic acid, the *true* dissolves with an hepatic smell, the *spurious* turns the acid yellow, and leaves much sediment; a solution of the same also, in distilled vinegar, has a sweet taste, together with other properties of the acetate of lead. Upon the whole, the appearance is not to be trusted, and no specimen should be allowed to pass, without a trial either of the specific gravity, or chemical properties.

The Royal Free School, Borough Road, under Mr. Joseph Lancaster, has above 1000 scholars, whose education last year did not cost four shillings per annum each child. The seminary for training school-mistresses is under the care of his sister, Miss Mary Lancaster. Here a recent discovery in the art of teaching needle-work has been made and will soon be published. At present it is a profound secret; but by means of this any girl may teach others to work with the same facility as they may be taught to read after Mr. L.'s manner. Any school of girls, however large, may be supplied with materials at the most trifling expence; and one mistress may superintend the needle-work with as much ease to herself as one master on the new system can teach eight hundred or a thousand boys, reading, writing, and arithmetic.

A new method of ornamenting glass, so as to imitate engraving, has been discovered, which obviates the tedious

and expensive process by grinding; in lieu of this, an additional surface or coating of glass is substituted, and is by a proper degree of heat incorporated with the vessel, &c. so as to produce all the effect hitherto obtained by means of grinding. The inventor has obtained a patent for the same.

One of the greatest improvements of the Gas-light principle is to be found at Mr. Gillespie's manufactory. By a memoir read before the Philosophic Society at Glasgow, it appears that two iron retorts of a semi-cylindrical form, each capable of containing about 1 cwt. of coal, yield at every charge, 750 cubic feet of gas, which being washed, to deprive it of any disagreeable smell, is conducted into a large cubical plate iron gasometer, equal in capacity to 1120 cubic feet. The gas evolved by the regular process of carbonization during the day, is here stored up for use. From this magazine which floats in a water-cistern, a main pipe issues, which afterwards branches into innumerable ramifications, some of them extending several hundred feet under ground, thence to emerge, diffusing over a multitude of apartments, a kind of artificial day. The flame, though exceedingly bright, is very soft and steady, and free from that dazzling glare which has been imputed to the argand lamps. The occasional attendance of one man only in the gas-house is required, to charge the retorts, and mend the fire. On turning a stop-cock, any particular flame may be kindled, and no trimming or snuffing is required, nor are any sparks thrown off, as from a burning wick; 1½ cubic feet of gas yield the same quantity of light, as a moulded candle of six in the pound. The contents of the gasometer are therefore equal to 900 such candles. To fill it requires 3 cwt. of coals, value 1s. 6d. Coal for heating the retorts during the composition 1s. Hence, for 2s. 6d., a quantity of light is procurable, (the first expence of the apparatus, &c. excepted); from coal gas for 2s. 6d. which, obtained from candles, would cost about 10l. As a further advantage however, tar, &c. &c. may be obtained from the condensing pit.



*China.*

A production of nature, alternately plant and animal, bears the name of *Hias Taa Tomchom*. This appellation implies that, during the summer, the plant is a vegetable, but that at the approach of winter it becomes a worm. The colour is of a dirty yellow, its length about nine inches, and the head, body, eyes, legs, and both sides of the trunk, are most accurate in their form. The medicinal virtues of this plant are nearly the same as those of Ginseng, though the frequent use of it, like this, does not produce inward bleeding; it fortifies the stomach, is a grand restorative of debilitated constitutions. The Chinese use it thus; they take five drams of the plant, root and all, with which they stuff the craw of a duck and roast it by a slow fire. The virtue of the plant being supposed to be transfused into the flesh of the duck, this is eaten morning and evening for ten days; but on account of the great rarity of the plant, this remedy is seldom used except at Pekin.

*France.*

Some steam-engines, of an amazing construction are to be seen upon the premises of M. Perier, at Chaillot, intended to replace the ancient machine of Marly. One of them will be placed at the bottom of the mountain near the river: it will raise the water 150 feet, and pour it into the first reservoir half way up. A subterranean gallery will then convey it beneath the tower, whence it will be raised to the height of the aqueduct by four pumps, placed in a well of 300 feet depth, contrived in that tower. These machines will supply the aqueduct at the height of 500 feet above the level of the Seine, with 13,440 hogsheads in 24 hours. This produce is much more considerable than that of the former engine; and that prodigious mass of pipes and machigery for transmitting to the pumps of the two reservoirs the movement of the wheels upon the river will disappear. The masonry and terrace work will soon be added to this machinery.

The attempts lately made to introduce the culture of the tea-plant, in the island of Corsica, are said to have been crowned with complete success, and will of course be productive of

the most important consequences. China sells yearly \$4,000,000 pounds of tea to Europe, and the sums are immense, which the Europeans pay the Chinese for this article. It is also observed that Corsica is situated nearly in the same latitude as China.

The importation of corn from France into London, during six months, has been such as to produce the vast sum of one million, three hundred and eighty-two thousand, three hundred and fifty pounds sterling. Such a traffic as this must undoubtedly drain England of its specie, and pour wealth into the lap of the common enemy. But we are told by the advocates for *artificial scarcity*, "that we must be content to continue it as long as we can, and to exchange gold against that which cannot be dispensed with, the first necessary of life;" for this it is insinuated we are indebted to our enemies!!!

*Germany.*

M. Von Humboldt has recently presented to the King of Prussia's cabinet of minerals, the only lump of native platina that is known. He obtained it in 1800, in the soap manufactories of the town of Taddo, in the province of Choco, in South America. This ingot is of the size of a pigeon's egg, and its absolute weight is 10,886 grains, and its specific weight 16,037 grains.

M. Seetzen, in his travels through Syria, has discovered in the neighbourhood of the Red Sea, the ruins of the ancient city of Dscherrach, probably the Gerasa of antiquity, consisting of the remains of several public edifices, two amphitheatres, several palaces, &c.

M. Ebel, of Bavaria, has exhibited much novelty in a geological work which he has recently published, on the structure of the Alps, and which is said to coincide entirely with M. Humboldt. According to these philosophers, it is not true that granite is the nucleus of the surface of the earth; on the contrary, as many strata of granite as of any of the other integrant substances of mountains are found. These strata of stones in the mountains have been formed by crystallization in the sea of Chaos, and are found in a great measure in the same line from Savoy to Hungary.

According to these ideas, the earth resembles a prism of crystal, the edges of which have been worn away by the flux and reflux of the waters, without the ruins of these points having entirely filled up the hollows made. These ideas are expected to lead to important results, though they must tend to discourage those who still hope to find the solid nucleus of the earth.

Literature, in its revival in the new kingdom of Westphalia, seems to be of very fair promise. The Universities of Halle, Gottingen, Helmstadt, Marbourg, and Rinteln, contain in all 1207 students. There are also 52 Gymnasias, or classical schools in the kingdom, at which 6851 children are educated. Besides these there are a number of inferior schools, at which 3600 children are taught reading, writing, and arithmetic. In each of the two great cities of Magdebourg and Brunswick, there are 35 public

institutions for every branch of education, besides private seminaries. In the public schools the hours are so arranged that the children are generally able to work in the intervals. In these two cities alone, 900 children are instructed in the sciences; and upon a moderate computation, there is a teacher for every 50 children throughout the kingdom.

#### *Italy.*

M. Morosi, the mechanician of Milan, has invented an hydraulic machine, by means of which, the workmen employed in coining, to give motion to the striking engine, are dispensed with; and this operation, which used to be performed by eight men, now requires only one boy.

Piranesi, the antiquary, lately presented to the Vice-Roy of Italy, an eagle, formerly belonging to one of the Roman Legions, dug up some time since at Rome.

## MEMOIRS OF REMARKABLE PERSONS.

### FERDINAND VON SCHILL.

**F**ERDINAND Von Schill, the youngest of four sons, was born in 1773, at Sothoff, an estate which then belonged to his father, and is situated near Rosenberg, in Upper Silesia. His father, who is still living, and upwards of eighty years of age, was originally in the Austrian service, which he afterwards exchanged for the Saxon; and on the taking of the Saxon army at the commencement of the seven years' war, he raised a corps of partisans which executed some important enterprises, and rendered itself particularly formidable to the corps of Turks, which the Duke of Brunswick had at that time organized. On the breaking out of the war respecting the Bavarian succession, he entered, in consequence of an invitation to that purpose, into the Prussian service; but, from the short duration of hostilities, he had no opportunity of signalizing himself.

Young Schill was destined, from his earliest infancy, for his father's profession, and at the age of six years entered the corps of cadets. In 1789, he was made cornet in Schimmelpenninck's hussars, and was the year

following removed to the queen's dragoons. He was not pleased with the petty service in the garrison, and he could not prevail upon himself to pay such attention to trifles as he saw his comrades do. It is well known that, in the German armies, there were numbers of officers who considered it the most important duty of a soldier to keep his hair in proper trim, and his buttons highly polished. Men of this description doubtfully shook their heads respecting young Schill, or even went so far as to deny that he had any military talents. Some, at the present day, when informed of his recent exploits, have been heard to exclaim, "Good God! who could ever have supposed that Schill would become such a man!" Schill was meanwhile forming plans for futurity, and his ever active mind panted for opportunities to distinguish himself, especially as the strict subordination which affords the young officer but little scope for the exertion of superior powers, must have been to him a species of restraint that prevented him from following the impulse of his nature; which, however, acquired from his very opposition



increased strength and energy. Giving himself up to his own way of thinking, he is said to have avoided as much as possible the society of his comrades, which occasioned disputes that always ended in duels. He was a principal in 22 of these affairs, in five of which he was wounded.

At the commencement of hostilities between France and Prussia in 1806, Schill was sub-lieutenant. On the disastrous 14th of October, he was stationed with a picquet at Eckartsberg. Here he was surrounded by the enemy, and summoned to surrender, which he refused. The French rushed upon him from all sides, and he received so severe a wound on his head as to deprive him of sense. He must infallibly have been killed, had not his horse saved him by springing aside. His comrades afterwards found him without signs of life upon the ground; they took care of him, bound up his wounds, and in this state conveyed him to Magdeburg. In this helpless situation he was received by M. Berr, teacher of the French language, who, with his wife, nursed him with the utmost philanthropy. He had made no great progress in his recovery, when he learned that Magdeburg was on the point of surrendering to the enemy. Nothing was now capable of detaining him in that city; regardless of his wounds, and faithful to his sovereign, even to death itself, he hastened to Colberg, where he arrived in the most violent fever.

No sooner had he recovered than he manifested the most ardent desire to be actively employed in the service of his country. Before this wish was gratified, he had great obstacles to surmount—obstacles thrown in his way by envy, mistrust, and mean jealousy. He proposed to make excursions about the fortress; but the number of men placed at his disposal was so small as to indicate a wish to get rid of, rather than to support him. He, nevertheless, took several military chests and magazines, which were in the neighbouring towns, and by his stratagems kept off the enemy for a considerable time from the fortress.

An affair which he had at Gulzow, a small place situated to the south of Kamin, near the Frische Haff, with a

far superior number of the enemy, was particularly brilliant. He was in hopes of surprizing the French, but his approach had been betrayed. On his arrival in the night before Gulzow he found sixty men belonging to the troops of Baden drawn up with artillery to receive him. Schill had no more than ten foot soldiers, and six cuirassiers. The former he posted in the church-yard in order of battle, and with the latter he galloped to the opposite side of the town, in which were sixty of the enemy's horse, totally unprepared for an attack, and consequently in great disorder. Schill boldly charged them, and at the first onset was fortunate enough to kill their commander. With a voice of thunder he then cried out, "Cossacks, push on!" and to this presence of mind alone was indebted for the victory. The enemy's cavalry having lost their leader, and conceiving that a much stronger corps was advancing against them, fled with precipitation, and Schill thus gained time to drive out the infantry likewise, and to render his victory complete. People could scarcely believe their eyes, when they saw him return with his little corps, bringing thirty-three prisoners whom he had taken at Gulzow.

This achievement procured the valiant Schill the favour of his sovereign in a high degree. He rewarded him with the Order of Merit, which never more deservedly decorated the breast of a soldier.

Schill continued to collect the horses, cattle, and arms from the environs of Colberg, and to convey them into the fortress; to elude the vigilance of the enemy, to cut off his convoys, to take his military chests, and to harass him in every possible way. His name became feared and respected by the troops of France, and of the Rhenish confederacy. Numerous detachments were sent out to take him, but he contrived matters so well that all their endeavours proved ineffectual.

The success which attended all his enterprizes, the talents which he displayed on every occasion, the marks of respect that were shewn him by the king, at length procured him greater consideration at Colberg. His advice was asked, and he was entrusted with

more important commands. Flattering as this must have been to him, he still wished to be at the head of a corps of his own, that he might no longer be obliged to receive orders from men who were incapable of entering into his ideas, but be more at liberty to follow the impulses of his own genius. But if he would lead a corps, it was necessary he should first raise one. Schill was not a man to be deterred by difficulties and impediments; scarcely had he formed the idea before he seriously set about putting it in execution. Fortune favoured him as usual in this undertaking: having one night surprised the town of Mas-sow, in Pomerania, he there made prisoners three colonels and some soldiers, and took a military chest, containing ten thousand crowns.

This booty, having previously obtained the sanction of his sovereign, he employed in executing his favourite design. The dispersion of the greatest part of the Prussian army, in consequence of which, many of the soldiers were wandering about without subsistence, and the general distress occasioned by the war, procured him plenty of followers: at a time when the idea of serving under Schill, whose name was not pronounced but with admiration, was equally flattering to a patriotic and military spirit. Schill devoted his whole attention to the organization of this corps, which was alike distinguished for courage and intrepidity in danger, perseverance under difficulties, and implicit obedience to their leader, resulting from love to his person and respect for his merits. His exploits with these brave fellows have excited universal astonishment. He hung upon the rear of the French army, which he harassed incessantly. He took a park of artillery of 40 pieces of cannon, and upwards of 20,000 muskets, set 9,000 Russians at liberty, and made Marshal Victor prisoner. For the latter, Prince Augustus, at that time a prisoner of war in France, was exchanged, and thus enabled to return to the bosom of his family.

Schill likewise took from Bonaparte seven fine Arabian horses, presented to him by the Grand Seignor. Enraged at this loss, Bonaparte set a price of 100 Napoleons d'or on Schill's

head. Schill gave himself little concern about the menaces of the French Emperor, on whose head he in his turn set a price, and to shew him how low he valued him, he offered but a very small sum. Bonaparte, who was very fond of his horses, sent to demand them of Schill, promising to pay him what they were worth. He sent a letter to him on the subject, addressed *au Capitaine des Brigands, Schill*. The latter replied, that he was willing to send him back his horses, if he would replace on the Brandenburg gate at Berlin, the triumphal car of which he had robbed it; but as to money, he had no occasion for any as he should always find sufficient in the military chests of the French army, which he was sure of taking. This letter to Bonaparte he addressed as follows: *Au Colonel de tous les Brigands, mon honorable frere, Napoleon*.

Bonaparte, who was grown a great epicure, was continually sending out couriers to buy up whatever was most rare and delicate for table. Schill found means to intercept these provisions, and took the greater pleasure in regaling himself with them, on account of the disappointment which Bonaparte would experience.

In February 1807, the king promoted Schill to the rank of captain. In the April following, he repaired to Swedish Pomerania, to prepare the way for a corps of Prussians under Blucher, which had landed at Stralsund, and was joined by part of Schill's cavalry. Meanwhile the peace concluded at Tilsit frustrated the object of this expedition. On his return, Schill was appointed major: and as a mark of public gratitude, his corps, which was not disbanded, was permitted to bear his name, as well as that of the province in which it was stationed. It is impossible to describe the enthusiasm with which the hero, whose modesty was equalled only by his merits, was received at Berlin, whither he proceeded with the garrison of Colberg on the departure of the French. The inhabitants of the metropolis vied with each other in paying him a public tribute of esteem and admiration.

On the conclusion of the peace, the king of Prussia formed out of Schill's



cavalry the second regiment of Brandenburg hussars, which was placed in garrison at Berlin. Here the major remained till the commencement of the late campaign against Austria, which again opened a field for the display of his extraordinary talents. We know not the precise nature of the object which he had in view in his subsequent operations, nor how far his conduct was sanctioned by his sovereign; but from what he actually accomplished, there seems little doubt that, had fortune spared his life, the north of Germany might, by his spirited example, have been encouraged to throw off the French yoke, and the whole continent might at this moment have exhibited a very different aspect from what it at present wears.

Under the pretext of exercising his men, Schill left Berlin with 450 of his hussars on the 28th of April, 1809. After the usual evolutions, he thus addressed them—"Fellow soldiers, we are already on our march to avenge our good king, his allies, our country, and every one of us, for the cruelties of the French. There is not an individual among our number but what is ready to sacrifice his life for the good cause." The soldiers agreed to follow their commander, who, commencing hostilities as soon as he had passed the Prussian frontiers, took four officers, 350 soldiers, four pieces of cannon, and two pair of colours, and killed with his own hand the French general, Vautier. Nine officers and 600 men were left on the field of battle. Schill, on his side, lost six of his bravest officers, and 100 men. This action was fought at Todendorf, near Magdeburg, on the opposite bank of the Elbe.

A body of 500 men, both cavalry and infantry, secretly followed him from Berlin. With this reinforcement he made himself master of the little fortress of Domitz, in Mecklenburg, took 300 prisoners at Damgarten, on the frontiers of Swedish Pomerania, and killed 120 more. He put in requisition all the funds belonging to Jerome Bonaparte, and advanced with such rapidity to Stralsund as to surprise that important place. On taking that city, he cut to pieces a French colonel, several officers, and 80 men for firing on him and his troops after

they had surrendered at discretion. At Stralsund he found 450 pieces of cannon, and 2700 quintals of powder: and being thus supplied with ammunition, he immediately set 2000 peasants to work at the fortifications of the town.

A considerable force of Dutch and Danish troops was meanwhile advancing to regain Stralsund. Schill's corps now amounted to 3200 men, including 1500 Pomeranian militia, who had been compelled to join it. The combined Dutch and Danes, amounting to 10,000 infantry and 1000 cavalry, with 30 pieces of cannon, were commanded by General Gratien, who had under him the Danish General, Ewald. The Danes arrived by water under the British flag, which deceived the major, who, having sent one of his officers to Helligoland, whence he had not yet returned, mistook them for British troops. On the 31st of May, the enemy advanced to the assault. Twice did the Dutch appear at the gate of Triebsee, and twice at the Kniper gate, with bayonets fixed in order to force them. They at length accomplished their purpose, with the loss of a great number of men, and Schill killed six with his own hand. As soon as the enemy entered the town, a general massacre commenced; it continued four hours, when the major was shot through the head by a Dutch soldier. The gate of Franken was still occupied by his men. General Gratien ordered the massacre to cease, and it was agreed, that if two of Schill's officers, Captain Rochow and another, should satisfy themselves respecting the death of their leader, the remainder of his corps should retire into Prussia. The major's body having been shewn to these officers, they fulfilled their agreement the same night, and retired with their arms and baggage. The head of the hero being previously cut off to be sent to Jerome Bonaparte, his corps was interred in the night of the first of June.

In this desperate conflict the enemy lost the general of division, Carteret, Colonels Barneburgh and Cisier, besides 18 other officers, and 800 men killed; and 12 officers, and 600 men wounded. Schill's corps lost its brave

commander, six officers, and 400 men killed; five officers, and 300 men wounded; and 11 officers, and 500 men taken prisoners. These 11 officers and a great number of privates were shot by the orders of Bonaparte.

Capt. Rochow and several of Schill's officers, who survived and escaped, are now in the British service.

#### THE LATE BISHOP OF ELPHIN.

**D**R. JOHN LAW, brother to Lord Ellenborough, was born at Greystoke in Cumberland, in 1745. His father, Dr. Edmund Law, Bishop of Carlisle, was at that time rector of the parish, to which he had been presented by the University of Cambridge, in 1737. At an early age John Law was sent on the foundation to the Charter-house, from whence, in 1762, he removed to Christ's College, Cambridge, where he was eminently distinguished by his superior abilities and uncommon application to his studies: as a proof of which, his name appeared second on the list of wranglers at his examination for his bachelor's degree; and shortly after he obtained the first of the Chancellor's medals. These honourable exertions were rewarded with the first vacant fellowship his college was enabled to offer him, and he soon became tutor in conjunction with Drs. Shepherd and Paley.

After a residence of eleven years in the University, Dr. Law, in 1778, received from his father, the Vicarage of Warkworth, in Northumberland, and a prebendal-stall in Carlisle, where he married Miss Wallace, sister of the barrister of that name. In 1777, he was made Archdeacon of the diocese, and in 1782, was removed to the Bishoprick of Clonfert, in Ireland. It has been reported that this promotion was most unexpectedly offered to him by the late Duke of Portland, when that nobleman was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, in order

to bestow the preferments held by Dr. Law upon a gentleman to whose exertions the Duke was principally indebted for his ultimate success in the celebrated trial between him and Sir James Lowther. From this see Dr. Law was removed successively to those of Killaia and Elphin, the last of which he retained till the time of his decease. The following anecdote deserves to be recorded in letters of gold, as furnishing a distinguished instance of Christian charity — When he took possession of the see of Killaia, and learned that almost the whole of the population were Roman Catholics, he used these expressions "That as it was a hopeless task to make them Protestants, it would answer every desirable purpose to make them *good Catholics*;" and with this view he got printed at his own expense, and distributed gratis throughout the diocese, a new edition of the works of the Rev. J. Gother, which breathe the piety, and in plain and humble language, inculcate the morality of the Bible. The Bishop of Elphin has been recorded as "a man of great variety of knowledge, uncommon genius, and sincere religion." In respect to his literary character we are not aware that any production avowed by himself has been given to the public; yet it has been supposed that he had a considerable share in the composition of the "Moral and Political Philosophy" of his friend Dr. Paley, and we believe the Chapter on *reverencing the Deity* has been generally ascribed to him. Dr. Law's chief study, however, was always understood to be the science of the mathematics, to which at an early age he displayed great preference, and certainly made a very considerable progress, although few men possessed a more refined taste for polite literature, or had made more extensive acquisitions in every branch of general knowledge.

## MISCELLANEA, FACETIOUS AND ECCENTRIC.

**A** DISSENTING minister, who kept a large house, and was very regular in his devotions, had one morning called all the family to prayers in his study. One of the chimneys having been lately swept, the master chimney-sweeper came to be paid, when the footman, who let him in, told him it was his master's positive orders, that every person coming to his house in prayer-time, should join in the devotion; the man complied,



and a hassock was laid for him to kneel upon.

The Doctor cast a side glance at him from his armed chair against which he was kneeling, and continuing his prayer, introduced some pious ejaculations for the poor chimney-sweeper; "that it might please the Almighty to preserve him from accidents that too frequently happen in his dangerous business, and keep not only his life, but all his limbs, safe and sound." Prayers being ended, Mr. Sweep walked gravely up the room to the Doctor, made his best bow, and said,—*"Thank you, Sir, for your kind prayer on my behalf; but you had no business to tell the Almighty that I am a chimney-sweeper."*

Another of the sable train, a little boy, being employed in the house of an artist, and having been wonderfully struck by the sight of a number of models, drawings, natural curiosities, antiquities, &c. which he had been shewn, on being further indulged with a sight of a case, containing some beautiful enamel pictures, "Who did these?" cried the boy, in a kind of mental ecstasy. "These," said the artist, "were painted by myself."—"By yourself!" returned the boy, "Yes."—"Well," continued the sweep, "I always thought my business a very hard one, but *the Lord have mercy upon you.*"

#### *German Obstinacy.*

A nobleman here, (whose authority over his vassals was so great, that he may make any one of them at his pleasure a soldier,) wished to introduce some changes in the agricultural arrangements of his estate. Among other things, he directed that the ploughman should go out with his oxen at five, instead of eight o'clock in the morning. The fellow gravely replied, that the order could not be obeyed; for, by the received custom of the country, no lords could commence work before eight. As my friend did not quite understand this kind of logic, and was unwilling that the privileges of his rank should deprive him of the labour of his cattle, he insisted that his injunctions should be attended to. The ploughman was inexorable. He was dismissed; and another

ther appointed in his stead. The second was as obstinate as the first. My friend changed again, and again; and no less than twenty different servants succeeded each other in the same situation, before he found one who would comply with his orders. At last, on condition of receiving double wages, the twenty-first agreed to take out the oxen at the plebeian hour of five; but after doing so for three days, he came to his master, and requested to be relieved from his engagement, or instantly dismissed; "for," added he, "I am made miserable; I cannot endure the life I lead: I am avoided by all my friends in the village; nobody will speak to me, for having violated the customs of the country." In short, Count——found it useless to persevere, and was obliged to give up all the plans he had formed for the improvement of his estate. The same gentleman assured me, that even in his own castle in the country, he is the slave of several usages, which it is out of his power to alter. On every private estate there are officers, corresponding with those of the empire; he has therefore his chancellor, his counsellors, his almoner, &c. some of these have a right to dine with the lord; others belong to the second table; others to the third, &c. In short he is obliged to keep several tables; on each there is a regulated number of dishes, the quality of which is also established, and the alteration of any one would be considered as a violation of positive right.

Niehbur, speaking of the opinions which the Arabs entertain of European music, says, "We played some solemn tunes, which are more to the taste of the Orientals than our gayer music. One of the principals seemed to be pleased, and offered each of us half-a-crown at parting. The Arabs refuse no presents, however small, and he was not a little surprised when we declined accepting his money; especially as he could not conceive what inducement any person could have to learn music, if not to gain by it."

*Modest comparison between London and Paris; by the Editor of the L'Abeille Du Nord, printed at Altona,*

Oct. 6, 1809.—In comparison, London has been classed with Sparta, and Paris with Athens: let us see on what account. It is because the French resemble the Athenians in the amiableness and sprightliness of their manners, and are fond of novelty and pleasure; whilst the English resemble the ancient Spartans in the dullness, savageness, and obstinancy of their manners, in their melancholy thoughts and ambitious speculations.

It seems there is another just comparison to be made; that is between the French and the Romans, and the English and Carthaginians. The French as warriors and politicians have indeed supplanted the Romans, and like them, not only do but ought to govern Europe, whilst the English pretend like the Carthaginians to have the dominion of the seas, and the universal command of commerce.

But setting these momentous questions aside, we will speak only of some of the characteristics of the two capitals of Paris and London.

In Paris you are mostly occupied in pleasure and society; in London in seeking preferment, and in political discussion. Strangers who make enquiry in the streets of London are almost always insulted by the rascally people; in Paris the reception is different, your enquiries are not only properly answered, but in the most polite manner. You cannot appear in the streets of London but in the fashion of the country; in Paris, you dress as you like, without any one taking the least notice of you.

In London no person ever wears ornaments of gold or jewellery, not through a simplicity of character, but from the fear of being robbed: at

Paris every one can wear with impunity the richest diamond rings, and carry gold in his pocket.

In Paris, the portraits of their Sovereign and of high military and naval characters are only exposed in public to be admired: whilst in London, the most august personages are caricatured and held up to ridicule.

In London nothing is thought of but the safety of the foot passengers, and every street has its paths and boundary to protect you from the carriages. The pedestrians of London may be truly called the proprietors of all the streets and public ways. In Paris, the streets are scarcely occupied but by carriages. It is the coaches, chariots, cabriolets, &c. which have the use and benefit of the streets: the foot passengers there are only *en sufferance*.

London is always dark and dirty, has very few musicians, theatres or public spectacles; Paris is always gay, more from the vivacity of its inhabitants than the serenity of the season; it is remarkable also for the number of its *strolling musicians, ballad-singers, public-houses, and numerous spectacles*.

The English mostly dine at taverns, and in order to have good fare, will often spend their last shilling; whilst a Frenchman will dine upon a walk in the *Pres St. Gervais*, dance upon the *Tivoli*, laugh at one of the *spectacles*, and thus be amused the whole day at the trifling expence of three shillings.

The English ladies leave the dinner table at the desert. It is at the desert that the French ladies are the most agreeable company; and nothing is so common as to see the Englishman drunk in the evening. A Frenchman once drunk would for ever afterwards be excluded from good company!!!

## STATE OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

**T**HE confinement of Sir Francis Burdett has been attended with those circumstances, which every body expected, except those who planned this extraordinary and impolitic measure. Meetings have been held in various places to express the sense of the people on such proceedings. We have already noticed that of the city of Westminster; Caermarthen in Wales was the next place, and there resolutions were passed, and an address voted to Sir Francis. The

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county of Middlesex next met, and it was followed by the city of London, the towns of Reading and Berwick, city of Canterbury, towns of Nottingham, Hull, Liverpool, and city of Worcester; and many other parts in England are preparing petitions. In all of them is contained an earnest request for a Reform in Parliament: the necessity of which measure is evident to the least attentive observer of our history. Among the opponents of it, either in or out of the House, very

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few are to be found, to whom may not be attributed either some sinister motive, or some prejudice arising from connections profiting by the present system. As long indeed as this system lasts, the number of placemen and pensioners in the House, or the expectants of the good things of administration must be so great, that the voice of the people must be weak: the real representatives bear so small proportion to those, who either purchase their places, or are at the beck of a powerful patron, that all the fine encomiums on our constitution are evidently built on a theory, which is far from being completely realised.

The Middlesex meeting was held at Hackney, the requisition for it being signed by a vast body of freeholders. The Sheriffs presided, and the chief speakers were Mr. Hare Townsend, Major Cartwright, Mr. Byng, the member, and Mr. Draper, a clergyman, who very aptly brought in that much abused text of scripture, Honour the King, by reminding the meeting, that it was preceded by an equally important precept, Honour all Men. Mr. Mellish, the other member for the county, was present. Several important resolutions were passed, with an address to Sir F. Burdett, and a petition to the House of Commons. The address was full of affection and grateful sentiments, and the petition was drawn up with that spirit, which the occasion required. It was voted to be presented by the members, and Mr. Byng promised his support, but Mr. Mellish refused it, and of course received great censure.

The address was presented a few days after to Sir F. Burdett, by the Sheriff and Mr. Byng, and Sir F. returned a dignified and appropriate answer, which was printed, and much circulated. The Sheriff on this occasion went in the state coach. The petition met with a different reception. A demur was made to it on the night it was presented, and several members found fault with the language, as not sufficiently humble and respectful, and the debate was adjourned to the next night, when it was thrown under the table by a considerable majority. Another game was played by Mr. Mellish and a Mr.

Thirlwall at the Freemason's Tavern. Thither a number of freeholders was convened to sign a counter address, which was to operate against the sense of the county, declared at the county meeting. Of course all the strength of these counter gentlemen was mustered: but as in their private letters they had mentioned the wish, that each man should bring as many of his friends as he could rely on, and some of these letters fell into the hands of those who agreed with the county petition, the Tavern was filled, and it soon appeared, that the secret gentlemen were in a minority. It was in vain for Mr. Mellish and his reverend friend to move their quarters. They were pursued from room to room, and a scene of confusion followed, such as naturally might be expected from so ill-advised a measure. The meeting broke up to the complete mortification of the pretended loyal addressers; some of whom drew up an address, which by the usual arts was forced upon the freeholders within the vortex of the corrupt system, but very few signatures were procured in proportion to the number of freeholders in the county.

The meeting of the livery of London was very numerous, and the business ably introduced by Mr. Favell, who stated the want of reason in the House of Commons by an apt allusion to the fable of the countryman and Jupiter, when the latter pressed by the answers took up his thunder, instead of making a reply. So the House of Commons, not being able to controvert the arguments of Sir Francis, had shewn their power only by sending him to the Tower. The defects in the House of Commons were clearly pointed out: the steps taken to correct them enumerated, and the people of England were called upon to rally round the standard of parliamentary reform. He was seconded by Mr. Waithman, who reprobated the refusal of the House of Commons to punish two ministers of the crown for trafficking in seats in parliament, and the acquittal from all blame of the ministers on the foolish and wicked expedition to Walcheren, and he accused it of neglect in punishing abuses from Lord Melville down to Mr. Villiers and Hunt. Mr.

Thompson observed on the language of a borough-monger, who had the impudence to say, that a party had been rising in the country which must be crushed, that all the borough-mongers together could not crush the spirit of the people of England. He placed as little confidence in the ex-party as in the ins, and recommended assemblies in all the wards and parishes. The subject ought to be talked of in their walks, and in their houses, and they ought never to relax in their efforts till they had obtained a reform in the representation. The resolutions were then passed almost unanimously, and the thanks to Sir Francis Burdett, with the loudest acclamations of applause.

A petition to Parliament was then voted with the same approbation as the resolutions, and it was introduced, with great spirit, by Mr. Quin, who observed, that as the House had rejected the Middlesex petition, great pains had been taken with this to dress it out in such a shape as might suit the fancy of the honourable House, and give it a sort of Corinthian grace. It was then ordered to be presented by the representatives, of whom Mr. Alderman Coombe was the only one who promised to give it his support, and the others received the strongest marks of disapprobation. The sheriff then stated, that he had waited upon Sir Francis Burdett, with the Middlesex address, in his carriage of state, and declared his intentions of acting in the same manner with the city address, upon which he received unbounded applause.

In consequence of this determination of the sheriff, he was, on a subsequent day, accompanied by a large body of the livery, in their gowns, to the Tower, and an immense multitude, rending the air with shouts, attended them. The Earl of Moira, governor of the Tower, received them at the gate, having previously apologized to the sheriff, for requesting him to alight at the barrier, as the great concourse of people rendered it improper that the barrier should be opened. The earl himself conducted the sheriff and his company to the parade before the lodgings of Sir F. Burdett, who advanced to meet him; and a circle being formed around him,

he was addressed by the sheriff, and returned a most dignified answer, which was received with the utmost approbation of the circle. He then entered into familiar conversation; after which the company was conducted, with the same ceremony as before, to the barrier, and they returned to the Guildhall. The horses of the sheriff, Mr. Favell, and Mr. Waithman, were taken out, and every thing was done on the part of the people to testify their approbation of the conduct of the livery.

The petition to the Commons shared the same fate as that from Middlesex, and the most opprobrious language, that could be devised, was cast upon the petitioners. Indeed, it could scarcely have been imagined, that such language would be permitted, but the disgrace of uttering it falls on the speaker, not on those that were slandered. Many persons in the city, who had not attended the Common Hall, also thought proper to shew their resentment in a very extraordinary way, for they called a private meeting of the liverymen at a tavern, to censure the acts of the city; but they were baffled in their first attempt, as so great a body assembled, that the majority, and a very great majority, was in favour of what had been done at the Common Hall. The movers of this surreptitious mode of discovering the sentiments of the city were not cast down by this defeat, but drew up an address to their fellow citizens, in which they declare their dissent to the resolutions of the Common Hall, talk of attempts to vilify the legislature, of the necessity of the interposition of the military, and call those of a different opinion factious. Yet amidst their virulence and most unbecoming language, the necessity of reform creeps out; for they ask for the "adoption of such moderate systems of reform as may be requisite from the progress of time, and as may be consistent with the principles of the constitution, and the laws of the land." This address was signed by upwards of a thousand persons, whose names, it is said, will be re-published, with remarks on their connection with administration, the Bank, the East India Company, and those powerful individuals who are connected with admini-



stration, by places, pensions, or jobs. The influence, exercised on these signatures, is very striking, and will unravel a system, which shews how entangled men are in their votes, and how much the independence of a citizen is injured by the claims that powerful individuals think they have on him for his vote. Indeed, this country boasts of its freedom; but when we consider how very materially many men are injured by the exercise of it, other nations will have less reason to envy us.

The language in the House of Commons, and the language of these addresses, naturally excited no small degree of ferment in the city. Meetings were holden in various wards, in which resolutions were entered into, and from which deputations were sent with addresses to Sir Francis Burdett. A requisition was soon signed for a Common Hall, which was readily granted by the Lord Mayor; and here the triumph of the city over the faction that formed the London Tavern address, was complete. It was resolved almost unanimously, that this address contained false assertions, originating with individuals who derive influence and emolument from the heavy burdens of the people; that in it appear the signatures of contractors, commissioners and collectors of taxes, of placemen and place-hunters, with a long list of their agents and clerks, of their dependants, emissaries, and minions, that power, influence, threats, and delusions have been employed, to prevail upon many to concur in it;—that the address carries within it its own refutation, consisting only of allegations unsubstantiated, and of calumnies which the propagators knew to be groundless. The resolutions on this subject being gone through, others were passed on the privileges now claimed by the House of Commons, and it was agreed, that notwithstanding the rejection of their former petition, the livery should give the House every opportunity of redressing the grievances of the people, and another petition was unanimously voted. At this meeting Mr. Kemble and Mr. Dixon, the great champions of the London Tavern addressors, were heard, but they could put in little more than their claims to independence, for

which they obtained no credit. But the meeting completely falsified the assertions of their opponents. The utmost care was taken to prevent any but liverymen from appearing, and we may be assured that it was effectual, as Mr. Dixon interested himself in keeping out improper persons.

The petition to the House of Commons complained, with great dignity, of the rejection of the former petition, renewed the request for the release of Mr. Gale Jones and Sir Francis Burdett, states the enormities of Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Perceval, and rejects, with indignation, the assumption, that corruption is necessary. "If it be said, that corrupt influence is necessary to the government, we answer, that it would be the worst of libels upon the constitution; and, if true, Englishmen ought to cease to venerate that constitution which requires corruption for its support." It concludes, after the enumeration of various grievances, with beseeching the House to apply the only remedy for those alarming evils, by a speedy and effectual reform of the representation of the people.

This is the prayer also of the petitions from other places, and in all of them the cases of Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Perceval are particularly mentioned. The petition from Canterbury occasioned no small merriment in the House (in which a laugh is much easier raised than an attempt to correct abuses) at the surprise expressed by the city, that Sir Francis Burdett should be confined in the Tower, and Mr. Perceval should be at large in the House, and take so active a part in rejecting petitions, coupling his name with a crime of a most odious nature, from which, according to the petitions, he ought either to have been relieved, or to receive the severest censure of the House. Now we really see no cause of merriment in this expression, but occasion of the greatest regret and concern; as we look upon the charge brought against Mr. Perceval, however trifling it may appear to the House of Commons, to be one which involves his character too deeply to be passed over with mirth. He is charged with a crime of the most odious nature; and what honourable man is there who can bear to have his name so branded. In the

same petition we remarked a sentiment, which deserves to be impressed on all, whatever may be the opinions they have formed on the questions now agitating the House and the country. We are fully convinced, say the citizens of Canterbury, that if any body of men is permitted to be prosecutor, judge, jury, and executioner, in its own cause, there is not sufficient virtue in man to prevent that body from becoming arbitrary, oppressive, cruel, and tyrannical.

Among the subscribers to the Liverpool petition appeared the names of Mr. Roscoe and Mr. Shepherd. The former distinguished by his *Life of Lorenzo de Medicis*, the latter by his intimate acquaintance with the early restorers of learning in his *Life of Poggi*. Indeed, we may observe, that in general men of literature and science, unless they are evidently biassed by party views, are, in this question, on the side of the people. The great stream of writing has flowed in the same direction. Two persons, however, have distinguished themselves on the contrary side, Mr. Ponsonby and Mr. Wynne; but they seem either to confound the House of Commons with the legislature, or to rest upon precedents, which cannot alter the question. It is as with indulgencies in the time of Luther; there were precedents in abundance for this abuse, but it fell to the ground when vigorously attacked; and we have no doubt that the power, claimed by the House, will share the same fate; and posterity will record, with gratitude, the name of Sir Francis Burdett, as the great preserver of his country from arbitrary power.

While the country is thus active in declaring its sentiments, Sir Francis is pursuing the steady purpose which the law points out. He has served notices on the Speaker and the Serjeant of the House of Commons, and Lord Moira; and the House was put into some difficulties on the former notices, which were not relieved by the letter from Lord Moira, assuring it, that he should take the defence of his own conduct upon himself. At one time the House resolved to be upon the high rope, and several of its members talked of committing the solicitors, who had dared, or should dare to serve notices upon their officers. However the prudence of wiser

heads prevailed, and a committee was appointed to examine precedents upon this important question. The result of the whole was, that the Speaker should plead himself, and he has accordingly entered into the lists, and the copy of the rule of the Court of King's Bench shews, that the public has already gained a point in this affair. It is ordered, that the defendant (namely, Mr. Abbot, the Speaker) have leave to plead several matters, to wit, not guilty upon the whole declaration, and for further plea, to breaking and entering the plaintiff's messuage, a justification under the resolution of the House of Commons. This order was made upon the motion of Mr. Abbot, and of course the whole matter will be fairly tried in a court of law. The damages are laid at thirty thousand pounds. This is the most important cause that has ever been tried in our country. The question of Hampden involved only a small sum, and a pretended right in the king to levy a sum of money independent of the parliament. This question involves the freedom of every Englishman, and his personal security; and it is necessary that we should know in what state we really are. If the House of Commons does actually possess the power it claims, how necessary is it that that body should be purified from its present corruptions; if the House does not possess it, we trust that ample damages will be given by the jury.

On the outrages committed on the seizure, and the days previous to the seizure of Sir Francis Burdett, a very imperfect account only has hitherto been given. An enquiry was entered into by the Lord Mayor and Aldermen on the outrages near the Tower, and several were examined, whose evidence has been published. But an accurate account of the whole is to be desired. We wish that the names of every person wounded by the Life Guards, were published, and that they would give a plain statement of the place, where the wounds were received, and the conduct of the soldiers upon this occasion. The examination before the Lord Mayor does not at all invalidate the decision of the coroner's juries, which can only be determined by a verdict of the country; and it is desirable on all accounts,



that a trial should take place; that if any individuals are in fault, they may be punished, and the corps be relieved from the stigma at present attached to it.

The public has been so engrossed with these transactions, that little attention is paid to affairs on the continent. Bonaparte is enjoying himself in perfect security, and carrying his young bride to see the improvements made in his dominions. One great object was his docks at Antwerp, more renowned by the disgrace brought upon this country, for the feeble attack planned against them, and the total want of success in the great strength employed, by sea and land, to make an impression on the French empire. In every place the sovereign was received with marks of unbounded attachment. At Antwerp a large ship of the line was launched, and the fortifications and dock-yards, with an excursion on the sea, were highly gratifying to the imperial bride. The sovereign himself contemplated the improvements made in this important place with the utmost satisfaction. He looked forward to the time when a powerful navy should ride at anchor in the Scheldt; and there was no one to whisper to him, that however secure it might be under the guns of his fortress, he would not be wise to venture them into our channel. This will, however, form a new scene in the history of our country. The fortifications of Dunkirk were levelled, and its basin destroyed, by the command of this country; but a different sovereign now reigns in France, and we must look to our navy for the preservation of our kingdom.

The king of Holland paid his respects to his brother in this journey; and, by all accounts, he is actively employed in fulfilling his part of the treaty, the supplying him with a navy. The dock yards in his dominions are all employed, and there is no want of men, as there is no employ for them in the merchant service. For the same reason the ships will be easily manned; but the country is in a deplorable situation, and will not easily be relieved from its difficulties. The smuggling trade is, however, carried on to a very great extent, notwithstanding the number of soldiers to controul it: for they, who make laws,

will also break them, and the English muslins must be had at Paris.

The Prince, or as some call him the King of Spain, has given occasion for no small diversion to the Parisians, and their papers are very free in their jests on our government. A Mr. Colley, an Irishman, who calls himself Baron de Koll, is said to have been employed by our administration to enter into a treaty with the Prince, and to assist him to escape from his confinement. For this purpose he carried over to France a considerable sum in jewels, and a letter also, according to the French account, from our King to the Prince in his own hand-writing. He succeeded in obtaining an interview with the Prince, but shortly after was arrested by the French government; his papers were seized; and he made a complete confession of all his designs. The papers, the King's letter, and the confession of this Colley, have been given to the world with great pomp, and a considerable degree of credit was attached to it on this side of the water, from the silence of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, when he was applied to on the subject of the King's letter in the House. There does not appear to be any great reason to doubt of the French account. It is not at all unlikely, that a plan should be formed for the Prince's escape, and that an Irishman of the name of Colley, which by the way is one of the names of the Marquis of Wellesley, should have been employed on such an occasion. The thing, that staggers one, is, that any persons could have been so ill-judged as to trust a letter written by the King into such hands, and on such a plan: as better means might have been devised without compromising the royal signature. However we need not be in the least surprised at the plot being unsuccessful; for no one can doubt the watchfulness of the French; though the probability is greater on the other hand, that our administration was the dupe of this Colley, who acted under the French, pocketed our money, and at a convenient time made a discovery of the whole proceeding.

A more important matter has, however, marked the last month, and it shews, that Bonaparte's politics are not easily unravelled. It might have

been expected, that he would avail himself of the differences between this country and America, and secure to himself the alliance of the latter. Instead of this he has issued an order which may set us quite at ease on this subject, and must very much embarrass America. Availing himself of the non-intercourse orders in that country, he has issued an edict, that all American ships in his dominions should be seized, and their produce sold, and reserved in a particular fund for that purpose, to be given, it may be presumed, to the owners, when the affairs between the two countries can be adjusted. We may naturally conclude, that the money thus deposited will not easily be got out of his clutches; and thus America must equally guard itself from the two contending parties, by suspending all intercourse with either to a more favourable opportunity.

The affairs of Spain still remain undecided; but we cannot flatter ourselves with any thing favourable to our interests. Reports are continually propagated of successes in different parts of that kingdom, but unfortunately little reliance can be placed upon them, the facts that come vouched to us are of a contrary nature. The French have succeeded in the attack of a fort near Cadiz, which has a command of the entrance to the harbour; this was defended partly by our troops, and partly by the Spaniards: but the French raised such a battery against it, that it became in a short time untenable, and the energy of our men was of no avail to its further defence. We sustained there a considerable loss, but the French took only the bare ruins. They are still far from the possession of the town; but the same vigour, which so surprised us in the taking of the fort, may command our admiration in their plans against Cadiz. At any rate we cannot but think that something decisive will soon take place in that quarter.

Portugal is threatened with an immense force said to be pouring into it from the north under the command of Massena, and a great army is in Spain to the east of it, which is expected to rush upon Lord Wellington, whose head quarters were supposed to be at

the last accounts not far from Badajoz, and not many miles from the French. If an engagement takes place, the vigour of the Portuguese will be tried; for they form a main part of his army; but it is more to be dreaded, that the French have some plan by which they will attack this lord, as they did at Talavera, having one army to make the attack, and another to compel a retreat. The way is, however, open to Lisbon, and no one will be surprised at the retrograde movements. The king of Spain in the mean time, seems to be as secure in his capital, and as well seated on his throne, as if there were only a petty insurrection in his kingdom; and perhaps his cabinet thinks much less of the war than ours did of the Piccadilly campaign.

In the Houses were several important debates; those on the rejection of the Middlesex and London petitions, of the motion for a Reform in Parliament, will be read with great interest, as they give an insight into the characters of members of both sides of the House, and they have been well tried by these motions, and those on Sir Francis Burdett's commitment and consequent conduct. The Middlesex petition was brought in by Mr. Byng, and seconded by Mr. Mellish, the other member, who, at the same time, declared that he should not support it. The Chancellor of the Exchequer called it an insult on the House, and was for its rejection. Mr. Alderman Coombe stated, that the meeting was nearly unanimous, and that the House could not expect one more moderate. Mr. Calcraft contended that the House ought not to complain about words which might indeed not be agreeable, but, unfortunately, they were true. Was it a libel to say that seats in that House were bought and sold? As long as the House permitted the practice, they must submit to pocket the insult of being told that it existed. Mr. Davis Giddy was for the House making a stand now against petitions of this kind, and declared his aversion to reform. Mr. H. Browne thought the petition a gross insult to the House, and a dogmatical denial of its privileges. Mr. Hibbert said, that allowance ought to be made for the warmth of the peti-



tioners, when the grievances, of which they complained, were considered, and the terms of their appeal ought not to be too scrupulously weighed. Mr. Barham was for adjourning the debate, that every member might have the opportunity of making up his mind on so important a topic. Mr. Sumner thought the petition had nothing of the kind in it but the name, and the practice of sending such things to the House should be checked *in limine*. Mr. Lambe was for the adjournment. Mr. Wardle declared, that he entertained the same sentiments as the petitioners, who had only declared them, as the subjects of this country were entitled to do. Mr. Abercrombie did not think the words of the petition a sufficient justification to the House to reject it; if they thought that the House had acted illegally, it was their duty to declare it in the most determined though becoming language. Mr. Stephen was for rejecting it as an insult on the House. Mr. Byng had no objection to the adjournment, as the more the petition was considered, the less doubt would there be on the propriety of its reception. Mr. Hutchinson recommended to the House to beware of shutting their door against petitions. The House adjourned the debate.

On the next night it was resumed by Mr. Barham, who contended that the petition ought not to be received, and lugged in the French revolution, head and shoulders, to support him in his argument. He accused, however, the Treasury Bench of practising the same delusions, and who ought not to be astonished if the same acts were played off against themselves. Mr. Grenfell observed, that if this petition were received, the table would soon be covered with similar indignities. He did not believe that there was a general disposition in the country to vilify the House of Commons, but there was great discontent and dissatisfaction, which he attributed to the oppressive, vexatious, and tyrannical manner in which the taxes were levied. He was less afraid of meetings in Palace-Yard or Hackney, than of what was silently carrying on at the Tax-office, in Somerset-place. Mr. Ward declared his unaltered detestation and abhorrence of the principles of those who sent this

petition; but, as that from Westminster had been received, he could not vote for its rejection. Mr. R. Dundas denied that the House had suffered materially in public opinion. Mr. Ponsonby would not reject a petition for expressions which gentlemen might not approve; and he reprobated the language attributed to Mr. Wardle at a public meeting, on the opposition rallying about administration, and wishing the army to have been sooner called in. Mr. Wardle declared his readiness to justify any expression he had used. He had a right to say, and he did still say, that the House had no right to commit for a libel; but he did not say that the ministerial party was better than that of opposition. He had, indeed, expressed his surprise, that after what the latter had said of the misconduct of ministers, they should proclaim their readiness to rally around them. This sentiment did provoke his censure, and he did combine with it, that it was a matter of indifference to the country by which of these parties the House was governed. This sentiment he expressed at a meeting of electors, and he did his duty as an elector; and it was for the benefit of the House that it should know the sentiments of its electors. Sir J. Anstruther contended for the privileges of the House, and asserted, that he would rather support ministers than overthrow the constitution. Mr. W. Smith opposed the reception of the petition, because it was indecorous, and the licentiousness of petitioning ought to be checked. At the same time he allowed, that the House had lost much of its respectability in the public estimation, and through its own conduct; yet that was not a reason why the remainder should not be retained. Because it had committed some breaches of duty, it was not to be farther guilty by surrendering its privileges.

Mr. Fitzgerald, of Kerry, thought it the duty of the people to express, and of the House to receive their opinions. If strong language were made an objection, what a hold may not be given to ministry to reject any petition? He maintained that the House had not the right, either from law, constitution, or practice, to commit for libel. The dignity of the House

was not consulted in rejecting the petitions of the people, who paid the taxes, paid the army and navy, and supported the expense of the state. Mr. Wilberforce was for rejecting the petition; and Mr. Ellison was more violent, for he declared it not only to betray a want of due respect to the House, but to involve a gross violation of the truth. Mr. E. Morris could not approve of any attempt to controvert the right of petitioning; he saw nothing to condemn in the petition before the House, considering the nature of the act to which it referred. Mr. Wood hinted, that not one third of the petitioners were freeholders, and he did not attend the meeting, being aware that no one would be heard who differed from the multitude. Lord A. Hamilton blamed the two thirds of the freeholders, if such could be found, for not attending the meeting; and he was not surprised at the allegations of the petition offending the feelings of the House, as he thought with the Speaker, that our ancestors would have startled with horror and indignation at the practices in the House, of which the petitioners so justly complained; he should therefore vote for receiving the petition. Mr. Stephen allowed the right to petition, but contended that it was to be used with great respect; and for the palpable deficiency in this instance, he should reject the petition. Mr. Byng asserted, that the meeting, which sent the petition, was one of the most numerous and respectable meetings of freeholders that he ever attended. Nine tenths of that meeting thought that the House had no right of commitment in cases of libel, and he joined

them in that opinion. Some murmurs being raised at this expression, he repeated it, and added, that if the House had such a power, he thought, and so did his constituents, that they ought not to have it. On the division there appeared,

For receiving the petition,	58
Rejecting it, - - - - -	189

Majority for the rejection,	81
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The livery petition was brought in by Sir W. Curtis, and seconded by Mr. Alderman Combe, and it gave rise to a two day's debate, and the same arguments were gone over on the propriety of rejecting petitions on the presumed want of respect in the language. On the division, there appeared

for the petition. .36
against it. . . . .128

Majority against it. . . .92
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On Mr. Brand's motion for a committee of the House to take into consideration the reform in the representation, an animated debate took place, but the anti-reformists appear to have such hold on the House, that no expectation can be entertained of this measure, or any plan of reform, succeeding for a considerable time. We must look to the return of Sir F. Burdett to parliament for the renewal of the question; before which time it is to be hoped, that the table of the House of Commons will be covered with petitions, declaratory of the public voice on this great question.

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### MR. SHERIFF WOOD'S NARRATIVE.

*This worthy Magistrate has, to correct some mistatements, given to the public the following narrative of his proceedings on the arrest of Sir Francis Burdett.*

I received of the letter from Sir F. Burdett, I went immediately to the house of Mr. Sheriff Atkins, who was gone into the country: I therefore left a copy of the letter at his house, and proceeded to the Mansion House, where I communicated to the Lord Mayor the general purport of the letter I had received from Sir F. Burdett.

In a situation of high responsibility, and of which there was no precedent—as conservator of the peace of the county entrusted to my care, on the one hand; and, on the other, required by the Speaker of the House of Commons to assist in the execution of his warrant—I next waited on him, accompanied by Mr. Smith, my under sheriff; and having also communicated to Mr. Speaker the letter of Sir F. Burdett, required his advice. The result was, an observation from Mr. Speaker, that “in issuing the warrant he had performed his duty, and that he had no doubt I should do mine.”

Thus left, without even the opinion of the Speaker, whom I naturally conceived best able to inform me of the extent of authority of his own mandate, and regarding the letter of Sir F. Burdett as an intimation of a disturbance, of which, as conservator of the peace, I was bound to take official notice, I then went to Sir F. Burdett's house, in front of which I found a

strong military force, although at that time there were but a few persons in the street, and those by no means indicating any disposition to riot. Sir Francis requesting me to pass the night in his house for protection, &c. by the civil power, against military force, I readily consented.

At half-past ten o'clock, we left Sir F. Burdett, without interfering with the military, directly or indirectly: but hearing the cries of a woman in the street, a few doors distant, we enquired into the occasion, when one of the Life-Guards, instantly riding upon the foot-pavement, exclaimed, “Damn your eyes, walk on;” at the same moment aiming a blow with his sword at Mr. Smith, which that gentleman parried with his stick. The soldier again swore, and threatened to “cut us down” if we did not go on. Mr. Smith replied, that he was not aware whom he was attacking; but we proceeded, and the soldier discontinued his attack.

Anxious to preserve the peace without the interference of the military, I immediately directed Mr. Smith to issue precepts for the attendance of all the constables of the county, on the following morning, and then went to my house to inform my family of my intention of sleeping at Sir F. Burdett's. I was stepping into a carriage to return to Piccadilly, when I received a message from Mr. Sheriff Atkins, that he would be with me in a few minutes.

On his arrival, we dispatched a note to the Secretary of State, with a copy of Sir Francis's letter, and then pro-



ceeded to his house, where the following reply from the Secretary of State was delivered to us:—

“ Whitehall, Sunday Morning,  
2 o'clock, April 8, 1810.

“ GENTLEMEN,—I have this moment had the honour of receiving your letter, inclosing one for you from Sir F. Burdett. It is not for me to enter into the reasoning of Sir Francis's letter, but I can have no doubt that you will feel it to be your duty to give every assistance which may be required of you, in aid of the Speaker's warrant rather than in resistance to it.

(Signed) R. RYDER.”

We remained in the house of Sir Francis until half-past two, when the whole family, except Sir Francis, having retired to rest, I declined passing the remainder of the night there, from the necessity I was under of making arrangements for the ensuing day. At nine o'clock next morning, Mr. Sheriff Atkins and myself again proceeded to Piccadilly, where we found the military parading the front, and to some distance on each side of Sir F.'s house.

Our arrival being notified to the commanding officer, he informed us that he considered himself as acting under the orders of the magistrates; but that, for near two hours, not one of them had been present, although he had sent several times to Bow-street. I then apprised him of our authority, as sheriff, and expressed my desire that the military might be gradually removed from the front of Sir Francis's house; conceiving that, from the apparent disposition of the people, no disturbance was to be apprehended: and that the presence of the military had a natural tendency to create a crowd, and, as on similar occasions, very great irritation.

I informed the commanding officer that I momentarily expected a great number of constables, who had been summoned, and by whose aid I expected to be able to preserve the peace without the interference of the military. The officer readily complied with my desire, and the military were gradually withdrawn.

At three, the Proclamation prescribed by the Riot Act was read by

Mr. Birnie, one of the magistrates; and, about an hour after, another magistrate wrote in large characters, on a piece of paper, a placard, containing the following ill-judged and offensive words,—“ YOU ARE ALL FELONS!” which he said he should display upon his hat in the crowd.—Against this I remonstrated, and strongly recommended him not to do so, as such an exhibition could serve no other purpose than that of irritating and inflaming the people.

Soon after the officer commanding the troops informed us, that he had received written orders from the magistrates to act—I instantly protested against his so doing, warning him of the responsibility he would incur by such a measure, expressed my astonishment that the magistrates should have given such orders, when one of them had, but a few minutes before, acceded to the propriety of my proposal, of going out, as soon as a notice could be printed, to attempt the dispersion of the people ourselves. He requested me to see the magistrates, and conducted me and my brother sheriff to their room.

We were introduced to five magistrates then at dinner. I expressed my surprise that they should have given such orders; that I was confident they were more likely to irritate than disperse the people; that I would engage, with the sole aid of such officers as were then in attendance, to clear the streets; but that, at all events, the more constitutional mode would be to try first the effect of the civil power, and if that failed, then, and then only, to call in aid the military. The propriety of this plan was agreed to by three of the magistrates then present. During the conversation, the field officer in waiting upon the Secretary of State, arrived, and said, “ that he was desired to say, from Mr. Ryder, that the Sheriff certainly had the right of calling in the power of the county, but that the magistrates had also the right of acting.”

However, after many observations on both sides, the commanding officer, who had taken the wise precaution of receiving written orders from the magistrates, (signed, I believe, by four of them), “ to disperse the people, and not to allow any person to pass up or

down the public road," being somewhat impatient, and requiring his final orders, I said, (addressing myself to the magistrates), "I protest against this measure—you have taken the power out of my hands, and if any one shall be killed, you will be justly responsible for all consequences, and I shall certainly think it my duty to indict the parties offending."

We still remained at the Gloucester Coffee-house. About five o'clock, Mr. Colman, the serjeant-at-arms, was introduced. He produced the Speaker's warrant. Mr. Cater, of the sheriff's office, asked whether he intended to leave it with the sheriff? He answered in the negative, and said, "that the object of his visit was to require the aid of the sheriff in its execution." Mr. Cater directed a copy of the warrant to be taken, and then asked Mr. Colman, "in what manner he expected the sheriff should aid him; whether by breaking into the house of Sir Francis, or how otherwise?" He said, "he did not know." He was then informed, "that the sheriff had considered the subject most fully, and that he conceived the warrant was not a legal authority to break open the outer door, and that he could not therefore assist him in that way; but that he was ready to aid him in all other respects, with the sheriff's power and authority."

Mr. Cater then asked the serjeant-at-arms, "whether he had taken legal advice?" He answered, "that he had laid the case before the attorney-general, but had not yet obtained his opinion;" and promised that he would furnish us with it immediately on receiving it. We remained at the Gloucester Coffee-house until near eleven, but did not hear from him.

Returning into the city, my apprehensions were realised. The people had been driven from one end of Piccadilly to the other, and there remained in great numbers; and, for a considerable distance in the way, had broken the lamps, notwithstanding the presence of the military.

On Monday morning, I relied on the attendance of nearly 300 constables, as well as that of many hundreds of the inhabitants, who were ready to come forward to preserve the peace; and I have no doubt, that object would

have been fully accomplished without the slightest aid from the military.

In my way to Piccadilly I met one of the under-sheriffs, (Mr. Forbes), who informed me that Sir Francis had been taken from his house that morning; that the serjeant-at-arms and his deputy had called him (the under-sheriff) up at one o'clock, and communicated to him the opinion of the attorney-general (already before the public). He, at the same time, informed the serjeant it was the sheriff's intention to be at the Gloucester Coffee-house, attended by the civil power, for the purpose of preserving the peace; that he (the under-sheriff) was confident the Speaker's warrant would meet with no interruption in its execution: but whether the sheriffs would take upon themselves to enter by force the house of Sir Francis, was a question for them to answer; but this he would take upon himself to say, from his principal, Mr. Sheriff Atkins, that no molestation should be offered to the serjeant in the execution of his duty, in the manner of effecting that execution—nor had he any doubt that Mr. Sheriff Wood would do all that was fit to be done; but that, not being his under sheriff, he from deference declined anticipating his opinion.

Thus ended the duties of the sheriff on this important occasion.

#### MR. ROGER O'CONNOR'S NARRATIVE.

[*This gentleman, who was with Sir F. Burdett when he was arrested, in consequence of some insinuations having gone abroad reflecting on his loyalty, &c. has published the following narrative, which will be read with great interest.*]

FROM a desire to make the people of England acquainted with Ireland, of which they know worse than nothing, receiving as they do all their accounts through the medium of a description of persons, in the constant habit of calumniating that people; and from a wish to give the people of England the means of forming a judgment between the government of Ireland (during the residence there of Lords Camden and Cornwallis) and me, it cannot, especially at this moment, be thought of more to me to lay before



a just, but prejudiced public, a faithful narrative of those facts, which took place in my particular, commencing on the 27th of December, 1796, and ending on the 8th of May, 1803, a space of nearly seven years, during the whole of which time, a continued fire of persecution was kept up at me.

Connor Ville, the former place of my residence, is situated about fourteen miles from Bantry Bay, where a French fleet made its appearance on the 23d of December, 1796. To oppose a landing of the troops on board this fleet, about 5000 of the Irish Militia had advanced and occupied the villages about me.—For the manner in which my tenants, my friends, and myself, treated these men, I refer to the panegyrics in the Houses of Parliament in England and Ireland at the time. We cheered them in their distress, we administered to their wants, of which they had no ordinary share.—On the 27th of December, about nine o'clock at night, such a hideous night as my remembrance cannot parallel, I was informed that my porter's lodges were full of soldiers, in quest of quarters.—I went to them. They were in a sad plight. I found them to be two companies of the Wexford Militia, with seven or eight officers. Day or night, rough or smooth, my countrymen were welcome to me. I had then a large house, well stored. I was in the midst of plenty; full of happiness. I brought all the men to my house. My mind has no register of the time they remained with me, nor what I did for them. My tenants were very good to those with them. My friends (that was the whole country far and wide) opened their doors to this native army; let them want for nothing; and even when the terror of invasion had subsided, my tenants and myself presented the poor fellows with the billet-money, to which we were entitled, to buy them shoes and stockings.—I did my utmost to make the situation of the officers as comfortable as possible; and this I will say, that I received from all more thanks than were due, and experienced their gratitude for exceeding the obligation. I learned afterwards, that these officers (strangers heretofore to me) had been directed,

by some agitators, to my house, in the expectation of my not admitting them, which was the opinion also of all the officers in that army. I dare say, such of them as live at this day, will acknowledge that they received a more hearty welcome at Connor Ville than at the house of the most "*loyal*" man in Ireland; that is, the man that has the largest pension or most lucrative sinecure or post in the kingdom. Whilst this army was in their cantonments in my neighbourhood, when the men lost their muskets, bayonets, and ammunition, which frequently happened, they came to me; I had the things restored to them. The soldiers became attached to me.

Long, indeed always, before these events, I had been an object of great jealousy and hatred; I had ever been in the habit of committing a crying sin in Ireland. I had borne myself so to all the people, that they were greatly attached to me. I had appointed arbitrators in every parish, through an immense district, who decided all controversies; the occupation of the petty-fogging lawyer was nearly gone; I curbed the vice of drunkenness; I prevented riots; I did all the good I could. It will not, therefore, surprise any person in the least conversant with the character or complexion of the ruling factions in Ireland, that I was an abomination to them; and when to these vices, in their eyes, the thanks of the poor soldiers were superadded, my crimes were not to be endured, and I became an object of suspicion and distrust.

In this state of things (the French force having long left the coast) a young man from my neighbourhood had gone in the beginning of March to see some friends of his at Bantry, where he was arrested for administering the oath of Union. On being questioned, he acknowledged that he had received it *from my steward*, a lad not more than 18 years of age, who was also arrested, and both were conveyed to the prison of Cork, where every means were used to extort confessions from them to implicate me. They declared, however, that I was the last person to whom they would disclose any thing of the kind. Their honesty and persistence in truth were called treason to their country and

attachment to me; and a council was called together in Dublin, at which it was determined, that *I was very dangerous*, and a warrant was issued to arrest me *on suspicion*, the Act of Habeas Corpus being, at that time, suspended. The secret, however, was not well kept. I discovered the plot. I lay down in my own house the night on which I knew that an attempt was to be made to seize on me by a large detachment of horse, (attended by Lords, Esquires, and Generals, and their staff); and before they had marched half a mile from their quarters, I was (at a distant of 12 miles) apprized of their having set out. They made their search for me and a considerable depot of arms, which they were informed were secreted in the lofts and cellars of my house: neither were there, and they marched back.

The next day I wrote to the judge, who was then holding the assize at Cork, saying, that "if he would *give me assurance of a TRIAL then*, for any thing that could be alledged against me, I would go to him, otherwise I would not surrender." As he was not authorised to give me the assurance I demanded, and as I preferred the liberty of the common air and the use of my own limbs, to unlimited imprisonment, I stood out till the latter end of April, when finding my health somewhat hurt from the manner of my living, particularly from damp, I left home and came to England on the 27th of April, where I remained till the middle of June, when I received advice from home, that several of my tenants, and others of the poor people to the amount of fifty-one, had been flung into prison, and that two unhappy men had been *induced* to swear against them. The same packet also contained a Proclamation that had been issued by Lord Camden on the 17th of May before, inviting every person to come in and surrender, and give security for the peace, *on an assurance of being no further questioned*. Very happy at the opportunity this proclamation afforded me, to develop the conspiracy against the people in prison, and to aid them in their defence, I returned to Ireland, surrendered myself at Mallow to Lord Kinsale and Sir James Cotton, on the faith of the proclamation; performed

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the terms required of me, which was to give bail to be of the peace for seven years, of all which I apprized Lord Camden and his secretary, and Mr. Pelham, now Lord Chichester, the 18th of June.

From Mallow I went home on the 5th of July; and, on the 14th, was arrested by Brigadier-General Sir Eyre Coote, at his camp, *whither he had invited me*. Before he detained me, he looked for greater certainty into his orderly book, and there found, as he said, an order dated the 1st of July to arrest me. On his having done so, he was at a loss what to do with me, and attended me to Bandon, where I was to remain till he heard from Dublin. On the 3d day of my stay in Bandon, I received a letter from Mr. Pelham, dated in Dublin the same day I was arrested at the camp near Bandon, 180 miles from town, saying, that Lord Camden wished much to see me in Dublin, and that, if I would comply, I might depend upon my person being perfectly safe from arrest; and that I should be permitted to return home immediately. This letter I communicated to Mr. Coote, who said, that as government did not know of my arrest at the time Mr. Pelham wrote, he could not let me go till he received an answer from Dublin to his letter, apprizing the government of my being in custody. In a few days he received his orders, which were to send a military officer to attend me; and Captain Roche and I set out for Dublin.—The captain had a sword, and he had on a sash and gorget. There is a high hill between Bandon and Cork; we alighted from our carriage; it is a place of rendezvous; some 20 or 30 carriers were assembled here; they had not seen me since my return from England. Captain Roche first saw his danger; his sword could not defend him; his sash and gorget could not protect him. I perceived the workings of his mind; a look of kindness from me to him would save his life; I superadded a word of esteem. Capt. Roche was not molested. We arrived in Cork that evening, where we halted for the night. A man of the city got access to me. Cork is the place of my nativity; I have friends there; would that every man could say the same



where he is best known! I discovered that it was intended to offer violence to Captain Roche; I prevented it. *I took him in safety to Dublin—* On our way we called at the camp at Ardunnan, where the Wexford Militia lay. All the officers requested of Captain Roche to tell Lord Camden the services I rendered them, and the thanks they owed me. We arrived in Dublin, and saw Lord Chichester, who liberated me from arrest,

and wrote to Mr. Coote that I was not to be molested again. I returned home, and in the beginning of September, I went to the assizes of Cork for the purpose of defending my tenants against the conspiracy before-mentioned. I sent them all to their homes, and prosecuted the witnesses, *who were both transported for perjury to Botany Bay.*

[To be concluded in our next.]

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### BEDFORDSHIRE.

**A** SHORT time ago, Mr. Whitbread opened a school on Mr. Lancaster's plan at Shefford, for the benefit of his neighbourhood. His master was trained by Mr. Lancaster, at the Royal Free School, Southwark. This school proving useful, together with that established by the Duke of Bedford, at Woburn, has given rise to several others.

The Marquis of Bute has established a school on a liberal principle at Luton; and Mr. Wiltshire has instituted another at Hitchin, so that it is very probable, all the poor of Bedfordshire will speedily be in a very happy train of instruction: a school also is likely to be soon opened at Newport Pagnell. These schools are intended to embrace the whole population not provided for in existing charities.

A school has been established at Fenny Stratford, on Mr. Lancaster's plan, and is attended with good success. A few benevolent and active individuals with whom it originated, are now the happy means of extending the blessings of education to all the poor children of the vicinity, after erecting a public school-room for that purpose.

### ESSEX.

**Died.]** In the 40th year of her age, the day after her being delivered of a son, who lived but a few hours, Mrs. Flower, wife of Mr. Benjamin Flower, printer, at Harlow, and eldest daughter of Mr. John Gould, of Dodbrook, Devonshire. She had been ill about a week, of a pleuritic fever, but was not thought to be in danger till within thirty hours of her death. Those who had the pleasure of her acquaintance

will cordially unite in pronouncing her one of the most charming, amiable, and accomplished of her sex, possessed of an excellent well cultivated understanding, and the best qualities of the heart, together with the faith and virtue of the real christian. The luxury of her life was doing good to others, and imparting comfort and happiness to all within her reach, by every means in her power. Her closing scene was distinguished by that calmness, dignity, and confidence becoming the sincere believer in the gospel of Christ, and afforded an illustrious confirmation of the truth uttered by the expiring Addison, "See in what peace a christian can die." She has left a disconsolate husband, and two daughters, the one five, the other seven years old.

May 3d, at Colchester, in the 88th year of her age, Mrs. Thompson, relict of the late William Thompson, of Mile-end near Colchester, who was a grandson of the rector of Kettlebarston, Suffolk, of the Thompsons near Kendal, Westmorland. Mrs. Thompson was the daughter of Samuel Halls, Esq. of Colchester, in the profession of the law, who died there in 1725, and mother of Mr. Lawrence, the agricultural writer.

### GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

The gaieties of Cheltenham have been unusual during the present season, and the place is becoming a winter as well as summer resort. The buildings, which a year or two ago were supposed to be rising too fast, are now proceeding to an incalculable extent, and the demand for houses seems to increase. The great variety, and of late, profusion of the waters;

the improved state of the roads; the formation of new ones, in various directions; the addition of rail-roads; and, above all, a degree of public taste and spirit that seems to influence the persons principally holding property there, indicate a still greater extension of the influence and importance of that beautiful vicinity. A newspaper, too, has lately been established here under the title of the *Cheltenham Chronicle*.

## KENT.

The Royal Naval Asylum, at Greenwich, will be finished in the course of the present year; the back front towards Greenwich Park is nearly completed, and has a beautiful appearance. The extent has been carried much further than it was at first proposed; and when finished, will have a very fine effect, particularly from the park. It is in contemplation, besides other improvements, to build all offices and houses for the civil officers outside the walls, eastward of the hospital, in order to admit a greater number of seamen on the establishment.

## LANCASHIRE.

*Died.*] At Oldham, Mr. Thomas Henshaw, late in the firm of Henshaw, Barkers, and Hadfield, hat-manufacturers. He has willed 20,000*l.* to Mr. John Atkinson, a hat-manufacturer, (no relation); 20,000*l.* to the trustees of the Blind Hospital at Liverpool; 20,000*l.* for the founding of a charity school on the plan of Christ's Hospital; many legacies to his relations and friends from 200*l.* to 2000*l.* each, in all about 185,000*l.* The trustees of the two charities are residuary legatees, and will be entitled to many thousand pounds more, as his property is supposed to amount to 160 or 180,000*l.*

## NORFOLK.

Mr. Joseph Lancaster has been lecturing through nearly the whole of this county, at Swaffham, Dereham, Norwich, Yarmouth, Loddon, Diss, &c. He was generally received with the highest degree of public liberality and approbation. He lectured in the theatre, Yarmouth, to a thousand persons; and in the theatre royal, Norwich, to two thousand persons; and in the theatre, Bungay, to three hundred. A school is, in consequence, to

be established at Norwich for boys. A house has been taken; and near one thousand boys ascertained to be destitute of any instruction whatever; exclusive of about five hundred, partly receiving education in charity schools, and partly taught in Sunday schools; where, from the shortness of time, they can make but little progress.

The fire insurance office, established at Norwich, in 1797, has been so extremely prosperous as to have enabled its directors lately to return 50*l.* per cent. on the premiums deposited. Within the last twelve months, five thousand new members had been admitted, whose aggregate insurances amounted to nearly four millions sterling.

## NORTHUMBERLAND.

A self-acting plane, of a highly ingenious construction, for the purpose of conveying coals from Bewick Main colliery to the Tyne, was lately put in motion. It was constructed by Samuel Cooke, Esq. one of the owners of that colliery. The length of the rope on this plane is 1,600 yards; and it is made to convey 50 waggons of coals (each waggon contains 52 cwt.) at the astonishing speed of 10 miles in the hour.

## SOMERSETSHIRE.

A dreadful mortality has lately occurred in the family of Captain C. of the East Budleigh Regiment of Local Militia. An affectionate anxiety toward a nephew, who was seized with a fever, at a boarding-school, near his residence, induced Capt. C. to remove him to his own house; but the efforts of medical care were unavailing, and he fell a victim to the disorder. The infection remaining in the house, Capt. C.'s eldest daughter, a most excellent and accomplished young lady, about 22 years of age, soon fell a sacrifice to its malignity. Another daughter, 18 years of age, had scarcely followed her sister to the grave, before she herself became a corpse through the same fever. Intelligence, at this unhappy juncture, also reached the wretched parents, announcing the death of a son of 16 years of age, in the East Indies; and confirming a prior account of the shipwreck of another son, (their eldest) in the Bay of Bengal; and that this cup of woe should want nothing of its bitterness,



it was the will of Providence that another daughter, a lovely girl of 7 years of age, should be seized with illness on Good Friday, soon after leaving church, where she had been in apparent health; and on Saturday night, her short and innocent career of life was also terminated!! These appalling events have all transpired within the last two months.

## SUFFOLK.

At Bury, St. Edmunds, Mr. Lancaster recently delivered two lectures, in the Guildhall. Both were very respectably attended. After the second lecture a proposition was made for the establishment of a school, in that town and gratefully received by the company assembled. The clergy of the town, and the company assembled, unanimously called Thomas Clarkson, Esq. the philanthropic advocate for the abolition of the slave trade, to the chair. As the organ of that assembly, he put and passed several resolutions for the establishment of schools there, on the royal Lancastrian system of education. There is to be a school for boys and another for girls, at Bury.

On the 3d of April last, Mr. Lancaster lectured in the Town-hall of Ipswich to which place he came by invitation. At Ipswich, as at Bury, the audience was numerous and respectable, and Mr. Lancaster's lecture was received with the most marked attention. The clergy of the place, seconded by the dissenters, called the chief magistrate to the chair; and with the most cordial good will, men of all professions and parties were seen to unite in promoting the establishment of schools there. Subscriptions were begun, and a committee formed for the purpose of carrying the plan into effect for boys and girls.

## YORKSHIRE.

The frequent distresses which happen to navigation off the coast of Holderness, and particularly near the mouth of the Humber, and the total shipwrecks which too often ensue, have induced Mr. Constable to attempt the establishing of a life-boat at the Spurn. Towards this end, he has obtained the shell of the building lately used as barracks for the officer and soldiers, stationed there before the batteries were dismantled. This building Mr. Constable proposes to fit up for the residence of the master of the boat, with a suitable apartment for receiving and lodging the sailors who may be brought on shore. He will also provide and fit up all necessary out-buildings for this establishment, including stabling for any horses necessary to keep there, and will also erect a new and suitable building for the life boat and her carriage, as soon as he is informed of the dimensions necessary for the purpose. Mr. Constable will further engage twelve able men, to be always ready, as a boat's crew, and provide the means of a livelihood for the master of the boat; and if any assistant, as a mate, be thought necessary, provision may be made for him also. Mr. Constable having no immediate interest in shipping, or mercantile concerns, and being influenced solely by motives of humanity, it must be admitted that the expense he thus engages to sustain, and the efforts he has made, and proposes to continue, for the maintenance of this establishment, are ample on his part. For the rest, he looks to the commercial and shipping interests at Hull. When the wealth and number of persons to be interested in this undertaking are considered, the expense of the boat and carriage seems to be a very trifling object.

## ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES.

• APRIL 25, to MAY 22, 1810, inclusive.

[Extracted from the London Gazette.]-----The Solicitors' Names are between Parentheses

**A**UGELL J. and Frankum W. Reading, woollen-draper, (Eyre, Gray's-Inn). Austin J. B. Tower Royal, and Bear-street, Leicester-fields, druggist, (Matthews and Co. Castle-street). Arnold W. Cranbourn-passage, linen-draper, (Tilson, Chatham-place). Atkinson W. Austin-

friers, merchant, (Palmer and Co. Copthall-court). Adam C. Crown-street, Finsbury, merchant, (Gale and Co. Bedford-street).

Buxton J. Derby, mercer, (Kinderley and Co. Gray's-Inn). Baker J. Shepton-Mallet, innkeeper, (Shephard and Co. Bedford-row). Bush W. Ashwick, dealer,

(Batchelor and Co. Serjeant's-Inn). Best E. jun. Birmingham, merchant, (Swain and Co. Old Jewry).

Canniford W. George-street, Oxford-street, baker, (Pownall, Staple Inn). Collett T. Uxbridge, grocer, (Gale and Co. Bedford-street). Crankshaw T. Charlton-street, painter, (Morgan, Bedford-row). Court C. Cambridge-row, Hackney-road, merchant, (Dodd, Billiter-lane). Christie D. Bradfield, Berks, shopkeeper, (Holmes, Great James street). Child F. Morpeth, skinner, (Worham, Castle-street). Clayton T. Bollington, victualler, (Wright and Co. Paper-buildings). Cohen A. Manchester, merchant, (Ellis, Chancery-lane). Chantler T. Harford, Chester, banker, (Leigh and Co. New Bridge-street). Chinery J. Great Mary-la-bonne-street, grocer, (Wentig, Duke-street). Cooper E. Hendon, carpenter, (Patten, Cross-street). Colwill C. Leicester-square, cabinet maker, (Williams, Cursitor-street).

Davis S. Lyme Regis, Dorset, vintner, (Swale and Co. Staple Inn). Duckworth T. Parbold, Lancaster, victualler, (Windle, John street). Dennison W. Winterbourne St. epleton, Dorset, butcher, (Russell, Beaminster, Dorset). Dyson R. G. Rosemary lane, victualler, (Whitton, Great James-str.). Von Doornik W. F. M. Griffith F. and Donovan J. Well-street, Welbeck square, manufacturers of patent soap, (Seymour and Co. Margaret-street). Douglas W. W. , cheesemonger, (Parton, Walbrook). Day J. Commercial-road, (Day and Co. Lime-street). Dav D. Old-street, victualler, (Parneil and Co. Church-street). Davenport J. Fudge-ward Tavern, Gracechurch street, dealer, (Parton, Walbrook). Dye I. Gray's Inn-lane, victualler, (Hackett, Bear-binder lane). Devey R. Stourbridge, upholsterer.

Eccles H. Beverley, York, coinfactor, (Hall, Beverley). Edwards S. Mark-lane, merchant, (Palmer and Co. Copthall-court).

Fenwick G. Mary-la-bonne, veterinary-surgeon, (Ward, Cook's-court). Fewster J. Liverpool, joiner, (Blackstock, London). Foster W. Great Grimsby, merchant, (Grey, Gray's-Inn-square).

Greaves T. Kingston-upon-Hull, ironmonger, (Ellis, Chancery-lane). Gribble N. Crescent-place, dealer and chapman, (Walker, Old Jewry). Goudan J. South-street, West square, victualler, (Lucas, Webber-street). Goodall T. Philpot-lane, merchant, (Palmer and Co. Copthall-court). Green B. Aiskew, Bedale, York, cattle jobber, (Lodington and Co. Secondaries'-Office, Temple). Gee W. Hampstead-road, stone-mason, (Warrand and Co. Castle-court).

Hoyland C. Warrington, Lancaster, druggist, (Blackstock, London). Hallen W. Wolverhampton, woollen-yarn-manufacturer, (Jesson, Wolverhampton). Hutchinson J. Lamb's-conduit-street, tea-dealer, (Keene, Furnival's-Inn). Hobson E. Beverley, dealer and chapwoman, (Campbell, Beverley). Harrison T. Camomile-street, stationer, (Evitt and Co. Haydon-square). Hunt F. Bristol, butcher, (James and Co. New-Inn). Hatley T. Woodstock, hatter, (Bleasdale and Co. New-Inn, London). Heydon J. York-street, tailor, (Duncombe, Lyon's-Inn). Hatfield J. Eccles, cotton-manufacturer, (Willis and Co. Warrford court).

Johnson W. and Browne, N. Fish-street-hill, grocers, (Swaine and Co. Old Jewry). Jack Mill-street, Hanover-square, china and glass-seller, (Dixon, and Co. Paternoster-row).

Kenrick J. King-street, Soho, money-scrivener, (Hanson, Dorset-street). Kirk R. Dartford, Kent, victualler, (Ware, Blackman street). Kauffman C. H. New London-street, merchant, (Oakley, Martin's-lane). Kay T. Birmingham, factor, (Webb and Co. Birmingham). Klugh G. Coventry-street, tailor, (Jones and Co. Covent-garden Church-yard).

Lee G. Sunninghill, builder, (Taylor, Field-court). Limbrick T. Hawkesbury, linen-draper, (Price and Co. Old Buildings, Lincoln's Inn). Lemare R. Nine Elms, Surrey, brewer, (Clutton, St Thomas str.). Lyon J. Richmond, saddler, (Pitt, Staple-Inn). Leach M. Preston, dealer in earthenware, (Hurd, King's Bench-Walks).

Monrow J. W. Gosport, pork butcher, (Bleasdale and Co. New-Inn). Machin J. Tottenham-court-road, auctioneer, (Warrand and Co. Castle-court, Budge row). Mitchell W. Timweel-lane, sign factor, (Osbaldeston, Little Tower-street). Morris R. Lyng, Somerset, dealer in cattle, (Milett and Co. Middle Temple lane). Mahony D. Tottenham-court road, victualler, (Whitton, Great James street). Matthews J. Hertford, mealman, (Bond and Co. Seething-lane). Matthew A. Shaftsbury, ironmonger, (Sweet and Co. King's Bench-Walks). Martin R. Gravesend, carpenter, (Ware, Blackman-street). Macdust C. Church-street, scrivener, (Beckett, Clement's-Inn).

Neve G. L. Ipswich, linen draper, (Flexney, Chancery-lane). Nixon R. Sanderbush, Cumberland, horse-dealer, (Birkeitt, Bond-court). Newman R. Oxford street, linen-draper, (Tucker, Bartlett's-buildings). Nicholls J. Gray's-Inn, scrivener, (Tyrrell and Co. Guildhall).

Oram J. High-street, Southwark, cheesemonger, (Willett and Co. Finsbury-square). Owen D. Red-Bank and Heley, Lancaster,



chemist, (Batty, Chancery-lane). Oakley W. Church-street, Horsley-down, woof-stapler, (Barrows and Co. Basinghall-str).

Peacock G. Skinner-street, Bishopsgate, baker, (Beaurain, Union street). Pratt C. Long-accr, money-scrivener, (Popkin, Dean-street). Parry T. S. Charlotte str., money-scrivener, (Dixon, Nassau-street). Payne J. West-square, army-contractor, (Giegson and Co. Angel-court). Pook W. junior, Wick and Abson, Gloucester, paper-maker, (Sweet and Co. King's Bench-Walks). Pollard J. Elland, York, woof-stapler, (Swale and Co. Staple-Inn). Peglar S. Newnham, Gloucester, linen-draper, (Chilton, Exchequer-office).

Reeve R. and Jones W. D. Vere-street, stationers, (Goode, Howland-str). Rooke T. Bengoe, Hertford, farmer, (Green, jun. Glifford's Inn). Ratt J. Dar-mou h-street, victualler, (Thackray). Rolinson W. Little Bathurst, butcher, (Smart and Co. Staple-Inn). Roberts J. Welford, baker, (Bousfield, Bouverie-street). Reid T. H. M. Red Lion-street, shoe-maker, (Druce, Billiter-square). Rushton J. Manchester, cotton-dealer, (Ellis, Chancery-lane). Remington J. St. Ives, Huntingdon, liquor-merchant, (Alexander, New-square). Reah W. Sunderland, leather cutter, (Blackiston, Symond's Inn). Reid J. Frith-str., grocer, (Highmore, Ely place).

Simpson R. Great Bell-alley, merchant, (Antice and Co. King's Bench). Steevenson T. Snowfields, Bermondsey, woof-stapler, (Sherwood, Canterbury-square). Silverlock W. Newport, Isle of Wight, cabinet-maker, (Griffiths, Newport). Storey R. Clement's-lane, tailor, (Bartlett, Lawrence Pountney-lane). Sherwood M. Knottingley, York, hardwarewoman, and Sherwood P. of the same place, hardwareman, (Wright and Co. Temple). Stork J. jun. Kingston-upon-Hull, grocer, (Edmunds and Co. Exchequer Office of Pleas, Lincoln's-Inn). Sayer J. Sherston, Wilts,

linen-draper, (Sweet and Co. King's bench-walks). Smith R. Liverpool, upholsterer, (Plumbe, Lord-street, Liverpool). Sweeting J. Old Bond-street, tailor, (Bourdillon and Co. Little Friday-street). Storey J. and R. St. Margaret's-hill, linen-draper, (Parton, Walbrook).

Taylor W. Clifton, innkeeper, (Ellis, Chancery-lane). Turner P. Market Raisin, Lincoln, grocer, (Rosser and Co. Barlett's-buildings). Till W. White Lion-street, merchant, (Bourdillon and Co. Little Friday-street). Tyndale J. Circus-street, St. Mary-la-bonne, commission-broker, (J. and W. Richardson, New-Inn). Tooke I. and Todd A. Strand, and of Brighton, wine-merchants, (Wadeson and Co. Austinfriars). Tomkins S. Worcester, flax-dresser, (Williams, Quality-court-chambers). Tebbutt J. Nottingham, dealer and chapman, (Macdougall and Co. Lincoln's-Inn New-square). Toop E. Bath-square, Portsmouth, sail-maker, (Ware, Blackman-street).

Veichtner J. F. Angel-court, Throgmorton-street, merchant, (Abbot, Old Broad-street).

Williams W. West Smithfield, cutler, (Syddall, Aldersgate-street). Whyte N. and Graham A. Birmingham, muslin-dealers, (Blackstock, London). Wharton C. Northwich, liquor-merchant, (Leigh and Co. New Bridge-street). Wellings T. Church-lane, Whitechapel, painter, (Fillingham, Union-street). Wallis J. C. White-Horse-yard, Coleman-street, farrier, (Swain and Co. Old Jewry). Watkins T. Plymouth-dock, tavern keeper, (Williams and Co. Princes-street, Bedford-row). Woodward W. Fore-street, carpenter, (T. T. Taylor, Fore-street). Williams T. Denbigh, draper, (Cheshire and Co. Manchester). Wood J. White Cross-street, victualler, (Whitton, Great James-street). Youdan J. South-street, West-square, victualler, (Lucas, Webber-street).

## PRICES OF CANAL, DOCK, FIRE-OFFICE, WATER- WORKS, BREWERY SHARES, &c. &c.

May 21, 1810.

Grand Junction Canal, 285*l.* per share.  
Wilts and Berks ditto, 61*l.* ditto.  
Kennet and Avon ditto, 47*l.* 10*s.* ditto.  
Huddersfield ditto, 41*l.* ditto.  
Lancaster ditto, 27*l.* ditto.  
Grand Surrey ditto, 76*l.* ditto.  
Croydon ditto, 47*l.* ditto.  
Globe Fire and Life Insurance, 130*l.* ditto.  
Albion ditto, 60*l.* ditto.  
Imperial Fire Insurance, 80*l.* ditto.  
Rock Life Assurance, 21*s.* per share prem.  
London Dock, 131*l.* per cent.

West-India ditto, 175*l.* ditto.  
East India ditto, 134*l.* ditto.  
Commercial ditto, 92*l.* per share prem.  
East London Water Works, 231*l.* per sh.  
West Middlesex ditto, 210*l.* ditto.  
South London, ditto, 132*l.* ditto.  
Kent ditto, 37*l.* per share prem.  
Commercial Road, 40*l.* per cent prem.  
Dover Street, ditto 9*l.* ditto.  
Strand Bridge, 4*l.* per share discount.  
Vauxhall ditto, 2*l.* ditto.

**L. WOLFE and Co. Canal, Dock, & Stock Brokers.**

# AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

**T**HE late unpromising appearances, among the wheats in particular, have been entirely removed by the subsequent succession of fine weather. If any thing can check the fruitfulness of the ensuing harvest, it must be owing to the lateness of putting in the seed retarded by the rains and the long state of unfavourable weather, which continued till the beginning of May. The low districts in particular felt these effects of the wet. Vegetation in general has for some weeks past worn a most promising appearance; but the season having become fine and warm, it is expected that the flourishing state of the green crops will tend to reduce the high price of mutton and lamb. At present there is plenty of grass and feed. A deficiency of the supplies of grain from Holland, &c. has been very happily removed by the seasonable supply of upwards of 20,000 quarters from foreign markets. The price of hay has lately risen in the London markets; hay has fetched from 5l. 10s. to 7l.; straw 5l. to 3l. 14s.

Price of meat in Smithfield Market:—Beef, 4s. to 5s. 4d.;—Mutton, 5s. 8d. to 6s. 4d.;—Veal, 4s. 4d. to 5s.;—Pork, 6s. 0d. to 7s. 0d.—Lamb, 5s. 4d. to 7s. 4d.

Middlesex, May 25.

## AVERAGE PRICES OF CORN,

By the Winchester Quarter of 8 Bushels, and of OATMEAL per Boll of 140lbs. Averdupois, from the Returns received in the Week ended May 19, 1810.

### INLAND COUNTIES.

	Wheat		Rye		Barley		Oats	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Middsx.	110	2	51	6	40	6	32	1
Surrey	121	4	55	0	46	6	35	4
Hertford	99	9	58	6	41	6	30	4
Bedford	101	10	64	0	43	2	28	8
Huntin.	107	10			42	2	26	0
Northa	112	4	71	6	44	0	23	8
Rutland	108	0			45	9	25	8
Leicest	102	5	62	1	44	5	27	9
Notting.	108	0	61	0	45	4	28	0
Derby	95	4			46	8	30	6
Stafford	112	11			49	4	33	7
Salop	126	4	82	5	56	7	35	7
Herefor	121	2	60	8	53	2	35	0
Wor'st.	116	8	56	10	57	3	37	1
Warwic	121	1			54	8	35	10
Wilts	119	0			51	4	36	4
Berks	115	10			38	2	33	7
Oxford	113	8			41	0	32	0
Bucks	112	6			40	6	32	6
Brecon	120	0	86	4	54	5	28	10
Montgo.	118	4			56	9	29	10
Radnor.	125	6			58	3	32	0

### MARITIME COUNTIES.

	Wheat		Rye		Barley		Oats	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Essex	110	8	43	6	41	2	32	4
Kent	103	0	58	0	41	0	30	3
Sus-ex	108	4			45	0	30	6
Suffolk	105				41	4	27	4
Cambridge	110	0	53	4	35	5	21	1
Norfolk	109	5			56	9	25	4
Lincoln	103	6	58	2	40	5	22	0
York	94	9	61	0	39	9	24	2
Durham	98	10			57	7	30	7
Northumberland	86	4	61	4	44	0	29	0
Cumberland	102	2	61	0	51	8	31	0
Westmorland	108	0	68	0	54	4	30	10
Lancaster	106	0			55	7	29	3
Chester	102	2					57	1
Flint	112	0			67	2		
Denbigh	113	5			64	0	29	10
Anglesea							22	0
Carnarvon	98	8			48	0	25	8
Merioneth	93	5			52	0	24	4
Cardigan	97	4			40	0	18	2
Pembroke	92	6			43	9	17	8
Carmarthen	109	4			56	2	18	4
Glamorgan	118	6			58	8	29	10
Gloucester	126	11			48	5		
Somerset	128	0			51	8	26	9
Monmouth	126	11			56	4		
Devon	119	0			50	10	29	5
Cornwall	112	2			50	3	25	4
Dorset	116	5			51	4	34	0
Hants	114	8			47	8	32	0

### Average of England and Wales.

Wheat 110s 1d; Rye 61s 9d.; Barley 48s. 4d; Oats 28s 5d.; Beans 51s 1d.; Pease 55s 6d; Oatmeal 55s. 6d.

## BILL of MORTALITY, from APRIL 25, to MAY 22, 1810.

CHRISTENED.		BURIED.		Between	2 and 5 - 152	60 and 70 - 44
Males 773	} 1543	Males, 779	} 1483		5 and 10 - 57	70 and 80 - 98
Females 770		Females 704			10 and 20 - 61	80 and 90 - 33
Whereof have died under two years old 426					20 and 30 - 120	90 and 100 - 4
					30 and 40 - 136	
				40 and 50 - 157		
				50 and 60 - 125		
<hr/>						
Peck Loaf, 5s 2d. 5s. 2d. 5s 3d 5s 6d						
Salt, 20s. per bushel, 4½ per lb						



PRICE OF STOCKS, from APRIL 26, to MAY 25, 1810, both inclusive.

Days, 1811	Bank Stock.	3 p Cent. Reduc.	5 p Cent. Consols.	4 p. Ct. Cons.	Navy 5 p. Cent.	Long Anns.	Imperial 3 p. Cent.	Imperial Anns.	Irish 5 p. C.	India Stock.	India Bonds.	S. S. S. Sto. Anns.	Sea Anns.	Exche. Bills.	Lottery Tickets	City Freeh Ticks.	Om- nium.	Cons. for Acct.	
Apr 26	270	69½	69½ 70	83½	99½	18½	Shut	Shut		185½	15s. pm			11s. pm	24	6	8	15	70½
27	269½	69½	70½ 70½	84	99½	18½				185½	17s. pm			12s. pm	24	6	8	15	70½
28		69½	69½ 70½	84	100	18½					18s. pm			14s. pm	24	6	8	15	70
30	269½	69½	70½ 70½	84½	100½	18½					19s. pm			14s. pm	24	6	8	15	70½
May 1	holiday																		
2	269½	69½	70½ 70½	84½	100½	18½				186	19s. pm			13s. pm	24	6	8	15	70½
3	269½	69½	70½ 70½	84½	100½	18½		7			21s. pm			14s. pm	24	6	8	15	70½
4	269	69½	70½ 70½	84½	101	18½	68½				24s. pm			13s. pm	24	6	8	15	70½
5		69½	70½ 70½	84½	101	18½					23s. pm			14s. pm	24	6	8	15	70½
7		69½	70½ 70½	85½	101½	18½					25s. pm			13s. pm	24	6	8	15	70½
8	266½	69½	70½ 70½	85½	101½	18½				187½	25s. pm			15s. pm	24	6	8	15	70½
9		69½	70½ 70½	84½	101½	18½				188	22s. pm			12s. pm	24	6	8	15	70½
10		69½	70½ 70½	84½	101	18½		7			21s. pm			11s. pm	24	6	8	15	70½
11	266	69½	70½ 70½	85½	101½	18½					21s. pm			10s. pm	24	6	8	15	70½
12		69½	70½ 70½	85½	101½	18½					22s. pm			7s. pm	24	6	8	15	70½
14		69½	70½ 70½	85½	101½	18½					21s. pm			10s. pm	24	6	8	15	70
15	267½	69½	70½ 70½	85½	101	18½				187½	17s. pm			8s. pm	24	6	8	15	70½
16	265½	69½	70½ 70½	85½	101½	18½					17s. pm			6s. pm	24	6	8	15	70½
17	holiday																		
18	265	70	70½ 70½	85½	101½	18½		7			19s. pm			8s. pm	24	6	8	15	70½
19		70	70½ 70½	85½	101½	18½					20s. pm			9s. pm	24	6	8	15	70½
21		70	70½ 70½	85½	101½	18½					20s. pm			8s. pm	24	6	8	15	70½
22	264	70½	70½ 70½	85½	101½	18½				190	20s. pm			8s. pm	24	6	8	15	70½
23	263½	70½	70½ 70½	85½	101½	18½				190	19s. pm			7s. pm	24	6	8	15	70½
24	263	70½	71 70½	85½	101½	18½				189½	21s. pm			6s. pm	24	6	8	15	70½
25	262½	70½	70½ 70½	85½	101½	18½					20s. pm			8s. pm	24	6	8	15	70½

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# THE UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.

Nº LXXIX.—VOL. XIII.]

For JUNE, 1810.

[NEW SERIES.]

“ We shall never envy the honours which wit and learning obtain in any other cause, if we can be numbered among the writers who have given ardour to virtue, and confidence to truth.”—DR. JOHNSON.

## ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

*On the PORTUGUESE LANGUAGE, as derived from LATIN. By the Rev. JOSEPH TOWNSEND, M.A.*

Vao, vadum  
Ver, videre  
Velha, vetula

Vir, venire  
Voar, volare

**H**AVING expatiated on the affinity between the Spanish language and the Latin, I shall very briefly consider the structure of the Portuguese, which is a dialect of Spanish.

1st. Like the Spanish it abbreviates to a great extent, and derives its nouns from the ablatives of Latin.

Ajudar, adjuvare  
Aguia, aquila  
Banho, balneum  
Cadeia, catena  
Cativo, captivus  
Cor Color, calor  
Cru, crudus crudelis  
Cea, cœna  
Ceo, cœlum  
Cilha, cingulum  
Cer, cere  
Conheço, cognosco  
Dedo, digitu  
Dei, dedi  
Diz, dicit  
Doce, dulcis  
Doença, dolentia  
Dor, dolor  
Duzia, duodecim  
Eu, ego  
Fé, fidei  
Fiel, fidelis  
Fio, filum  
Freixo, fraxinus  
Freyo, frenum  
Gear, gelare  
Gea, gelat  
Geista, genista  
Golpe, colaphus  
Grao, granum  
Ha, habes  
Ilha, insula  
Laa, lana  
Ler, legere  
Lua, luna  
Lume, lumen

Mao, malus  
Mais, magis  
May, mater  
Meyo, medium  
Mez, mensis  
Mesa, mensa  
Moeda, moneta  
Moinho, molinus  
Nao, navis  
Neo, nodus  
Nu, nudus  
Ouvir, audire  
Ouvido, auditus  
Pao, palus  
Pay, pater  
Pe, pes  
Peito, pectus  
Peixes, passeres  
Pente, pecten  
Po, pulvis  
Por, ponere  
Punha, ponebam  
Queimar, comburere  
cremare  
Raio, radius  
Remar, remigare  
Rio, rivus  
Rir, ridere  
Rocr, rodere  
Saude, salus  
Setta, sagitta  
Soar, Sonare  
Suar, sudare  
Sono, somnus  
Taboa, tabula  
Ter, tenere

2d. It changes B, P, V, each for the other.

Arvore, arbor  
Bainha, vagina  
Berpa, vespa  
Capra, capra  
Cobrir, cooperire  
Duvidar, dubitare  
Divida, debitum  
Escova, scopa

Erva, herba  
Lobo, lupus  
Nevoa, nebula  
Nuvem, nubes  
Nuens, nubes  
Povo, populus  
Provar, probare  
Trave, trabs

3d. It changes C, G, Q, each for the other.

Agudo, acutus  
Antigo, antiquus  
Agoa, aqua  
Cego, cœcus  
Digo, dico  
Fgoa, equa  
Fogo, focus

Gastar, constare  
Gritar, quiritari  
Sogro, socer  
Seguir, sequi  
Quimar, cremare  
Perigo, periculum

4th. It considers D, T, Th, Z, J, as commutable.

Agora, adhoram  
Cadeira, cathedra  
Codornizes, coturnices  
Fado, fatum  
Faz, facit  
Hoje, hodie  
Idade, ætas  
Medo, metus  
Lado, latus

Ladroens, latrones  
Meyo, medium  
Mudar, mutare  
Nadar, natare  
Pedir, petere  
Redondo, rotundus  
Tudo, totus  
Traze, trade  
Vejo, video  
Vejamos, videamus

5th. It substitutes vowels for consonants.

Ausentia, absentia  
Direito, directus  
Doutrina, doctrina  
Feito, factus  
Leite, lac  
Leito, lectus  
Moinho, molinus

Muito, multus  
Noite, nox  
Oito, octo  
Outro, alter  
Peito, pectus  
Reino, regnum

6th. It substitutes M for N.  
3 K



Bem, bene  
Bon, bonus  
Cam, canis  
Em, in  
Fim, suis  
Hum, unus

Mam, manus  
Homem, homine  
Pam, panis  
Sem, sine  
Tem, tenet  
Virgem, virgine

tion to lay before your readers some observations on the French language, which, I trust, will be interesting, and demonstrate the importance of these investigations.

7th. It substitutes R for L.

Alvidrio, arbitrio	Igreja, ecclesia
Brasfemare, blasphemare	Obrigado, obligatus
Frama, flamma	Pracer, placere

Further OBSERVATIONS on the Use of the Letter 'K.'

SIR,

8th. It changes L to I, and H I to H, and E to H.

Mulher, mulier	Despojo, spoliū
Melhor, melior	Alho, allium
Folha, folium	Alheo, alienus
Filho, filius	Senhor, senior
Aranha, araneus	Venho, venio
Linha, lineā	Funcho, fenculum
Palha, palea	Mancha, macula
Tenho, teneo	Olho, oculus
Valho, valeo	Chamar, clamare
Vinha, vinea	Chave, clavis
Conselho	

THE objections of your correspondent, LECTOR, inserted in your last number, will cause me no other trouble than that of repeating and enforcing the remarks upon which they are founded.

My assertion that "the elongation of words in *ck*, derived from the Greek, Latin, Italian, and French languages, is begun by one of the vowels before which *c* is sounded hard," your correspondent thinks he has sufficiently answered, by calling our attention to "politician, criticise," and a few more. And to weaken the force of the other remark, that "almost every word in *ck* from the northern tongues is lengthened by the addition of a syllable, beginning with *e*, *i*, or *y*, before which *c* is regularly soft," he mentions "beckon, reckon, blockade, cockade." In both instances he produces the exceptions, and denies the existence of the rule. But, allowing this reasoning, all the force which Lector believes it to possess, he himself immediately destroys it: for though he so firmly relies on it as not even to provide against its failure, he informs us that "it would be of no moment if no examples at all of this sort were to be found!"—In refusing his assent to one observation in particular, he has fallen into an error, from which a careful perusal of my letter would have secured him. I did indeed defend the orthography of the words "musick, musical; public, publican, &c." as consistent with analogy, but not because I considered each of these words to be analogous to the rest: nor could I even intimate it; for the weight of the argument lay upon their separation. I accordingly distributed them into classes, denying that any analogy could exist between words of a different termination. I placed communi-

9th. It considers C, S, Z, X, J as commutable.

Capaz, capax	Raiz, radix
Dizer, dicere	Stende, extende
Fazer, facere	Vez, vices
Juiz, judice	Bexiga, vesica
Luz, lux	Peix, piscis
Paz, pax	Beja, basium
Nariz, nares	

10th. Before L it substitutes C for P and F.

Chaga, plaga	Chover, pluvia
Chao, planus	Chuva, pluvium
Cheo, plenus	Chumbo, plumbum
Choro, ploro	Chama, flamma

In like manner Columbus becomes Pombo. To comprehend the nature of these changes we must pay attention to the 1st and 8th canons.

Many other derivatives there are equally capricious with the most unnatural of those here produced, and not a few which scarcely retain a vestige of resemblance to the corresponding terms in Latin. These we should never be able to trace without the aid of the sister dialects. But, as they all originate in Latin, they throw light upon each other, and assist us to determine in the most abbreviated compounds; when no part of the root remains, what must have been the radical expression. But I shall not enlarge at present, as it is my inten-

cation, convocation, embarkation,\* justification, in the same class, though the verbs from which they are taken belong to different classes. This your correspondent calls a parallel, and says it is *only adminicular*. But whatever it may be called, it is surely not surprising that I used it as *adjutory* of my cause.

I am the more confirmed in my opinion, as to the use of the final *ck*, from observing the practice of Mr. Fox in his History, and of the noble editor of that work in the preface.—Mr. Fox, it seems, chose rather to lead than to follow the multitude.

I am Sir,

Your obedient humble servant,

May 19, 1810.

PHILO.

CHARACTERS in IMITATION of the  
MICRO-COSMOGRAPHY of BISHOP  
EARLE.

[Continued from page 183]

*The mere Fellow of a College*

Resembles a book in black letter, which the beholder believes to contain much erudition, but is indifferent to the contents, because the volume is so crabbed and hard to decypher. He is the recipient vessel in a chemist's apparatus, which absorbs a wholesome material and causes it to evaporate in air. If you studied him in the abstract, you would believe that it requires six lustres of study to learn how to eat, and drink, and sleep; for thirty years of his life have been devoted to learning, and yet eating, drinking, and sleeping are nearly the whole avocations he pursues. His erudition never appears to so much advantage as in a card party, where his not talking of the classics is considered a case of necessity, and where you find that there is, in fact, one book which he has thoroughly

\* So I wrote it, because in this form it claims a place in a class of words which is very large; whereas, if spelt with the *k*, it must, I believe, stand alone; for I do not recollect any other word ending in *kation*. Demarcation, whenever used, is invariably written with the *c*.

digested, and that one is Hoyle on the game of whist. Still he is prepared with some quotations from the fathers to surprise visitors, and knows how to silence freshmen by scraps from such Greek tomes as are only to be found among the lumber of his college. He is a great pretender to wit, and thinks himself possessed of the true sting of satire: but his sting resembles that of the nettle; the timid are wounded; press him hard, and he is found to be quite harmless. The punsters of the common room admit him to be a man of taste, for no person is better qualified to write notes on Farley's Art of Cookery, or the learned compilation of Hannah Glasse. He is a man who considers learning as his trade, and is no fonder of books than a grocer of figs. Briefly, he is a mere commodity of muscle, bone, and nerve, to fill out a black gown; and his successor shall take to the same robe, and answer just the same purpose—only if he be taller the gown must be lengthened, and if he be not so large the gown must be made less.

*The Stage Coachman*

Is a little inferior in power to the grand Turk, but much more absolute than the sovereigns of christian countries, for the lives and property of all who come within his jurisdiction are entirely at his mercy. Like the physician of Baratania, he hurries the hungry from an untasted meal; but the traveller has a consolation unknown to the governor,—it is odd that the dinner was not fit to be eaten. Though he has travelled almost as many miles as Cook or Carteret, we seldom see his adventures in print, unless he overthrow the carriage and destroy the passengers. Yet his silence is matter of surprise, since an account of post-houses and inn-adventures is all that seems required in the composition of a modern journal. He is a man of the first fashion, with little expense; for, let his garb be ever so homely, the Marlboroughs and Warwicks of the age will not fail to copy its cut. He deems the heads of colleges and teachers of liberal arts as entirely his interiors; and with reason, when he finds all their pupils



repair to him for the finishing lesson. Since the Roman sovereign bestowed a civil office on his horse, it is very likely that the coachman may become a minister of state, at no very distant period. If so, he must expect a strong party to be formed against him; for it has long been the highest ambition of half the great men in the empire to take the reins out of his hands.

*The Pedant's sensible Man.*

The sensible man in the esteem of pedants and poetasters is one who abounds in abstract reasonings and hypothetical systems, but who has, in fact, scarcely wisdom enough to avoid running against a post in the Mall. This man of sense is never out of leading strings, for he is not to be trusted to his own guidance, and is the last person in the world to earn a moiety of the bread that nourishes him. They tell you that he has too much talent to follow a trade, and too much fancy to learn a profession; but the plain truth is, that he has not capacity for either. He is a beam of moonshine glittering over the vegetation which the sun has produced and nurtured; it calls forth a train of beauties, and captivates the eye; but that is all; it has not strength enough to be useful. He is one who thinks Nature unjust, because she has not given him fortune; while all his actions prove that the greatest severity Providence could have exercised towards him, would have been contained in the gift of affluence. He usually lives in the most crowded part of the most crowded city, though he is continually talking of green fields, which he praises by rote, in quotations from the pastoral poets; and he firmly believes that the shepherds still have crooks and garlands, because he knows they are so described in Theocritus. He is continually searching after truth, and yet never knows the truth of any thing out of the classics; for he has too much vivacity to look an object full in the face, and his eye is ever attracted by the beauty of its shadow. He is infatuated as the moth that courts destruction from the pigmy brightness of a taper, and is firmly persuaded that all his family are but a stage removed from idiot-

ism, because they deride the futility of his aims, though he knows that, if they partook of his talents, pity alone could save him from the almshouse. He usually dies of old age before he reaches forty; and if he die in his bed, and free from incarceration, it is a wonder for so sensible a man.

*To the Editor of the Universal Mag.*

SIR,

AS the annual meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society has, lately, excited public attention, it may be seasonable, and meet the curiosity of your numerous readers, to lay before them a summary view of what measures former ages have adopted to circulate those repositories of wisdom and truth. It will appear that the object of the society has been pursued through every age of the Christian, not to say of the Jewish, church; and shew how, under the conduct of Divine Providence, the limited measures of former times have, gradually, introduced the extensive and liberal design of that institution. I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

JOSHUA TOULMIN.

*Birmingham, June 6, 1810.*

*An HISTORICAL and SUMMARY VIEW of the CIRCULATION of the SACRED SCRIPTURES.*

THE original writings which came immediately from the pens of the apostles, much more the autographs of the Jewish historians and prophets, have, many centuries ago, been lost through the lapse of time. But, besides the publicity and permanence given to the law of Moses by its being read in the synagogues every sabbath day; and to the books of the New Testament by their being read, from the earliest ages, in Christian assemblies, the nature and importance of these compositions, especially of the Christian scriptures, first published in an age of literature and science, induced many to adopt measures for their spread and perpetuity.

There existed, before the times of Christ, a Greek translation of the Old Testament; and there were, af-

terwards, several other versions of it in that language. Copies of the scriptures of both Testaments were, in the first periods of Christianity, multiplied by the labours of transcribers. The primitive writers of the Christian church diffused the knowledge of their contents by numerous and large quotations from them in their own works, and by expositions and commentaries of whole books. The zeal and generosity of some Christians were nobly displayed in procuring and dispersing copies of the holy scriptures. Here Pamphilus, an eminent presbyter of Cæsarea, about the year 204, deserves to be mentioned with peculiar praise. He was a man who excelled in every virtue, and the most admirable person of his times. It was a peculiar instance of his benevolence and piety, that besides his active and generous care to furnish the library of the church at Cæsarea with copies of the scriptures and commentaries upon them, it was his practice to be always supplied with copies of them, transcribed with the greatest accuracy by his own hands, to give or to lend to those who had a desire to read them, whether men or women.

But the circulation of our sacred books, as of all other writings, must have been very limited, till the glorious invention of printing opened a large sphere for multiplying and dispersing copies of them, with an unspeakable greater facility, and a great diminution of expense, beyond what the labours of the pen admitted. This happy and important effect of the art of printing was greatly promoted, not only by the revival of letters, but by the Reformation. The appeal made by the reformers to the scriptures, as the ground of their protest against the doctrines and practices of the church of Rome, and as the unerring and divine standard of religious truth, excited, of course, a growing and universal attention to them, and created an increasing demand for copies of them: which this invention furnished the means of supplying with a rapidity, of which former times had no idea or expectation. Not the scriptures in the original languages only, but the various versions which had been made of them could be exten-

sively and rapidly circulated; and, with a quick progress, all nations were enabled to read them in their own vernacular tongues.

The learning and zeal of pious individuals were directed and animated to afford the countries, of which they were natives, or in which they resided, new translations of the book of life. The authority and patronage of princes gave a sanction and aid to this desirable and important undertaking. —One provision for advancing the knowledge of the scriptures in England was by furnishing the churches with bibles, chained to the desks, to be read, before the beginning or after the close of public worship by individuals to themselves, or to knots of the people, who crowded round a reader, with ardent curiosity and holy desires, to hear the word of truth and salvation, which they, who had not learnt their letters, could not peruse for themselves.

Philanthropy and generosity, consecrating their exertions to the purposes of religion, began to form plans for dispersing versions of the scriptures, in their own languages, among the Welch, the Irish, and the remote Indian tribes of America. The biographical page records the names of some of the most eminent divines, and some of the most excellent characters of the seventeenth century, as engaged in these measures of disinterested benevolence; particularly that of the Hon. Mr. Robert Boyle.\* A Bishop Hall and a Lord Wharton, by their testamentary provisions, created funds for the annual distribution of bibles, in this nation, through future generations.

Towards the end of the seventeenth century there arose, amongst the members of the established church, a society for the promotion of christian knowledge. About the middle of the eighteenth another was formed by a body of dissenters, consisting principally of young persons, for the spread of religious knowledge amongst the poor: the distribution of bibles was a main object of each institution. In our own times we have seen a bible society, formed

\* Owen's (James) Life, p. 10, 11. Birch's Life of Boyle, p. 385, 396, 402.



about thirty years since, the specific design of which was to give bibles to our soldiers and sailors; and which, in two years, at the charge of upwards of 1500*l.* had distributed more than 11,000 bibles amongst our regiments and ships' crews.\*

This concise view of the progressive spread of the scriptures is gratifying to the devout mind of Him, who ardently wishes that the knowledge of the Lord may cover the earth; and the benevolent mind feels a high pleasure in contemplating the extensive circulation of those books which afford a rule of life, open the springs of rich consolation to the afflicted breast, and raise, under the expectation of death, immortal hopes. Such I would congratulate on an institution similar to those I have recounted; but more liberal, more extensive, and more efficient than any, or all, of them: I mean the Institution of the British and Foreign Bible Society in 1804. "Its exclusive object is to diffuse the knowledge of the holy scriptures by circulating them in the different languages spoken throughout Great Britain and Ireland; and, according to the extent of its funds, by promoting the printing of them in foreign languages, and the distribution of them in foreign countries." The basis of its establishment is wise and liberal; for it unites, to a degree hitherto unexampled, the zeal and exertion of Christians of every denomination. And it is a high recommendation of its design, that it is meant to circulate the scriptures *only*, without any comment or note. This is laudably, this is nobly, to wave all authority to judge concerning the sense of scriptures for others; or to influence their opinion by the weight of great names or of numbers. By the dispersion of bibles, on such a plan, the minds of the receivers are left free and unshackled: the Bible alone is the instructor and the monitor. The attention of the reader is not called off to the exposition of others: but he is set upon enquiry, and, as he proceeds, naturally asks himself,—Understandest thou what thou readest? "That Christian," observes an

\* Robinson's Sermon before the Society, p. 21.

ingenious writer, "seems to me to enter thoroughly into the spirit of revelation, who dares to trust the holy scriptures alone to convince and convert a sinner from the error of his way."

From the commencement of the institution to the 31st March, 1809, 52,454 bibles and 105,975 testaments, in various languages, have been issued from the society, in not less than seventeen of the languages and dialects current in Europe, besides in other translations; and the efforts of all parties and denominations of Christians have been directed to *one* object, highly honourable to divine revelation, and most conducive to human salvation: that of putting into the hands of thousands and ten thousands the WORDS OF ETERNAL LIFE,

## REPUBLICATION OF SCARCE TRACTS.

No. II.

WOMAN *not inferior to* MAN.\*

### CHAPTER I.

#### *The Introduction.*

IF a celebrated author had not already told us, that there is nothing in nature so much to be wondered at, as that we can wonder at all; it must appear to every one, who has but a degree of understanding above the idiot, a matter of the greatest surprise to observe the universal prevalence of prejudice and custom in the minds of the men. One might naturally expect to see those lordly creatures, as they modestly style themselves, every where jealous of superiority, and watchful to maintain it. Instead of which, if we except the tyrannical usurpation of authority they exert over us women, we shall find them industrious in nothing but courting the meanest servitude. Was their ambition laudable and just, it would be consistent in itself, and this consistency would render them alike impe-

\* The title-page of this pamphlet is destroyed, and the Editor is therefore unable to specify its date or author, but the above is its running title.—Perhaps some reader of the Universal Mag. may be able to supply this defect.

rious in every circumstance, where authority is requisite and justifiable. And if their brutal strength of body entitled them to lord it over our nicer frame, the superiority of reason to passion might suffice to make them ashamed of submitting that reason to passion, prejudice, and groundless custom. If this haughty sex would have us believe they have a natural right of superiority over us, why don't they prove their charter from nature, by making use of reason to subdue themselves. We know we have reason, and are sensible that it is the only prerogative nature has bestowed upon us, to lift us above the sphere of sensitive animals. And the same reason, which points us out our superiority over them, would light us to discern the superiority of men over us, if we could discover in them the least degree of sense above what we ourselves possess. But it will be impossible for us, without forfeiting that reason, ever to acknowledge ourselves inferior to creatures, who make no other use of the sense they boast of, than basely to subject it to the passions they have in common with brutes. Were we to see the men every where, and at all times, masters of themselves, and their animal appetites in a perfect subordination to their rational faculties, we should have some colour to think that nature designed them for masters to us, who cannot perhaps always boast of so complete a command over ourselves. But how is it possible for us to give into such a notion; while we see those very men, whose ambition of ascendancy over us nothing less than absolute dominion can satiate, court the most abject slavery, by prostituting reason to their groveling passions, suffering sense to be led away captive by prejudice, and sacrificing justice, truth, and honour to inconsiderate custom?

How many things do these mighty wise creatures hold for undoubted truths, without being able to assign a reason for any one of their opinions! The cause of which is that they suffer themselves to be hurried away by appearances. With them what seems true must be so; because the light, in which they eye things, stands them in the stead of conviction. Where they want evidence in the principles,

fallacy helps them to fill up the vacancy with seemings in their inference. In a word, as they suppose without reason, so they discourse without grounds; and therefore would have as strongly maintained the negative of what they assert, if custom and the impression of the senses had determined them to it after the same manner.

But a few ages ago the belief of the Antipodes was a heresy in philosophy. Ignorance, dignified with the prerogative of custom and supported by the seemings of reason, justified the contrary opinion; and the gravest philosophers were, or affected to be, so well convinced of it, that it was an argument of the utmost arrogance to attempt to set them right. And yet the matter has been since so unquestionably proved, that nothing but the height of madness or the depth of ignorance can now countenance a doubt of it.

The constant revolution of days and years determined the wisakers of old to assert, that all the celestial orbs move round the earth: and custom, ever prevailing custom, drags the major part of our cotemporary book-worms to follow their opinion.—Whereas the very same Phases, if we maturely consider, may equally incline us to think that the earth itself is a planet, and moves with the rest of the planets round the sun. What mighty superiority of reason then have these over-grown boys over lesser children? Both argue alike from appearances. The former see, from the diversified positions of the earth and sun, that there is motion in one of them; and, because they feel not the agitation in the earth they stand upon, therefore precipitately conclude that it is the sun moves round them, and not they round the sun. The latter, insensible of the motion of a coach, fancy, when in one, that the houses pass by them, and not they by the houses. Are not both led in their judgments by like principles? Yet with this difference still, that these are less obstinate in error, and more ready to be set right than they.

In like manner the wild savages in the Indies, (who, by the bye, are nevertheless of the same species with



our domestic ones at home) for want of knowing the mechanism of a clock, are apt to attribute its movements to invisible spirits within it; while your blind followers of Des Cartes blush not to take upon religious trust, from him, that the whole animal creation are but different kinds of automata, or self-moving clock-work; notwithstanding its being pretty well known, that their master himself had too much sense to believe his own system, having invented it only to amuse and impose upon fools.

The men, who have taken care to engross the affairs of religion, as well as others, to their own management, are no more guided in that than in any thing else by the dictates of reason. The religion they were bred up in they blindly prefer to all others, without being able to give any stronger proof of its being the best, than that it was the faith of their forefathers. Upon the strength of this prejudice they adhere to it as the only true one; and, without ever examining into it, or comparing it with others, they condemn all beside it as erroneous. Is not this the case with most of the men, our clergy not excepted? No country pleases a man so well as his own; nay, so far is he apt to carry prejudice, that he can seldom be induced to do justice to any other nation, even where truth is on its side, if the honour and interest of his own is at stake: and this is a foible the very best men are equally subject to. Nay, such is the imbecility of that sex, as well as ours, that even professions are a matter of prejudice. And a fool of our own is often more acceptable in company than a wise man of another calling. —The very inequality of stations, which constraint and confusion have introduced among men, has deceived multitudes of them into a notion that the same inequality is in men themselves.

If we allow ourselves but time to trace this diversity of vulgar errors up to the fountain-head, shall we be able to find them any other source than interest and custom? And yet such is the prevalence which custom, ever so wrongly introduced, has over the minds of the men, that it requires

much less difficulty to wean them from sentiments, which they themselves have built on the most convincing evidences of reason and truth, than to draw them from the prejudices which custom has instilled into them.

I should never have done, was I to reckon up the many absurd notions the men are led into by custom; though there is none more absurd than that of the great difference they make between their own sex and ours. Yet it must be owned, that there is not any vulgar error more ancient or universal. For the learned and illiterate alike are prepossessed with the opinion, that men are really superior to women, and that the dependence we now are in is the very state which nature pointed out for us. So that to advance the contrary doctrine, after so long a prepossession, must appear as great a paradox as it did some years ago to assert, that on the nether surface of the globe there were men who walk'd with their heads downwards to us; and whether the one be not as agreeable to truth as the other, will best be found on a fair trial. But what judge shall we have recourse to, or what evidence can be admitted in an affair of so delicate a nature as this, on which depends the right of one-half the creation which ever side may prevail?

All the witness we desire to be allowed, is plain, undisguised truth; and if the men have but generosity enough left to admit this evidence, we shall have no room to fear any they can bring. We are willing, at least for charity's sake, to hope that, however they may be disposed, they will at least blush to make any exceptions against so unquestionably impartial a witness.

But who shall the matter be tried by? We ourselves are too nearly concerned in the decision to be admitted even as witnesses in the trial, much less then as judges; and the same consideration equally excludes the men from acting in it in either capacity. And yet so far are we from having any thing to apprehend from the defect of justice in our cause, that if the men were ever so little more just, and less corrupted in their judgments than they really are, we would readily subscribe to their own sen-

tence. But, as the case now stands, we must appeal to a more impartial judge.

Hitherto the difference between the sexes has been but very slightly touched upon. Nevertheless, the men, biassed by custom, prejudice, and interest, have presumed boldly to pronounce sentence in their own favour, because possession empowered them to make violence take place of justice. And the men of our times, without trial or examination, have taken the same liberty from the report of other men. Whereas, to judge soundly whether their sex has received from nature any real supereminence beyond ours, they should entirely divest themselves of all interest and partiality, and suffer no bare reports to fill the place of argument, especially if the reporter be a party immediately concerned.

If a man could thus divest the partiality attached to this self, and put on for a minute a state of neutrality, he would be able to see, and forced to acknowledge, that prejudice and precipitance are the chief causes of setting less value upon women than men, and giving so much greater excellence and nobility to the latter than to the former. In a word, were the men philosophers in the strict sense of the term, they would be able to see that nature invincibly proves a perfect equality in our sex with their own.

But as there are extremely few among them capable of such an abstracted way of thinking, they have no more right to act the judges in this matter than ourselves; and therefore we must be obliged to appeal to a more impartial judge, one incapable of siding with either side, and consequently unsuspected on both. This I apprehend to be rectified reason, as it is a pure intellectual faculty elevated above the consideration of any sex, and equally concerned in the welfare of the whole rational species in general and in particular. To this judge we leave our cause; by the decision of this we are prepared to stand or fall; and if, upon the evidence of truth, reason should declare us inferior to men, we will cheerfully acquiesce to the sentence. But what if

we obtain a decree in our favour upon impartial examination? Why then all the authority which the men have exerted over us hitherto will appear an unjust usurpation on their side; for which nothing can make a tolerable atonement, but their restoring us to the state of equality nature first placed us in. And till they do that, the fancied wrongs they charge upon our whole sex, though but applicable (if at all) to a very small number among us, whom I don't pretend to justify, can only be looked upon as very moderate reprisals upon theirs.

To set this whole matter then in as clear a light as possible, it will be necessary to clear our ideas from all that is huddled and confused, by separating the fictitious from the real, the obscure from the evident, the false from the true, supposition from matter of fact, seemings from entities, practice from principle, belief from knowledge, doubt from certainty, and interest and prejudice from justice and sound judgment. To this end therefore we must examine, in order, what are the general notions which the men entertain of our sex, on what grounds they build their opinions, and what are the effects to us and to themselves of the treatment we receive from them, in consequence of their present opinion. In the course of this little treatise, I shall also occasionally examine, whether there be any essential difference between the sexes which can authorize the superiority the men claim over the women; and what are the causes of, and who are accountable for, the seeming difference which makes the sum of their plea. And if, upon mature consideration, it appears that there is no other difference between men and us than what their tyranny has created, it will then appear how unjust they are in excluding us from that power and dignity we have a right to share with them; how ungenerous in denying us the equality of esteem, which is our due; and how little reason they have to triumph in the base possession of an authority which unnatural violence and lawless usurpation put into their hands. Then let them justify, if they can, the little meannesses, not to mention the grosser barbarities which they daily



practise towards that part of the creation, whose happiness is so inseparably linked with their own.

#### CHAP. II.

*In what Esteem the Women are held by the Men, and how justly.*

WAS every individual man to divulge his thoughts of our sex, they would all be found unanimous in thinking that we are made only for their use, that we are fit only to breed and nurse children in their tender years, to mind household affairs, and to obey, serve, and please our masters, themselves forsooth. All this is very fine, and, amidst a seraglio of slaves, could not but sound mighty big from a Mussulman's mouth. Yet, I cannot help thinking it of a stamp with all those fantastical expressions, which are more easily advanced than proved.

Men seem to conclude that all other creatures were made for them, because they themselves were not created till all were in readiness for them. How far this reasoning will hold good, I will not take upon me to say. But if it has any weight at all, I am sure it must rather prove, that the men were made for our use than we for theirs. That the province of breeding children belongs solely to us, is as certain as that the office of getting them is wholly theirs: and if the latter entitles them to any degree of public esteem and respect, surely the former entitles us to an equal share of both; since the immediate concurrence of both is so essentially necessary for the propagation of human nature, that either without the other would be entirely useless. Where then is the reason for under-rating us, or claiming a superiority over us, for an office in life in which they bear so equal a proportion with us? It is too well known to be dissembled, that the office of nursing children is held by the men in a despicable light, as something low and degrading.—Whereas, had they nature for their guide, they would not need to be told, that there is no employment in a commonwealth which deserves more honour or greater thanks and rewards. Let it but be considered what are the advantages accruing to mankind from

it, and its merit must stand immediately confessed. Nay, I know not whether it may not appear to render women deserving the first places in civil society.

Why, or to what end, do the individuals of human species associate together, but for the better preservation of life and the peaceable enjoyment of every thing conducive to that purpose? Do not such then as contribute the most to these public advantages deserve the greatest share of public esteem? And who are these but the women, in the generous disinterested employ of nursing the men in their infancy?

It is from this principle that princes are considered as the chief persons in the state, and in quality of such receive the first honours of it, because they are at least supposed to have the greatest share of toil, care, and foresight for the prosperity of the public weal: so in proportion we pay more or less of that respect to such as are under him at a lesser or greater distance from him, because the nearer or farther off they are from sharing with him in the fatigues of serving the public, the more or less useful to society they must be considered. For the same reason we are apt to prefer soldiers to gownsmen, because they are supposed to stand as a bulwark between us and our enemies. And all mankind give to persons such a degree of respect as they suppose them to merit by being useful. And since this is the case throughout life, are not the women, by the very same rule, entitled to the greatest share in public esteem, who are incomparably the greatest contributors to the public good? Men can absolutely dispense with princes, merchants, soldiers, lawyers, &c. as they did in the beginning of time, and as savages do still. But, can they in their infancy do without nurses? And since they themselves are too awkward for that important office, are not women indispensably wanted? In a peaceful, orderly state, the major part of men are useless in their office, with all their authority. But women will never cease to be useful while there are men, and those men have children. Of what other use are judges, magistrates, and their dependent officers in

the execution of justice, any more than to secure their property to persons who, if they were not forbidden, would perhaps be able to do themselves justice in a more exact and expeditious manner? But women, more truly useful, are employed in preserving their lives to enjoy that property. Soldiers are esteemed and rewarded, because engaged in defending full-grown men, who are equally and often more capable of defending themselves. How much more then is our sex worthy their esteem and gratitude, who labour in their defence, when as yet they know not what they are, are unable to distinguish between friends and foes, and are naked of every defence but that of tears! If princes and statesmen sometimes exert themselves in the service of the public, ambition is their motive, and power, riches, or splendour the point in view. But our more generous souls are biassed only by the good we do to the children we breed and nurse: daily experience reminding us, that all the gratification we can hope for from the unnatural creatures, for the almost infinite pains, anxieties, care, and assiduities to which we subject ourselves on their account, and which cannot be matched in any other state of civil society, is ungrateful treatment of our persons, and the basest contempt of our sex in general. Such the generous offices we do them: such the ungenerous returns they make us.

Surely then nothing but a corrupt imagination can make men look upon an office of such high importance to them as mean and contemptible, or as less valuable than it really is. How largely are they rewarded who succeed in taming a tiger, an elephant, or such like animals; and shall women be neglected for spending years in the taming that fiercer animal—MAN? If the source of this unjust partiality be examined into, we shall find that the only true cause why these important services done by our sex have so little value set upon them, is their being so frequent and usual.

[*To be continued.*]

*QUERY respecting a Pamphlet of  
BARON MASERES, and a Statement  
of the YORK ANNUITY CLUB.*

SIR,

MR. BAILEY, in his recent *Treatise on Life Annuities and Assurances*, refers at p. 466, to a pamphlet of Mr. Baron Maseres, published 1772, and entitled "A Proposal for establishing Life Annuities in Parishes for the Benefit of the industrious Poor." I shall be obliged to any of your correspondents, or to either of the aforementioned gentlemen, should they see this communication, to inform me where I may procure a copy of the work referred to, as I have written for it to London in vain. I wish to know if it contains any tables for the regulation of an annuity club for poor persons, and what those tables are. The only society of the description here alluded to, that I know of, is one for females, established at York by the active exertions of Mrs. Cappe. The payments of annuities to contributors do not commence until the age of 65, which I think too late, as the plan does not present the most striking inducement to young persons to contribute; and if annuitants enter late in life, the payments are larger than the poor can usually afford to pay. I annex the York regulations, which you can insert or omit, as you think proper. Possibly the perusal of it may stimulate some of your readers to the formation of similar useful institutions, as to teach the poor to exercise foresight is better than the erection of a thousand workhouses.

The York Annuity Society is managed by ladies, who preside over a female benefit club, but the funds are kept separate, and the members are not necessarily the same in both, but may contribute to either the one, or the other, or to both, as they may find convenient and agreeable. Mr. Baily's useful work does not contain tables of the kind which I now enquire for, but only data whereop to found them, and it would be too tedious and difficult for an inexperienced calculator to compose correct tables from those data. I shall, therefore, be glad to see, in your valuable Magazine, tables of the sums which ought to be paid by persons entering



at different ages from 17 to 50, to description in Sheffield, and am,  
 receive an annuity commencing at Sir, your's, truly,  
 55 and 60. I ask it with a view to W. B. X.  
 the establishment of a society of this Sheffield, June 9, 1810.

REGULATIONS FOR THE YORK ANNUITY CLUB.

Age at Admission.	YEARLY PAYMENTS.								
	1st Class.			2d Class.			3d Class.		
	l.	s.	d.	l.	s.	d.	l.	s.	d.
under 17	0	0	6	0	1	0	0	2	0
under 19	0	0	9	0	1	6	0	3	0
under 21	0	1	1	0	2	2	0	4	4
21 and 22	0	1	5	0	2	9	0	5	5
23 and 24	0	1	8	0	3	3	0	6	6
25 and 26	0	1	11	0	3	10	0	7	7
27 and 28	0	2	2	0	4	4	0	8	8
29 and 30	0	2	6	0	4	11	0	9	10
31 and 32	0	2	7	0	5	1	0	10	10
33	0	2	0	0	6	0	0	12	0
34	0	3	3	0	6	6	0	13	0
35	0	3	7	0	7	1	0	14	2
36	0	3	10	0	7	7	0	15	3
37	0	4	1	0	8	2	0	16	4
38	0	4	4	0	8	8	0	17	4
39	0	4	7	0	9	2	0	18	5
40	0	4	11	0	9	9	0	19	6
41	0	5	2	0	10	4	1	0	7
42	0	5	5	0	10	10	1	1	8
43	0	5	0	0	11	11	1	3	10
44	0	6	6	0	13	0	1	6	0
45	0	7	1	0	14	1	1	8	2
46	0	8	2	0	16	3	1	12	6
47	0	9	3	0	18	5	1	16	10
48	0	10	4	1	0	7	2	1	2
49	0	11	6	1	2	9	2	5	6
50	0	12	6	1	4	11	3	9	10

After the age of 65, the payments to the funds cease, and the following Annuities commence:—

YEARLY ALLOWANCES.

1st Class	1	0	0	2	12	0
2d Class	2	12	0	5	4	0
3d Class	5	4	0	10	8	0
4th Class	7	16	0	15	12	0
5th Class	10	8	0	20	16	0

CATALOGUE RAISONNEE; or a CONCISE and CORRECT ACCOUNT of the STATUES, BAS-RELIEFS, and BUSTS, in the GALLERY of ANTIQUES, MUSEUM of NAPOLEON, at PARIS.

[Resumed from p. 272]

THE HALL OF LAOCOON.

108. Jason, called Cincinnatus.—The name of Cincinnatus, so long re-

tained by this statue, neither accorded with the juvenility of the hero represented, nor with the mythological nudity of the figure; and, at the present day, it is universally allowed to be a representation of Jason. The time expressed by the artist is that when the hero, being invited to a solemn feast by Pelias, king of Thessaly, is in the act of repairing to the appointed place, and crossing the tor-

rent of Anaurus, with Juno on his shoulders, transformed into an old woman. Arrived at the opposite bank, and while he is engaged in replacing the sandal on his right foot, the goddess suddenly resumes her celestial attributes. At this sight, Jason, in utter astonishment, neglects to put on the other sandal, and in this state presents himself before Pelias, who, with dismay, recognises in him *the man with the single sandal*, destined by the oracle to be his murderer. Hence it is that this figure unites the interest of a perfect group, and, although single, recalls to our minds an entire passage of fabulous history. This statue, wrought in Pentelic marble, long decorated the apartments of Versailles, and more anciently those of Villa Montalto, or Negroni, at Rome. There still exist some ancient copies of this piece, of various sizes. The left arm, the right hand, and part of the right leg, are modern. The ploughshare, engraven on the plinth, was added at the period of the restoration.

109. *Tragedy*.—This hermes, as well as that of *Comedy*, which is a companion to it, formerly adorned the entrance of the ancient theatre of Villa Hadriana, at Tivoli, where they were first discovered. This circumstance, together with the evident relation which exists between the character and adjustment of the head, and those of the masks of ancient *Tragedy*, added to the descriptions handed down to us by Pollux, leaves not a doubt that the present piece represents *Tragedy*, which the ancients have occasionally personified differently from Melpomene, who was properly the tragic muse. This hermes, formed of the finest Pentelic marble, was found, as we have already stated, in the ancient theatre of Villa Hadriana. Pius VI, having obtained it from Count Fede, placed it in the Vatican.

110. *Comedy*.—The Bacchanalian crown, composed of vine-leaves and grapes, and the air of gaiety which pervades the countenance of this statue, being the only essential differences that distinguish it from No. 111, lead us to conclude that it is a personification of *Comedy*, which was in an especial manner sacred to Bacchus. This hermes, which was found in the

same place as the former, and which has hitherto accompanied it in all its removals, is formed of a species of statuary marble of an uncommonly fine grain, and in colour and polish resembling ivory. The Roman statuaries ordinarily denominate it *Parian marble*; but we incline to think it is of that species called *Coraline marble* (*coraliticus lapis*), whose fineness and whiteness have been so much extolled by ancient writers.

111. *Laocoon*, the son of Priam, and the priest of Apollo, from an ardent love for his country, most firmly opposed the admission of the wooden horse into devoted Troy. Eager to drag the veil from the eyes of his compatriots, he had the temerity to launch a dart against the fatal machine, which so irritated the gods, who were inimical to the Trojans, that they resolved upon punishing him. Accordingly, as Laocoon, crowned with laurel, was one day performing a sacrifice in honour of Neptune, on the sea-shore, two enormous serpents suddenly emerged from the deep, and darted upon him, and his two sons who assisted at the altar. Vainly did he endeavour to contend with the mighty monsters; they twined around his body, bound his limbs firmly in their resistless gripe, and tore away his flesh with their envenomed teeth. In spite of all his efforts to disengage himself, the unhappy parent became the victim of an unjust vengeance; he, with his two sons, fell prostrate upon the altar of the god himself, and, turning his dolorous regards towards Heaven, expired in the most excruciating torture. Such is the pathetic subject of this admirable group, one of the most perfect works that the chisel has produced. It is at once a master-piece in point of composition, design, and expression. It was discovered in 1506, during the pontificate of Julius II, in the ruins of the palace of Titus, contiguous to the baths. Pliny, who mentions it in terms of admiration, had seen it in this place. It is to the same writer that we are indebted for the names of the three sculptors who executed the piece; namely, Agesander, Polydorus, and Athenodorus. Agesander was probably the father of the two others; he flourished in the first century of



the common era. The group is composed of five blocks, yet so ingeniously put together, that Pliny believed them to be a single block only. The right arm of the father, and two of the sons' arms are wanting, but they will, doubtless, one day or other be restored in marble. The present substitutes for the deficient members are formed of plaster.

112. *An Amazon*.—According to the fable, the Amazons were warlike women who settled in Asia Minor, on the banks of the Thermodon.—This statue, whose features and stature are perfectly conformable to the virile usages imputed to the Amazonian fair, is clad in a very fine tunic, the left breast being uncovered, and the aforesaid garment tucked up above the hips. She is in the act of bending a long bow, the upper end of which she holds in her right hand, and the lower in the left. This attitude is well calculated to display the beautiful form of the heroine to advantage. She is provided with every requisite species of arms; the quiver is suspended from the thigh, and the *pterolabota* or hole buckler, in the form of a crescent, as well as the double battle-axe (*bipennis*), hangs by her side. The helmet is placed near her left foot, and on it we observe the strap and buckle which served to fasten the beak-head.—About two centuries ago, this beautiful figure, wrought in Parian marble, was to be seen at Villa Matteir, upon Mount Cælius, at Rome, whence Clement XIV removed it to the Vatican. On the horizontal plane of the plinth we read this inscription:—“*TRANSLATA DE SCHOLA MEDICORUM.*” Whence we learn that this statue, which had at first been placed in the portico built by Augustus for the use of the physicians, was subsequently removed to another situation; but, as it is not known where the piece was discovered, it is difficult to conjecture whither it was removed the second time.

113. *A marine Deity, called Ocean*. This colossean hermes formerly embellished one of those retreats which the Romans delighted in erecting on the borders of the Gulf of Naples.—The skins or membranes of fish which cover the cheeks, eye-brows, and

breast; the dolphins proceeding out of his undulating beard; and the waves depicted on every side of the hermes, concur in denoting this piece to be a representation of one of those gods with which Grecian mythology peopled the sea. The vine-leaves, with which the figure is crowned, are possibly allusive to the fertility of the coasts which border this delightful Gulf; and the horns to the earthquakes, which the ancients attributed to the sea and its divinities. The name of Ocean may certainly suit this piece; but, in our opinion, the designation of Marine Deity, or Triton, is preferable, for Ocean is not usually represented under such gigantic forms. This hermes, formed of Parian marble, was discovered about thirty years ago, in the vicinity of Pozzuoli, situated near the Gulf of Naples. An English painter, of the name of Hamilton, having obtained possession of it, presented it to Clement XIV, for the Museum of the Vatican.

114. *Bacchus*.—The right hand of the figure rests upon the trunk of a tree, round which a vine tastefully creeps. The youthful god is crowned with vine-leaves, and in his left-hand he holds a cup. This little statue is wrought in Pentelic marble. The arms and legs are restorations.

115. *The Minister of Mithra, known under the name of Paris*.—This statue represents a young man; his head being covered with a bonnet the point or extremity of which is curved. The figure is clad in a tunic with sleeves and double folds, over which is thrown a *chlamys*, that is fastened on the right shoulder. Wide trowsers (*anaxyrides*) envelope the legs and thighs. This species of costume, which the Greeks assigned to such nations as they denominated barbarous, and which is known under the designation of Phrygian or Persian, has probably given rise to the opinion that the statue represents Paris. When, however, it is recollected that it was not found alone, but accompanied by another statue resembling it in every respect, and that its attitude is perfectly conformable to those figures which we find on the bas-reliefs connected with the worship of the god Mithra, the conclusion will be, that it rather repre-

sents one of the priests or ministers of that Persian god, whose office, in his mysteries, was to express, either by uplifted or inverted torches, night or day, light or darkness. What has contributed not a little to the existence of the error is, that the sculptor, who repaired the figure, has, in order to make it a Paris, given it an apple in lieu of the torch. This beautiful figure, of Pentelic marble, alike remarkable for the taste and fine execution displayed in the formation of the drapery, comes from the Vatican. It was discovered in 1785, at the distance of five miles from Rome, outside the gate *Portese*, together with another exactly similar to it, in a grotto near the Tiber. It may not be unnecessary to add, that the mysteries of Mithra were usually celebrated in grottoes.

116. *Jupiter*.—Among all the ancient monuments which present us with the resemblance of the sovereign of gods and men, there is not a more grand or imposing piece of sculpture than that which is now under consideration. The serenity, the sweetness, and the majesty, most ingeniously bestowed upon the physiognomy of this bust, furnish the finest possible definition of the epithet *mansuetus*, which the ancients gave to Jupiter. This bust, wrought in marble of Luni, is brought from the Vatican, where it was placed by Pius VI. It was originally found in the ruins of the *Colonia Otriculana*, or, as it is now called *Otricoli*, situated on the Flaminian Way, about 17 leagues from Rome. It very probably constituted part of a colossean statue.

117. *Meleager*.—Nearly in a state of nudity, having no other garment beside a *chlamys*, which is fastened to the shoulders and wrapped round the left-arm, the son of Oeneus, King of Calydon, is here represented in the act of reposing, after having slain the formidable bear which had ravaged his territories. The head of that terrible animal is placed by his side, and not far from him is seated his faithful dog. The beauty of this group, which is considered one of the masterpieces of ancient sculpture, is enhanced by its high state of preservation. The only deficiency is the

left hand, which rested upon a lance, the extremity whereof is placed on the plinth. The group is wrought in Grecian marble of an ashy colour, similar to that which the ancients drew from Mount Hymettus. With respect to the place whence the piece was originally brought, there are two different traditions.—Flaminio Vacca states that it was discovered on the Esquiline Hill, near the basilick of Caius and Lucius, a spot noted for many similar discoveries. Aldroandi, on the other hand, maintains that it was found outside the gate of Portese, in a vineyard adjacent to the Tiber. The authority of the latter is the more preferable, because he wrote at a period nearer to the epoch of the discovery than the former did. Be this as it may, the group, after being in the possession of Fusconi, the physician of Paul III, long remained in the palace of Pighini, whence Clement XIV removed it to the Vatican.

118. *Adonis*.—The youthfulness and the grace which beam from this fine figure, and more especially its attitude, similar to that which is assigned to Adonis in some bas-reliefs, have doubtless given rise to the supposition that it represents that enchanting hunter, Cinyras, so beloved of Venus. It is nevertheless necessary to observe, that the long head-of-hair furnishes no characteristic sufficiently firm to support the opinion of the *cognoscenti*; and, as to the restoration of the right arm, displaying the javelin, it may be considered merely as a compliment to the discernment of those *very wise gentry*. This statue, wrought in small-grained Grecian marble, has been found, of late years, three leagues distant from Rome, on the road leading to Palestrina, at a place called Centocelle. Pius VI placed it in the Vatican. The thigh, and the right leg, as well as the two arms, have been very ably restored.

119. *Lucius Pius*.—The adopted brother of Marcus Aurelius, and his imperial colleague, is here represented with a cuirass and a *chlamys* of that description which the Romans denominated *paludamentum*. The hair and the beard, of which he was ever particularly careful, correspond with the descriptions handed down to us by the writers of his day, and to the



numerous busts of him now existing. This bust, wrought in marble of Luni, is in a good state of preservation. It was brought from the Ducal Palace of Modena.

120. *Dioscubolus reposing*.—Naked and erect, this youthful wrestler holds the disk or iron-quoit in his left hand, and seems to measure with his eye the space he is about to fling it. The bandeau, which encircles the head, is that wherewith gymnastic victors were usually crowned. The antique head is a late restoration, but it exactly suits the figure. This statue, of Pentelic marble, comes from the Vatican, where Pius VI deposited it. It was discovered at the distance of three leagues from Rome, on the Appian Way, at a place called Colambaro, where, it is believed the Emperor Galba had a country seat. Its present fine state of preservation is owing to the tenons which were suffered to remain in the marble not having been beaten down.

121. *Dioscubolus*, after that of Myron.—The body inclined forward and the right arm drawn back, represent the athletic youth in the act of flinging the quoit, a crisis very difficult to seize, yet which is here represented with considerable ability. The very minute descriptions which ancient authors have given us of the celebrated Dioscubolus, or Quoit-player, executed in bronze by Myron, prove that this statue, as well as the other copies preserved in different places, is but a repetition of the ancient piece. On the block which supports the statue we observe the *strigilis*, an instrument used by the ancients in their baths, to scrape perspiration and excrescences from the surface of the body. Hence it is that, in ancient paintings and engraved stones, we so frequently meet with the perfume-vases and *strigilles* of the wrestlers together. This statue is brought from the Vatican, where Pius VI placed it. It was discovered, a few years ago, in the villa Adriana, at Tivoli. The sculptor, who restored it on the model of the other ancient copies which exist, has taken the liberty to imprint the name of Myron, in Greek characters, upon the plinth that supports it.

122. *Commodus*.—The public ex-

cration which rested upon the memory of this abominable emperor, having caused the destruction of his figures, his marble busts are become uncommonly rare. That which at present occupies our notice, represents him as he appears in the medals stricken towards the latter end of his reign; the hair falling down in natural curls, and the beard being extremely bushy. Over his tunic he wears the *paludamentum*, a garment peculiar to emperors. This bust, of Pentelic marble, comes from the Ducal Palace of Modena.

123. *Venus*, commonly called *The Venus de Medicis*.—The Goddess of the Loves is issuing from the foam of the sea, (whence she is feigned to have derived her birth); and her virginal beauty, unhidden by any veil, save the attitude of bashfulness, beams upon the enchanted shore of Cytherea. If her locks do not flow adown her ivory shoulders, it is that the hours are busily engaged in arranging them. (*Homer*). A dolphin, grouped with a beautiful shell, appears at her feet, these being emblems of Venus' natal element. The two loves, which hover around, are not the children of the goddess: one of them represents the primeval love (*Eros*), which unravelled Chaos; the other is Desire (*Himeros*), which appeared on earth at the same time with the first of rational beings. Both of them were present at her birth, and never wandered from her side. (*Hesiod. Theog. v. 201*). If we may attach credit to the Greek inscription, engraven upon the plinth, this miracle of art was the production of Cleomenes the Athenian, the son of Apollodorus, and the father of that Cleomenes, to whom we are indebted for the beautiful Roman statue described under No. 83. The inscription, however, as well as the whole exterior of the plinth, is modern. There are certainly strong reasons for believing that the inscription was not the offspring of imposture. It is possible that, at the period of the restoration, it was found necessary, in order to give the statue a solid basis, to sink the old plinth in the modern one, and to efface the inscription of the former, copying it, nevertheless, upon the latter. It moreover appears that Cleomenes, to whom the

Venus is attributed, excelled to such a degree in producing models of female loveliness, that, according to Pliny, a Roman knight became deeply enamoured of one of his *Thespiades*, which Lucius Mummius carried to Rome! Hence it would seem, that the artist in question was fully competent to the execution of the Venus. This statue has the ears pierced, in the same manner as other statues of the goddess; and from them, no doubt, valuable hoops and drops were anciently suspended. The upper part of the left arm evidently retains the trace of the bracelet denominated *spinther*, represented in several of Venus's sculptural figures. It is intended to restore those ornaments, in conformity to the ancient practice of decorating pieces of Parian sculpture with costly gems, &c. (*Vide Virg. Æn. lib. I. v. 592.*) The grain of this piece of Parian marble is uncommonly fine. The statue was placed in the gardens de Medicis, at Rome, during the 16th century. On its being removed to the Gallery of Florence, in the course of the 17th century, this admirable work was allowed by all Europe to participate the celebrity of the Apollo Belvedere, which, indeed, it rivals in the sublimity of the conception, the incomparableness of execution, and in the ideal beauty of the proportions. France owes the Apollo and the Venus to the victories of Bonaparte, during his first campaign in Italy. We are in an absolute state of uncertainty, and possess only contradictory traditions, respecting the situation in which the Venus de Medicis was first discovered.

124. *Cupid and Psyche*.—In this group is pretty generally recognised Cupid in the act of caressing Psyche, being an emblem of the union of body and soul, and in effect several bas-reliefs engraven upon sarcophagi present us with similar groups. It is, however, observable that they essentially differ from the present piece, inasmuch as in the former the two figures are winged, that of Psyche having the wings of a butterfly, which is not the case in this group, and therefore its identity is somewhat doubtful. It is wrought in Parian marble, and was originally in the col-

lection of Cardinal Albani, whence Clement XII. removed it to the Capitol.

125. *Roman Portraits*, called *Cato and Porcia*.—These two half-length figures are of that description with which the Romans adorned their tombs. They appear to be the portraits of husband and wife; and the shaven crown of the man, as well as the head-dress of the female, proves that the work was produced in the time of Alexander Severus; an observation which will fully authorise the rejection of the appellation ignorantly bestowed upon the piece. It was formerly to be seen at Villa Mattei. Clement XIV placed it in the Vatican.

136. *Clodius Albinus*.—A Roman personage, with a beard, and clad in the *chlamys* decorated with fringe above the tunic, is admirably represented in this bust. From its bearing some resemblance to the portraits of Clodius Albinus, the colleague and rival of Septimus Severus, it has obtained its present denomination. This bust, formed of Pentelic marble, comes from Villa Albani.

127. *Galba*.—The head of this beautiful bust, with the cuirass and *paludamentum*, perfectly resembles the authenticated portraits of the emperor Galba. This bust, which is perfectly antique, with the exception of a few slight retouches, belonged to the Villa Albani. It is of Pentelic marble.

128. *The Thorn-Extractor*.—It was from its attitude that this statue received its present appellation, and indeed it would seem to represent a young man seated, and in the act of drawing a thorn out of his left foot. Is it not more likely, however, that it represents a young athletic victor at the Stadian games? It is well known that, in the public games of Greece, children of an extremely tender age, performed foot-races, and that it was customary to honour the youthful victors with statues. The nudity of the figure tends to confirm this opinion. The execution of the head and of the hair give a fine idea of the admirable finish which ancient statuaries bestowed upon their bronze



works. This piece of bronze is brought from the Capitol. The place of its first discovery is unknown.

• [To be resumed in our next.]

#### REPLY to LECTOR CONSTANS.

SIR,

THE reply of Lector Constans to my letter is so unsatisfactory, that I must beg leave to trouble you again with a few lines on the same subject.

L. C. acknowledges that "the arrangement of the language, *prima facie*, certainly exhibits much confusion and apparent incongruity."—This is the very thing for which I contend. However, as he proceeds, he works himself into the belief of the matter being so very clear, that I must be, necessarily, accused of misrepresentation.

That the language contains a meaning, I may readily grant; so does that phraseology termed an *Irish Bull*: the latter we pardon, because we are compensated by a laugh; but dull ambiguity is really unpardonable.

A very large proportion of his Majesty's subjects, to whom the schedule in question is addressed, have neither time, capacity, nor opportunity to unravel ambiguities. Such, for example, as butchers, bakers, barbers, tailors, and tripemen. What I am solicitous for then is, that what can be understood by Lector Constans by the help of a little unravelling, may be laid before the gentlemen *aforsaid* unravelled to their hands.

L. C. asks, in support of his allegation that I have misrepresented the matter, "Where is the information that we are to pay in six months?" I answer, in the schedule, if there be any truth in Cocker, that three months added to three months make six months. We are not threatened with any levy or compulsion at the end of the first three months, but we are at the end of the second three months: then, surely, it requires no great stretch of sagacity to discover that six months is one of the periods more particularly pointed out for payment, though not expressed in direct terms.

In fact, this very indirectness is one of the grounds of my complaint.

If a man accept a bill at two months, dated the first of May, no person ever heard of payment being either offered or called for on the 1st July, but at the time allowed by law or custom, that is, on the 4th. In the same way, every man, who knows the value of money, will not unnecessarily pay it away at three months, when no intention exists to enforce payment till six months have elapsed. But payment is not, it should seem, to be enforced till the expiration of forty-one days: which make the period I originally stated, of seven months and ten days. Now, if you make payment one day before this term elapses, you avoid all the pains and penalties before mentioned. He, then, who should pay at the end of three months and ten days, must be either mistaken in his construction of this *luminous direction*, or a fool for parting with his money before he has occasion to do it. It is evident, therefore, that this ambiguity gives an advantage to the wily man superior to that given to the honest, plain-dealing tradesman, who is entitled, from that very circumstance, to greater indulgence. If all are equally entitled to the extreme of indulgence in paying their taxes, it should be made obvious to the meanest as well as to the most brilliant capacity.

I have now only to add, that, on looking over my former letter, I find I have expressed an opinion, that "the dirt and rubbish of law, or rather of lawyers," ought to be cleared away: I did not mean, by this, to give offence to that learned body of men, which certainly includes, in the aggregate, many very worthy characters. Perhaps Lector Constans may be one of them:—I simply mean, that the jargon of law ought to undergo a pruning when it is intended to be perused without the assistance of a lawyer. This jargon is apt to accumulate on a lawyer, as flour does on the coat of a mealman, mortar on that of a bricklayer, or soot on a chimney-sweeper. These are not the worst men for it: it belongs to their profession: but it is not the less necessary that it should be sometimes

cleared away, for the health and comfort of themselves and those who come in contact with them.

I remain, Sir, with many apologies for this trouble, your constant reader,

J. M.

14th June, 1810.

*[Enough seems now to have been said on this not very important topic. According to the strict rule of impartiality, we have granted the replication to J. M. and Lector Constans will perhaps think with us that it deserves no further discussion.—Editor.]*

A SPANISH TALE. By MADAME DE GRAFIGNY, Authoress of the *Peruvian Letters*.

[Concluded from p. 377.]

"YOU complain of me madam," said he, "but if you knew my heart, you would feel pity for me. I still love your brother, and I adore you; I have endeavoured to please you by a thousand means which you have not condescended to notice. I would share my throne with you, if I could; but, like the rest of mortals, I have only a heart to offer you.—Hitherto, respect has kept me silent: judge, however, if I am impetuous, Madam: remember, it is your King who speaks to you as a timid lover. What did I not suffer in afflicting you when I punished your brother? I would have pardoned his crime had it been known only to myself: but I owed his imprisonment to my subjects. Let Don Pedro sanction my clemency by a confession and by a sincere repentance, and I will gladly shew him mercy. Employ all the power you have over him to that end: go and see him; tell him that I wish an interview with him: tell him that I will have him brought before me: be you with him, and you shall both find that I am more your friend than your master. Do not reply to me, Madam," continued the King, seeing that Elvira was about to speak, "I shall not feel the force of being generous, if I find as much ingratitude in the heart of the sister as in that of the brother. Permit me to have the feeble satisfaction of relying upon your gratitude." The King then

made a sign that his attendants should approach and assist Elvira to walk.

They were eagerly attentive, but Don Alvar was before them. In rising, Elvira let fall her handkerchief with which she had wiped away her tears: Don Alvar quickly picked it up, and availed himself of that opportunity to give her a note; but he did not do it so dexterously but that the King had his suspicions of the circumstance. The fatigue which Elvira felt from what she had gone through, the anxiety which the note caused, and her impatience to read it, forbade her to proceed to visit her brother. She had no sooner arrived at home than she opened it: and it contained the following words:—

LETTER.

"You think me, doubtless, the most guilty of men, adorable Elvira: I am only the most miserable.—Adorned with all the appearances of satisfied ambition, my heart acknowledges only love and friendship. I violated my silence, and I appeared sensible of the favours of the king, only in the hope of being useful to Don Pedro: if I can but ascertain the nature of the crime which is imputed to him, that will be sufficient to prove his innocence; and I flatter myself that I shall succeed ere long. No other motive less powerful could have induced me to obey the tyrannical order of the King to abstain from all intercourse with the only persons for whose sake life is valuable to me. It will be the ruin of all three if he discovers the least understanding between us. Perhaps I have carried prudence too far: but, Madam, to whom could I confide my secret? A stranger in this court, observed on all sides, distrustful myself of mankind, and ignorant of them, I preferred the dreadful alternative of appearing ungrateful to you, to the danger which might have encompassed you from my inexperience: I know not, even, whether I shall be able to convey this note to you: but, lovely Elvira, I shall die with grief if I do not assure you of the boundless nature of my love."

The perusal of this letter caused an inconceivable change in the soul of Elvira: "Don Alvar is not ingrateful," she exclaimed with transport:



"My brother will shortly testify his innocence: I shall soon behold them both sharing in the bounty of the King and in my tenderness.—Need I be uneasy at the love of Alphonso? He is generous, he can never hate us."

These agreeable emotions awakening in the heart of Elvira, seemed to re-animate her whole frame; her health was almost immediately established. She passed a night that was as much disturbed by pleasant ideas as her preceding ones had been by unpleasant.

She rose early, and was preparing to visit Don Pedro, to inform him of all that had taken place, when Isabella arrived. "Come," cried Elvira as soon as she perceived her; "come, my dear Isabella, participate in my hopes, as you have participated in my sorrows: I am all impatience to talk with you."

"I know all," said Isabella: "Don Alvar had brought ruin upon you all three: the sword was raised over your heads, but I was skilful enough to turn it aside. It was to inform you of this good news that I rose so early. Good heavens!" continued she, "how silly lovers are! They think they see every thing without being seen; and they are seen without suspecting it."

"Explain yourself," replied Elvira alarmed. "What have we yet to fear?"

"Nothing," replied Isabella; "have I not told you that I warded off the blow? But relieve my uneasiness on your part: What have you done with the note of Don Alvar?—You were so agitated they say —"

"And how do you know that I have received a note," asked Elvira with increasing alarm.

"I know it from the King," replied Isabella.

"From the King!" exclaimed Elvira. "Ah! we are lost!"

"You will not understand me, then," replied Isabella impatiently: "You shall find that the blunders with which I am reproached do not extend to important things: I know how to speak to advantage when it is to serve my friends: but you will not be persuaded of this until you enjoy the happiness which I have provided for you: for your prejudice —"

"Heavens!" said Elvira, "I will

believe whatever you wish: but explain yourself."

"The King," replied Isabella, "appeared to be in a very ill humour yesterday, after you had quitted him. He asked, repeatedly, where I was; I was informed of this, and I hastened to the court immediately. As soon as he saw me, he drew me aside. He put many pointed questions to me respecting your connection and that of your brother with Don Alvar. I assured him that you had not any with him. 'Mighty well,' said he in an ironical tone: 'I am better instructed than you are.' Then he related, with a degree of resentment which he strove in vain to hide, that Don Alvar had given you a note in his presence; and that, from the agitation in which you seemed when you received it, he had no doubt that you were both accomplices in the ridiculous seditious plot which is ascribed to your brother."

He finished with heavy menaces against you all. It required all my presence of mind not to be disconcerted: time was precious: a moment's reflection convinced me that the avowal of the truth was the only way to save you. I suddenly assumed a look of confidence and resolution, instead of the timid countenance which the King doubtless expected to behold in me: and I told him that it was not worth while to make so many threats about a mere love-letter.—'A love-letter!' he exclaimed with a look as cold as it was before incensed. 'Yes, Sire,' I replied, "if Don Alvar gave a note to Elvira it could be nothing else. He continued to question me, and I told him how you came to have an affection for each other. At last he quitted me, assuring me that he did not suspect my integrity. You see, therefore, that your welfare is at hand: he loves Don Alvar to excess: what therefore could he do better to make him happy than to give you to him? In compliment to your marriage, he will pardon Don Pedro, and I shall not think myself obliged to wed him then, because he will not be unhappy: and so we shall all be contented. In fact, it is time that joy appeared amongst us again. it is hardly living to be always complaining: it is dying to be always eat up with *ennui*."

Isabella continued her agreeable conjectures; and Elvira, buried in profound contemplation, scarcely listened to her, when an order arrived from the King to enter, immediately, a carriage which was in waiting, and which was to conduct them to their place of exile. At the same time, they ordered the servants to prepare whatever was requisite for an immediate departure.

Elvira, overwhelmed by this unexpected stroke, seemed to pay no attention to what passed. "Oh my brother! Oh Alvar!" she exclaimed with bitterness, "what will become of you?"—Complaints were useless: they must go.

Elvira remained, during the whole journey, in the same kind of stupor into which she had fallen when she received the orders of the King. Isabella expressed her grievances in a manner which would have been highly diverting under any other circumstances.

The night was far advanced when they stopped. They were conducted into a spacious room, whose dilapidation, as well as that of the furniture, would have alarmed persons less delicate than they were. Every thing was alike to Elvira; she noticed nothing: but Isabella, by her reiterated questions, compelled the sort of phantoms who were appointed to wait upon them in the habiliments of *duennas*, to satisfy her curiosity. She thought she beheld her grave open when she learned that they were at the court of the Queen Dowager, grandmother of the King. She uttered a thousand reproaches against Elvira, and a thousand fears.—Her chagrin was augmented, the next day, when she beheld herself in a castle, less dreadful even from its extreme antiquity, than from the little attention that was paid to her amusement.

The old queen, attached to *etiquette* and to ancient custom, rendered life insupportable to those whom proscription had conveyed to her, under the pretence of forming her court. Every thing partook of constraint, melancholy, and inconvenience. Elvira led a languishing life: yet she lived.

Don Alvar was not less unhappy.

Alphonso, excessively irritated at the disclosure which Isabella had made, and listening only to the suggestions of his indignation, imagined that he could banish as easily from his heart, as from his presence, the objects of his jealousy.

After the exile of Elvira, he retarded that of Don Alvar only as long as he thought it necessary to prevent his following her steps. He was then deprived of his honours, ordered to retire from court, and never more to appear there again.

More surprised than hurt, he did not hesitate a moment as to the choice of his place of retreat. His thoughts turned with fondness towards the hut where he had been reared: his heart was fatigued and eager for repose, and he thought that he should there find again those peaceful days which he always remembered with delight and which he now regarded as the only happiness worth desiring.

Don Alvar, full of confidence as to the perfect bliss which he was about to enjoy, hastened towards the forest which was the asylum of his first misfortunes; but, as he approached it, he felt the pleasing ideas gradually vanishing from his mind: every thing which he had seen and experienced since his first entrance into the world was present to his imagination; but the traces, no sooner perceived than effaced, left behind them only the confusion of a dream. Elvira herself appeared only in the distant prospect.

This torrent of tumultuous thoughts did not subside until he arrived at the hut. Struck with its appearance, he remained motionless: his eyes filled with tears, and a thousand recollections of past times overwhelmed him. However, he entered it.

The first days were passed in recalling to mind the precepts of his friend, and in endeavouring to accommodate himself to the privations which he must now endure. In solitude, too, his love returned. He thought only of the means of finding Elvira, and he tried many in vain. Too near the court, and in a place where the King often hunted, he could not take any steps without the hazard of detection. He thought that if he were in an inhabited place, he could employ others, whose researches



might have more success than his.—He resolved to execute this plan, and departed; taking care however to avoid the public paths.

He had already walked nearly two days, when, crossing a thicket, he was suddenly attacked by a man with a sword in his hand, who, without giving him time to recollect himself, exclaimed, "Traitor, defend a life which you ought to lose by the most infamous tortures." Don Alvar, astonished, put himself upon his defence; but recognising, immediately, Don Pedro, far from attempting his life, he merely warded off the blows which the other directed with unaccountable fury. "Hold, Don Pedro," said he, "you are in error. Behold the unhappy Alvar: come rather and receive, in his arms, the testimony of his friendship, and of his gratitude."

Don Pedro was too infuriate to listen to him: as Don Alvar defended himself but weakly, he seized him by the throat, threw him on the earth, and threatened him with instant death if he did not confess all his crimes.

At that moment, a troop of archers, who were in the wood in pursuit of some robbers, arrived at the spot: they took them for the persons they were seeking, fettered them, and forced them along without any regard to the menaces of Don Pedro, or to the persuasions of Don Alvar, who sought in vain to convince them of their mistake. They conducted them to a fort near the spot, and put them in the same dungeon, until, as they said, they could be conveyed to the capital to serve as an example to their confederates.

While there, Don Alvar solicited an explanation, and Don Pedro, indignant at his situation, replied, with bitterness, "that, after his departure, he had been more closely confined in his prison: that many days passed in the examination of witnesses, all of whom he disproved: and that the King, not being able to prove any thing against him, was satisfied with exiling him: that he was not permitted to return to his own house, but that they had informed him that Isabella and Elvira were no longer at court." To this Don Pedro added, that Don Alvar had carried away his mistress and his

sister, because they both disappeared on the same day.

It was not difficult for Don Alvar to justify himself from this charge. The simple recital of what had passed, and his own emotion were sufficient. Don Alphonso sought by every manly method to compensate for the wrongs he had committed, and they then mutually gave themselves up to reflections upon their condition.

The situation of Alphonso, however, was not enviable. Six months had elapsed before his chagrin began to abate; and he then thought that he had resolution enough to be able to bear the sight of Elvira. He caused the Queen Dowager to be informed, therefore, that he should, on the following day, pay her a visit: this was a thing which he seldom did, and the old Queen made every preparation for his reception. The news of it diffused joy through the whole court; and when the day arrived, the Queen set forth to meet the King. Elvira and Isabella were of the train.

The melancholy Elvira was deeply occupied in thought. She was devising how she could obtain, from the King, or some of his attendants, the fates of her brother and her lover; for she had not heard of either since the day she quitted the court.

Her looks were wandering at random, when they were suddenly struck by an unexpected object. She uttered a loud scream, and sprung from the carriage, which was, luckily, very low. She was instantly in the midst of a troop of archers, who were conducting two prisoners: neither the alteration of their countenances, nor of their clothes, nor the irons with which they were loaded, hindered her from knowing them. "My brother, Oh heavens! my brother! Is it you?" she exclaimed. She held him fast in her arms, though she still doubted it. Her first emotion was the joy of having found him she loved; but, soon struck with the appendages of infamy that were about him, she seemed as life or reason would forsake her.

Don Pedro showed less weakness, but despair was visible in all his actions; while Don Alvar, in spite of his chains, had thrown himself at the feet of Elvira. He held one of her

hands, and bathed it with his tears, while Elvira looked at him, from time to time, with a mingled expression of horror, tenderness, and love. "Alvar," said she, "we are wretched."—They were all too much occupied with themselves to observe what passed around them.

The queen, surprised at the flight of Elvira, stopped to know the cause; and Isabella, having recognised the prisoners, had quitted the carriage. She ran to join her caresses to those of her friend, when the king arrived.

This prince had seen, at a distance, all that had taken place. He thought he knew Elvira, but not comprehending the cause of her conduct, he spurred his horse to arrive at the spot. When Isabella saw him, she exclaimed, "Behold the consequences of your caprice. Die with shame and regret: but no: you are a king."

Alphonso, recognising his unhappy favourites, felt himself attacked by so many opposing sensations, that, unwilling to yield to any, he was about to hasten away, when Don Pedro, raising his eyes at the sound of Isabella's voice, exclaimed to him in a tone of despair, "Stop, remorseless man, and feast your eyes upon the dreadful condition to which thy unjust prejudices have reduced us: you wish to usurp the title of *pacific*, but you deserve the name of *cruel* more than did your predecessor: he shed only blood; but *you* destroy hearts. Thy friendship is tyranny, thy favours misfortunes, and our gratitude a torture."

At the first word which Don Pedro had pronounced, Elvira quitted him to throw herself at the knees of the king, which she held in a close embrace:—"Ah, Sire!" she exclaimed, "be not offended at the words which despair has extorted from my unhappy brother: his crime begins only at this moment: forgive every thing in consideration of the excess of his misfortune. You once loved him: Oh Heavens! cast your eyes upon him! You love virtue, then aid him. My tears—my grief—our misfortunes, alas! they are without limits."

The king, buried in profound contemplation, made no answer but by dark and distracted looks, which he threw, alternately, upon the brother

and the sister. Elvira, convinced that they foreboded the destruction of all she held most dear, and listening only to her own despair, flew and threw herself between her brother and her lover. "I will hear you no more, inflexible tyrant," she exclaimed, speaking to the king; "we will expire in thy sight: but you shall not command the moment; we will rob you of the barbarous pleasure of ordering it—"

"No, you shall not die," exclaimed the King; "you are rather my tyrants than I yours: my grief would render me more wretched than you, were I to suffer my just resentment to triumph over my clemency. See, Madam," continued the king approaching Elvira: "see if your brother was guilty: see if he deserves the favour which I grant him!" Elvira took a paper which the king presented to her, and which Don Alvar immediately knew for the fatal plan of a conspiracy which had cost his father his life. "Ah, Sire," he exclaimed, "what more convincing proof would you need of the innocence of Don Pedro?"

At the same time he acquainted the king with the origin of this fatal writing: he shewed him, that being without a name and without a date, it was not difficult for the enemies of Don Pedro to impose upon the king with it.

"That is true enough," said Isabella, when Don Alvar had done, "for I found this paper in the forest on the very day that we met Don Alvar there: seeing that it was written in Portuguese, which I did not understand, I was induced to give it to Don Rodrigo to translate it for me, since that time a thousand circumstances have occurred to make me forget it."

"Oh Heavens!" exclaimed Alphonso, "how many rocks for virtue are there on a throne. Will you forgive me my injustice, lovely Elvira," continued he, taking her hand which he presented to Don Alvar: "Am I not sufficiently punished in losing your heart? In uniting you to him whom you love, will it be a sufficient expiation of my crime? Come," continued he, taking off the fetters



from his favourites himself, and embracing them, "come, and prove whether virtue be not dear to me. My bounty shall exceed your misfortunes: love me, if possible: but, if you are ungrateful, the pleasure of making you so will be greater than the pain of finding you so."

REPLY to the ANIMADVERSIONS  
upon ANIMADVERSIONS."

SIR,

IF abuse were argument, I should have no chance of success in a contest with the gunpowder-plot critic; but, as your readers will be influenced only by reason, I again trouble you with a few remarks, without the least intention of making "the public believe that I am deeply read in the history of nations, and in the various branches of science," but solely for the ascertaining of truth.

It may now be granted that he knows the gunpowder-treason was different from Oates's plot; but I appeal to the readers of your instructive miscellany, whether, on finding Fox's reasons for doubting of the reality of the popish plot, quoted to prove that the gunpowder-treason was also sup-

tant events were stated as one occurrence? Did not such an error, whether real, or intended to mislead, merit immediate confutation? I could reply only to what was the obvious meaning, and did not expect scurrility for not understanding what was no where expressed. "It is folly in the extreme," says he, "to be seeking opportunities to excite a person to litigate facts, but more especially when the person is concealed and unknown to him," &c. But surely he who *affords* this opportunity is better entitled to this charge. Is the misrepresentation of an historical fact to escape unnoticed because the author is unknown?

He then favours the public with a rule to become as wise as himself. —Because the act which appointed a yearly thanksgiving for our deliverance from the gunpowder-treason, "did not cast one feeble ray of light

on this dark subject, it was necessary," adds he, "to turn to the subsequent part of the history of the Stuarts for further information;" and, "as the Right Hon: Charles James Fox had made *this part* of our history his particular study, he extracted what he had offered on this subject, that your readers might form some judgment for themselves." This is very kind, no doubt; but the whole passage affords another instance of obscurity, which, like his former essay, confounds together two different things. *This part* and *this subject* cannot refer, though such be their tendency, to the gunpowder-plot, as Fox did *not* make that his particular study, but must refer to the "subsequent part of the history of the Stuarts." This appears again intended to induce a belief that our lamented patriot implicated both plots in the same charge of absurdity. Here is a curious method of obtaining information. Finding the act does not contain what it could not rationally be expected to contain, viz a proof of the gunpowder-treason, he thought the best way of acquiring a knowledge of that event was to overlook contemporary authorities, the judicial examinations of the conspirators, their confessions of guilt, &c. and consult a his-

torian. Lives only in the memory of his grateful country, our legislature yet contains many of liberal principles, who, when convinced by the above process of the falsity of the gunpowder-treason, will readily move for a repeal of the Act of Thanksgiving. I rather suppose, however, that, though enlightened by your correspondent's singularly luminous reasoning, they will continue, like Hume, the apologist of the Stuarts, to esteem the gunpowder-treason "as certain as it is incredible." A better reason for moving its repeal would be, that it tends to perpetuate a hatred of our fellow subjects.

After quoting my own reasoning to shew that Fox spoke only of the popish plot, he advises me to be a little more guarded, lest another "irritable scribbler" should give me a "tickler" for my rashness. Such threats will never deter the "old mastiff at the door of his kennel" from barking,

"in a high tone," at every intruder on the boundaries of truth.

I expect this will be treated with the "silent contempt it merits," but should the gunpowder critic again explode, he may listen to his own echo, and like other scolds, have the last word,

For who can write so long as he can rail.

POPE.

The case is now before the public, from whose decision there is no appeal, and to which I shall respectfully submit.

I have the honour to be your's, &c.

J. S.

Newcastle, June 9, 1810.

*The LITERARY LIFE and TRAVELS of BARON HOLBERG. Written by Himself. Extracted from the Latin Edition of Leipsick, in 1743. By W. HAMILTON REID.*

[Continued from p. 373.]

**T**HIS little work, however, had but very indifferent success, as, out of a thousand copies which were printed, not more than three hundred were sold in the course of twelve years. The publisher, at whose cost this publication had been made, as it may be imagined, had no idea but that the rest of the impression was doomed to perish by the mould. That this has been the fate of too many of our native publications cannot be denied: for the upper ranks in Denmark apply with more zeal than any other nation to attain the knowledge of other languages, and they will rather read English and French books in particular than any others written in their own tongue. On the other hand, the common people are so much attached to religious productions, that they will scarcely look at any thing that has any relation to worldly affairs. It is on this account that some of our poor authors, merely to earn bread, rack their brains, as it were, to produce gardens of paradise, heavenly ladders, posesys of prayers, &c. &c. and which, though a thousand times repeated, are very little better than the same books under new and different titles.

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Having passed two years with so much anxiety as to count almost the hours and minutes, my fortunate star arose at length for which I had so long sighed. I now received a regular salary, which, in a great measure, softened the yoke of poverty that had become almost intolerable. It was now my office to give public lectures upon metaphysics; and as this was a business not altogether suitable to my own inclination, those who thought they were well acquainted with me, predicted that this undertaking would never prosper long in my hands. In fact, they were right in their conjectures; for I candidly confess that I did not tread in the footsteps of my predecessors, and of course that the metaphysics were never in greater danger than whilst they were under my jurisdiction. I, however, at first, concealed my own disposition as much as I could; and even delivered an oration in praise of metaphysics. Still the amateurs of this science thought they perceived more of the funeral oration than of panegyric in the speech I allude to. But, as I did not retain this office more than two years, my hearers were, at length, delivered from their apprehensions.

Many changes now took place in this foundation. Some of the public lecturers attained the dignity of bishops, some became preachers, and others died. Soon after this I became an assessor in the consistory, and with higher rank obtained a more ample salary. This you know is regulated according to age; and I was now freed from the anxiety attending to domestic arrangements, which had all my life been a burden to me. I therefore turned the whole of my thoughts to the means of recovering my health, which had suffered not only from travelling and fatigue, but also from anxiety. I had no other object now in view but to pass the remainder of my days in rest and tranquillity: but it was otherwise determined: for one of my colleagues was persuaded to dispute the right with me to a part of the endowments which always belonged to the eldest. However, the affair being brought before the consistory, it was decided, according to the statutes, in my favour.

Scarcely had this contest ended

3 N



when I was engaged with a competitor of another description. This was a young historian, who had lately published, in the German language, a compendious view of the Danish history. In the preface to this work he had censured every preceding author, old and new, as slovenly, puerile, and plagiarists. I was, of course, among the number, and my extract from the Universal History for the Use of Youth was also a principal object of his attack. It was in particular urged against me, that what related to the north I had drawn entirely from Puffendorf. I bore this accusation at first with perfect indifference, considering it was not worth my pains to enter into a dispute merely to prove that true which was evidently so already. These and other considerations made me observe a complete silence, till, determined by the representations of my friends, I was convinced they would have construed my silence into absolute indolence or cowardice. I therefore produced a small tract, under the title of *Dissertatio Quinta de Historicis Danicis quam in Collegio Regio publice tuebitur Paulus Ryterus, cum Defendente pereximio Christiano Andrese*. This small dissertation was received with uncommon approbation, none but Paul Ryter seemed displeased in consequence of my having assumed his name. However, the old gentleman, then in the sixtieth year of his age, was soon appeased, when he understood that this work was undertaken in defence of the country. I paid attention in this only to the bitter reflections of the author before-mentioned. I scorned the triumph which I might have gained over the many inaccuracies with which his work abounded. I never was a friend to mere verbal criticism.

Soon after this the same writer published another work in Latin, to prove that the marriage of the nearest relatives was not prohibited by the law of nature. This fresh act of delinquency, before the former wounds were well healed, awakened the resentment both of lawyers and divines. I also yielded to the solicitations of my friends, and produced *Olai Petri Norrægi Dissertatio Juridica de Nuptiis*

*Propinquorum in linea recta jure naturali prohibitis*. In the few sheets published on this occasion, I simply replied to the objections which the writer had brought against the fundamentals of the law of the country. In other respects I left him entirely to the castigation of the divines.—Hence some strangers thought my work defective; but as they were unacquainted with my views, I was determined not to pass the limits I had prescribed to myself. I intended an essay rather than a complete dissertation, and to leave the rest entirely to the clergy. Some thought my reply too severe; others, that it contained too much satire. Perhaps the latter objection is not without some ground, as my mind has such a natural tendency to humour, that I generally speak the truth in jest. Scurrility and coarseness, however, I have always avoided: when no friend to the writer, I have never been an enemy to the man. I found, notwithstanding, that whilst writing against others, I was in danger of falling into the vices I condemned. I could bear my attestation to the observation of the satirist:

*Cedimus, inque vicem præbemus crura  
sagittis,  
Fwitur hoc pacto.*

Jurisprudence, history, and languages had hitherto occupied all my time, every thing else, poetry in particular, I had entirely laid aside. I sometimes read Latin poetry, but only when I was in a manner compelled so to do. I did not read these poets for pleasure, but merely as exercises for keeping up my knowledge of their language. In the same manner the sick in an hospital are every day, perhaps, compelled to take medicines, not on account of their taste, but merely, as the physicians say, “to do them good.”

Much the same it is with the inclinations of men. Sometimes we begin to esteem things which we had rejected before. The change of studies is equally as convenient for men as it is for the farmer to sow different seeds at different times. I was thirty years of age before I began to think of writing a poem, though I lived in a place where poets swarmed like flies

in harvest. My ears being thus daily dinned with verse and rhyme, and seeing that almost all the inhabitants were poets professed, or rather possessed, I came to a conclusion to make an effort, and to produce a poem, if possible, that I might no longer be reckoned a mere hearer. My first production was a satire, in which I proposed an imitation of the sixth of Juvenal's. This and some others have lately seen the light: I should have said, that when this was first completed, I shewed it to a friend, whose judgment was, that I had succeeded very well in the manner of my author, but had not been sufficiently bound by the laws of poetry. In fact, he made me better acquainted with the nature of the Danish verse than ever I had been before, and gave me those rules which I have carefully abided by every time I have had occasion to woo the Muses. After I had made several trials of my skill, and succeeded pretty well according to my own ideas, I undertook that mock-heroic, which is now so much read both in Sweden and in Germany; that in the latter country numbers have learned our language, merely for the pleasure of perusing it in the original.

After encountering the objections of a great number of enemies, the friends to this poem so far prevailed, that I was determined to enlarge and divide it into four parts; so that in the course of a twelvemonth, a thing unprecedented in Denmark, it had undergone three editions. The last of these was embellished with copper plates. My mentioning that it was still a favourite in Sweden and Germany may, by some persons, be ascribed to vanity. A modest praise of himself is surely allowable to the poet: but this I do not; I only record what others have said, and the judgment of strangers to me never can be indifferent. But I own I might soon become tedious if I were to enumerate all the events to which this publication gave birth. However, when all the hatred excited by this poem, *The History of Peter Paersens*, was pretty well extinguished by the lapse of time, I began to think of other satires. Five soon followed. The first of them is the most severe: it lashes the folly of the human race, and bore the title of

*Democritus and Heraclitus*. The next was a defence of Tigellius the singer. It went to prove that very few men in this world are free from that inconstancy which Horace charges upon Tigellius. The third satire criticises the *History of Peter Paersens*. The fourth is that in which I endeavour at a strict imitation of Horace: the poet here endeavours to dissuade his friend, an old man, from his purpose of marrying a young woman. The fifth satire is a defence of the female sex. In this I have asserted, that it is not according to the laws of nature that women are excluded from public offices of honour and emolument, but only according to the arbitrary laws of men. Prefixed to each satire is an introduction, in which the plan of the poem is laid down and objections answered. Many persons have been of an opinion, that themselves or their friends were particularly pointed at in these productions, and have been admonished to beware of a man who has no mercy upon the failings of others.

As a satirist I once had a particular application made to me from a man, on account of his brother, who led a most disorderly kind of life. He thought a satire written on purpose might correct him. This application I answered in the words of Pliny, — "We must censure vices, and not men." If ever I am inclined to go beyond bounds in this respect, I will begin with myself. I have often made asseverations of this nature, but they obtain no credit. Prejudices which I have excited on this occasion are not easily allayed. Some people are so infatuated as to imagine that my disposition to censure is incurable, and that a latent poison is concealed under every thing I say. If I even write upon the seasons, the weather, &c. people will have it that my words have a double sense. My friends, who know me, only smile at these suppositions. I believe no man is less capable than I am of playing the hypocrite. By nature warm, and inclined to anger, it is impossible for me, by art or force, to conceal my feelings, or to put on any countenance strange to my heart. What I conceive I speak freely, and my joy or displeasure may always be read upon my



countenance in legible characters; so that if any one would censure me for a weakness, it should rather be for too much openness than for any kind of concealment or hypocrisy.

All my satires, I believe, evince in me the same disposition, that is, a reluctance against the praise of individuals. When I was secretary of the academy, and the duty of my office required a kind of public panegyric upon those who had borne the title of Bachelors or Masters, according to ancient custom, my friends exactly foresaw what would happen: my oration was never published, and I got a deal of ill will among the Fellows. But, that you may judge of the propriety of these proceedings, I herewith transfer to you the document itself.

Wearied, at length, with pursuits that produced so little profit, I was determined to resume those labours that had so long lain upon the shelf. Among these I had projected a short sketch of Ecclesiastical and Secular History. But, whilst ruminating upon this subject, a thought struck me after the example of other people, to try some comedies in the Danish language. Among my friends who encouraged me in this proceeding were some persons of the first rank, whose inclinations I would not willingly have thwarted. On the other hand, the trouble attendant on these undertakings operated as a counterbalance. I had learned from experience what it was to wage war with a multitude. However, I was, at length, overcome by the importunity of my friends, and soon after produced that comedy which was first printed, and is now in the hands of every one: I mean the *Political Pewterer*. In writing for the stage, I found occasion to attack new vices and foibles, perhaps peculiar to my countrymen.

When this was brought forward at Copenhagen, in 1722, the audience was so numerous that many persons were compelled to leave the house. Some persons who did not understand the object of the piece were displeased: they imagined that the magistracy were aimed at, as no comedy before had made so free with persons assuming that character. But the satire apply to such low characters,

who, in alehouses and other places, are the first to censure their superiors and investigate the conduct of kings and princes. The folly of these characters I have endeavoured to delineate in the person of the pewterer. He is, at length, made to believe that he is actually chosen as a burgomaster: and when he is engaged in the business of his office, which he finds he is totally unable to execute, he first learns his weakness, and wisely determines, after making himself extremely ridiculous, to confine himself in future within the limits of his own profession.

[To be continued.]

#### QUERIES respecting certain SITUATIONS at the GAME of CHESS.

SIR,

I SHOULD be much obliged to any of your readers who are conversant in the game of chess, to give me, through the medium of your miscellany, an answer to the queries arising from the following positions in that game, and, if possible, the authority on which the answer may be founded. Should you have a corner to spare, from matter of more importance, for the insertion, you would much oblige, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

June 25, 1810.

J. M.

*First Position.*—The black king at his queen's bishop's square; his queen on his knight's second square; the queen's bishop's pawn in its own place; the queen's knight's pawn in its own place. The white king at his queen's bishop's third square; his rook on the queen's fourth square; his other rook at the black queen's rook's square, giving check to the king.

*Query.*—Can the black king prevent the check mate, by moving on his queen's second square?

*Observation.*—It should seem that he may make this move, though, by it, he comes in view of the other white rook: because that rook is powerless by its situation between the black queen and white king; from which it cannot move without leaving its king in check. Consequently it cannot check the black king, because it can-

not quit its position to enforce that check; and, viewing chess as a military game, this reasoning seems consonant to military principles. Should the question, however, be decided in the negative, the black loses. In the affirmative it most probably wins, for by the judicious management of a piece so powerful as the queen, the adversary may be *forked*, or the two pawns pushed forward to the advantage of the game.

*Query*—May the kings, under *any circumstances*, come in contact in order to give check?

*Second Position, shewing the bearing of this question.*—White bishop at the queen's fourth square; king at his queen's bishop's third square; knight at his queen's second square; black king at his queen's knight's fourth square.

*Query*—Can the white king move to his queen's bishop's fourth square, giving check to the black king?

*Observation.*—It seems to be a doubtful case whether the white king may, or may not, make this move, as the square is defended by the knight. It may be solved, however, by an answer to the general question, viz. whether the kings can, under *any circumstances*, come in contact with each other.

### On the MOUNTAINS of the EARTH.

[Concluded from p. 288]

**I**T is probable, that previously to the collision, which brought the Alpine masses into their present position, the beds of muscles, which run horizontally through those mountains, covered the granit or schistus, and that they were placed with their bed in that inclined position which they at present maintain. They therefore adhered to primitive mountain species, and ran parallel with them without ever covering them. From the foregoing the important observation can be explained, which is made in almost all perpendicular or very oblique strata, which we are capable of tracing to a great extent; that the materials of which they consist, retain their identity; by which the higher parts of the strata are not different from the lower, according to the par-

ticular species of mountain. It has been observed by Saussure, that the perpendicular strata, of which the mountains consist which surround Montblanc, are constituted *exactly* the same in their highest parts as in their lowest. The Alps, according to Saussure's observation, extend, with very small digressions, from north-east to south-west, and the strata of which they are formed run *exactly* in the same direction. The mountains of the Harz extend from east to west, and the layers and beds of which they consist run in the same direction.—The granit mountains of Bavaria appear to consist of strata, which extend longitudinally with the chain of the mountains. The Apennines stretch from north to south, and the layers of which they consist extend themselves lengthwise in the same direction. In Provence, in the vicinity of Les Isles d'Hieres, particular hills, which consist of strata of granite like stones, extend themselves from east to west; and the strata which form the Hierian Islands have exactly the same direction. In England a general direction is observed, in which the inclined strata of mountains extend themselves longitudinally. This direction proceeds from north-east to south-west, and the greater part of the mountains of England run in the same direction.—The Andes, in the district of Tucuman, extend from north to south, and the strata of the mountain follow regularly the same direction. It has been remarked in the mountains behind Arsenal, that the promontory of argillaceous schistus always stretches towards the same quarter of the globe, as the opposite main mountain. The coral mountains run from north to south, and, continuing in this direction, the detachments, or mountain beds of schistus, appear not only on the western side, but that there are also strata of chalk shelving towards the horizon.

The opposite declivities of a great number of mountains are different from each other; and more minute researches will probably shew that this phenomenon is principally founded in the inclination of the strata, which *degrade* themselves towards the side on which the steep declivity appears. To this cause it is to be ascribed, and



which has not escaped the attention of all mariners, that in all places where the coasts present deep declivities, the sea is also very deep. For in almost all these cases the highest ends of the strata present themselves on the coasts, which at the general destruction were thrown in oblique positions. The more or less elevated ends of the ruined strata will, however, appear in the places where they border on the sea, not only above the sea, but also under it; consequently, the steep declivity which appears over the surface of the sea will also generally continue under its surface.

The ranges of the mountains of our earth are divided in chains, which are parallel to each other, and are in general separated from one another by deep vallies, running in the same manner parallel with the range of the mountains. These vallies, known by the name of longitudinal vallies, are not formed by water, but they have all the properties of the fissures of mountains, which must necessarily be produced, when the whole mass of the mountain is moved or forcibly overthrown. In them the salient and returning angles do not correspond, as in the transversal vallies, which traverse a mountain in its breadth, and which are formed by water: they are, in many places, narrow; in others, broad; often of an extraordinary depth, and even sometimes terminated by the masses of the mountains fallen together at the collisions. Saussure has remarked these properties in the longitudinal vallies of the mountains of northern Asia, and in the Alps of Switzerland, Raymond in the Pyrenees, and Helms in the mountains of the Andes. The species of mountain between which these vallies appear are mostly different. Thus on one side of the longitudinal valley, called Ferret, we find strata of chalk, and on the other a species of schistus. This phenomenon of chalk and schistus being separated by deep vallies is so frequent in the Alps, that many geologists have attributed it to the slender connexion of the strata of different species, which separate the easier at that point where they came in contact. The same observation has been made in the Pyrenees. On the north side of the longitudinal valley, called Bastan, schis-

tus masses of mountain appear, whilst the south side consists of a species of granit. The main chain of the coral mountains is accompanied on the west side, during its whole course, by another chain, which consists of marle, sand-stone, and other strata, and which is separated every where by a lesser or broader valley, of the order of lime stone rocks.

The following observations may, perhaps, account for these phenomena. When the masses, which are composed of different strata, like the great mountains of wrecked matter, when placed by a collision on their diameters, fissures must arise in them most easily in those directions, in which their cohesion was the weakest, and consequently in that particular part where their strata were bounded by each other. These directions, however, coincided with the direction of the mountain by which such a mass was formed; consequently, the great fissures of the mountains of wrecked matter arose in the direction of their range of mountain: they formed the longitudinal vallies, and the species of mountain must for the most part be different on both the declivities of these vallies, or on both the surfaces of these great mountain fissures. In the above observation lies the cause of the inequality in the inclination of the different strata of a mountain towards the horizon, and the equality of the angle of inclination of every single stratum lengthwise, which is so frequently observed in the highest mountains of our earth. Examples of which present themselves in the Alps, in the vicinity of Montblanc and St. Gothard, in the Apennines, and other mountains, by which the inclination of those strata, which are deeper imbedded, distinctly proves their former cohesion, and their separation at a moment when the whole mountain mass was violently agitated.

A few remarks may be here apposite on those mountains, which, unlike the mountains of wrecked matter, are not indebted immediately for their origin to the great collisions. These mountains have been mostly formed by the sediments of the ocean in the periods between the later greater collisions, and partly also after the last of these collisions. As in those times

the sea approached its present condition, it follows that these mountains must consist of strata, which only the more modern sea could produce, and which, without doubt, our ocean produces to this day. This hypothesis perfectly determines the nature of the strata of these mountains. They consist, namely, of native chalk, gyps, thon, sandstone, and other mountain species, which carry with them all the marks of modern origin, and which for that reason contain traces in abundance of organic being.

The horizontal layers of these secondary mountains are frequently not in the positions in which the rivers and seas produced them. In many places they extend to a great depth, and bear with them evident traces of subversion and demolition. Regularities are most often discovered in their clefts and sinkings. For example, the horizontal layers of the English coal mines always sink in the same direction, by which it can be ascertained with certainty, when the horizontal layers are deranged by a cleft, whether a continuation of the horizontal layer which was interrupted by the demolition, will again be found at a greater depth or a greater height. If they, by a derangement, be found at a greater depth, it can be relied on with certainty, that also on a further derangement they will again appear at a greater depth, which is a most evident proof that the derangement proceeds from a great cause, and has operated on an extensive district.

The constituent parts of the volcanic mountains belong to the mountains of wrecked matter in all places where they are overthrown, and are no more in the positions in which the fire produced them. It is self-evident, that it is not the volcanic mass of a mountain, but the construction of this mass, and its position on the surface of the earth, which determines, whether the mountain to which this mass belongs has or has not originated at the place where it is observed.

It is therefore highly probable, that before and during the periods of the collisions, which produced the mountains of wrecked matter of our present surface of the earth, volcanoes and volcanic productions were extant on the earth. The volcanic masses were,

however, received in the masses of the mountains of wrecked matter, and are now become parts of these mountains. It cannot, therefore, be said, that in all places where volcanic productions are found on the surface of the earth, that volcanoes must really have been extant, and that subterraneous fire has produced the volcanic mountain masses on the spot where they are found. Those mountains, therefore, are alone to be considered as properly volcanic, where other signs make it evident that the volcanic productions are still almost in the same position in which the fire produced and emitted them. In those places where the above phenomenon is not observable, and where similar productions are still discovered, the volcanic mountains are become parts of the mountains of wrecked matter.

The cause of the number of mountains not being greater on the earth is, that the weak cohesion of most of the solid parts of the bodies coming into collision did not allow of the origin of a greater number of mountains. Almost all the plains of our earth consist of soft or weak coherent substances. The enormous deserts of Africa and of southern Asia consist of an incoherent sand, which is impelled by the wind, and from which in divers places single rocks, whole mountains, and uneven tracts of land elevate themselves as from a sea. The Steppes of middle and northern Asia, which serve as a residence to wandering tribes, consist of a soft sand, which appears to be more favourable to vegetation than the African, merely because it is mixed with an argillaceous mud.—The remaining flat countries have almost, without exception, a soil of weak cohesion, viz. the eastern part of South America, the plains of China, of lower Germany, and several others; whilst, on the other hand, in all places where we observe solid coherent masses on the surface of the earth, they also form greater or lesser inequalities, and therefore justify the supposition, that mountains would also appear in those countries where there are plains, if solid, coherent masses of the surface of the earth were also there extant.

R. H.



## CRITICISM.

"Nulli negabimus, nulli differemus justitiam."

*The Life of FENELON, Archbishop of Cambrai; compiled from Original Manuscripts, by M. L. F. DE BAUSSET, formerly Bishop of Alais, &c. Translated from the French by WILLIAM MUDFORD. 2 vols. 8vo. 1810.*

[Concluded from p. 397.]

**F**ENELON had such command over the powers of his mind, that he could direct them, at will, to whatever subject seemed to him to be worthy of their attention. His knowledge was not a useless store, gathered up for exhibition and pomp: it consisted rather in a sound practical wisdom, prompt to appear upon all necessary occasions. He was not merely the author, or the courtier, or the archbishop, capable of speaking and acting only in due conformity with such characters: he was the perfect man, who comprehended all that was needful, and gave utterance to his comprehensions. The following judicious advice, which he gave to a young man at court, will prove this:

"What you most have to fear," says he, "is indolence and inattention. These two errors are sufficient to create the most alarming irregularities even in those persons who are most resolved to practice virtue, and who are most abhorrent from vice.—Indolence is a languor of the soul which renders it torpid, and which deprives it of all activity for good. It is equally injurious in reference to the world as it is to God. A listless and lethargic man must ever be a poor man; and, if he hold an important station, he will bring dishonour upon himself. Indolence deprives a man of every thing that would contribute to the production of splendid talents. An enervated man is not a man; he is half a woman. The love of his own conveniences governs him, even against his greatest interest. He can neither cultivate his talents, nor acquire the necessary knowledge of his profession; nor submit to regular labour in the discharge of toilsome duties, nor endure constraint to accommodate himself to the inclinations and

humours of others, nor apply boldly to the task of self-correction. It is the *sluggard* of the scripture, who will and will not; who wishes for what is afar off, and which ought to be wished for; but whose hands fall languidly beside him when the moment of exertion arrives. What can be done with such a man? He is good for nothing. Business wearies him; serious reading fatigues him; service in the army disturbs his pleasures; even assiduous attention at court shackles him; all his time is squandered; he knows not what he does with it. Ask of him what he has done since the morning: he cannot tell you; for he has lived without knowing it; he slept as long as he could; dressed himself slowly; spoke to the first comer; walked several times round his chamber, and has heard mass negligently: dinner arrives; the time after dinner will be passed like the morning, and his whole life like this day. I repeat it, such a man is good for nothing; it would require only a little pride to be incapable of living in a manner so unworthy of a man. Worldly honour alone is sufficient to enflame our pride with rage and scorn when we behold ourselves such a lethargic being.

"It is even to be feared, that your religious sentiments, mingling with your inactivity, will gradually impel you to a retired and meditative life, which will have an external appearance of regularity, but which will be without any essential solidity. You will think it doing a great deal, if you abstain from the idle commerce of youth, and you will not be aware that religion will only be a pretext for avoiding them: the truth will be, that you find them irksome to you; that you do not possess the gay and silly vivacity which they delight in. All this will concur to plunge you deeper, from your own inclinations, into a more gloomy and serious life; but, be careful that this serious life is not as empty, as unsubstantial, and as dangerous as their foolish levities. A solemn idler, whose passions are sluggish, leads an obscure, despicable, and corrupt life, which even the

world, worldly as it is, cannot look upon without horror. Thus, you will gradually recede from society, not for God, but for your passions, or, at least, for an indolent life, which would be no less unacceptable to God, and contemptible in the eyes of the world, than the most depraved appetites."

The second volume is greatly occupied with the details of Fenelon's conduct in the revived disputes of the disciples of Jansenius, and with the letters which passed between him and his pupil the Duke of Burgundy, while the latter had the command of the armies in the Low Countries.—This correspondence is both curious and interesting: but, it may be doubted whether the Duke of Burgundy would have justified those sanguine hopes which were formed of his character. He seems, as he advanced in life, to have grown minutely religious: and his mind appeared to be more occupied with trifling details of devotion, than with those grand and commanding duties which belong to the kingly station. In the letters of Fenelon, however, we are delighted with that rich profusion of advice which he bestows upon his pupil, and which shews that he well understood what was requisite to constitute the finished monarch.

A very interesting part of the second volume is the account of Fenelon's interview with the Pretender, which we will here transcribe:—

"It would be impossible not to mention, among the admirers of Fenelon, a personage of much higher rank than the Marshal de Munich; a prince, who opened his eyes to the light of Heaven only to become the victim of that sort of fatality which had bowed down his race during so many generations. James III, son of James II, driven, at the age of five months, from the palace of his ancestors, which he was never to behold again, and excluded from a throne, even in his very infancy, which he was never to ascend, presented to the age in which he lived a striking example of the vicissitudes of all sublunary things. He served in the armies of France under the modest title of the *Chevalier de St. George*, and en-

deavoured, at least, to deserve the esteem of the enemies of his house, by acquiring honour in the profession of arms. The desire of seeing, of knowing, and of hearing Fenelon, drew him to Cambrai during the war of the Spanish succession. One who was witness of their conversations, has preserved an account of them. Respect for misfortune never clothed itself in more august and sacred language; nor never did wisdom offer counsels more adapted to the situation of a prince, whose destiny yet floated between uncertainty and hope. We do not find Fenelon wandering into those vague and general reflections which lead to no beneficial result: he knew that he spoke to the son of a king whom a nation, jealous of its political and religious liberty, had proscribed, because he had not sufficiently respected rights or prejudices which were dear to them. It was under this twofold relation that Fenelon considered the English government, and the condition of a prince to whom Providence might one day restore the sceptre which his ancestors had swayed.

" 'He recommended him, above all things,' says M. de Ramsay, in his *Life of Fenelon*, 'never to compel his subjects to change their religion. No human power can force, said he, the impenetrable bulwarks of the liberty of the heart. Force never can persuade men; it only makes hypocrites of them. When kings interfere with religion, instead of protecting it, they enslave it. Grant, therefore, to every one civil liberty, not in approving every thing, as if every thing were indifferent, but by enduring patiently whatever God permits, and by endeavouring to win men back by the mildness of persuasion.'

"He then directed his thoughts towards those advantages which a wise and moderate prince might derive from the very imperfections of the English constitution."

" 'The parliament,' said he to him, 'can do nothing without the king: and is not the king then powerful enough? The king can do nothing without the parliament; and is not a king happy in being free to do all the



good he wishes, and in having his hands secured when he desires to do evil? Every wise prince ought to wish to be only the executor of the laws, and to have a supreme council which may moderate his authority.—The despotic tyranny of sovereigns is a crime against the rights of human nature. The despotism of the multitude is a blind and infuriate power which rages against itself. A people, wanton from excessive liberty, are the most insupportable of all tyrants. The wisdom of every government consists in finding the medium, between those two fearful extremes, in a liberty which is regulated by the authority of the laws alone. But men, who are blind to their own welfare, cannot confine themselves to that medium. Sad condition of human nature!—Sovereigns, jealous of their authority, always wish to extend it; the people, enthusiastically attached to their liberty, strive to augment it. It is better, however, to endure, for the love of order, those inevitable evils which are found in the best regulated states, than to throw off the yoke of all authority, by incessantly yielding to the fury of the multitude, who act from the impulse of lawless passions. Every kind of government is necessarily imperfect, for the supreme power can be vested only in men; and every form of government is good when those who govern wish sincerely to produce good. In theory, some appear better than others; but in practice, the weakness, or the corruption of men, who are all subject to the same passions, exposes all states to nearly similar inconveniences. Two or three men almost always lead the monarch or the senate. The welfare of human society, therefore, will not be found in changing and in overthrowing what is already established; but in convincing sovereigns that the safety of their power depends upon the happiness of their subjects; and in persuading the people that their solid welfare demands subordination. Liberty, without order, is a licentiousness which leads to despotism; order, without liberty, is a slavery which ends in anarchy.

“The same historian, who has preserved all these details, adds, that the young prince seemed to be profoundly convinced of the wisdom of Fenelon’s

counsels, and declared his firm determination of conforming to them in his principles of governing, should he ever be destined to reign.

“But Providence did not permit him to exercise, upon a throne, those virtues which had been purified by long adversity. He dignified his misfortunes, however, by those valuable qualities of the mind and character, which it is so rare and, perhaps, so difficult to unite with the exercise of supreme power. His mildness, his moderation, his enlightened piety, his inviolable fidelity to his friends, his tender gratitude for their attachment, and a noble dignity in all the various circumstances of his fortune, held the hearts and affections of all those who were included in his destiny, or who were secretly favourable to his pretensions, to the last moment. The general estimation of all Europe, and the just respect of crowned heads followed him into his retreat, where he enjoyed, to the closing hour of his existence, that tranquillity and happiness which he would not have known perhaps on a throne which had been so fatal to his father and his grandfather.\*

“Fenelon seems to have discovered, during the brief interviews which he had with James III, all those qualities which he afterwards exhibited during the long course of his misfortunes. The opinion which he expressed of him in one of his letters may be considered as an anticipated history of the events of his life. We do not find in it those exaggerated eulogies, which are sometimes ostentatiously lavished upon unfortunate princes, as a dispensation from affording more substantial help; nor that hateful asperity with which their slightest errors are noted, as if they therefore merited their misfortunes, and thus to rob them of those interesting claims to commiseration which are commonly so strongly acknowledged in generous minds as they contemplate fallen greatness.

“I have had several interviews with the King of England, and I think I must tell you the good opinion which I have of him. He appears to be sen-

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\* He died at Rome on the 2d Jan 1766.

sible, mild, and consistent. He seems to understand the truths that are communicated to him. He possesses the relish of virtue, and those principles of religion by which he would regulate his conduct: he has great self-command, and he acts calmly, as a man who is neither petulant, nor fantastical, nor capricious, nor inconsistent; whose fancy is not predominant, but who consults his reason and who yields to it on all occasions. He makes it a duty to be easily accessible to all, and he is very courteous to every one. He betrays no weariness in doing it, nor impatience to get rid of them, as if wishing to be alone; nor does he seem inattentive, or abstracted in the midst of company. He is entirely occupied with the immediate business of the moment; he is dignified without pride, and he adapts his discourse and attention according to rank and merit. He has the mild and subdued gaiety of mature age; he seems to be only rationally mirthful, in order to recreate himself, and to communicate pleasure to those who are about him. He is complaisant to all, without being the tool of any; nor can that complaisance be suspected either of weakness or of levity, for he is prompt, decisive, and firm. In bold attempts, where his risk is great, he takes his share easily. I saw him depart from Cambrai after an attack of fever, which had debilitated him much, to return to the army, in consequence of some uncertain rumours of an approaching action. None who were about him would have dared to propose to him to retard his departure till more positive information should be received. Had he shewn the least irresolution, every one would have been immediately ready to persuade him to wait another day, and he would have lost the opportunity of a battle in which he has shewn great courage, and which obtained him much renown even in England. In a word, the King of England is courteous and complaisant; his virtue and his reason are experienced. His steady conduct, his consistency, his self-possession, and his power of conciliating others, his gentle and affable solemnity, and his gaiety which never degenerates into folly, have prepossessed every one in his favour."

The plans of government which Fenelon drew up for the use of the ministers of Louis XIV, betray a profound knowledge of political science. They are now first published in this work, and are highly curious. We cannot extract them, as they are too long, and too much connected to allow of detached portions being given. It is as a whole that they must be contemplated. But all his interest in the world was soon after destroyed by the death of his pupil, which happened on the 18th Feb. 1712, and which was mysteriously preceded and followed by that of his wife and son.—What his feelings were upon this occasion are forcibly expressed in the following letter which he wrote to the Duke de Chevreuse, when he had somewhat recovered from the first shock which the intelligence created:

"Alas! my good Duke, God has taken from us all our hopes for the church and state. He formed that young prince; he adorned him; he prepared him for the greatest blessings; he shewed him to the world for awhile, and then he snatched him away. I am filled with horror, and sick, and yet am not ill. I am alarmed for you and the good Duke de Beauvilliers; I fear, also, for the king; his preservation is of infinite importance. Peace was never so much to be desired. What would be the consequences were we plunged into the storms of a minority, with no queen-regent, with an expensive and destructive war to carry on, every thing exhausted, and every thing pushed to the last extremity? The king is, unfortunately, too old to expect that he can live to see his successor fit to govern after him. Should we even be so fortunate as to avoid a minority, according to law, that is, above the age of fourteen, it would be impossible to avoid a real minority, in which a child would always lend its name to the most powerful. There is no perfectly safe remedy against the danger of this state of affairs. But, if human prudence can effect any thing that is beneficial, it will be to provide immediately for the education and government of the young prince, in such a manner as may be of some utility, if we should unfortunately lose the king,



His honour, his glory, his love for the royal house and for his people, and, finally, his conscience, all imperiously demand of him that he should adopt every security which human prudence can adopt on this occasion. Not to attend to this, beyond all other objects, would be to expose the state, and even the church, to the most imminent peril. Upon this subject it must be endeavoured to persuade Madame de Maintenon, and all the ministers, to unite in making the strongest representations to the king. Numberless reflections would arise, but you will make them better than I can: I have neither time nor energy sufficient. I trust God will inspire you: never had we greater need of his benediction.

"P.S. I am informed that the Duchess de Chevreuse has been ill. I am very anxious about her. Oh, my God! what sorrows flow from real friendship!"

How keenly must he have felt a loss which overthrew, in a moment, the splendid fabric which he had been rearing for years. Yet, the love of his country was so impressed upon his heart, that he still continued to devise plans for its good, even after this solemn calamity had befallen it.

We cannot omit to mention three disquisitions in the second volume, which we read with peculiar pleasure. They were written to satisfy the inquiries of the Duke of Orleans upon the subjects of *Religious Worship—Free Will*—and the *Immortality of the Soul*, and nothing can excel the perspicuous, simple, and efficacious manner in which Fenelon discussed these intricate topics. We cannot refrain from quoting the first, and shortest, as a specimen:—

"God has said, 'I will not give my glory to another.' Every thing comes from him: every thing must therefore return to him. He could not create intelligent beings but with the intention that those beings should employ their intelligence in knowing him and in admiring him, and their will in loving and obeying him. We belong, not to ourselves, but to him who made us. God, in creating man, proposed to himself, as the final cause of his work, to render himself known as an infinite

truth, and to render himself beloved as a universal good. The moment we admit that God alone is entitled to all our love, as the author of our existence, and, consequently, as our first benefactor, there remains no longer any question as to divine worship; because there is no other worship than that of love, says St. Augustin, *nec colitur nisi amando*; it is an adoration in spirit and in truth; it is the only end for which God created us; he has given us love merely that we should love him. Let men be once thoroughly convinced of the love which they owe to God as creator and preserver, and every doubt is dissipated, every repugnance of the human heart is overcome, and every pretext for irreligion and impiety vanishes. I do not reason; I demand nothing of man; I relinquish him to his love; let him love, with all his heart, him to whom he owes every thing; and then let him do what he pleases; and what will please him will be nothing but the purest religion; this is perfect worship: he loves and obeys.

"This love, it will be said, is an inward worship; but where shall exterior worship be found? Why should we suppose that God demands it?—But, is it not evident, that external worship is a necessary consequence of the inward worship of love? Let us imagine a society of men who consider themselves as being only a single family upon the earth, and whose father is in Heaven: is it not true, that in this divine society the mouth would always speak out of the abundance of the heart? They would unceasingly admire the author of their existence; they would love his goodness, who watched over them as his children; they would sing his praises; they would bless him for all his benefits; they would institute a generous emulation in celebrating his glory; and they would feel a tender compassion for those among them who should contempt the duties which gratitude dictated. What do you call an external devotion, if that be not one?

"It must be proved, they will say, that besides love, and the virtues which are inseparable from it, that man owes, to God, public and stated ceremonies. But these ceremonies are not the essential part of religion,

which consists in love and in virtue. These ceremonies are instituted, not, as being the essential effect of religion, but merely as the signs which serve to manifest it, to nourish it in ourselves, and to communicate it to others. These ceremonies are the same, with regard to God, as testimonies of respect are towards a father, and of external honour and homage towards a king. It is not evident that men, being attached to the senses and weak in reason, have a still stronger necessity for visible means to impress upon them due respect for an invisible majesty, which is contrary to all their passions. This sentiment is so natural to man, that every nation, which has worshipped any divinity, has fixed its adoration in some external demonstrations which they call ceremonies. As soon as the inward feeling exists, it necessarily follows that the external act should express it, and communicate it to the whole society. The human species, until the time of Moses, made offerings and sacrifices; Moses instituted them in the Jewish church; and the Christians received them from Jesus Christ. When God had not regulated these ceremonies by written laws, men followed tradition, which had been preserved from the origin of human kind; and when God had regulated these ceremonies by written laws, men were to observe them inviolably. Even the Protestants, who have so strongly censured our ceremonies, have not been able to dispense with all of them: so true it is that they are needful to man.

“ We have only to compare these two different plans. In the one, each acknowledging the true God, would honour him inwardly after his own fashion, without giving any sign of that honour to the rest of mankind. In the other, there is a common worship, in which every one offers up his adoration, cherishes his love, edifies his brethren, declares God to those who know him not or have forgotten him, and maintains in himself the relish of those virtues which religious charity (much more active than simple beneficence) inspires for the welfare and order of society, and for the consolation of all human afflictions. Is it not evident that the second plan is a thousand times more worthy of

pleasing the author of nature, and more calculated for the wants of mankind, than the former?

“ It is objected that God is infinitely above man; that there is no proportion between them; that God has no need of our worship; and, lastly, that this worship of a finite will, is unworthy of a being infinite in perfection. It is true, that God has no need of our worship; but he may wish that worship which, though imperfect, is not unworthy of him, and it is perhaps only on account of this worship that he has created us.

“ When we would ascertain what is, or what is not fit for an infinite being, we must not seek to know it by the means of our weak and short-sighted reason. We are fully conscious that God could not have had a nobler, or more elevated, end in creating us, than that of making himself known to, and beloved by us. That action of knowing and loving God is the most perfect operation, which he can obtain from his creature, and which he can propose to himself as the object of his work. If the Deity could not create, from nothing, any being but upon the condition of obtaining from it some operation as perfect as the divinity himself, he could never have created any being from nothing, for there is no one who could produce any operation as perfect as God. The noblest and most perfect operation which the finite and imperfect nature of the human race can produce, is the knowledge and love of God. That which God obtains from man, must be as imperfect as man himself is: but God obtains that which man is enabled to produce most perfect, and it is sufficient to accomplish the plan, that God obtains from his creature that which he can best obtain in the limits to which he has restricted him: then he is content with his work; his power has done what his wisdom demands.

“ We cannot doubt that there are men who know not God, and that many among them do not love him, or, at least, do not desire to love him. It is certain, that it is the will of God to make himself known and beloved; for, were it not, we could never either know or love him. I confess that we cannot either know or love, infinitely,



infinite perfection. Our highest knowledge will always remain infinitely imperfect, in comparison with a being infinitely perfect. In a word, though we know God; we can never comprehend him; but, we know him sufficiently to declare and that he is not, and to attribute to him the perfections which suit him without any fear of deceiving ourselves. There is no being in nature whom we confound with God. There is nothing more astonishing than the idea of God which I have within me; it is infinity contained within a finite being. I cannot comprehend how I can have that idea in my mind; but still I do have it. It is superfluous to examine how I can have it, since I have it; the fact is clear and decisive. The man who knows and loves God, according to his full measure of knowledge and love, is incomparably more worthy of that perfect being than the man who would be, as it were, without a God in this world, caring neither to know nor to love him.

“Here are two different plans of the work of God. The one is as worthy of his wisdom and goodness as it is possible to conceive; the other is in no manner worthy, and has no reasonable end and object: it is easy to conclude which God has followed.

“There are men who, with hypocritical and insidious humility, pretend to exaggerate their own unworthiness, their own insignificance, and the infinite disproportion which there is between God and man, in order to shake off the yoke of the Deity, and to gratify all their irregular appetites. They picture to themselves a God so distant from the earth, so haughty, and so indifferent also, that he does not deign to watch over mankind; and they imagine that every one, unrestrained by his notice, may live without order, at the mercy of his passions and his pride. In thus seeming to exalt the Deity, they degrade him, for they depict him as a God, indifferent to the welfare and misery, to the virtue and vice of his creatures, and to the order and disorder of the world which he has formed.

“But, compare these two plans. In the one, we behold a wise, a good, a vigilant Deity, who arranges, who corrects, who rewards; and who

wishes to be known, loved, and obeyed. In the other, we behold a God regardless of our conduct, and who is moved neither by virtue nor by vice; who abandons man to be the sport of his thoughtless pride and of his ignominious passions: who neglects him after having created him: and who cares not to be known or to be beloved by him, though he has endowed him with an intelligence capable of knowing, and a soul capable of loving him. Compare these two plans in the still calmness of reason, in the silence of the passions, with a feeling of virtue and sincerity, and I defy you not to prefer the first to the second.”

We must now hasten to the conclusion of our account of these interesting and important volumes.

Fenelon experienced that heavy calamity of protracted existence, the loss of all those friends with whom he had set forth upon the journey of life. —He survived them nearly all, and perhaps this circumstance might strongly help to enable him more patiently to expect his own dissolution. When we have nothing in this world to attach us to it, the pains of death are weak. We shall transcribe the account of his own closing moments as it has been delivered down to us by an eye-witness:—

“It was on the evening of the 1st January, 1715, that Fenelon was first seized with the illness which terminated his life. This illness, which lasted only six days and a half, attended with extreme pain, was a continued fever, arising from unknown causes. During the whole of those six days, he was occupied wholly in having the scripture read to him; but, during the first days, his desire was only partially gratified, for it was feared that the eager application which he bestowed would increase his disease, and prevent the free operation of the remedies which he employed. At first, we read to him only the book of Tobit, and but small portions at a time: to this were added, according to circumstances, some texts on the transitory nature of all worldly good, and on the hope of that which exists for ever. These we often repeated to him; and he appeared to feel peculiar delight in hearing the

last verses of chapter iv. and the first nine of chapter v. of the Second Epistle of St. Paul to the Corinthians. *'Repeat that passage again,'* said he to me, on two different occasions. At intervals he was spoken to about some urgent business relating to his diocese, which he immediately transacted — He was asked if there were any thing which he wished to alter in his will, (which had been made in 1715), and he added a codicil, to substitute the Abbé de Fénelon in the place of the Abbé de Langeron, whom he had before nominated his executor. I then asked for his final instructions with regard to two works which he was printing.\*

“ During the last two days and nights of his illness, he eagerly requested us to read to him those parts of scripture which were most suitable to his condition. *'Repeat, repeat to me,'* he frequently said, *'those divine words.'* He joined with us as often as his strength would permit. It was easy to perceive, from his countenance and his eyes, that he fervently felt those lively expressions of faith, of hope, of love, of resignation, of union with God, and of conformity to Jesus Christ, which were inculcated in those texts. He made us frequently repeat the words which the church has applied to St. Martin, and has attributed to that eminent bishop of the Gallican church. — *'Lord, if I am yet needful to thy people, I will not shrink from the labour; thy will be done. Oh man, whom we cannot praise too much! He was unwearied in labour; he was unconquered even by death; he feared not to live, and he refused not to die.'* The Archbishop of Cambrai seemed to be full of the same holy and devout submission to the will of God. On that occasion, and in imitation of the disciples of St. Martin, I ventured to ask him, *'But why do you leave us? In this state of desolation, to whom will you confide us? Perhaps the ravening wolves may come and lay your flock waste.'* He replied only with sighs.

“ Though he had confessed himself

\* His pastoral letter, in the form of dialogues, on the controversies of the times.

on Christmas eve, before chanting the midnight mass, he confessed himself again on the second day of his illness. On the third day, in the morning, he desired me to administer the sacrament to him; in an hour afterwards he asked me if every thing was ready for that ceremony. When I told him that I thought his danger was not so great as to require it, he replied, *'In my present condition, there is nothing more important to me.'*

“ He immediately caused himself to be carried from the small chamber which he usually occupied, into his large room. He desired that all the members of his chapter might be present at that act of religion. Before receiving the sacrament, he addressed some pious conversation to each of the assistants, which I could not hear but confusedly, as I was too far from the bed.

“ In the afternoon of the fourth day, the Abbé de Beaumont and the Marquis of Fénelon, his two nephews, arrived post from Paris. He felt evident joy at seeing them; he enquired who had acquainted them with his danger, their grief prevented them from replying a single word: they merely pointed to the Abbé de Fénelon, who was at Cambrai when the illness first manifested itself.

“ Though he had shewn the most tender grief at the death of the Abbé de Langeron, his intimate friend, and at that of the Duke of Burgundy, his pupil, yet he beheld, unmoved, in his last moments, the sorrow and the tears of all those whom he most affectionately loved.

“ The Abbé de Beaumont and the Marquis of Fénelon had prudently brought with them, from Paris, the celebrated Chirac, the principal physician of Louis XIV, who immediately held a consultation with the chief medical men of the place, who had attended Fénelon, and prescribed for his disease. They agreed that he should be bled a second time, and to give him an emetic: the effect was immediate, and he seemed to be relieved; some hopes, indeed, of his recovery began to be entertained: but, it soon appeared that the disease was more powerful than the remedies.



It was the will of God to take to himself one of those bishops who could have served the church, most effectually, in these times of schism and insubordination.

"On the morning of the Epiphany, having expressed to me his regret at being unable to perform mass himself, I went, by his order, to perform it for his spiritual good.—During that short interval, he seemed to grow evidently weaker, and he received extreme unction.

"Immediately afterwards, he called me to his bed-side, and having required every other person to leave the room, he dictated to me his last letter, which he signed, ordering me to shew it to four persons here, and to send it off the moment his eyes were closed. It was in dictating this letter, that, collecting all his strength, and feeling that he was about to appear before his God, he sought to fit himself by a declaration of his real sentiments. Short as the letter is, it would be impossible to express greater disinterestedness for his family, more respect and attachment for his King, more affection for his diocese, more zeal for the faith against the errors of the Jansenists, or a more absolute submission to the church, mother and mistress.

"He suffered a great deal the rest of the day, and during his last night: but he rejoiced in being like Jesus Christ by suffering. '*I am on the cross,*' said he, '*with Jesus Christ.*' *Christo confixus sum cruci.* We then read those texts of scripture which relate to the necessity of suffering, to its brevity, and to its minuteness, compared to the immense magnitude of eternal glory with which God rewards it. His pains increasing, we told him what St. Luke relates of Jesus Christ: that, on those occasions, he redoubled his prayers—'*Factus in agonia, prolixius orabat.* Jesus Christ,' added he himself, 'repeated three times the same prayer, *Oravit tertio eundem sermonem dicens,*' but the violence of the pain not permitting him to finish alone, we continued, with him,—'*Father, if thou be willing, remove this cup from me; nevertheless, not my will, but thine be done.*'—'Yes, Lord,' he repeated, rais-

ing his trembling voice as much as he could, '*thy will, and not mine.*'—His fever increased at intervals, and occasioned delirium, which he himself perceived, and respecting which he was alarmed; but nothing escaped his lips that was in any manner unbefitting. When his paroxysm was passed, he was seen immediately to clasp his hands, raise his eyes to Heaven, full of entire submission, and peacefully resigned to God. That religious submission had been, from his youth, the prevailing sentiment of his heart, and he always reverted to it in his most familiar discourses. It was, as it were, his food and nourishment, and he loved that they should taste of it who lived in intimacy with him.

"I still recollect with anguish the affecting scene of that last night. All the individuals of his pious family, who were assembled at Cambrai; the Abbé de Beaumont, the Marquis of Fenelon, the Abbé de Fenelon, the Chevaliers de Fenelon, M. de l'Eschelle, formerly one of those who conducted the education of the Duke of Burgundy, the Abbé de l'Eschelle, his brother, and the Abbé Devisse, their nephew, came, successively, during his lucid intervals, to implore and receive his benediction, to present him the crucifix to kiss, and to address to him some words of pious consolation. There were, also, some persons of the town, who came to receive his last benediction. His servants then approached altogether, and bathed in tears, to ask it of him, and he gave it them with friendly kindness. The Abbé le Vayer, (of the congregation of St. Sulpice) superior of the seminary at Cambrai, received it also for the seminary, and for the diocese. He then recited the *prières des agonisants*, intermingling, occasionally, short and affecting passages from scripture, most suitable to the condition of the dying man, who was about half an hour without giving any sign of consciousness: after which, he gently expired, at a quarter past five in the morning, on the 7th January, 1715.

"We believe that our holy and pious archbishop died, as he had lived, with perfect sanctity. Every

one who had been most intimate with him, was eager to possess something which had belonged to him. He left behind him no ready money; the losses and the great expense which the vicinity of the armies, during the last three campaigns, had occasioned, was the cause of it; for, notwithstanding them, he retrenched none of the alms which he gave to the convents of the town, to the poor *ordinands*\* of his seminary, to the nuns of charity for the indigent sick, to the parishes which he visited, to the students of his diocese whom he supported at the universities, and to various other purposes. Hence, his revenues were absolutely exhausted. He appointed, by his will, the Abbé de Beaumont his nephew, his sole heir, to execute his pious intentions, which were communicated to him alone; and M. de Beaumont continued to dispense the same alms to the poor, as the archbishop had done, till the arrival of his successor.

“Such are the things which I observed respecting the conduct of our holy archbishop, during the last days of his life. His nephews, and the other persons, who scarcely ever quitted him during his illness, may have noticed things which I did not, or which I cannot now recollect.”

In our analysis of these volumes we have been far from able to convey to our readers an adequate idea of their value. The author has availed himself of every information which his own industry could collect, or which the kindness of others could impart. He has not, indeed, always used his materials with as much skill as might be wished: but though they may be deficient in external recommendation, their intrinsic value must always remain unimpaired. We confidently hope that the translation of these volumes will tend to diffuse the knowledge of Fenelon's character: of that character which was compounded of as much human virtue as can justly be expected in man. In this country he was but little known, except by

his writings: and it is always to be regretted, that when a man's life is still more illustrious than his works, they should ever be separated in the minds of posterity.

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ELEGY to the MEMORY of THOMAS PAINE: to which is added his Epitaph, and a Sonnet written in the Chamber in which he was born. By THOMAS CLIO RICKMAN. p.p. 14. 1810.

MR. RICKMAN is known as an ardent admirer of the character and writings of his late friend Thomas Paine, and consistently with that admiration, the present tribute to his memory is honourable to his feelings. It can be of no consequence that some estimate Paine's writings in a different manner to what Mr. R. does: he has used his own judgment in the appreciation of his friend, with that perfect independence which we think every man has a right to do: though with more than some men have courage to do.

With regard to the present pamphlet, it is written in Mr. Rickman's usual manner. The elegy is in quatrains, and is, perhaps, as good as such subjects can be. The concluding stanzas are the best, however. A life of Paine, by Mr. Rickman, is announced at the commencement of the work.

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THE LOWER WORLD. A Poem, in Four Books, with Notes. By Mr. PRATT. 1 vol. 8vo. 1810. p.p. 148.

THE subject of this poem is one which ought to interest every good man in the kingdom. The cause of humanity should find a sanction in every breast. Humanity is the parent of many virtues that adorn and dignify life: in the exercise of it we are approximated to one of the attributes of God himself. It is a sweet companion of the heart, which communicates more exquisite pleasure to the possessor than they, who have not, can possibly surmise.

We have watched, with anxious concern, the progress of Lord Erskine's bill, and have beheld, with regret,

3 P

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\* They who present themselves to the bishop, to be received into holy orders.—*Trans.*



the hitherto unsuccessful result. But we have not relinquished hope; the noble earl has energy of character and goodness of heart, and these, directed to a virtuous cause, will surely triumph in the end. It may seem wonderful that a measure, the sole aim of which is, to rescue a helpless part of the creation from undeserved and bitter suffering, to teach man, degraded man, by the loud and authoritative voice of law, what his duty is towards those creatures of God's hands, which he, in his eternal wisdom, thought good to place in our power, which endeavours to diminish the quantity of misery in the world, to abridge the empire of groans and agony and torture, to restrict the licentiousness of barbarity, and the relentless persecution of wanton cruelty; it may, we say, seem wonderful that such a measure should find one human being hostile to its success. But the passions of men form a mist round their faculties, through which some cannot, and some will not see. Their heads are filled with fantasies, and their hearts are dormant. They view the question as a *political* thing: but this is erroneous: it is wilful perversion: it is a question which, to use the emphatic and oft-quoted words of Lord Bacon, "comes home to men's business and bosoms:" it is a question which may be decided without a cold and calculating reference to party or opinion. Is cruelty a virtue? Have animals feeling like ourselves? Do we love torture? Let these questions be answered as they ought, and then, where is the plea upon which the *principle* of the bill can be opposed. Yet we do not wonder. Political men have two sets of moral notions: they have one for private and one for public use. We can well believe that there is not an individual sitting in either house of parliament who, if he were interrogated in his closet upon the question of Lord Erskine's bill, would not cordially assent to its propriety: he must: for there is no man so lost to all sense of what is right that he will as boldly vindicate vice as act it. But no sooner does it become a parliamentary question, than he views it in quite a different light: his notions then are to be regulated by who is the mover of the

bill, by the party who support it, and by the party who oppose it. It is in this manner that the clearest principles of right and wrong become obscured, and the same man may be privately moral and publicly immoral. It was thus that the question of the slave trade required twenty years of discussion, before parliament could be brought to believe that the traffic in human blood was a grievance which required to be removed. Time and perseverance, however, effected the abolition of that monstrous system of iniquity, and the recollection of this furnishes us with reasonable hope that Lord Erskine's exertions will be finally successful, and we hope within a much shorter period.

It cannot be doubted, however, that it is a sacred duty with every man who has the means, to aid the prosecution of this business as far as lies in his power. Small helps have, in the aggregate, a power equal to their united force. If a man waits to do good till he can do it splendidly, he will let life slip away without doing it at all. It is the lot of only a few to *direct* a nation's views: but it may be the lot of thousands to prepare the nation for that direction, and if this be done in a good cause, every man who has thus contributed his assistance, has a right to regard himself as one whose exertions were not wholly useless. We wish to enforce this truth, for there are many who are sincerely desirous that Lord Erskine should succeed, but who yet abstain from any active endeavours to promote that success from an apprehension that they are too obscure to have any influence. But this is false reasoning. Every man has influence somewhere: either over his neighbour, or his family, or his friend: let him exert it wherever he has it, and he may take to himself the gratifying consciousness that he has not exerted it in vain. The silent reformation of opinion will be gradually working, and, in the end, produce one general, simultaneous tendency. We do not always acknowledge our conversion: but we shew it in our actions when it has taken place.

With regard to the poem now before us, it has our decided approba-

tion, both as to its intention and execution. Mr. Pratt is known, already, as a writer, whose pen has always been consecrated to the interests of virtue and humanity; and they who have been delighted with the effusions of his muse, will learn, with regret, that this is the last poetical production that will issue from her. This is stated in the preface, and it is also stated that the poem has been written under the pressure of sickness.

It is divided into four books, of which the first is, perhaps, the least interesting, necessarily arising from its nature. The author's appeal, however, to living writers to exercise their respective talents in the cause, is appropriate and well managed; and we were pleased with his address to his own *protégé*, Blacket. The following lines deserve transcription —

But the dread *human* savage, still untam'd,  
Boast of the HIGHER WORLD, yet unreclaim'd:  
Oh! for a law that monster to enchain,  
Who boasts the *luxury* of giving pain!  
Who proudly keeps the trembling earth in awe,  
For him the LOWER WORLD, demand a law.  
"A law for brutes," exclaims some tyrant vile,  
The claim repulsing, with a scornful smile;  
"A vassal tribe, the creatures of my nod,  
Who owe to me the gifts I owe to God.  
I, that can punish, pardon, or devour,  
And prove a thousand ways my sovereign power,  
Inferior, senseless beings, bought and sold,  
Slaves of my stall, my stable, and my fold;  
For these, now fed, now smoking on my board,  
For these a law—to try their sovereign Lord!  
As well my footstool might my foot reprove;  
And what are brutes but furniture that move?  
Were not all these to my dominion giv'n  
A voluntary boon, *unask'd* of Heav'n?  
Unworthy God, had been th' Almighty plan,  
Had it provided less for favour'd man;  
A godlike being suits a godlike world,  
Else, in disorder, still had all been hurl'd.  
But all were subjected to man's control,  
Exclusive guide and master of the whole.  
Coeval with creation thus it stood,  
The Great Creator hence pronounced it good!

"But go—subvert Heaven's long-established plan,  
Exalt the grovelling brute, and sink the man.  
With powers enlarged, invest an *inferior* race,  
Ordain'd by Heaven to fill the lowest place,  
In the wild school of these distemper'd times,  
Frame a new code of punishments and crimes.  
Go—argue *rights* that, ere, they shall prevail,  
The sacred statutes of thy God shall fail;  
Statutes, that gave to sov'reign man the ball,  
Himself of myriad tribes, the judge and lord of all."

Blasphemer cease! nor thus profane the law  
Which Patriarch heard, and taught with pious awe;  
Nor thus misconstrue the command of Heav'n,  
In tenderest MERCY, as in Wisdom giv'n;  
Formed was the Word, to serve thy brute and thee,  
From famine man, and brute from tyranny;  
Yet gave to man the more endearing share,  
A master's friends, and guardian's generous care.  
God gave in trust, the rights of all the rest,  
To thee, his image on thy soul impress'd;  
Rights fix'd as thine, and since thou dar'st  
To hear,  
The dauntless Muse shall peal them in thine ear;  
Show to thine eye, what thou, perforce, shalt see,  
THE DREAD ACCOUNT BETWIXT  
THY SLAVE AND THEE!

The design of the second book is pleasing. The cruel are summoned to appear before their accusers: the *horse*, the *dog*, the *ox*, the *ass*, &c. and the several accusations are supported with appropriate pathos and dignity. The first accuser is the dog, which we will extract.

First, answer to thy Dog, as first in place,  
Friend at thy board, companion of thy chace,  
His no foul crime of "friend remembered, not,"  
Each kindness cherish'd, and each wrong forgot;  
And though full oft he feels thy stripes unjust,  
He bears them all, and humbles to the dust;  
Ungurmuring bears them, and one slight caress,  
Tho' smitten to the bone, again can bless.  
S P 2



Thy day of labour he is proud to share,  
And guards thy slumbers with a lover's  
care;

Thy presence hails, thy absence fondly  
mourns,  
While bounding raptures mark thy wish'd  
returns;

To rage, to anguish, e'en to *Death*, resign'd,  
What nobler feelings boast thy nobler kind?

By nature fierce, at length subdued, and  
mild,  
To each kind office of a duteous child—  
Who, a dark Sire guides through the pres-  
sing throng,

See how yon *TERRIER* gently leads along  
The feeble Beggar, to his custom'd stand,  
With piteous tale, to woo the bounteous  
hand;

In willing bonds, but master of the way,  
Ne'er leads that trusted friend, his charge,  
astray

With slow, soft step, as conscious of his  
As if his own deep sorrows form'd the  
prayer—

Should yielding Charity the scrip supply,  
Tho' hunger press'd, untouch'd the boon  
would lie;

Eyes to the blind, he notes the passing  
thief,

And guards the good Samaritan's relief;  
A faithful steward, midst unbounded power,  
Patient he waits the home-returning hour;  
Then, reconducts his master to his shed,  
And grateful banquets on the coarsest bread  
And were that cheerless shed, by Fortune  
plac'd,

In the deep cavern, on the naked waste,  
The sport of every storm, unroof'd and bare,  
This faithful slave would find a palace there;  
Would feel the labours of his love o'erpaid,  
Near to his monarch master's pillow laid;  
Unchang'd, by change of circumstance, or  
place:

O SACRED LESSON TO A PROUDER RACE!

But, Reasoner, say, are these thy gifts  
of art,

Or, native graces of the canine heart?  
Say, does he owe this social change of state,  
To imitation of the fair and great?

Copied from thee, and do his virtues rise  
From man's example of the Good and

If thou hast thus reclaim'd from savage  
strife,

And made him thus a link of social life,  
Ask thy own soul—that every harshness  
knows—

How oft his joys are follow'd by his woes;  
And, if like thee, this Slave could count  
his gains,

Say, would his pleasures balance to his  
pains?

Behold these pains in varied forms dis-  
play'd,

Then reckon what the poor reclaim'd, has  
paid

For all thy boasted patronage, to prove  
The proud distinction of thy vaunted love.

Reckon those scars, which thy unkindness  
gave,

A still-forgiving, still-insulted slave;  
Reckon that wanton gash, that mangled  
limb,

From hateful vengeance this, and that  
from whim;

Reckon that stunning stroke, which to the  
ground

Brought thy true friend, to welter in his  
wound;

Count too, the anguish of those sounding  
blows,

And the deep stream, that blushes as it  
flows:

From yon stak'd *BULL*, whom thy slip'd  
Dogs annoy,

Their mutual rage, their pangs, thy savage  
joy!

A sport of demons in their central hell!—  
To *FORCE* the combat terrible and fell,

At which the direst of the fiends might start,  
Rouse the strong instinct of the mother's  
heart;

The *PARENTS'* LOVE AND FEAR at once  
in flame,

And swell to acts the Muse forbears to  
name;

Forbears such guilty horrors to rehearse,  
Or stain with crimes so foul her sacred  
verse.

Yet e'en this massacre, were life restor'd,  
The mangled servant, would forgive his  
Lord;

His love would all thy cruelty survive,  
And by another piece-meal death, to please  
thee strive!

Wretch? could'st thou see him when thy  
useless breath

At last shall give thee to the grasp of death,  
When, haply, thy sole mourner, fix'd he  
stands,

Watches thy couch, and licks thy barbarous  
hands;

Those hands that long have tried their  
force to prove,

Thy heart was dead to pity, truth, and love.  
Ah! could'st thou view him, seem to look  
a prayer,

Or heave the moan that seem'd to speak  
despair;

Then follow sad thy body to the grave,  
There, each extremity of hunger brave;

Nor quit the spot, till famine, fraud, or  
force,

Drove him awhile to quit thy much-lov'd  
corse;

Soon to return—enamour'd of the spot—  
 Thy savage nature, rage, and stripes forgot;  
 Could'st thou see this, perchance, one tear  
     would start,  
 One brief compunction stir thy stony heart;  
 Then might'st thou wish Ingratitude for-  
     giv'n,  
 And dread, that crime of hell, to show of-  
     fended Heav'n!

The reader will perceive, from these extracts, that Mr. Pratt has treated his subject with no ordinary energy and interest. The several pictures which he exhibits, lay strong hold on the feelings; and his indignant reprehensions of the vice itself do him great honour. The following appeal to parents is judicious and impressive:—

Mothers! be prompt—for your's the  
     awful care  
 Of “infant man”—of each extreme be-  
     ware;  
 If weakly fond—now doating—now severe,  
 The Slave and Tyrant you by turns appear.  
 If now you hold too tight, now slack the  
     rein,  
 Now bribe, and now delude the youthful  
     train;—  
 If now by anger urg'd, now mov'd by love,  
 You but increase the ills you would re-  
     move;—  
 The stripling spurns at undeserv'd disgrace,  
 And sits himself in judgment on his case;  
 Resists and ridicules unequal sway,  
 Usurps the matron throne, or bursts in  
     scorn away.

And you, ye Fathers, lur'd by tender  
     thought,  
 By potent Nature's magic instincts taught;  
 That when the Sire's allotted sands are run,  
 He fills again his hour-glass in the sun;  
 His future self, his present hope and pride—  
 Yet, ah! beware, lest Nature should mis-  
     guide.  
 In Brute she cannot err, in Man she may,  
 The fondest Sires led most their sons  
     astray;  
 And oft th' enraptur'd parents' feelings  
     prove,  
 Than hate more fatal, tho' they spring from  
     love.

Soon as the long-wish'd gift—an heir  
     appears,  
 Nature comes smiling through her graceful  
     tears!  
 Comes in a mother's form, and gives the boy  
 To a glad father's arms, and all is joy!  
 The pangs maternal change to speechless  
     bliss!

And that immortal moment, when the  
     kiss,  
 The first fond kiss the infant's lip receives,  
 Unconscious of the transport that it gives;  
 The new emotions thronging to the heart,  
 What future moments shall such joy  
     impart?  
 The happy father would that joy declare,  
 Were it bestow'd while thunders rent the  
     air!  
 And summer seem to rise on winter's  
     morn,  
 'Tis Nature's jubilee—~~son is born!~~  
 Indulge awhile the luxury supreme!  
 Yet, will it pass like Fancy's baseless  
     dream?  
 Ere as night's vapour from the sunbeam  
     flies,  
 If the rapt father proves more fond than  
     wise;  
 If no soft tear attempers ardent hope,  
 If the strong instinct takes too wide a  
     scope,  
 This blessing so invok'd, implor'd in prayer!  
 The father curses in his soul's despair!  
 Horrors succeed! the crime full oft his  
     own,  
 From purest passion, into dotage grown.

Haste then, O haste, to teach, with  
     timely care,  
 The sacred principle to aid and spare!  
 While yet the plastic infant may receive,  
 E'en like the new-fall'n snow, the print  
     you give;  
 Ere that impressive, pliant hour be lost,  
 Like the snow harden'd to unbending  
     frost;  
 Fix in the ductile breast this awful truth,  
 An honour'd age must spring from well-  
     form'd youth.  
 Teach him, that MERCY by his God was  
     giv'n,  
 A seraph messenger direct from Heav'n!  
 That all his race in guilt and grief had  
     died,  
 Nor ended there, had Mercy been deny'd!  
 Tell him, Compassion, is sweet Mercy's  
     child,  
 Firm and yet tender, and not weak tho'  
     mild;  
 That from the purest source compassion  
     flows,  
 Yet largely shares the blessing it bestows;  
 On his young heart the moral sense im-  
     press,  
 The fall'n to raise, the injur'd to redress;  
 One truth, o'er other truths sublime, re-  
     veal,  
 THAT BEAST, BIRD, INSECT, LIKE HIM-  
     SELF CAN FEEL;  
 That every pang which you for him could  
     know,  
 The mother's agony, the father's woe.—



Should some fell arm your blossom'd hope  
destroy,  
And in *his* death bereave your souls of joy,  
Would all be theirs! like anguish and  
despair,  
And tho' more brief than your's as hard to  
bear!

But, from whatever source the vice is  
brought,  
Infus'd by Nature, or from habit caught;  
Since the fell monster has acquit'd at  
length  
More than a giant's size, a giant's strength,  
Lifts the Colossal arm, Briarian hand,  
Wantons in pow'r, and stains with blood  
the land;  
The voice of thousands in one mingled  
cry,  
That find an echo in the pitying sigh—  
For justice calls upon that fiend of strife,  
Who sports and revels in the waste of  
life;  
Who tries the round of tortures to annoy,  
Those who *can* rob him of no human joy;  
Those who repair his strength, his wants  
remove,  
Promote his pleasure, and deserve his love;  
His being cherish, and his failing breath,  
Nor quit him in the agonies of Death.

We have selected the following instances of cruelty, from the notes which are appended to this poem. Let any read them, and then seriously reflect whether there does not need some law, some power, to prevent such horrid enormities from being wantonly practised by creatures whom, to call men, would be to profane the term.

“*The parents love and fear*] A butcher lately brought a bitch with her puppies to a bull-baiting, and exclaimed, ‘I will not say any thing about the goodness of this breed; you shall see.’ Immediately he let the bitch at the bull, who pinned him, although she had now scarcely a tooth in her head. He then cut her to pieces with a hedge-bill, and she quitted her hold only with her breath. There was instantly a great demand for the whelps, and he sold them for five guineas a piece. This horrible fact is confirmed by Bewick, and various testimonies no less credible. To put an end to this savage custom of bull-baiting at Wokingham, in Berkshire (where one George Staver-ton, to his eternal disgrace, left property in 1661, for the purchase of a bull, to be baited every St. Thomas’s

day), on the 20th of December, 1801, a most impressive and eloquent sermon was preached by Dr. Barry of Reading.”

‘Died, at T— —, John A——, Esq. He was very fond of cock-fighting; and had a favourite cock upon which he had won many profitable matches. The last bet he laid upon this cock, he lost; which so enraged him, that he had the bird tied to a spit, and roasted alive before a large fire. The screams of the miserable animal were so affecting, that some gentlemen who were present attempted to interfere; which so enraged Mr. A——, that he seized a poker, and with the most furious vehemence declared, that he would kill the first man who interposed; but, in the midst of his passionate asseverations, he fell down dead upon the spot.” — *vide Gentleman's Mag. and Encyclopædia Britannica.*

“*The mangling whip.*] A few months ago, the following unparalleled instance of cruelty occurred at North Shields — A horse, drawing a heavily loaded cart up Bedford-street, being unable to reach the summit of the hill, the driver, assisted by a joiner, beat the animal most unmercifully, to no purpose; at length the latter suggested the horrid scheme of setting fire to a quantity of shavings under the horse's belly, which was actually adopted, without any apparent remorse. The poor animal made every exertion to remove the vehicle, but in vain; and, after the fire had spent its fury, the two monsters were under the necessity of clapping their shoulders to the cart, in aid of that brute they had so cruelly tormented.”

These are but a few instances of that cruelty of which the human heart is capable when unpurged of its vices by education and refinement: and, as there must be, in every country, a large proportion of its population which is thus uneducated, can it be questioned whether the laws should be called in to aid the cause of humanity?

We cannot conclude our account of this volume without strongly expressing our approbation of Mr. Pratt's motives in composing it; the

same motives as have impelled him, through his whole life, to advocate the cause of the brute creation in his various writings. If he be, indeed, resolved to close his poetical career, he cannot better close it than he has.

**DOMESTIC MANAGEMENT; or the Healthful Cookery Book. To which is prefixed, a Treatise on Diet, &c. also Remarks on wholesome and pernicious Modes of Cookery. To which is added, the Method of treating such trifling medical Cases as properly come within the Sphere of**

*domestic Management.* 1 vol. 8vo. 1810. pp. 355.

**W**HAT can a critic say of cookery, except that he likes the practice of it? Since the time that Dr. Hill wrote, under the renowned name of *Mrs. Hannah Glasse*, we have had several attempts to pamper our palates: and the present has as much right to be noticed as any of them. It contains much that is useful in a family: it is neatly printed, and cheaply published. While eating is in fashion, such a book as this cannot be without utility.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

*Ars tua, non vita, carmine læsa meo.*  
Martial.

A RICH BOOKSELLER'S SOLILOQUY.

**M**Y road it is clear!—when the author  
is poor,  
Let him talk!—let him rave on his copy  
or right!  
I'll keep him so close with a wolf at his  
door,  
He shall starve while I fatten on what  
he may write.

R. G.

**LOVE LETTERS to my WIFE. By**  
JAMES WOODHOUSE.

LETTER XII.

[Continued from page 400.]

**N**OT only thus the rich, with vands rank,  
Compel the heart to play each idiot  
prank—

Their wild desires with fiery wine inflame  
To burn with longings christians loath to  
name—

The whole creation wasting in their way,  
To pamper vicious lusts with various prey,  
But vainly, fading, dying charms disguise,  
With robes the pious and humane despise.

The silk worm draws his tender vitals out  
To wrap and wreath Wealth's flimsy  
frames about,

And while it robs him of his radiant skains,  
Torments and kills him for his hapless pains.  
O'er suffering animals pomp ne'er repines,  
Whose deaths produce one filament that  
shines—

O'er lives of hares and rabbits ne'er demurs,  
Or any other creature cloth'd with furs.

The feathery troops, and ev'n the insect  
train,

Must die, to render vanity more vain—  
Yea, Ostentation leaves her native shores,  
And, spite of perils, every deep explores,  
Searching each dangerous sea, where hap'ly  
hide

The proudest ornaments of monstrous  
pride;

Who, every shining shell with patience  
probes,

With glittering treasure to adorn her robes,  
Her arms, her breast, her neck, her cluster-  
ing curls,

With bracelets, rings, festoons, and pins of  
pearls.

We clowns, my Hannah, with less cruel  
views,

No harmless insect, bird, or beast abuse.

We only ease the over-burden'd sheep  
Of useless loads they pant with pain to  
keep;

Apply the senseless flax's filmy threads,  
Or strip unconscious cotton's downy heads,  
To shelter strong, robust, and useful frames,  
And cherish warmer, nobler, vital flames.

With no ungraceful fooleries feebler grown  
We grieve no lives, but wisely guard our  
own;

And sure such pleasures in their proudest  
zest,

On pomp and splendour, frail and feebly  
rest.

When captious friends cut Nature's ten-  
der tie,

Will princely domes that loss of love sup-  
ply?

When relatives with rude indifference  
wound,

Will bliss in tawdry equipage be found?



Can liveried lacquies' pompous habits  
please,  
When distant, shy, and cold acquaintance  
tease?

Can gaudy garments, and abundant board,  
'Mid anxious doubts and fears, delights  
afford;

Or silk and down compose the soul to sleep  
When heart-corroding cares feel festering  
deep?

No broider'd bed or gilded couch avail,  
When scorpion guilt strikes deep its poi-  
sonous tail—

When fierce conflicting passions tear the  
heart,

Mellifluous flattery ne'er can calm the  
smart;

Nor former fame confirm the mind's appeal,  
When conscience cuts the soul with whips  
of steel.

Should Nature's niggard gifts, or random  
aim,

Neglect or warp the weak, distorted frame,  
No apt habiliments, or bolstering arts,  
Conceal the slight, or strengthen crippled  
parts—

No gorgeous ornaments of gems or gold,  
Create fine forms, or make the coward bold;  
No cabalistic badges life prolong,  
Or make Wealth virtuous, witty, wise, or  
strong—

No pow'rs of paint health's dying lamp  
rekindle,

Or give cadaverous cheeks my Hannah's  
bloom!

The body may be wrapp'd in raiments  
bright,

Yet make not morals or religion right—

The bosom sovereign's ribbands may invest,

Yet bind not virtue in the vicious breast—

Beneath a diamond star the heart may beat,

Yet honour find not there a fix'd retreat.

Ah! what avails the vesture's shining shew;

The gold that glitters, or the gems that  
glow;

Can wardrobe's wealth bring back depart-  
ing breath,

Or turn aside the iron dart of death?

Prevent mishaps—misfortune's fangs con-  
troul—

Or beam substantial blessings o'er the soul?

Sense, knowledge, judgment, wisdom, wit,  
supply—

One virtue generate, or one vice destroy?

Will motto'd garters, like a mystic charm,

The inbred evils of the soul disarm?

Or silken bands, that wind the breast about,

Shut pain and sickness, fear and sorrow,  
out?

Will glittering star that on the bosom glows,  
Make each rude passion and rash lust re-  
pose;

Or, like the star of old, point out the place  
Where wise men still may see the Saviour's  
face?

Few sages now bestow their thoughts or toil,  
To seek his presence, or procure his smile.

Few pay their court to aught but idol kings;  
Who only can confer such silly things;

Neglecting Him who can, alone bestow

All bliss above, all genuine joys below—

Possessing all the pow'r and grace, to give  
Crowns when they die, and comforts while

they live;

And can, tho' deck'd so gaudy and so gay,  
In any moment take their all away!

What will those bubbles weigh when  
pain prevails,

When sickness weakens, and when death  
assails;

Those mortal toys, obtained from temporal  
kings,

Against his grace, and Heav'n's eternal  
things?

Full oft is truth to purchase court parade,  
And probity and justice, prices paid.

Such tawdry trifles ne'er can pay the cost  
Of independence fall'n, and freedom lost!

Ne'er recompence with titles, pow'r, or  
gold,

The soul when sacrificed, the will when  
sold!

No king nor statesman can this truth deny,  
What worlds can't equal, baubles ne'er  
should buy!

By Christian scale, the pomp and pride  
of dress

Makes no man greater, but still makes him  
less.

When first his dignity, unequall'd, shone

In pure simplicity, he needed none—

But now that vanity and lust proclaim

Primeval misery and shining shame.

Each figleaf covering, constantly avers,

Such bodies are but painted sepulchres.

For envelopes—and toys—and trinkets—  
all

Are vouchers of man's universal fall.

The furniture o'er human forms display'd

Is real mourning, but in masquerade.

No sordid rag about man's body hung,

But cries in silence with emphatic tongue,

Alas! frail wretch! thy Maker's favour's  
fled;

Thy life's a forfeit! Law proclaims thee  
dead!

For all thy native innocence is flown,

And thou'rt a traitor to thy sovereign's  
throne!

Pomp's finest frippery's but funereal weeds,

To mourn man's debts, and fall'n fore-  
father's deeds!

[To be continued.]

## TRANSACTIONS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES.

## ROYAL SOCIETY.

SOME observations on the gizzards of swans, geese, and herbivorous fowls, compared with those of turkeys, have been communicated by Mr. Home, briefly describing the process of mastication and digestion in ruminating animals by chewing their food slightly, then swallowing it afterwards, bringing it up in round balls, mixing them with saliva, and finally passing them to the fourth stomach, there to be digested. The process of digestion in geese and swans is extremely slow, as it is effected solely by the action of the muscles of the stomachs. Mr. Home examined the structure of their stomachs by filling them with plaister of Paris and boiling them, when they appeared composed of straight muscles united by filaments, as observed by Spallanzani.

Mr. Macartney read a paper on luminous animals whether in or out of the sea, as the *lampyrus*, *fulgora*, &c. He denied that common earth-worms have occasionally appeared luminous. The luminous appearances in the sea which have been occasionally noticed, and as yet imperfectly explained were next discussed; and the possibility argued how far the emission of light depends on the will of the insect, and whether nature has given this faculty to females in order to attract the males to them, as has been alledged.

The author, in fine, stated that 12 different genera of insects emit light. Seven of these belong to the order of *mollusca*, and the other five to the hemipterous, as the *fulgora*, the apterous, as the *cancer pulex* and *fulgens*, &c. Mr. Macartney related the discoveries of different voyagers, particularly Sir Joseph Banks, who found out two species, and the *medusa noctiluca*. Capt. Horsburgh also discovered two species in the Arabian sea, which he gave to the author; one of them like a wood-louse, the other he called *medusa scintillans*. The same acute observer noticed some other insects, which being pressed, emit a luminous fluid. Sometimes the surface of the Arabian sea appeared almost white like a vast field of ice covered with snow, occasioned by the

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immense quantities of the *medusa scintillans*. To these the author ascribes the sudden flashes of light which are occasionally seen on our own sea shores. Mr. M. has also discovered three different species of luminous insects on the southern coasts of England. He also noticed the *pyrosoma atalantica*, a worm-shaped luminous insect observed by M. Perot. In summing up Mr. M. hesitates in stating whether light is not rather a quality than a substance, as all the phenomena of luminous insects tend to give probability to the former opinion. The *medusa*, he observed, can emit light for any indefinite time: their light and that of other sea insects appear of no specific use to the animal; but that of glow-worms and flies serves to make them known to each other in the night. All luminous animals shun the light of day; from hence it is inferred that they cannot have imbibed solar light sufficient to emit so much during the night; that the luminous matter of the sea, or *medusa*, has nothing in it phosphoric, or inflammable; that the manner of secreting this luminous matter is wholly yet unknown; that the sudden death of the animals prevents all anatomical or microscopical observations. He related a number of experiments, all tending to prove that this light has nothing in it of a phosphorescent quality, as universally believed.

## LINNEAN SOCIETY.

THE following papers have been read:—Observations by Olof Swartz, M.D. on the former species of *andromeda*, properly belonging to the genus *menziesia*. On the supposed effects of ivy on trees, by Humphry Repton, Esq. On the faciola *Hepatica*, by Mrs. Cobbold; and a paper on the genus *andrea* with descriptions of four British species, by W. J. Hooker, Esq. F.L.S.

## CALCOGRAPHIC SOCIETY.

THE noblemen and gentlemen, with his Highness the Duke of Gloucester at their head, who have patronized the plan for the Encou-



agement of Engraving, recommended by the same, have finally settled their arrangements. The plan is shortly this:—Seventeen thousand guineas are to be raised in 170 shares of 100 guineas each, the whole of which is to be invested in the funds by the committee of shareholders. This sum, with the interest, will enable the engravers to execute, with their best powers, twenty plates, the size of the *Death of Wolfe*, ten in the line manner—six in the dotted style—and four in mezzotinto. The subjects are to be selected from the works of the most eminent ancient and British masters, sixteen of which are to be historical, and four landscapes. As soon as this series is completed, other plates will be commenced, so that the shareholders, who are to be remunerated by proof impressions of the prints, will be in the constant reception of the finest works the country can produce, for the best artists are to be employed. A museum, a school of engraving, and a fund for decayed artists, form also a part of this plan, for which the British artists will be entirely indebted to the Calcographic Society, who, in defiance of the sneers of the weak and the opposition of the wily, and actuated by an honest wish to benefit their brethren as well as themselves, have thus brought

their scheme successfully before the public, with the disinterested aid of those distinguished persons who form the committee of management, in whose hands the prosperity of the undertaking may be considered as ensured. The Earl of Dartmouth and Sir Abraham Hume are on the committee of management.

#### BRITISH INSTITUTION.

**L**ORD EGREMONT has purchased Mr. Arnold's pleasing painting of an *Effect on the River near Gravesend*, and Mr. Hare Townsend the poetical painting, by Mr. Howard, of *Pygmalion's Statue animating*. Mr. Howard shews much taste in his choice of poetical subjects, and a lively and elegant imagination in the display of them. His cabinet picture of the *Mermaid on a Dolphin's back*, in which the stars Mercury and Venus are so vigorously personified, as if they were actually shooting from their spheres, remained unsold.

The British Institution have awarded the following premiums to the successful prize candidates:—To Mr. Haydon, one hundred guineas, for his picture of the *Assassination of Dentatus*. To Mr. Hilton, fifty guineas, for his picture of the *Surrender of Calais*.

## VARIETIES, LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL;

*With Notices respecting Men of Letters, Artists, and Works in Hand, &c. &c.*

**A** HISTORY of Lincoln, with an Appendix, containing a list of the members returned to serve in parliament, as also of the mayors and sheriffs of the city, one volume 12mo. is in the press.

Preparing for publication, in one volume octavo, the Merchant's Law Guide; or, an Epitome of the Laws relating to Trade and Commerce: viz. partnership, agency, factorage, insurance, freightage, merchant shipping, and navigation; bonds, bills of exchange, promissory notes, contracts, agreements, awards, and promises; the laws affecting bankruptcy, sale and exchange, usury, smuggling, monopoly, exportation and importation, and quarantine; together with a

Sketch of the present State of Mercantile Practice and Customs, and of the Duties of Consuls and Super-cargoes. To which is added, an Appendix of the most approved Forms of Commercial Precedents. By John Williams, Esq. of the Inner Temple.

In the press, a clear and full Refutation of all Mr. Malthus' Principles, proving, from infallible documents, a decrease of population, and shewing that the alarming price of grain, for these last ten years, has not been owing to a deficiency, but to the artful policy and address of the land owners, and if this baneful system is persevered in, it must ultimately ruin the population and commerce of the country.

An octavo edition of Lord Valentia's Travels will shortly be published, with many corrections and some abridgements of the less important parts of the narrative.

Travels and Adventures in Canada and the Indian Territories between the years 1760 and 1776, an interesting volume, by Alexander Henry, Esq. is in the press.

Mr. Molineux, of Macclesfield, is engaged in selecting and arranging the materials for a new work to be intitled "A Select Orthographical Vocabulary," containing, under an alphabetical arrangement, such words as have been frequently misspelt by various writers; those words of which the orthography is either uncertain or questionable, and such words also not of very common application, and likewise rather difficult to spell correctly. This work will also include all those words, a very numerous class, which are not inserted in the latest editions of Dr. Johnson's Dictionary.

The Clarendon press, at Oxford, is bringing Wytttenbach's Notes on Plutarch to a conclusion. The accuracy of Mr. Collingwood will be displayed in several of the classics.

Mr. George Colman will shortly publish a Translation into familiar blank verse, of the Comedies of Terence.

A Miscellaneous Collection of Critical Observations from the Manuscripts of the late Professor Porson, purchased by Trinity College, Cambridge, will shortly be given to the public by Professor Monk, Mr. Dobree, and Mr. Bloomfield; the gentlemen to whom the task has been entrusted by the master and fellows of the society.

The author of *Nubilia* has commenced a new work, entitled the "CONTEMPLATIST," intended to form a Series of Essays, in the manner of the *Spectator*, *Rambler*, *Idler*, &c. It is published weekly, price sixpence each number, and four of which are already out.

Mr. Michael Fryer, secretary to the Bristol Philosophical Society, intends to publish, by subscription, "A General History of the Mathematics from the earliest Ages to the Close of the Eighteenth Century, in three octavo volumes, containing History of Ma-

thematics from their Origin till the Destruction of the Grecian Empire; among the Arabs, Persians, Jews, Indians, and Chinese; among the Latin and other western nations until the commencement of the seventeenth and during the eighteenth centuries."

The Rev. Mr. Hayter, chaplain to the Prince of Wales, has just arrived from Palermo. We regret to have it confirmed that the whole museum at Portici, including 1500 of those M.S.S. which had not been unfolded, and 220 originals which had been unfolded partially or wholly by Mr. Hayter, were suffered to fall into the hands of the French notwithstanding the repeated remonstrances of this gentleman to the late Neapolitan court to have them removed or sent to England. Mr. Hayter, however, had previously copied and corrected ninety-four, and these copies, which are *fac-similes*, were transmitted by him to the Prince of Wales, who has since presented them to the University of Oxford. Among these was a Latin poem, which Mr. Hayter conjectures to have been a composition of Varius, the friend of Virgil. *Fac-similes* of this and Philo-Deemus on Death have been engraved. *Fac-similes* of three books and a half of Epicurus de Natura, another valuable discovery, are also among the rest, transmitted by Mr. Hayter, at Oxford.

#### ARTS, SCIENCES, &c.

The idea of substituting iron for roofs, in lieu of wood, the superiority of which, as to strength, durability, and expense, is exemplified in a roof lately constructed by the Aberdare Iron Company, and put up at Newport, Monmouthshire. It covers a building 40 feet long and 21 feet wide over the walls, and consists of seven main couples, two leading couples, and wall-plating, all of cast-iron, wrought iron laths, screw pins, &c. total weight 2 ton 4 cwt. 2 qrs. 20 lb. being sufficiently strong to sustain the heaviest stone tile of this country, and is in itself lighter than one of wood, of which substance there is not one particle. The main couples are made in three pieces, the collar or tie-beam of which forms part of a circle, thereby giving



much more head-room than is possible with wood, and holes are left in the same for the purpose of fixing ceiling-joists, making an handsome covered ceiling; it requires neither side-pieces nor rafters, the wrought-iron laths being a substitute for both. The whole roofing, after being fitted together, and taken to pieces again, at Aberdare iron-works, was put into one waggon and conveyed to Tredagar iron-works, there unloaded into a train-waggon, and taken down the Sirrowy tram-road, through Sir C. Morgan's park, to Newport, in twenty-four hours—a distance of thirty-six miles. It was then fitted together again, and fixed on the walls completely ready for the tiler in less than five hours, who, having no laths to prepare or nail on, can tile a roof in half the time it could be done on one constructed of wood. They are applicable to buildings of all sizes, can be put up at a much less expense per square than any other, and are of course far more durable.

A new musical instrument has been lately presented to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, of a most curious construction. It is made in a gold box; it has round the sides four pieces of crystal glass, to shew the different parts of the mechanism. Upon opening the lid, an engraved plate shews an Irish harper leaning on his harp, supposed to be listening to another hard playing at a distance. In a branch of a tree is a bird on its nest, that on touching a particular part of the box, rises and flutters while the music is playing, which is performed by percussion on small round polished pieces of steel. The most occasional notes are very gracefully shaken, and it is difficult to say whether the soft and melodious tunes it produces, the perfection of the music, or the correctness of the execution is the most excellent.

**Improved mode of preparing Phosphoric Bottles.**—Phosphorus cut into small pieces, mixed with quick lime and powder, answers the purpose very well. The phosphorus should be carefully dried by filtering paper, a thin slice being cut may be divided into as many pieces as can expeditiously be done; and each piece introduced into a small bottle with as

much lime as will surround it. Lime slacked in the air, and submitted to a strong red heat in a black lead crucible for twenty minutes, is in a good state for the purpose. The bottle, when full, may be corked, to the radiant heat of a fire, till some of the pieces of phosphorus have assumed an orange tint; it is then ready for immediate use; though if the bottle is not wanted for immediate use, the heating may be dispensed with; but in using the bottle, the mouth should be closed with the finger as soon as the match is withdrawn. By this method a bottle has been prepared at the conclusion of winter for the purpose of lighting a lamp during the summer months, when access to a fire was not convenient. A narrow quarter of ounce bottle will generally continue serviceable four or five months, though frequently used.

It appears that a pound of sugar-candy dissolved in a quantity of white wine vinegar, and evaporated to the measure of one pint, during which operation as much garlic as possible is dissolved with it, answers all the purposes of Godbold's Vegetable Balsam, and is probably the same medicine, for asthmatic complaints, &c.

Mr. G. Cumberland, having found the wear of steel files rather expensive, has been induced to seek a substitute for abrading hard bodies, and has discovered that clay may be employed for this purpose. Wet pieces of this substance, folded up in muslin, cambric, or Irish linen, forced by the pressure of the hand into the interstices of the threads so as to receive a correct mould, and then well baked, form a new species of file, capable even of destroying steel, and very useful in cutting glass, polishing and rasping wood, ivory, and all sorts of metals.

M. M. Ruiz and Pavon, of Madrid, have sent the Parisian professors a description of a new genus of Peruvian plants, which they call *Beauharnoisia*. This new genus belongs to the *polyan. tetragy.* L. and the guttiferis affine of Jussieu. It flowers in January and February, bears fruit similar to a pear, grows on the Andes, in the woods of Chicoplaya, and its bark is used for dyeing red or purple.

*America.*

Captain Dracklow, of Kingston, Jamaica, on a voyage from thence to Baltimore, states, that on the 9th of September, at twelve o'clock at night, a remarkable occurrence took place: he felt a sudden and severe shock, which astonished all hands, and for which they were at a loss to account. Some time having elapsed in various surmises, the mate discovered that a large sword-fish had struck the ship, which was unable to extricate itself, being fastened in the timbers—the vessel sprung a moderate leak immediately. The length of the fish 25 feet, and seven feet round by computation; it remained fastened to the vessel six or seven hours, when it broke off apparently dead—breeze seven knots—lat. 18. 50.

The meteoric stones that fell at Weston, in Connecticut, on the 14th of October 1807, have been analyzed by Professor Woodhouse, who obtained from 100 parts, silex 50, iron 27, sulphur 7, magnesia 10, nickel 1, leaving a loss of 5. Some specimens carried to France were examined by M. Gillet Laumont, who gives the following account of them:—"They contained rounded globules, ferruginous and brittle, of a blackish grey, and assuming a dull metallic aspect on being rubbed with a smooth file. They were not very abundant, and appeared to be slightly attracted by the magnet. Small portions of malleable iron were diffused very plentifully through the stones. They were of irregular shapes, and very unequal in size, and easily cut with a steel instrument like those contained in most aërolites. I separated a small flat triangular piece, about a quarter of an inch long, which I heated to different degrees, and afterwards plunged into cold water, but could not make it harder. One of the specimens contained imbedded in it a portion of a small body of the size of a pea, of a whitish grey colour, composed of smooth shining lamellar facets, forming angles too small to be measured. It resembled a piece of broken feldspar. On endeavouring to detach a piece for the purpose of assaying it, the small mass immediately separated, leaving a cavity which showed that it was rounded

before it was moulded in the stone. A particle of a very similar substance still exists in the stone, and there are some yellowish particles in the cavity from which this lamellar substance was taken. This substance scratched German sheet glass. It did not effervesce with nitric acid. Heated before the blow-pipe, it was immediately covered with a black enamel, which transuded in small globules; but the mass did not melt. The aërolite of Weston therefore contained a substance which was neither carbonate of lime nor feldspar; and I believe it is the first time that a lamellar substance, having the true elements of crystallization, has been mentioned as discovered in a stone fallen from the atmosphere.

*France.*

According to a calculation by M. Coquebert Montbret, the French empire at present contains the following population:—Inhabitants who speak the French language, 28,126,000; the German, 2,705,000; the Flemish, 2,297,000; the Breton, 967,000; the Basque, 108,000: forming a total of 38,262,000.

M. Gauss, a correspondent of the National Institute, has this year obtained the prize medal, founded by the celebrated Lalande, for the author of the best astronomical memoir.

M. Vauquelin has analysed a meteoric stone, which fell on the 22d of May, 1808, at Stannern, in Moravia, and found in one hundred parts of it the following substances:

Silex .....	50
Lime .....	12
Alumine .....	9
Oxide of iron .....	28
Oxide of Manganese .....	1
Oxide of Nickel, a slight trace, } scarcely to be estimated at 001	
Sulphur, an atom	100

This aërolite must therefore be of a different species from those that have hitherto been analysed, since it contains neither magnesia nor chrome, substances constantly found in other stones of this description; and in containing a considerable quantity of alumine, traces only of which have been discovered in others.

The primitive form of the diamond is known to be a regular octahedron,



Most frequently it presents itself in spheroidal crystals, or with curvilinear facets. It has been found cubical, plano-convex, cylindroid; but it was not suspected to be susceptible of that variety of form, which Romé de l'Isle termed *macle*, and Haüy has named hemitrope, that is, where half of the crystal is turned back, so as to form re-entering angles, as is seen in some varieties of the ruby, feldspar, &c. Among the rough diamonds, however, given by M. d'Arcet, to Messrs Guyton Morveau, Hachette, and Clement, for a series of experiments on their combustion; there was one which those chemists thought proper to set aside as presenting the first example of such a structure. It weighs nearly eleven grains. The specific gravity is 3.512. It is formed of two demispheroids, the deflected position of which, imperfectly terminated at one of the extremities, exhibits at the other the very decided re-entering angles that characterise the hemitrope.

M. Descroizilles, sen. has described a method of making pickle of violets, instead of syrup of violets, for a chemical test, the latter being apt to spoil. It is as follows:—On the petals of the violet, slightly pressed into a small pewter measure, pour double their weight of boiling water, and stir them together. Cover the measure and expose it for a few hours to a heat somewhat greater than that of a water-bath; after which, let the liquor be strongly pressed out through a very clean linen cloth. Weigh the infusion accurately, and add to it one-third of its weight of common salt, stirring it till dissolved. Very fine white salt should be chosen for this purpose. In a small phial corked, this liquor will keep without alteration, even when exposed to the rays of the sun. He presumes that several other blue flowers, as those of the iris, larkspur, &c. would afford a pickle of sufficient sensibility. The latter, indeed, he has tried with success.

The same chemist has also published some observations on the preservation of vegetables for distillation by salting. To preserve rose-leaves, for example, he gives the following directions:—Take 4lbs. troy of rose-leaves, and pound them two or three minutes with  $\frac{1}{2}$  of their weight of common

salt. The flowers bruised with the salt will soon give out their juice, and produce a paste of little bulk, which must be put into an earthen vessel, or small cask, and proceed in the same manner till you have filled it. Stop the vessel close, and keep it in a cool place till wanted. This\* fragrant paste you may distil at leisure, in a common still, diluting it with about double its weight of pure water. This process is particularly applicable to those herbs, the water of which, distilled by the common method, will not keep.

#### Germany.

Mr. James Angelo, a native of the frontiers of Austria, has succeeded in preparing flax-wool from various plants. Though this is not a complete substitute for foreign cotton, it produces a stronger thread, particularly fine and fit for any kind of woven-stuff. The emperor has ordered a large house at Tulln, to be put under the disposal of this ingenious gentleman, and that a capital of 20,000 florins should be advanced to him. If the manufactory succeeds he is not to repay; he has, however, been obliged to make known the secret of his invention, and to give instruction to any of his Majesty's subjects wishing to form a like establishment.

A literary institution denominated the Museum, has lately been established at Frankfort, under the protection of the prince primate. It is divided into four classes, three of which are occupied by the sciences, literature, and objects of art.

#### Poland.

The Royal Society of the Friends of the Sciences at Warsaw has published an address to the Polish nation, the object of which is to procure subscriptions for the purpose of defraying the expenses of a splendid monument intended to be erected to the immortal astronomer and mathematician, Copernicus, in Thorn, his native city.

#### Russia.

M. Hendenstrom has paid a second visit to the countries discovered northwards of Siberia, and which in the maps are called Listickof, or Sannikof. He has found them to be only an island; but farther to the north, he discovered a country watered by considerable streams, which he thought

formed a part of the continent. He traversed the coast to the extent of one hundred and seventy wersts, and found them covered with great trees, petrified, and lying in heaps one upon another. The hills are formed of scarcely any thing but slates, petrified wood and coal. This country he has named New Siberia. Here he found the claws of a gigantic bird, which seems to have belonged to a species at present unknown: these claws are described as being each a yard in length. The Yakuts have assured him that in their hunting excursions, they have frequently met with skeletons and even feathers of the bird. This discovery cannot fail of being very interesting to naturalists, as it strengthens the probability relative to the mammoth, the mastodontes, and other gigantic quadrupeds now extinct.

Count Sante, the Russian Envoy at

Stockholm, has published a Statistical and Topographical Picture of the Grand Duchy of Finland.

#### Switzerland.

Professor George Muller, of Schaffhausen, has announced the speedy appearance of the posthumous works of his late brother, the historian of Switzerland. They will form eighteen volumes. His Universal History, in twenty-four books, will be published in the course of the present year.

A society for the education of the blind has lately been established at Zurich. There are fifty pupils at present, and the present master, M. Funke, is blind. He is an excellent teacher, and an ingenious mechanic.

M. Escher, a geologist of Zurich, has published his recent Enquiries relative to the State of the Soil in the Valley of Plesner near Coire, which with Nolla, is threatened with avalanches or falls.

## MEMOIRS OF REMARKABLE PERSONS.

### THE CHEVALIER D'EON.

**T**HIS singular personage, it is certain whatever figure she may have made in the world, resided at the time of her death, aged 82 years, a few weeks ago, as an aged female with another French lady, in very obscure lodgings in Millman-street near the Foundling Hospital, subsisting upon small contributions from several well-disposed persons, excepting about 50 pounds per annum, which was supposed to have come from the Duke of Queensberry.

The Chevalier's first appearance in this country was about 40 years ago, as a political character and *Charge d'Affaires* from the court of France. Some time after, it may be recollected, that policies were opened to ascertain the sex of this extraordinary non-descript, to the amount of 200,000l.; which were eventually decided, and paid, upon a surgical certificate, after personal examination, that the reputed Chevalier was a FEMALE. Since death took place, however, the body has been examined by Mr. Copeland, the surgeon, of Golden-square, in the presence of Mr. Adair, Mr. Wilson, and Le Pere Elizee, all professional gentlemen,

who decided that the deceased was a MALE!

Charlotte-Genevieve-Louisa-Augusta-Andrea-Timothea-D'Eon, du Beaumont, doctor of civil and canon law, advocate of the parliament of Paris, censor-general for belles lettres and history in that city, captain of dragoons, and aid-du-camp successively to the count and field-marshal Broglio, knight of the royal and military order of St. Louis, secretary of embassy to the Marquis de l'Hospital, minister plenipotentiary to the court of Russia, secretary of embassy to the Duc de Nivernois, ambassador to the court of England from France, and afterwards minister plenipotentiary at the same court, was born August the 5th, 1728, at Tonnerre, in Burgundy, was descended from an ancient family, who held situations of trust in the government of France. At an early age the Chevalier, by the command of his parents, assumed the dress of a boy, and at six years of age received an education suitable to that sex. Having gone through all the gradations of college, she was called to the bar of the parliament of Paris, and published early in life several pieces of much celebrity in the annals



of literature. In 1755 she was introduced by the Prince de Conti to Louis the XVth, with the knowledge of the supposed sex of the Chevalier, and by that monarch was employed on many important missions. In the course of her employment, as a civil servant, and in her military character, she received some wounds by accidents, and by her personal courage, evinced in engagements at the head of her regiment. In September, 1762, she appeared at the court of London, as secretary of embassy to the Due de Nivernois, invested with powers to conclude the peace of 1763. In this business she so far procured the sanction of the government of England, that it was desired she should carry over the ratification of the treaty between the British court and that of Versailles. The French monarch, in consequence honoured her with the order of St. Louis. For these and various other services performed to the government of France, she was rewarded with a pension of 3000 livres in 1757; of one of 2000 livres in 1760; and in 1766, of a third pension of 12,000 livres, from the privy purse of Louis, which was continued until the dreadful catastrophe which followed the Revolution by the death of Louis XVI. In the course of her life, she published many works; and amongst the rest, one complimentary of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales; this was published in 1788. For the last twenty years (till a short time ago, that she removed to Millman-street) she lived a secluded life, in a house on the Surrey side of Westminster-bridge.

The following account, which is chiefly extracted from the Annual Register, probably contains the most authentic particulars respecting the extraordinary suspicion that principally contributed to bring publicity on this singular character —

“This gentleman, at the time of his first coming over to England, was captain of dragoons in the French service, and secretary to the Duke de Nivernois, in which character he behaved so much to the Duke's satisfaction, that that nobleman, upon his departure for France, got M. D'Eon appointed minister plenipotentiary in his room.

“In a little time after, however, the Count de Guerchy being appointed ambassador from the court of Versailles, the Chevalier D'Eon received orders, or rather was requested, to act as secretary or assistant to the new ambassador. This it seems, mortified the Chevalier to such a degree, that pretending the letter of recall which accompanied it was a forgery (as a correspondent and intimate friend likewise, and neighbour of the French prime minister, gave him no notice of it), he absolutely refused to deliver it; and thereby drew on himself the censure of his own court.

“Upon this the Chevalier, with a view of exculpating himself, or from a motive of revenge, or perhaps both, published a succinct account of all the negotiations in which he had been engaged; exposed some secrets of the French court; and, rather than spare his enemies, revealed some things to the prejudice of his best friends. Among other persons very freely treated in this publication, was the Count de Guerchy; and it was this treatment that drew on him the foregoing prosecution for a libel on his excellency. It was but natural that this behaviour should draw on M. D'Eon the resentment of the court of France; or, at least, that the Chevalier should apprehend it. Whether or not, therefore, that court solicited his being given up, which is very probable, reports were spread, not only that it had done so, but even had, on being refused, sent over persons to kidnap the Chevalier, and carry him off by force or fraud, since it could not come at him by fair means.

“If the Chevalier himself was not the author of these reports, he at least credited them so far, that he wrote four letters to complain of these designs against him, as known to him by undoubted authority; one to Lord Chief Justice Mansfield, another to Lord Bute, a third to Lord Temple, and a fourth to Mr. Pitt; and to ask their advice, if, as he had contracted no debt, and behaved himself in all things as a dutiful subject, he might not kill the first man who should attempt to arrest him, since he could not consider such arrest in any other light than to kidnap him; weakly alledging, that were the laws to

condemn him for so doing, which he could not, he said, conceive, the spirit of them must feel the stroke. But if he really knew from undoubted authority, that there was a design against his person, and the villains entrusted with the execution of that design, he might easily have prevented it, and in a legal way, by an information against them. What became of the Chevalier after his trial is not known. About four months after, a house in Scotland-yard was forcibly ransacked for him; and in doing it, a door broke open by six persons, some of them well known, in consequence, they said, of orders from above; a thing not at all improbable, considering into what misdemeanours, it is reasonable to think, the Chevalier's indiscretion, and ignorance of our laws, might have betrayed him; misdemeanours, perhaps, sufficient to justify even more violent proceedings in searching for, and apprehending the persons guilty of them.

"In the year 1777, we find such strong doubts entertained of his sex, as to produce wagers to a large amount, and a curious trial before Lord Mansfield.

"The action was brought by Mr. Hayes, surgeon, in Leicester-fields, against Jacques, a broker, and underwriter, for the recovery of 700*l.* the said Mr. Jacques having about six years ago received premiums of 15 guineas per cent. for every one of which he stood engaged to return 100 guineas whenever it should be proved that the Chevalier D'Eon was actually a woman.

"Mr. Buller opened the cause as counsel for Mr. Hayes. He stated the fairness of the transaction, and the justifiable nature of the demand; as Mr. Hayes, the plaintiff, thought himself now to be in possession of that proof which would determine the sex of the Chevalier D'Eon, and for ever render the case indisputable.

"In proof of this fact Mr. Le Goux and Mr. De Morande were called; who declared, positively, the person called the Chevalier D'Eon to be a woman.

"Mr. Mansfield, on the part of the defendant, pleaded, that this was one of those gambling, indecent, and unnecessary cases, that ought never to be permitted to come into a court of

justice; that besides the inutility and indecency of the case, the defendant had taken advantage of his client, being in possession of intelligence that enabled him to lay with greater certainty, although with such great odds on his side; that the plaintiff, at the time of laying the wager, knew that the court of France treated with the Chevalier as a woman, to grant her a pension, and that the French court must have some strong circumstances to imbibe that idea; therefore he hoped that the jury would reprobate such wagers. The defendant's counsel did not attempt to contradict the plaintiff's evidence, by proving the masculine gender.

"Lord Mansfield expressed his abhorrence of the whole transaction; and the more so of their bringing it into a court of justice, when it might have been settled elsewhere, wishing it had been in his power, in concurrence with the jury, to have made both parties lose; but as the law had not expressly prohibited it, and the wager was laid, the question before them was, who had won. His lordship observed, that the indecency of the proceeding arose more from the unnecessary questions asked than from the case itself: that the witnesses had declared they perfectly knew the Chevalier D'Eon to be a woman: if she is not a woman, they are certainly perjured: there was, therefore, no need of enquiring how, and by what mode, they knew it, which was all the indecency.

"As to the fraud suggested, of the plaintiff knowing more than the defendant, he seemed to think there was no foundation for it. His lordship then recited a wager entered into by two gentlemen in his own presence, about the dimensions of the Venus de Medicis, for 100*l.* one of the gentlemen said, 'I will not deceive you, I tell you fairly, I have been there and measured it myself.' 'Well,' says the other, 'and do you think I would be such a fool as to lay if I had not measured it.' 'I will lay for all that.'

"His lordship then went on to state to the jury, that this Chevalier had publicly appeared as a man, had been employed by the court of France as a man, as a military man, in a civil office, and as a minister of state here.



and in Russia; that there was all the presumption against the plaintiff, and the *onus probandi* lay upon him, which might never have been come at; for it appeared, the only proposition of a discovery of sex, that had been made to the Chevalier, by some gentlemen upon an excursion, had been resented by D'Eon, who had instantly quitted their company on that account. It might therefore have never been in his power to have proved his wager, but for some accidental quarrels between D'Eon and some of her countrymen. His lordship was therefore of opinion, that the jury would find a verdict for the plaintiff.

"The jury without hesitation gave a verdict for the plaintiff—700l. and 40s."

About the year 1778, the Chevalier was much engaged in fencing, in which she was so expert as to foil the Chevalier St. George. Since that period the celebrity of this once distinguished character has gradually died away. During the last two years, illness has obliged her to live quite secluded, and though since her death we have been positively assured by the surgeons who examined the body, that she was *bona fide* a male, it seems the Pere Elizée, who has attended her during that period, never once suspected but that she was a woman!!!

## THEATRICAL RECORDER.

### COVENT-GARDEN.

**THURSDAY, June 7.**—*The Widow's only Son*—This new drama, brought forward this evening, is understood as being written by Mr. Cumberland, as an attempt to revive the true humour and urbanity of genuine comedy. No object could be more desirable; and there was a time when no writer could have raised more pleasing expectations of its accomplishment. But it is no secret that Mr. Cumberland has grown old; and if it had been, his later writings would not have suffered him to keep it.

*The Widow's only Son* is a sentimental comedy, with a few of the beauties and a great many of the faults of that species of writing. *Frederick Montalbert*, the hero, lately come from college, is an amiable and elegant youth, whose father fell in a duel, and left him and his mother struggling with the world: he has indeed an old uncle, *Sir Marmaduke Montalbert*, who is very rich; but then the baronet is at the same time very proud, and his affections seem to have been alienated from his poor relations. *Frederick*, therefore, is obliged to look to his college-talents for support, and is recommended, on that score, to a *Lord Fungus*, who having not an atom of literature himself, is willing to enjoy the merit of it by patronizing and mimicking those who have. If his lordship, however, has neither sense nor dignity himself, he has a daughter

who possesses both; and between this young lady and our hero, on their first interview, as in duty bound, arises an ardent passion, very much to the honour of both parties, and greatly to the discredit and annoyance of a groom of quality, one *Lord Spangle*, who first insults and then challenges his rival. In the meantime, what is wanting to *Sir Marmaduke* in virtue, is luckily supplied for him by an old family servant, of whom it is sufficient to say, that his talent lies in giving advice. The feelings awakened in the baronet's conscience by the eloquence of this servant, and by the supposition that *Lord Fungus* has challenged him, produce an excellent alteration in his conduct towards his nephew, whom, in the twinkling of an eye, he puts in possession of a noble castle and the greater part of his estates. *Frederick's* mother arrives in town in consequence, the lord and baronet find themselves mistaken, to the great relief of the one and comfort of the other, and every body becomes happy, but the youth himself, who with complete felicity in his grasp, finds himself compelled to risk it by fighting *Lord Spangle*. In vain his mother, who discovers the approaching duel, sets the fatal end of his father before his eyes:—he answers by drawing out his father's picture, which he always wears in his bosom, and which seems to have a very contradictory kind of

influence upon him at such a time, —at once melting his heart and strengthening his resolution. However, the properties of this piece of ivory are very soon explained, and valuable properties they are, for they turn aside the ball of *Lord Spangle* and save the wearer's life. Our hero of course enjoys his unmixed triumph; every thing is as it should be but the miniature, and all persons are happy but the audience.—The most striking defects of this piece are want of consistent character, want of situation, and in a word, want of originality. *Sir Marmaduke* is a kind master and an unfeeling relation;—the young lady is full of dignity and forwardness;—and *Lord Spangle*, who ought to have been purely contemptible, is at once mean and magnanimous, cowardly and full of courage. The good understanding between the old folks, by which the lovers were at one time abruptly left together, and the turtle-dove colloquy that ensued, deservedly met the reprehension of the audience: the stratagem of the miniature was still worse; and the hero's sudden changes of fortune are part of the most common and most unmeaning lumber of the stage. On the common-place antiquity of the characters, it is needless to expatiate. At the same time, there are undoubted marks of what the hand has been when it was young. The negative merits are quite refreshing—no punning, no vulgarity, no indecency. The follies of modern coxcombs, their habits without meaning and their looks “without speculation” are ridiculed with a scorn infinitely more honourable to the author and more useful to the audience than the half-approving mimicry of the other dramatists, and the language is as different from their general style as good manners are from bad. But Mr. Cumberland's day is gone; he may occasionally shew a vigour and a grace, but his limbs altogether fail him in the gymnasium; and he ought to be reposing under the laurels he has formerly won instead of hazarding them in the dust and sunshine he can no longer bear. The piece was, nevertheless, given out for a second representation.

#### MUSEUM THEATRE.

Tuesday, June 12.—A new comic opera, in three acts, entitled, *Oh! this Love: or, The Masqueraders*, was performed for the first time at this theatre this evening.—Scene, Milan and the adjacent country.

The following is a sketch of the story:—

The Count Florimond, during a runaway expedition in his youth, conceives an invincible passion for the Countess Belflora, who, to indulge a romantic fancy, had at that time assumed the habit and character of a peasant girl. She rejects the suit of her young admirer, whose merit nevertheless leaves a deep impression on her heart. Her friend, Signora Lauretta, with her uncle Hector Tornado, a fierce Tyrolean, who, at the age of five and forty, is seized with a most inveterate spirit of heroism, are visiting Signor Benvolio, near Milan, where they are to meet young Luminati, a professed suitor of Lauretta, and his mother. On their way Lauretta is assailed by the attendants of the Baron Romanza, by mistake, for Rosaline Montalvi, whom he had carried off from her father's house, and who afterward escapes. She is rescued by the Count Florimond, and Marinelli, a young man of high spirit, but fallen fortunes, who is travelling in the habit of a friar, to avoid being recognized in his decay.

A sympathy hence arises between Marinelli and Lauretta, and Florimond by the same event again meets with the Countess, who is, however, concealed by a veil, and who, having contracted an engagement with the Baron Romanza, is at first prevented from inviting a renewal of his suit. Tornado in the mean time rescues Rosaline herself, in the disguise of a Savoyard. The Countess also meets with Rosaline's father, as a wandering harper, and on discovering the Baron's conduct, writes to him to dissolve her contract.

Signora Luminati, affecting virtue, and her son Leo, a spoilt booby, on arriving at Milan, encounter Daub, an English Refugee, who, from having been a sign-painter at home, now imposes on travellers as a great artist. Daub engages to take young Luminati's portrait for Lauretta, and for



that purpose touches up an old William Tell, which is sent to her. Tornado, in the heat of his Quixotism, seizes on this as an affront, and endeavours in vain to get Luminati to fight him. His cowardice, however, entirely loses him the favour of Tornado, and Marinelli being recognized by Benvolio, an affluent vine-planter, as the son of a man who was the source of his opulence, the latter insists on a rich repayment of his debt of gratitude. By this means, and Tornado's admiration of his courage, Marinelli becomes the successful candidate for the hand of Lauretta, and Florimond eventually finds a relenting mistress in the Countess.

A variety of incidents occur in the Baron's pursuit of Rosaline; and Daub's courtship with the landlady of the angel, whose sign he replaces with a brilliant production of his own. On being released by the Countess, however, the Baron at once evinces the strength of his affection for Rosaline,

appeases her champion Tornado, and silences the reproaches that assail him, by introducing her as the Baroness Romanza.

This plot, Mr. Kenney, who is said to be the author, has embellished with a variety of incidents, and some very interesting and comic situations. The dialogue of some of the scenes is very elegant and refined; in others, rather too broad for the present taste; but the piece is so very long, that it will bear considerable curtailment; the effect of which must increase its spirit and interest.

The overture and music, by Mr. M. P. King, possess all the talent, science, and melody, of that gentleman's former compositions, and were received throughout with the most rapturous applause. The scenery is picturesque and beautiful. The opera was announced for a second representation with general bursts of applause.

## MISCELLANEA, FACETIOUS AND ECCENTRIC.

### *History of John Bull and his Stewards.*

**T**HERE is an old gentleman now living, though under great sickness and disquiet, who has hitherto been much respected both at home and abroad. Though naturally of a reserved temper, he has been a little too fond of going to law with his neighbours, but is in the main, a good-natured honest man, and extremely indulgent to the persons about him. Alas! had it not been for some of those persons, how happily he might have enjoyed the three large estates with which heaven blessed him. But never was gentleman so plagued with bad stewards. The head steward began first, by losing for him one of his possessions beyond sea, in consequence of straining the rent and provoking the landholders to shake off his authority. His affairs have never been comfortable since. One occurrence in particular, that happened about twenty years ago, went nigh to ruin him. A rich neighbour, whose estate lay on the other side of the river that ran by his grounds, chose to make an alteration in its management, and the aforesaid

steward and his tacksman, or pilot, forsooth, must trouble their heads with the business, and insist that the management should not be altered. The neighbour, who though a sad fellow at bottom, had reason to complain in this matter, grew exceedingly angry; he drew off the other's friends one by one, and the tenantry on each side joining in the quarrel, never met without coming to blows. The only poor friend or two, our hero had left on the other side of the river, were induced by his money to annoy his neighbour as much as possible; but though it was said they got great glory in their encounters with him, they also got terrible black eyes, and never came off without getting their crowns cracked. The only time when the other used to be worsted was, whenever he or his tenants attempted to take an airing upon the water; for our hero had been expert in boating from his infancy, and made nothing of going out in a funny, and giving a whole party of them a ducking. These exploits on the water kept up his spirits tolerably well till the death of his tacksman, or pilot, who was a very

specious sort of a fellow, and wrote his accounts in a flourishing kind of hand that mightily amused the old gentleman's eyes. This man's place was soon after obtained by a strange little fellow, who pleased the head-steward by affecting religion, and abusing certain unlucky catholics that lived in the neighbourhood. He was a kind of half lawyer, and instantly set every body by the ears that had any thing to do with him. The tenants gradually learned to dislike him, for he brought them all into disgrace one after the other, till the Squire, who for some time past had begun to wonder where all his money went, looked a little more narrowly into his accounts, and Lord! what a reckoning presented itself! Such bills for work done, and work not done, for selling and surveying, for patching up barns, and for pulling down houses, for repairing the river side, making presents to this assistant and that assistant, and losing at least a dozen lawsuits, besides *H<sup>n</sup>* even knows what under the head of contingencies! Then the tenants were racked to death with high rents, his stewards had got two or three houses of their own a-piece, and charged them all to their master on pretence of attending to his concerns: the tradesmen began to be clamorous, and swore they had not seen the colour of his money for years together; and all this while, his neighbour over the river, was getting as rich as a Jew, laughing at his vexations, and scandalizing him all round the country. So being informed when his stewards were assembled, he plucked up a spirit the other day in spite of his habits, and went up to them in the old compting-house, which he was shocked to find quite out of repair, and more like a bear garden than a place fit for any decent person. Nevertheless, he took off his hat as he entered, and humbly begged to know the reason of the strange bills that had lately been presented him. At this they all stared with angry surprise, just as if an impostor had stood before them, and with one accord told him he did not know what he was about. It was in vain that he railed and entreated by turns, that he prayed and threatened. If he was humble, they went on with their affairs, without

taking notice of him; if he grew angry, they demanded whether or not he meant to insult them. One of them snaps his fingers at him, and cries, "Hark ye, Old Codger, d'ye think nobody honest but yourself?" Another with a piteous smile begs him to go home and think better of it; a third protests, for his part, that there is no spirit without extravagance, and that if it were not for a little vice, the village alehouse would be ruined; a fourth says he will explain to him by and by, but that there is a time for all things, and just now the windows want mending; a fifth says, Poh! Nonsense! and then helps himself to a cool hundred out of his pocket; a sixth begs to know if he wants to create a riot in the village; and a seventh looks him full in the face, and says, "You're an ass." I met him returning from this pleasant conference, and never saw him look so down-hearted. The worst of it is, that the chief of these fellows are lawyers, and whenever he talks of going to law with them, they set up a shout of laughter, and ask him where he studied. They have even gone so far as to threaten to take out a statute lunacy against him, and clap him in a madhouse for life. At this minute they are all enjoying themselves on his estate, some carousing with wenches, others counting over his bank notes in their prayer books, and all of them wasting his substance some way or other. However, he has since come to town to consult his friends, and has been seen at divers places; at Westminster, at Guildhall, at a tavern in the Strand, and at another at Hackney, talking to himself in great agitation. His best friends assure him, that the way to get rid of the locusts that prey upon him, is to keep his temper, and dismiss them as calmly, but resolutely, as possible. His habits of easiness and submission render the task difficult, but it is his only resource, and it is thought he becomes more and more convinced of it every day.

#### *A Conscientious Bookstealer.*

A person who exposes books for sale in his open shop-window in this city, having observed that he lost a number of books, notwithstanding he



always found the exact quantity, abating those that were sold, on taking them in at night, and besides this, finding several books among his own, of which he had not the least knowledge, was at length induced to watch a demure looking young man rather closely, whom he had constantly seen looking at his books, but scarcely ever making a purchase. In this employment his surprise was very soon increased, by observing his customer put a book in his pocket and pull another from under his coat, which he placed among the rest on the board, and deliberately walked away. Being, however, desired, rather haughtily, to walk back again, and account for his conduct, the trembling culprit at length acknowledged that he had been in the constant habit of exchanging *good carnal* for what he called *indifferent spiritual books*; which he thought advantageous to the bookseller, and as a proof of his assertion, pulled out of his pocket a volume of old Puritanic Divinity, for which he averred, and the fact proved it, he had deposited a well bound volume of the works of Pope, by way of a conscientious exchange! His youth and simplicity had such an effect upon the bookseller, that after making him sensible that even these exchanges would expose him to a prosecution for theft, he let him go, with advice, in future, always to consult the owner of property before he attempted to transfer or exchange it under any pretext whatever.

The following singular passage from the New Testament, as a school ex-

ercise for learning French, appears among others in an Elementary Treatise:—*L'Ange apparut à Joseph et lui dit "Vous me paraissez François;"* viz. The angel appeared to Joseph, and said, "You seem to me to be a Frenchman!!!"

#### A Sinecure Place.

To the Editor,

You must know that I am now a coachman of some *sitting*. I first mounted the box A.D. 1792, and I have driven through the world with tolerable success. I shall take another opportunity to give you a history of my *masters*. The present, when he hired me, was too sensible a man to degrade me by an intimation that I must take care of the horses. These, he told me, should of course be left to the *groom*, who leaves them to the *helper*, who leaves them to the *boy*, so that I was, I found, retained in the character of *state coachman*. With this I was pleased, but much more so the next day, when I found my master took my business out of my hands; with the *reins*, he mounted the *dickey*, and declared he should always drive himself; therefore, you see, sir, that seated snugly behind, I enjoy a sinecure, and though I am not a member of the *Whip Club*, I have every advantage that a member can desire.

On a gentleman accusing the females as the origin of evil. By a Lady.

'Tis said that we caus'd man to grieve;  
The jest is somewhat stale;  
'Th' devil it was that tempted Eve—  
And was not he a male?

## STATE OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

THE last month has been distinguished by events, which, though not to be compared with those on which the fate of empires depends, are of great importance in our own peculiar country. Every body looked with impatience to the prorogation of parliament, and as it is said to be one great benefit of our constitution, that its members, during the recess, have an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the sentiments both of their constituents and the people, on the

subjects of their discussions, this benefit was sincerely prayed for, for the members of the House of Commons. The rejection of so many petitions, and the reasons on which it was grounded, form a new æra in our history; and the imprisonment of the best and most beloved representative of the people, has served only to set his character in a higher light, and to draw forth the sincerest proofs of attachment from all parts of England. In every place resolutions were drawn

up, expressive of the sentiments of each district, on the assumed privileges of the House of Commons; and in the metropolis the unanimity, with which these were passed, excited the deepest regrets in those who were of a contrary opinion.

To weaken the effect of these resolutions, private meetings, we have already observed, had been called at taverns; for the Livery of London at the London Tavern, and for the freeholders of Middlesex at the Freemason's Tavern. But these surreptitious meetings failed in their effect. The addresses drawn up in each place, procured but few signatures in comparison of the bodies which they opposed, and their futility was seen in the general meetings afterwards held; for at the meeting of the livery, scarcely any of these secret protesters appeared; and at the meeting for Middlesex, Mellish the member, and others of his party, could not with all their efforts excite a hundredth part of the meeting to favour their purposes. A new plan was therefore hit upon: and meetings of the select vestry were called in several parishes. Here the clergyman presided, and was expected to give lustre to the cause. He, whose business it is to reconcile differences, to soothe animosities, to inculcate peace and good will to all men, took the lead in opposing the sentiments of the great majority of his parish; and, what is the more remarkable, the addresses, signed by these clergymen, were in general the most violent, and cast the most unqualified abuse on those who avowed the opposite opinions. They who differed from the clergymen and the select brotherhood, were called factious and seditious; and really it seemed as if some enemy had drawn up the writings on purpose to bring the clerical character into contempt. It is lamentable to think, that several clergymen of otherwise great respectability, were thus deluded to commit their names to public derision and contempt; and to lose all the weight they might have preserved in their respective parishes. The papers, thus drawn up by the clergyman, and voted by the select vestry, in general, and the body present, not consisting of a score of persons, received scarcely

any signatures in the rest of the parish: they served only to shew the weakness of the party, and to place the clergyman in a light, in which no friend to the church or to good morals would wish to regard him.

The victory of the supporters of Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights had been decisive in the Common Hall of the city of London; it remained to try the aldermen and common council, and a meeting was held for this purpose, where the question was discussed with great animation and spirit. Mr. Favell, Mr. Waithman, Mr. Quin, and Mr. Williams were the chief speakers on the occasion, and the debate was superior to most that occur in either house of the legislature. The result was another triumph to the cause of liberty: but this was not obtained, nor was it expected to be obtained without great opposition. The majority was small, but it carried a petition to the House of Commons, strong, firm, and energetic. The constitution of this body gives room for the exercise of that influence, which is well known to be so considerable in this country, and it is a decisive proof of the progress of noble and liberal sentiments, that the common council is at last emancipated, and unites in sentiment with the Livery of London. In Southwark also was a meeting, which was almost unanimous, and thus the three great divisions of the metropolis have declared themselves on the interesting questions now in agitation, and they prove satisfactorily, that the sentiments of the majority of the House of Commons is far from being in unison with the resolutions of the people.

In consequence of the rejection of the Middlesex petition, by the House of Commons, another county meeting was held, which was very numerously attended. The speeches on the opposition side were heard with great patience and attention, but they rather impaired than assisted their cause. A petition was agreed upon, which contained the chief articles of the last petition, and concluded with requesting, that in addition to this, their former petition might be received. A marked circumstance occurred at this meeting. An alderman, celebrated



for the coarse language he had used in the House against the livery, was accused of having uttered still grosser expressions on the other side of the question, some years ago: and this brought from him a letter in the papers on the next day, publicly disavowing the charge. How far either party may be authorised in their assertions, we will not take upon us to determine; but we understand that the alderman has many persons acquainted with him, who can bear testimony to the freedom of his speech on public measures some years ago, and who from that language could never have suspected that his sentiments would have run in so very different a channel. Farther information and the advantages of a different situation may have corrected his judgment; but surely some charity was due to his former associates. The Middlesex petition was treated with less ceremony than the last by the House, being rejected after a very short debate, and on the same night the petition from Sheffield shared the same fate. This latter petition spoke the sentiments of a very large town in a very animated stile, and from it may be collected the opinion of the great manufacturing interests in Yorkshire, which will be of considerable weight at the meeting of the county. A requisition for this purpose has been very numerously signed, and we may expect from that quarter some decisive measure on the state of the national representation.

During this agitation of the public mind, a most extraordinary affair occurred, which, as well from its atrocity as from its singularity, and the high rank of the party assaulted, excited the utmost interest. A mysterious murder was committed in St. James's Palace, and an attempt was made to assassinate one of the princes of the blood royal. The facts alledged are these; that between two and three in the morning, the Duke of Cumberland was awaked by a severe blow of a sabre on his head; and before he could get out of his room to call for assistance, received several wounds in his face, hands, side, and thighs. His servant ran to his assistance, and they two alarmed the house, and a serjeant of the guards with some privates were

called in. On examining the house, Seillis, a favourite servant of the Duke's, was found on his bed with his throat cut from ear to ear. A bloody sabre was found in the Duke's room, which was known to be the Duke's, and had been lately sharpened by the order of Seillis, whose slippers and dark lantern were found in an adjoining closet.

The privy council was summoned upon the occasion, and all the household was examined by the police magistrates; their depositions, together with that of the Duke's, being laid before the coroner's inquest, summoned to take cognizance of the death of Seillis. They examined the apartments, which had been left in the situation in which they were on the fatal morning, viewed the body of the deceased, questioned the witnesses, and gave in their verdict suicide. The body was afterwards taken away in a hearse, and carried to some place, after which it was brought back, and is said to have been buried in Scotland Yard.

The death of Seillis, and the attack on the Duke, being so near to each other, naturally excited the suspicion, that he and he only could be the assassin. The use of the Duke's sabre forbids the supposition, that any person out of the house could have entered by a window to effect such a purpose, as he would have come prepared with a better weapon: and it is difficult to conceive, that any other in the house could have committed the murder, and made the attack. On the other hand, the supposition, that Seillis should have concealed himself in a closet, and trusted to so strange a weapon for such a purpose, when the custom of his country pointed so much easier a mode, is not without its objections; he was so liable to detection either from any accidental noise being made by him, or any thing being wanted in the closet. If the attack on the Duke were not premeditated, but arose from some accidental circumstance, the use of the sabre might be accounted for: but as it was not Seillis's business to be in the room, that supposition cannot be made to his advantage. We are farther embarrassed in our conjectures, as Seillis appears to have

been the Duke's favourite servant, to have been treated with great indulgence, and to have received from his Royal Highness peculiar marks of favour. Upon the whole, it is a very mysterious affair. If Seillis was the assassin, no farther light can be expected to be thrown on it; but if any other person was involved in the guilt, his share in it cannot fail to be detected.

The trial of Mr. Cobbett excited a very great degree of interest. The defendant is well known by his writings in every part of this island; and no one excels him in the rapidity with which he puts his thoughts to paper, and the clearness with which he explains every subject that comes under his notice. His weekly paper is a political guide to high and low; and they who are enemies to the liberties of this country, are compelled to read his works, though they continually find their plans developed in the most masterly manner, and the stratagems of corruption, if they are not always destroyed, are completely exposed. A melancholy circumstance occurred about a year ago, which called forth the animadversions of this spirited writer. On the calling out of the Canbridgeshire militia, in the Isle of Ely, a mutinous spirit, according to the language of the Attorney General, displayed itself among them, which was quelled by the neighbouring troops, and among them were the Germans. The ringleaders were seized, and five of them, after a trial by a court-martial, were sentenced to receive five hundred lashes each, part of which punishment was inflicted, and part remitted.

The cause of this mutinous spirit does not seem to have been sufficiently developed by either plaintiff or defendant. It arose out of a demand which the private made, according to Mr. Cobbett, about the marching guide, which did not deserve the name or the punishment of a mutiny: according to the Attorney-General, there was a complaint of stoppage for the price of accoutrements, in consequence of which they surounded their officers, and, on the whole, exhibited a spirit, for which the wholesome restraints appointed by military law and military discipline, were absolutely

necessary. By mutiny, Mr. Cobbett understands the taking up of arms, and forcibly and violently resisting officers in the execution of their military duties, and against such a spirit allows that severe measures may be necessary; but in this case it was to be recollected, that the men were raw lads from the plough, and ignorant of the subordination practised in the army. Be the cause, however, what it would, the men were quieted by the German Legion and other troops, and Mr. Cobbett seized the occasion to utter a severe censure in the form of irony on the use of foreign troops, and to draw a comparison between the English and French modes of treating their new levies.

In the account of these German troops, there was a great difference of opinion between the Attorney and Mr. Cobbett, the Attorney representing them as a band of gallant and honourable men, who preferred allegiance to slavery, their legitimate king to their new oppressor, and who displayed great spirit and bravery in our cause, and have been every where distinguished for good behaviour. Both these facts are completely denied by Mr. Cobbett; and if the Attorney is not warranted in them, we know of no language too strong to reprobate such conduct in a public accuser, to heighten his own cause at the expence of truth. So far from being gallant persons, preferring allegiance to slavery, the greater part of them, Mr. Cobbett says, are not Hanoverians, but are a mass of men called from all quarters. The gallantry of their conduct he specifically denies, and quotes the authority of officers, who saw them at Talavera, and the Gazette account of the taking of Guadaloupe. For their behaviour, he read a passage of a letter from the Archduke Charles to the Duke of Brunswick, complaining of the excesses of his corps; and he declares, that in the Isle of Wight they committed all manner of violence, enormities, and devastation.

Whom are we to believe in these respects. A true history of the raising of the German Legion, and of the Duke of Brunswick's corps, would be highly interesting. We should be glad to see the account of the expence of these corps, the mode of enlisting



them, the places where they were enlisted, the countries to which each man belonged, and the testimonies of the inhabitants, high and low, but chiefly of the latter class; of the places in which these foreigners have been quartered. Having occasionally conversed with them, we should be inclined to agree with Mr. Cobbett rather than the Attorney, as to their countries; for we found among them Dutchmen, Prussians, Austrians, Swiss, but our experience was too slight to determine upon the whole of the corps. The question might be easily settled, and on all accounts it is desirable that it should be farther investigated: and we must add, that it must be a mortifying thing to every Englishman, that the internal peace of the country should be preserved by foreigners, even if they were entitled to the encomiums so plentifully bestowed on them by the Attorney.

The gist of the Attorney's accusation was, that the extract from Mr. Cobbett's paper, which he termed a libel, tended to the injury of the German Legion and the Local Militia, and was calculated to prevent the people from entering into that description of force, which, from the nature of the times, was required by the situation of the country. Mr. Cobbett contended, that he had a right to express his indignation at the use of foreigners in this country, and that the severity exercised in this case was a just retort against those pretended loyal men who were continually inveighing against Buonaparte for the treatment of his conscripts. Lord Ellenborough stated, that the substance of the charge was the tendency to injure the King's military service, and to represent that certain soldiers in the Local Militia were treated with oppression. The conduct of the latter, he represented as a mutiny; but he observed on the former, that although the introduction of foreign troops is certainly sanctioned by law, yet every individual has a right to suggest an alteration in that law, provided that suggestion be made in temperate and qualified terms; and he may endeavour, through the people, to impress the parliament with the necessity of their being changed. On concluding, the judge gave his opinion, that it was a most seditious libel.

The jury consulted together about five minutes in the box, and then pronounced the defendant to be guilty.

On the opinion of the judge, and the verdict of the jury, we shall make no comments; but the circumstances attending this cause might require much animadversion. Disturbances in the Local Militia have been frequent. The marching guinea, or allowance for equipments, produces, at present, much altercation. This subject might be clearly explained to the men before they leave their homes, that no cause of disquiet should arise, when they are assembled together. On the punishment of five hundred lashes we might expatiate; but, we trust, that the whole question of military discipline will become a subject of parliamentary investigation, and, we hope, that the suggestions in this respect, will be made in temperate and qualified terms, and received with candour and benevolence. On the employment of foreign troops we are decided in our opinion. We entertain the same sentiments as our ancestors did on this subject, from a general regard to liberty; but in the present times we think the employment of them hazardous to the public safety, inasmuch as the influence of the great conqueror is such over the whole Continent, that he has baits to detach men of every country from our side to his, or to employ them as spies, when they appear to be the most zealous in our cause. Mr. Cobbett will, we presume, be brought up to judgment next term, and we would fain hope, that some allowance will be made for the feelings of an Englishman on the peculiar case of this employment of foreigners; and, at any rate, that the very useful labours of Mr. Cobbett may neither be suspended nor impaired.

The liberation of Sir Francis Burdett was an event of too great importance to be passed over without due preparation. His constituents in Westminster took the lead very deservedly on this occasion, and proposed that he should be carried back from the Tower in solemn parade, the procession being formed in a very different manner from that which conveyed him into confinement. Every thing was arranged for this purpose, and the break-

ing up of parliament was expected with the utmost impatience. With the King's speech ceased the power of the House of Commons over Sir Francis; but on the prorogation being made known to him by the governor, Sir Francis Burdett left the Tower quite privately, going down the water a little distance, and then taking his horse for Wimbledon. A very great assemblage of people was collected on Tower-Hill, with the view of seeing the procession, which went through the streets with banners and appropriate mottoes: but great disappointment was excited at the hero of the day not being there. The people, however, were pleased at the liberation of their great friend, and gave him credit for the motives that led him to privacy instead of an ostentatious appearance of triumph. In the evening an illumination, to a very considerable extent, took place. It is a satisfaction to all reflecting minds, that the peace of the metropolis was not, on this occasion, at all disturbed; and the people shewed, that they could hold to the laws, and that no military force was wanting, as in many countries, to preserve public order.

Foreign affairs wear, in one quarter a very favourable aspect, and we may observe, that the cultivation of friendship in this quarter is of great importance. On the difficulty of preserving it entire in the late unsettled state of Europe, no one can doubt; but we may congratulate the Americans that hitherto they have escaped the horrors of war, and the injuries received from the contending powers in Europe, have not provoked them to bring on themselves the greater injuries, that the folly and madness of war must have brought on them. The intercourse is renewed between us and them, and it may be between the French and them; but the disposition of the French Emperor, and the general seizure of their property, seems to render any commercial speculation with France too dangerous to be hazarded. The opening of the trade was not carried without great debate in the Congress, and the subject in general deserved the discussion. The American ships are in consequence expected in great numbers in our ports; and the supplies of wheat and

flour, but particularly of the latter, will be immense. These will arrive at a seasonable time, as they will prevent that rise in bread which injudicious surmises on the state of our future harvests tended to create. The port of London is already well stocked with wheat, which has been flowing in for a long time from France, and the capital being thus completely supplied by foreign importation, the internal part of the country will not be drained of its resources. We trust that this opening to conciliation will be attended to, and that a treaty of commerce will be the consequence of benefit to all parties. It cannot be doubted, that as long as the Europeans continue to be attached to their present system, the degradation of man by standing armies, and the false glory cast on military achievements, the Americans, pursuing the honest and more ennobling occupations of trade, using the powers given to them for the assistance, not the destruction of man, will raise their country to a pitch of prosperity to which the warrior is not entitled, nor can ever duly appreciate it.

France continues its determined course, its war against trade, a war in which its soldiers must stand proof, not against bullets, but against hard guineas; and we may easily imagine that trade will be carried on in spite of all the decrees against it. The French Emperor is returned to Paris, after having shewn his bride the sea coast of Flanders and Picardy, and received the homage of his subjects, which was paid with great willingness and affection. In every place great activity was displayed in the clearing of harbours, making canals, and erection of buildings; and, we fear, that not even a trace was left of our attack on the basin of Ostend, by which that ill-judged expedition could be known to have arrived at the place of its destination. On the return of the Emperor to Paris, his chief police minister, Fouché, was displaced, and sent to Rome, to take upon himself that office in this once celebrated city. This was attributed to the displeasure of the sovereign; but may we not rather consider it as a mark of his attention to the interest of his empire? Rome has ever been remarked for the



business of its police; and in a city so filled with discontented priests and monks, and that has undergone so complete a revolution in the usual means of subsistence: a vigilant and active police officer may be necessary, and the security of the empire will be gradually brought into a state, that will entitle it to such a name.

We hear no more of the Pope, who reigned over the holy territory, than if he was not in existence. Confined, it is said in some castle of Lombardy, he is kept under restraint, because he will not consent to the decrees on the church, nor be degraded, as he thinks, to live on an immense revenue as a subject. We hope that his holiness will thus shew the catholic world that it can do without him: and, if providence grant him a long life, the majority of bishops will exercise their functions without the parade of acknowledging his primacy. But we should have seen, with greater pleasure, that Bonaparte had abolished the office altogether: as enough is still left to it to occasion much trouble and disorder in the moral world. The toleration established in the empire will, however, gradually introduce a new system of things: and popery is properly preserved, till protestants have abjured the worst part of its spirit. The rest of Italy affords nothing for remark, unless it be, that the King of Naples occasionally has a little contest with our forces, which may rather be called skirmishing than war, and in the mean time he is regulating the internal affairs of his kingdom with great prudence and discretion. We are preserving Sicily, which remains in its ancient state, without any attempt at improvement.

Sweden does not appear likely to enjoy tranquillity. The intended successor to the throne has lost his life, not, it is believed, by any attempt upon it; but by the effect of disease. To provide another, may occasion some troubles, and Russia will avail itself of this opportunity to interfere, unless Bonaparte provides some means to elude its efforts. The war with Turkey might find it sufficient employment, but this goes on with great languor, and we do not yet hear of any motions of the French and Austrians.

Spain and Portugal continue to be objects of great interest to this country. Our troops under Lord Wellington have, since their flight from Talavera, remained in a state of very extraordinary inactivity: and, if we hear of successes over the French in Spain, it does not appear, that they tend much to the injury of the Gallo-Spanish king. Cadiz, however, is not yet taken. The history of the siege does not even attract much attention, and we must wait till some new scheme on the part of the French excites an interest in the fate of the place. Every account, however, concurs in stating, that Massena is with a large force in Spain, which completely secures the tranquillity of the middle of the country, and is gradually advancing in such a manner as to overpower the English, and to threaten the safety of Portugal.

In the House of Commons were several debates on the business of Sir Francis, and language was held, which might be considered as *in terrorem* to the judges. but the cause was ultimately left to itself in the courts of justice. Sir James Hall moved for the release of Gale Jones, on the plea of sufficient punishment; but the motion was not acceded to, as his stay in prison was charged to his own obstinacy. This obstinacy will, however, be attended with the good effect, that future houses will be more attentive to the grounds on which they commit their fellow subjects to indefinite imprisonment. The catholic question was settled by a rejection, but it has evidently gained ground in the House, not only in an accession of strength upon the division, but because its opponents were put to very great shifts in the use of arguments. We hope, however, that the question will never be again discussed in either house; a more important subject for debate has appeared, and we are indebted to that worthy and indefatigable champion for civil and religious liberty, Mr. Wyvill, for its appearance.—Through his means the signatures of between sixteen and seventeen hundred persons, chiefly clergymen and men of landed property, were procured to a petition to the House for general liberty of conscience, for the removal of all penal laws, and civil

disqualifications from our statute books on the subject of religion. It is the most comprehensive petition ever presented to parliament: and, as it has obtained the name of the Christian's petition, we hope every christian in the united kingdom will sign a similar petition to be presented in the next session. We are convinced that no one deserves the name of a christian, who is against it: for Christ's kingdom is not to be upheld by penal statutes, and every sect may follow its own mode of worship, without intruding on the civil rights of its neighbour.

In the House of Lords, Lord Grey introduced a motion on the state of the nation, which was of no farther importance, than as it shewed in what respect Lord Grey's sentiments coincided with those of Mr. Grey, formerly one of the friends of the people. His speech dwelt on the usual topics of severe blame against the present ministry, except on the great question of the privileges of the House of Commons, in which he treated Sir F. Burdett with some severity; and when he allowed that Sydney and Russell were martyrs to their resistance of the arbitrary power of the crown, he did not recollect, that resistance to arbitrary power in the House of Commons is equally meritorious. Wherever arbitrary power appears, an honest man must express his indignation at it. A string of vapid propositions in an address to the king followed the speech, which was applauded by Lord Liverpool, as far as it concerned the people, and reprobated as far as it attacked ministers. Lord Stanhope complained of the indefinite ambiguous language used in the address, and contended strenuously and ably against the claim of the House of Commons, ending with an amend-

ment, that that House would pledge themselves to maintain the law of the land, to which they deemed the right of the trial by jury, and the preserving of the liberty of the subject as indispensable. Lord Erskine stood up manfully for the liberty of the subject, blamed the indefinite language of the address, stated that he had followed the mover in the question of reform, had never lost sight of it, and retained the sentiment of its absolute necessity. The Duke of Norfolk agreed with the address, except on the subject of privilege, and therefore declared himself for the amendment, giving ample reasons why the privileges claimed by the House of Commons could not be maintained. Lord Sidmouth allowed the necessity of reform, but not that of the constitution of the House of Commons. The Marquis of Lansdowne thought the privilege, claimed by the House of Commons, absolutely necessary, and that any danger to popular freedom, from it, was quite visionary. The amendment moved by Lord Stanhope was negatived, and a division took place on the original question, there being

for it - - - 72  
against it - - 136

majority - - 64

The leaders of the whig interest, as it is called, have thus declared themselves on the Burdett question; and, if Ponsonby, Grey, and Lansdowne, are against him, we are happy to see much greater authorities for him, in Norfolk, Romilly, and Erskine. The common sense of the people of England has, however, already decided the question, and the idea of being judge, jury, prosecutor, and executioner in one's own cause, is too ridiculous to stand the test of impartial discussion.

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## HISTORICAL CHRONICLE.

Mr. ROGER O'CONNOR'S NARRATIVE.

[Concluded from p. 481.]

I now hoped to enjoy with my family that peace which innocence has always a right to expect. I was cruelly deceived. An unsigned, unsworn-to paper, was sent up to the grand jury, on the 17th day of the assizes, when two of the judges had left the county, and a *bill of indictment* was found against me, for *High Treason*. On this paper I was arrested, and flung into prison, where in a *dungeon nine feet square*, filthy beyond description, I lay rotting for seven months, never having felt the influence of the sun, nor breathed on by the air, during the whole time; at the end of which, I was conveyed from this dungeon to the court to go through "a trial" upon charges of every species of treason and rebellion. Two witnesses were brought up, under a strong military guard. They were sworn. What did they depose? *That they knew nothing of me*; that one of these papers was written without the knowledge of the witnesses; that, when it was read to him, he declared it to be false, and refused to swear to it; that he was offered 300l. a-year to swear to it, and

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threatened to be instantly shot if he persisted in his refusal; and he did persist. The other witness swore, that what was called his information, was all written down without consulting him; that, when he refused to sign it, he was threatened to be hanged; and that, at length, he was prevailed on to put his name to it, on his receiving an assurance, that it never was to appear, and that it was only a matter of form. *I was acquitted instantly*. All the people, all the military, expressed their joy; the judge trembled; he was seen stretching out his imploring arms from the bench to me in the dock, amongst robbers and murderers; he was heard to cry to me to protect him; and I did protect him: not a hair of his head was touched.

On my being released, I did not return even to my house; I did not even take one day's repose. No; my beloved brother was a prisoner at Maidstone; he is one year younger than I am; we were reared and educated together; never one day or night apart for eighteen years. The thought of him banished every other idea from my mind; I set off to him that very night, arrived in London



in four days, as quickly as I could travel. I wrote<sup>d</sup> to the Duke of Portland for permission to be admitted to my brother; I received his answer, at five o'clock next morning, *by four King's Messengers with a warrant to arrest me*; and from my bed was taken to the house of Mr. Sylvester, and that evening was I taken off for Ireland. We landed about ten miles from Dublin, at night; I saved Mr. Sylvester and the Bow-street constable, my companion, from a watery grave, and conducted them safe to Dublin, where we arrived at three o'clock in the morning. I now, for the first time since I left London, lay down, and had not been in my bed more than three hours, when Mr. Sylvester awaked me, to tell me that another King's messenger had, that moment, arrived from the Duke of Portland *to take me back instantly to London*. This was about seven o'clock in the morning; about twelve, Mr. Sylvester informed me, that Mr. Cooke desired to see me at the Castle. Mark the instability of fortune. Behold O'Connor brought by a constable to have the liberty of being admitted to the presence of *Mr. Edward Cooke!* I did see him; the interview was not of long duration; the conversation was not of many words; but it is important. I asked him the meaning of these proceedings; what post-haste treason I had committed in the four days that I had travelled from Cork to London, about 400 miles. Hear his answer: "We do not pretend to have any charge against you; but we know your power, and suspect your inclination; had my advice been taken, you should not have been brought to trial in Cork. My opinion was, that you should have been kept in confinement under the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, and it now appears I was right." Well, that afternoon, about two o'clock, I was obliged to set off back again towards London, where we arrived on the fourth morning, having been forced to perform journeys of nearly 1200 miles and cross the Irish sea three times, in 13 days and nights, during the whole of which time I never was permitted to take off my clothes, nor to lay down, for more than seven hours! I was kept in custody at the house of Mr. Sylvester till

my brother's acquittal at Maidstone, when we were both taken to Dublin, where we were lodged in the same prison-room, on the 3d of June, 1798.

In July a special commission was opened in Dublin, for the trial of all those against whom any charges had been exhibited, amongst whom neither my brother nor I were. Three had been executed. Mr. Byrne, a relation of the Marchioness of Buckingham, was condemned, and was to be executed on the 24th of July. On Sunday, the 22d, some *negociation* was set on foot, in a way never yet ascertained, between the government and some of the state prisoners in Dublin, of which it appears that neither my brother nor I had any intimation till Tuesday, when Mr. Dobbs and the Sheriff of Dublin, entered our apartment, and shewed us a paper, purporting to be an acquiescence on the part of seventy-three of the prisoners, to give information of any arms, ammunition, and plans of warfare; and to emigrate, on condition of a general amnesty, and of pardon for Mr. Byrne, who was to die that day, and for Mr. Oliver Bond, who was, at that moment, on his trial, *if he should be condemned*. My brother and I declined entering into any agreement. Mr. Byrne was ordered for instant execution, which instantly took place; Mr. Bond was to die on the Friday. We heard no more of the paper, till Thursday evening late; when the same Mr. Dobbs, accompanied by Mr. Samuel Nelson, one of the prisoners from another of the prisons, came to that where my brother and I lay. All the prisoners were called together; Mr. Dobbs produced a letter he had just received from Mr. Cooke, stating, "that if my brother and I would enter into a treaty with the government, by which we should engage to give every information in our power of all matters relating to the rebellion, and particularly our relations with *foreign states*, there should be a general amnesty, Mr. Bond should be pardoned, and we should be permitted to emigrate to any country not at war with England; but that if we persisted in our refusal, military commissions should be issued in the north for the trial of the prisoners there, the *courts should proceed*

in Dublin, and the yeomanry should remain on *active duty*! We both refused. We said, *if there are any charges against us*, proceed upon them. Why proceed against others, because we will not enter into any negotiation? We went to our own room, whither Mr. Hobbs presently came. He represented to us the dreadful scenes of slaughter and devastation that would follow close upon our declaration. It appears, that my brother was influenced by these considerations, and to save an unarmed people, he consented to sacrifice himself; but I heard these proposals and threats with a very different ear. My answer was, *that I set at defiance all their machinations*; that I was ready to meet any charge that could be brought against me; but that I never would enter into any agreement with the Castle of Dublin during my life.

Nothing now was left unattempted to induce me by fair promises, or to intimidate me by the most alarming threats, to sign this agreement. *All were unavailing*. At length Mr. Marsden came, as if *secretly* and as a friend, to let me know what, *by chance*, he had heard at the Castle. That it was determined to *seize my estate*, if I did not comply.—My answer was, that I was prepared against every thing; that I was absolute never to comply. In consequence of which, orders were dispatched to the officer commanding at Bandon, to send detachments of horse and foot to take possession of my house, which they did, to the amount of between 2 and 300 men; they expelled four of my infant children, and my servants; the officers broke open my cellars; drank all my wine; they ordered the men to kill my sheep and oxen, on which the whole party subsisted; they converted my iron gates into shoes for their horses; they made firing of windows, doors, and frames of the house and offices; burned all my farming utensils; destroyed my gardens, and the wall trees, the hot-house, green-house, and all the plants; turned all their horses out into young plantations, which were all ruined; stole every thing moveable; and committed every species of devastation for eight or nine weeks that they remained there; for which I never received one penny as remuneration,

from that day to this. After this visitation, it was again demanded of me to sign the paper. My answer was always the same. Still was I kept a prisoner; and when those who had entered into the agreement were sent to Scotland, I was forced by Justice Atkinson, and a company of the Buckinghamshire Militia, at the very point of the bayonet, into a coach, conveyed on board a tender, and conducted to Fort George, in which military garrison I was kept for a year and ten months, where, by the lenient treatment I received, I lost the use of my limbs, and was reduced to the very verge of life; at the end of which time I was brought to London, and let go on the 24th January, 1801, upon a dreadful recognizance to some immense amount, *not to return to Ireland*, and to reside in such part of England as the King of England should, from time to time, appoint (and Middlesex was named) *during the then war*.

I took a house at Southgate, in Middlesex, where I resided for half a year; but having no land there, I looked out for a place with land, to occupy my time. I found one to suit at Elstree. As I was a stranger, and as the rent amounted to 500l. a year, I applied to my old friend and companion, Sir Francis Burdett, who immediately became my security. There I lived for one year, when, the treaty of Amiens taking place, I was desirous of returning to my own country, and applied to Sir Richard Ford, the magistrate, before whom I acknowledged the recognizance, to get it up. *In vain*.—After many fruitless efforts, he at length informed me, that it was determined NEVER to give it up, as long as I retained the power of living in the south of Ireland.—I judged it better to part with Connor Ville than be shut out from my country. I got a LICENCE to go to Ireland, and, on the 1st of May, 1803, I let a lease for ever of the place of my earliest days. Whereupon, I got up my recognizance immediately. I purchased for 40,000l. from Lord Wellesley, the castle and estate of Dungan, within a few miles of Dublin, where I have resided with my family ever since, coming over occasionally to visit Sir F. Burdett, and a few other friends in England.



where, though I have estates, I have never been known, directly or indirectly, to interfere in any concerns of the country; I never attended a public meeting or a public dinner; though I have many friends, I seldom associate with any one but Sir F. Burdett and his family.

My fortune is ample; and, neither I nor any one of my family ever eat one morsel that was not produced from our own estates. We never received any of the people's money, in the shape of pensions and places, nor was any man's meal or comforts ever diminished by one of us. Surely, then, I must be a most disloyal traitor! In fine, many, very many, of the people of Ireland love me; the militia was attached to me. I surrendered on the solemn faith of a proclamation, which faith, towards me, was broken; I protected Captain Roche; I defended the judge; I saved Mr. Sylvester and the Bow-street constable.

There is no kind of place that has not been my prison; my own house, camps, guard-houses, taverns, and hotels; castles, wherries, packet-boats, messenger's houses, court-houses, bridewells, state-prison, (as they are called), tenders, garrisons, palaces; and, as a prisoner, have I been travelled about from my own house in the south to Carrickfergus in the north of Ireland; from the western extremity of Wales, to Maidstone, nearly the eastern extremity of England; from Dublin to Fort George in Scotland, within forty miles of John O'Grat's House, to London; in mail-coaches, hackney-coaches, post-carriages, and carts; on foot and on horseback. And all because (for I know no other cause) that ten years before the French Revolution, I saw the absolute necessity of a *Reform in the Commons in Ireland*, which was acknowledged afterwards by the factions of England and Ireland; and because I would not consent to a legislative union, which I regarded as equally ruinous to both parts of the country.

On the whole, then, let the people of England, now that they are in possession of their sober senses, decide between my accusers and me; whether the laws were infringed by me, who have gone through every ordeal, who have always courted investigation and

enquiry; who for years NEVER CEASED TO DEMAND TRIAL; or by them, who sought the protection of a BILL OF INDEMNITY, passed by an assembly of which they themselves made a part?

#### DEATHS IN AND NEAR LONDON.

*Died:—* At his lodgings in Pimlico, Mr. Sylvia, an Israelite, well known for his eccentric disposition. About 45 years ago he used to attend the Royal Exchange, mounted upon a beautiful charger, with a servant, who held the horse during the time that his master transacted business. The Lord Mayor, conceiving it a nuisance to introduce an animal of that description on the Exchange, one day ordered it to be taken away, and not brought there again, which order was complied with. He lent 500l. to Mr. Wilkes upon his bond, which he afterwards increased, in consequence of non-payment, to 2000l. and the bond was burnt. Mr. Sylvia was brother of the Jew who was murdered some years ago, in Garden-row, Chelsea, by his nephew, who was hanged in Cross-street, Bishopsgate-street. Through the death of his brother, he got about 2000l. The life of this extraordinary being would fill a volume with curious facts and anecdotes.

At his house in Pall Mall, aged 62 years, the Right Hon. William Windham, of Felbrig, Norfolk, M.P.—[*A further account will be given in our next.*]

At his house, at Brompton, Louis Schiavonetti, Esq. The remains of Mr. Schiavonetti have been deposited in a vault in Paddington church-yard, they were followed by his brother, N. Schiavonetti, Dr. Black, Rev. Mr. Smith, A. Cardon, and — Perry, Esq. The pall was supported by the president, B. West, W. Sharp, I. Scott, C. Warren, W. Bromley, and E. Scriven, Esqs. the four latter gentlemen being the oldest members of the Calcographic Society. Several other persons of respectability, not immediately connected with the arts, attended to do honour to the memory of this excellent artist.

At York-place, Kingsland-road, aged 79, Mr. John Cooke, formerly of Paternoster-row, bookseller.

## PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES.

## CUMBERLAND.

**A**S an improvement in weaving, a double damask table-cloth has been woven at Whitehaven for the Countess of Lonsdale, which is thought, by good judges, to surpass, in point of workmanship, any thing of the kind ever produced in that part of the country. It is four yards and a half in length, and three yards and a quarter in breadth; the centre exhibits the family arms, with a border of the most exquisite fancy. The buds of roses are said to be such as would "breathe fragrance all around," were it possible for the artist to assist them with the tints of nature. In fact, the loom itself, the beauty of the fabric, and the amplitude of the table-cloth, exceeds every thing that can be shewn in the north of England.

## DEVONSHIRE.

*Died.*] At his house, in Colyton, in Devonshire, Captain Henry Wilson, late of the Honorable East India Company's ship Warley, whose name is in the recollection of the public, as connected with that most interesting narrative, published from his journal, of the shipwreck and providential preservation of the crew of the Antelope Packet, on the Pelew Islands, 1783. On which occasion his intrepidity, discretion, and talents, as a commander, shone forth in a manner which has rarely been excelled. The most remarkable instance of his abilities appears, when, unarmed by authority or power, he was able to persuade his people to destroy all the spirituous liquors remaining on the wreck; scarcely any governor ever produced a greater act of self-denial for the public good. His comprehensive understanding and persevering industry raised him, through every gradation of a seaman's life, to the highest post in his own line; and he had the honour to be second in command to Commodore Sir N. Dance, when Admiral Lincolns, in an 80-gun ship, with two frigates, was baffled and discomfited by a fleet of East-Indiamen. In private life he was a firm and benevolent friend, a kind parent, and died a pious Christian. Captain Wilson had not long enjoyed his retirement at Colyton;

and, but for the distance, his remains would have been interred near those of his friend, Prince Lee Boo, who accompanied him from the Pelew Islands, but was unhappily taken off by the small pox, and is buried at Rotherhithe.

## KENT.

The friends of Reform in Canterbury have lately had a meeting in the High-street of that city, opposite the Guildhall, Mr. William Chalk in the chair,—who called upon the meeting to follow the noble example of the electors of Westminster at their late meeting, "who, in the presence of an army, and under the controul of the very men whose proceedings they were compelled to reprobate and condemn, conducted themselves with the greatest propriety."—Mr. Wm. Friend followed, and, in a speech of great force, proposed various resolutions respecting the House of Commons, J. G. Jones, and Sir F. Burdett, a petition to the House, and an address to the patriot in the Tower—all of which were highly approved of. Mr. Friend introduced the address to Sir Francis by observing, that he had known him for more than twenty years; that he had a princely fortune, which he spent in a princely manner; that he never aimed at distinguishing himself by driving on a coach-box, but employed himself as a man of study and a gentleman. "But," said Mr. Friend, "his great crime is, that he goes into the House of Commons and there speaks his mind, without considering whether the proposer of the question is in or out of power! All he wishes is, that the House of Commons should inquire into the modes of expending the public money; that a member of parliament should not be running into a minister's parlour in the morning to know how he should vote in the evening.—Nor does he go into a nobleman's parlour, to consult whether the vote he is to give will affect his own or any other party. No: he considers only the propriety of the question as it affects the English nation." A vote of censure on the mayor, for refusing to call a Common-hall, was then carried; after which the inhabitants, who had conducted themselves throughout



with moderation and firmness, peaceably departed to their homes.

The following paper was put into Mr. Friend's hands at the above meeting of reformists:—

*Roman and Christian Patriotism united,  
or a Scripture Specimen of noble Op-  
position to arbitrary Power.*

THE ANCIENT MAGNA-CHARTA PLEADED  
• • BY THE APOSTLE PAUL.

The chief captain commanded him to be brought to the castle, and bade that he should be examined by scourging; and as they bound him with thongs, Paul said unto the centurion that stood by,—Is it lawful for you to scourge a man that is a Roman, and uncondemned (that is without a trial.)—*Acts, 22, 25.*

And the high-priest, Annanias commanded them that stood by to smite him (Paul) on the mouth. Then Paul said unto him, God shall smite thee, thou whited wall; for sittest thou to judge me after the law, and commandest me to be smitten CONTRARY to law.—*Acts, 23, 2, 3.*

At another time, when the magistrates began to be ashamed of their conduct, and wished for the apostles to be privately let out of prison, Paul nobly said,—They have beaten us openly uncondemned, being Romans, and cast us into prison, and now do they thrust us out privily: nay, verily, but let them come themselves and fetch us out.—*Acts, 16, 37.*

British Christians! an example so illustrious is worthy your imitation.

#### LINCOLNSHIRE.

A few evenings since, so early as half-past eight o'clock, Mr. Nicholls, a respectable farmer, of Toft, near Bourn, was stopped, on his return from Stamford market, by a highwayman, who robbed him of about 16l. in bank bills. The offender was on foot, and armed with an extremely large cudgel, which Mr. Nicholls, as he approached him on the road, (near the sixth mile-stone from Stamford) observed with some surprise, but little suspected the use to which it was about to be put. On the two meeting the robber seized the reins of Mr. Nicholls's horse, and demanded Mr. N.'s money, who, not believing him to be in earnest, said, "Poh, poh, you don't mean to rob me:" to which the fellow replied, "I do, Sir; your money or your life I will have; I am in distress, and have not a farthing to help myself with." After some fur-

ther parley, in which the man spoke threateningly, but never swore nor used gross language, Mr. Nicholls delivered his pocket-book, containing about 28l. The robber opened the book, deliberately and cautiously looked over the bank-bills; and, upon Mr. Nicholls representing that that was all the money he had to assist him on a journey he was taking, and begging to have some of it returned, after a short time he gave him back two one pound bills! He then quitted his hold; and the parties had proceeded 20 or 30 yards, in opposite directions, when Mr. Nicholls called to the robber, that he might as well give back the pocket-book, which would be of no value to him.—"Well," said the fellow, returning to meet Mr. N. "there it is; and here's a ten-pound bill too more than I want." He actually thereupon re-delivered the book and bill, and soon after was out of sight.

#### NORFOLK.

The first stone of the new bridge at Carrow was laid, on the 26th April, by the mayor, Thomas Back, Esq. This communication with the Yarmouth road, and the intended excavation of Butter Hills, will soon give the city of Norwich great advantages. The estimate for the building another bridge at the iron foundry of Messrs. Aggs and Co. amounts to 7,407l. besides the permanent expense of lighting and keeping the streets in repair, notwithstanding which the subscription is full.—The erection of a third new bridge, at the Duke's Palace, is also in contemplation: the loan for this will probably be soon filled, as there is a prospect of the subscribers being paid a good per centage for their money.

#### IRELAND.

*Died.*] Aged no less than 121 years, at Drumgoolin, near Rathtry Land, Sarah Malcolmson. She was the life in different leases taken out in 1694, at about one shilling the acre.

On the Copeland Island, near Donaghewer, M. Stratton, aged 105. She applied herself to her wheel, and spun till within a few days of her death, and retained her faculties to the last moment.

## ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES.

MAY 23, to JUNE 23, 1810, inclusive.

*[Extracted from the London Gazette.]-----The Solicitors' Names are between Parentheses.*

**A**BBOT T. Market Deeping, Lincoln, innholder, (Lambert and Co. Hatton-garden). Arrowsmith G. Little Carter-lane, Doctors'-Commons, money-scrivener, (Mitton and Co. Knight-Rider-street). Aldridge J. Nelson-square, surgeon, (Arrowsmith, Devonshire-street). Ackerley S. Liverpool, woollen-draper, (Cooper and Co.) Allen J. W. Paradise-row, corn-chandler, (Fucker, Bartlett's-buildings).

Browne J. Threadneedle-street, money-scrivener, (Kearsey and Co. Bishopsgate-within). Brookes T. Barwell, Somerset, tailor, (Hutchinson and Co. Lincoln's Inn). Bowler W. Castle-street, Southwark, hat-manufacturer, (Bennet, Dean's-court). Bott J. Birmingham, snuffer-maker, (Bodfield, Hind-court). Bainbridge T. Manchester, muslin-manufacturer, (Milne and Co. Inner Temple). Barrat S. Roll's-buildings, jeweller, (Burgess, Great Portland-street). Bucknell W. Kirby-street, watch-manufacturer, (Orchard, Hatton-garden). Burnett W. North Petherton, Somerset, baker, (Blake, Took's-court, Carey-street). Brearley W. Birmingham, money-scrivener, (Barber, Fetter-lane). Burford J. White-chapel-road, glass and earthenware-seller, (Sweet and Co. King's-Bench-walks).

Critchley J. Nottingham, draper, (Russell, Lant-street). Canning H. Broad-str. merchant, (Shawes and Co. Tudor-street). Coleman J. Silver-street, Golden-square, tallow-chandler, (Gale, Bedford-street). Carter J. Stockton, dealer and chapman, (Sloper and Co. Montague street). Cathness T. New Bond-street, watch-maker, (Mason, Foster-lane). Cooper V. New Bond-street, milliner, (Chambers, Furnival's-Inn). Co terill E. Vine-str. Liquor-pond-street, bacon-merchant, (Hammond, Hatton-garden). Cook R. Little St James-street, victualler, (Cowburn, Hare-court).

Dougan T. Bread street, warehouseman, (Palmer and Co. Copthall-court). Duckworth H. Liverpool, merchant, (Wilson, Temple). Duncan W. and A. Liverpool, drapers, (Hurd, King's-Bench-Walks). Dove R. Monmouth-street, victualler, (Whitton, Great James-street). Davies R. Bermondsey, leather-dresser, (Tyler and Co. Southwark). Dutton J. Hillsley, Gloucester, shopkeeper, (James, Gray's-Inn-square).

Easton S. Dover, brandy-merchant, (Cobb, Clement's-Inn). Emmett H. J. and J. Gerrard-street, tailors, (Jones and Co. Covent-garden). Evered A. Lower-Grosvenor-street, wine-merchant, (Toosey, St. Martin's-lane). Evans E. Neath, Glamorgan, shopkeeper, (Whitcombe and Co. Serjeant's-Inn).

Fox T. Crown-court, Threadneedle-str. merchant, (Rosser and Son, Bartlett's-buildings). Frost G. Gateshead, Durham, victualler, (Bell and Co. Bow-lane). Foster W. Carburton-street, Fitzroy-square, coach-maker, (Langley, Plumtree-street). Field W. North-green, Worship-street, chip-hat manufacturer, (Harding, Primrose-street). Farrell C. Gosport, slop-seller, (Dyne, Serjeant's-Inn). Fuller R. Deal, shopkeeper, (Russell, Lant-street).

Graham A. J. Liverpool, master-mariner, (Bartie, Chancery-lane). Gray D. Long Melford, Suffolk, grocer, (Leigh and Co. Bridge-street). Gaerlach G. H. London-street, (Palmer and Co. Copthall-court). Grayson C. Liverpool, ship-builder, (Blackstock, Paper-buildings).

Harrison E. Clifford's-Inn, merchant, (Jacobs, Holbourn-court). Herron G. Bermondsey-street, fellmonger, (Sherwood, Cushion-court). Hackworth M. Felling, Durham, anchorsmith, (Atkinson, Chancery-lane). Hewitt D. Stoke Newington, carpenter, (Harvey, Cursitor-str.). Hackney S. Dowgate-hill, rag-merchant, (Silver, Aldersgate-street). Hunter A. Little Portland-street, coach-maker, (A'Beckett and Co. Broad-street).

Jones A. St. James's-street, milliner, (Denton and Co. Gray's-Inn). Jarvis J. Bath, victualler, (Highmore, Bush-lane). Jackson S. Bermondsey-street, woolstapler, (Wright, Dowgate-hill).

Kinnear J. Liverpool, merchant, (Cooper and Co. Southampton-buildings).

Lovett J. Colchester, grocer, (Naylor, Great Newport-street). Linsord T. Cheap-side, silversmith, (Taylor, Old-street road.)

Mash J. Red-Lion-passago, potatoe-merchant, (Crosse, Providence-row). Moore J. Mark-lane, brandy-merchant, (Bovill, New Bridge-street). Meanley J. Rochdale, iron-monger, (Rosser and Son, Bartlett's-buildings).

Nelson J. Liverpool, tailor, (Maddowcroft, Gray's-Inn). Newman W. Canterbury-square, merchant, (Richardson, New-Inn).

Oakley W. Overend W. & Oakley W. S. Church-street, Southwark, wool-staplers, (Oakley, Martin's-lane). Osborne W. Dalby-terrace, City-road, builder, (Annesley and Co. Angel-court). Oakley J. St. John-street, bedstead-maker, (Kim, Printer-street, Blackfriars).

Post W. Bristol, carrier, (James, Church-lane-square). Perks S. Wakefield, factor, (Swain and Co. Old Leavy). Ford J. Hoo Mill, Huddersfield, miller, (Hard and Co. Bedford row). Polley, Bond-street, furniture-printer, (A'Beckett and Co. Broad-street).



Co. King's-Bench-Walks). Poulter W. Upper-Thames street, wholesale-stationer, (Blandford, Middle-court-buildings). Parker J. Gunthorpe, Norfolk, merchant, (Ballacheg, Capel-court). Parker M. Ripon, York, shopkeeper, (Exley and Co. Furnival's-Inn). Pickard W. Little Moorfields, breeches-maker, (Young, Vine-street). Pickman R. Dockhead, Surry, china and glassman, (Navior, Great Newport-street). Parken D. Exeter, flour-merchant, (Williams, Austin-friars). Pearson W. Chiswell-street, paper-hanger, (Prior, Cophall-court). Perkins J. Queen-street, wholesale-stationer, (Russell, Lant-street). Parnell W. Stoney-lane, brewer, (Hall and Co. Salter's-Hall). Pownall W. Bristol, dealer, (Ganell, Lincoln's-Inn).

Rogers R. Strand, merchant, (Bourdillon and Co. Little Friday-street). Rawson E. Clement's-lane, carpenter, (Noy and Co. Mincing-lane). Richardson T. Halifax, dyer, (Wiglesworth, Gray's-Inn). Routledge, E. sen. and Routledge E. jun. Barrocks, Cumberland, drovers, (Mounsey, Staple-Inn). Roberts W. E. Liverpool, woollen-draper, (Windle, John-street, Bedford-row). Robson G. Lancaster, linen-draper, (Windle, John-street, Bedford-row). Revell G. Poplar, bricklayer, (Evitt and Co. Haydon-square). Rose J. sen. and Rose J. jun. Symon's Wharf, Tooley-str. provision-merchants, (Bourdillon and Co. Little Friday-street). Ross H. Kingston-upon-Hull, merchant, (Sykes and Co. New-Inn). Russel P. Sheerness, slopseller, (Isaacs, Bury-street).

Sparks W. Castle-street, currier, (Bower, Clifford's-Inn). Skirven J. James-street, Westminster, (Freame, Great Queen-str). Stonebridge W. Colchester, grocer, (Tilson, Chatham-place). Salter R. Batheas-

ton, Somerset, baker, (Highmore, Bush-lane). Sutton E. Houndsditch, butcher, (Wilde, Warwick-square). Simpson J. Ross, Hereford, innholder, (Meredith and Co. Lincoln's-Inn). Smith W. and J. Stapleford, Hertford, timber-merchants, (Giles, Great Shire-lane). Saunders T. Borough Market, builder, (Sweet and Co. King's Bench-Walks). Say C. Falmouth, Merchant, Reardon and Co. Corbett-court, Gracechurch-street). Scott J. P. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, grocer, (Bell and Co. Bow-lane). Swain J. Ramsgate, bricklayer, (Bigg, Hatton-garden). Sheldon R. H. Neville's-court, Fetter-lane, jeweller, (Dawson and Co. Warwick-street). Simpson J. and Fairman W. G. Old 'Change, factors, (Pullen, Fore-street). Smith J. St. John-street, lath-render, (Lamb, Aldersgate-street).

Thomson J. Philpot-lane, provision-broker, (Boswell, Saint Michael's-alley). Tipping G. B. Wormwood-street, merchant, (Lamb, Aldersgate-street). Trott D. Old 'Change, calico-printer, (Wilde, jun. Castle-street). Tabart B. Bond-street, bookseller, (Hannam, Great Piazza, Covent-garden). Tripp J. Bristol, woollen-draper, (James and Co. New-Inn). M'Taggart P. London, broker, (Wansbrough, Warrford-court).

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## PRICES OF CANAL, DOCK, FIRE-OFFICE, WATER- WORKS, BREWERY SHARES, &c. &c. [June 22, 1810.

Grand Junction Canal, 310*l.* per share.  
Wilts and Berks ditto, 59*l.* ditto.  
Kennet and Avon ditto, 47*l.* ditto.  
Huddersfield ditto, 40*l.* ditto.  
Lancaster ditto, 27*l.* 10*s.* ditto.  
Grand Surrey ditto, 77*l.* ditto.  
Croydon ditto, 46*l.* ditto.  
Ellesmere ditto, 79*l.* ditto.  
Ripon ditto, 51*l.* ditto. [prem.  
Worcester and Birmingham, 9*l.* per share  
Leeds and Liverpool, 190*l.* per share.  
Grand Union, 10*l.* per share prem.  
Leicestershire & Northamptonshire Union,  
132*l.* per share.  
London Dock, 136*l.* per cent.  
West India ditto, 176*l.* ditto.  
East India ditto, 134*l.* ditto.  
Commercial ditto, 90*l.* per share prem.

East London Water Works, 231*l.* per sh.  
West Middlesex ditto, 231*l.* ditto.  
South London, ditto, 138*l.* ditto.  
Kent ditto, 40*l.* per share prem.  
Manchester and Salford, 200*l.* ditto.  
Colchester, 55*l.* ditto.  
Portsmouth and Farlington, 24*l.* ditto.  
Strand Bridge, 1*l.* per share discount.  
Vauxhall ditto, 2*l.* ditto.  
Commercial Road, 40*l.* per share prem.  
Dover Street, ditto 8*l.* ditto.  
Globe Fire and Life Insurance, 130*l.* pr. sh.  
Aldion ditto, 60*l.* ditto.  
Imperial Fire Insurance, 80*l.* ditto.  
Rock Life Assurance, 21*s.* per share prem.  
Hope, 5*s.* per share discount.  
Eagle, 10*s.* ditto.  
Atlas, par.

L. Wolff and Co. Canal, Dock, & Stock Brokers.

## AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

**T**HE warm weather, in the months of April and May, having been unfortunately succeeded by a long drought, has been the cause of some serious apprehensions in several of the corn districts; however, though there has been but little rain in the vicinity of the metropolis, yet we are happy to hear, from many parts of the country, and those of the principal corn districts in particular, that many heavy showers, attended with thunder and lightning, have fallen, and the crops are consequently much improved. Near the metropolis, the pasture lands, and those intended for mowing, still continue unusually backward, as it cannot be said there is any where a full bite. The clovers, and most of the sown grasses, are tolerably good; and most of the growing crops have resumed an healthy appearance.—Cattle of all sorts sell high.

Price of meat in Smithfield Market:—Beef, 5s. 4d. to 6s. 8d.;—Mutton, 5s. 4d. to 6s.;—Veal, 5s. 4d. to 6s. 8d.;—Pork, 6s. 4d. to 7s. 8d.—Lamb, 7s. to 8s. 8d.

Midllesex, June 25.

## AVERAGE PRICES OF CORN,

By the Winchester Quarter of 8 Bushels, and of OATMEAL per Boll of 140lbs, Averdupois, from the Returns received in the Week ended June 16, 1810.

## INLAND COUNTIES.

	Wheat		Rye		Barley		Oats	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Middex.	116	0	51	10	38	9	32	1
Surrey	122	4	54	0	46	0	37	4
Hertford	104	4	56	8	42	0	31	0
Bedford	106	4			43	2	29	4
Huntin.	110	4			43	0	26	6
Northa.	111	4	70	9	41	4	25	2
Rutland	114	6			47	3	27	7
Leicest	109	1	65	10	45	7	29	2
Not'ing	114	8	63	0	43	6	31	10
Derby	99	4			46	0	33	0
Starford	119	0			51	11	36	0
Salop	126	5	84	2	64	0	36	4
Herefor	142	5	64	0	56	4	36	3
Wor'st.	130	11	63	4	55	10	37	1
Warwic	127	1			46	7	35	4
Wilts	112	10			48	4	35	0
Berks	119	3			40	10	35	0
Oxford	116	8			42	7	32	0
Bucks	114	0			42	10	31	6
Brecon	155	11	99	2	66	4	32	0
Montgo.	127	2			56	0	31	2
Radnor.	109	9			62	5	32	0

## MARITIME COUNTIES.

	Wheat		Rye		Barley		Oats	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Essex	117	0	47	0	40	10	33	4
Kent	107	9	58	0	42	9	30	6
Sussex	116	0					31	0
Suffolk	115	0			49	1	27	7
Cambridge	111	8			40	5	24	8
Norfolk	111	4	50	6	36	4	25	6
Lincoln	107	6	53	6	44	10	24	7
York	102	0	68	0	39	5	26	0
Durham	107	9			57	3	37	0
Northumberland	95	10	58	7	48	0	39	11
Cumberland	104	7	67	4	53	6	31	9
Westmorland	116	11	72	0	57	7	33	1
Lancaster	115	7			51	6	32	2
Chester	109	7					35	4
Flint	131	2			67	2		
Denbigh	121	9			64	0	34	4
Anglesea					42	0	21	0
Carnarvon	103	4			50	0	25	4
Merioneth	104	0			53	0	27	2
Cardigan	103	6			50	0	18	8
Pembroke	92	4			47	7	19	0
Carmarthen	114	0			57	4	19	4
Glamorgan	134	8					31	4
Gloucester	133	0			50	2	33	8
Somerset	133	4			55	2	34	0
Monmouth	146	2			70	6		
Devon	121	3			51	8	32	0
Cornwall	118	6			52	8	26	8
Dorset	121	9			48	0		
Hants	122	5			46	7	31	4

## Average of England and Wales.

Wheat 116s. 10d.; Rye 6s. 10d.; Barley 49s. 7d.; Oats 30s. 4d.; Beans 53s. 4d.; Pease 57s. 4d.; Oatmeal 53s. 6d.

## BILL of MORTALITY, from MAY 23 to JUNE 26, 1810.

CHRISTENED.		BURIED.		DEATHS	2 and 5 - 250		60 and 70 - 158	
Males	1160	Males	1100		5 and 10 - 110		70 and 80 - 123	
Females	1128	Females	979		10 and 20 - 81		80 and 90 - 44	
Whereof have died under two years old 547					20 and 30 - 124		90 and 100 - 2	
					30 and 40 - 211			
					40 and 50 - 232			
					50 and 60 - 187			

Peck Loaf, 5s. 8d. 5s. 8d. 5s. 8d. 5s. 8d. 5s. 8d.  
Salt, 20s. per bushel, 4½ per lb.



Bank	3 p Cent. Exchange.	3 p Cent. Canada.	4 p Cent. Com.	Mary 3 p Cent.	Long Anns.	Imperial 3 p Cent.	Imperial Anns.	India Stock.	India Bonds.	S. S. Sto.	S. S. Anns.	Exche. Bills.	Lottery Tickets.	City Freeh. Ticks.	Om-nium.	Cons. for Acct.
262 1/2	69 1/2	70 1/2	85 1/2	101 1/2	18 1/2			190 1/2	20s. pm			7s. pm	24 6 8	15		71 1/2
263 1/2	69 1/2	70 1/2	85 1/2	101 1/2	18 1/2				20s. pm			8s. pm	24 6 8	15	1 1/2 pm	71 1/2
264 1/2	69 1/2	70 1/2	85 1/2	101 1/2	18 1/2			191 1/2	19s. pm			7s. pm	24 6 8	15	1 1/2 pm	71 1/2
265 1/2	69 1/2	70 1/2	85 1/2	101 1/2	18 1/2			192	14s. pm	Shut	New	4s. pm	24 6 8	15	1 1/2 pm	71 1/2
266 1/2	69 1/2	70 1/2	85 1/2	101 1/2	18 1/2			192	15s. pm		Shut	2s. pm	24 6 8	15	1 1/2 pm	71 1/2
267 1/2	69 1/2	70 1/2	85 1/2	101 1/2	18 1/2			192	18s. pm			4s. pm	24 6 8	15	1 1/2 pm	71 1/2
268 1/2	69 1/2	70 1/2	85 1/2	101 1/2	18 1/2			192	19s. pm			6s. pm	24 6 8	15	1 1/2 pm	71 1/2
269 1/2	69 1/2	70 1/2	85 1/2	101 1/2	18 1/2			192	23s. pm			7s. pm	24 6 8	15	1 1/2 pm	71 1/2
270 1/2	69 1/2	70 1/2	85 1/2	101 1/2	18 1/2			192	23s. pm			8s. pm	24 6 8	15	1 1/2 pm	71 1/2
271 1/2	69 1/2	70 1/2	85 1/2	101 1/2	18 1/2			192	25s. pm			8s. pm	24 6 8	15	1 1/2 pm	71 1/2
272 1/2	69 1/2	70 1/2	85 1/2	101 1/2	18 1/2			192	25s. pm							71 1/2
273 1/2	69 1/2	70 1/2	85 1/2	101 1/2	18 1/2			192	25s. pm							71 1/2
274 1/2	69 1/2	70 1/2	85 1/2	101 1/2	18 1/2			192	25s. pm							71 1/2
275 1/2	69 1/2	70 1/2	85 1/2	101 1/2	18 1/2			192	25s. pm							71 1/2
276 1/2	69 1/2	70 1/2	85 1/2	101 1/2	18 1/2			192	25s. pm							71 1/2
277 1/2	69 1/2	70 1/2	85 1/2	101 1/2	18 1/2			192	25s. pm							71 1/2
278 1/2	69 1/2	70 1/2	85 1/2	101 1/2	18 1/2			192	25s. pm							71 1/2
279 1/2	69 1/2	70 1/2	85 1/2	101 1/2	18 1/2			192	25s. pm							71 1/2
280 1/2	69 1/2	70 1/2	85 1/2	101 1/2	18 1/2			192	25s. pm							71 1/2
281 1/2	69 1/2	70 1/2	85 1/2	101 1/2	18 1/2			192	25s. pm							71 1/2
282 1/2	69 1/2	70 1/2	85 1/2	101 1/2	18 1/2			192	25s. pm							71 1/2
283 1/2	69 1/2	70 1/2	85 1/2	101 1/2	18 1/2			192	25s. pm							71 1/2
284 1/2	69 1/2	70 1/2	85 1/2	101 1/2	18 1/2			192	25s. pm							71 1/2
285 1/2	69 1/2	70 1/2	85 1/2	101 1/2	18 1/2			192	25s. pm							71 1/2
286 1/2	69 1/2	70 1/2	85 1/2	101 1/2	18 1/2			192	25s. pm							71 1/2
287 1/2	69 1/2	70 1/2	85 1/2	101 1/2	18 1/2			192	25s. pm							71 1/2
288 1/2	69 1/2	70 1/2	85 1/2	101 1/2	18 1/2			192	25s. pm							71 1/2
289 1/2	69 1/2	70 1/2	85 1/2	10												

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**FORTUNE and Co. STOCK-BROKERS and GENERAL AGENTS, No. 13, Cornhill**











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